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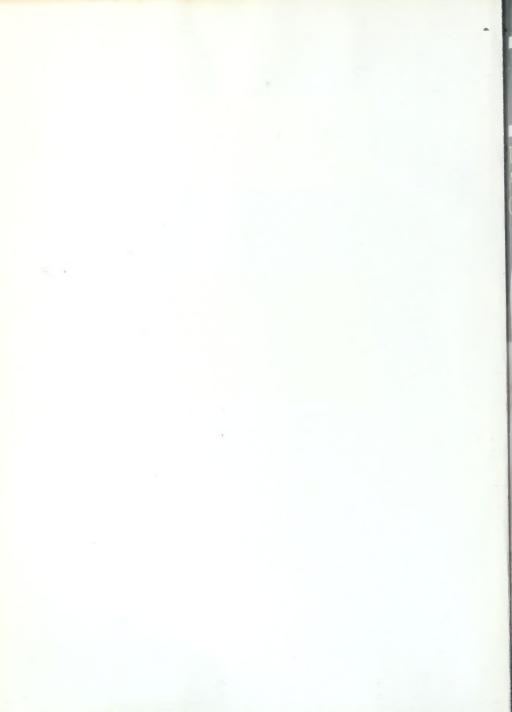
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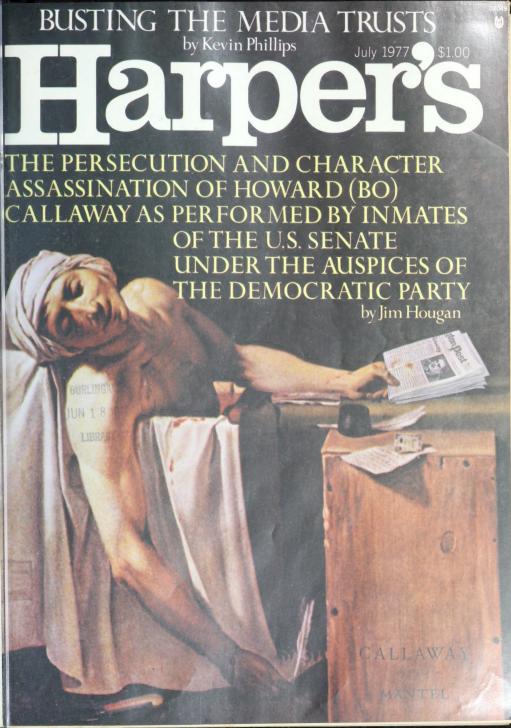
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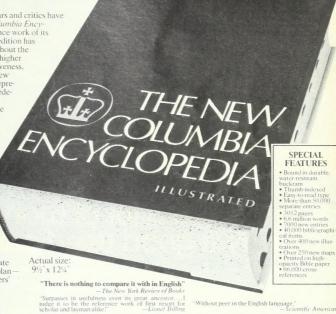
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LETTERS

Restraining power

While I find most of Mr. Levinson's polemic ["The Specious Morality of the Law," May] neither objectionable nor terribly evocative, there is at least one glaring error of which your readers should be aware. As "the most poignant example" of American political leaders' ability to disregard the Constitution to which they otherwise swear unfailing allegiance, Mr. Levinson cites Abraham Lincoln's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus during the Civil War. Lincoln's action, however, was sanctioned by an explicit constitutional provision, Article I, Section 9, Paragraph 2: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

Unless the Civil War is not considered to be an act of rebellion endangering the public safety, Lincoln was in fact fully supported by the moldy ol' Constitution.

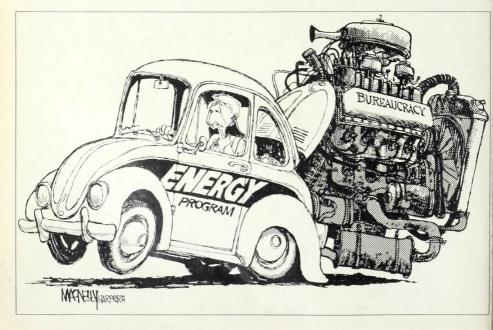
WILLIAM J. COBB

Atlanta, Ga.

Sanford Levinson posits an academic distinction between laws based on morality and constitutional laws. I agree that the Supreme Court has interpreted the United States Constitution very differently than the Founders intended and that courts err on the side of tyranny. However, I find no value in distinguishing between a dominant "will" and a dominant "morality." Whose moral principles anyway?

Laws are always "'unjust, tyrannical, destructive and dangerous'" to the extent that they are written and interpreted by a socially incestuous minority for the purpose of governing others in a population. Such laws usually protect the lawmakers' property. Further, property includes the "help" and the "ladies" to the detriment of both groups.

Wealthy white males possess a terrible constitutional power to legislate. Congress continually condescends to legislate the lives of pink- and blue-collar workers, although less than 2 percent of the legislators have stooped to such jobs for more than three months at a stretch. The same Congress becomes incoherent when considering the ethics of lawmaking, which is a moral dilemma within their ken.



Does the Supreme Court bow to Conress from lack of morals or because e Court, conditioned by the judges' cial positions, has morals similar to e legislators'? Would moral criteria stead of legislative criteria embolden urts to disagree with legislative entments when the powerful easily find oral authorities willing to pander to e status quo?

Mr. Levinson feels that laws change o slowly for the good of the whole ciety. I would add that institutional-dimorality is another slow study. In the third word in the law are still asked by self-righteous lawmakers in a United States today. Increasing the nuection between morality and the would only slow change some more. Spare me from rich old boys with a nehant for slumming.

DARCY VEACH Madison, Wis.

I was greatly repelled by the extreme nicism of Sanford Levinson's article. s there any reason," he asks, "to beve that fidelity to the Constitution puld serve to prevent vast political il?" Yes, of course. The whole sysn rests on the willingness to accept e electoral victory of one's political ponents, to accept and maintain that ockwork mechanism of voting, vote unting, law passing, and court trials. The system depends on self-restraint. lf-restraint by the elected officials, If-restraint by citizens who may dise some of the laws, and, most imrtantly, self-restraint by the Supreme ourt judges who interpret the law. If ev, ultraconservatively, throw out ws that the majority of the people ongly demand, or, ultraprogressiveinvent new laws out of whole cloth, ey are putting a severe strain on the iole society.

The Founders of the Constitution are only too well aware that people's away might differ sharply on the molity of particular laws. They erected system of checks and balances for is very reason.

The last thing we need to encourage the conceit that "The role of the eat political leader is often to asme the almost Nietzschean task of ing beyond the law in an effort to unsform the society that he purports lead." That way lies Caesarism.

GLENN T. WILSON Edwardsville, Ill. SANFORD LEVINSON REPLIES:

Mr. Cobb is absolutely accurate in his citation of Article 1, Section 9, Paragraph 2, but this does not establish the legality of Lincoln's suspension of habeas corpus, for Article I, except for Section 10, deals with the powers of Congress. There is no doubt that, under certain conditions, Congress can suspend habeas corpus. There is no warrant whatsoever, though, for a President, whose powers are granted by Article II, to cite Article I as justification for action. It would be as if the President decided by fiat to raise the tax rates, citing as authority the power of Congress to do so. Lincoln's decision can be defended only by arguing that the President has certain "inherent powers" not specified in the constitutional text, an argument of which we have become properly suspicious, at least when used by former President Nixon.

Aside from her personal abuse at the end (I certainly don't qualify as a "rich old boy" under any definition), I am not sure that there is really substantial argument between Ms. Veach and me. The very point of the article was to deny the contemporary existence of a common social morality. It is only this absence that makes all too powerful the question "Whose moral principles anyway?" I am also happy to agree that the social morality likely to be espoused by most of our political leaders is retrograde and "self-righteous." I don't see how concession of these points affects my argument, which, after all, is that the "rule of law" is an unreliable standard around which to rally.

One other caveat: There is nothing in my article to support the notion that I necessarily believe that "laws change too slowly...." Sometimes that is true, but other times I rue the fact that change has occurred (as in some of the recent decisions of the Supreme Court).

Re Mr. Wilson's comment: I don't understand how the "willingness to accept the electoral victory of one's political opponents" necessarily prevents vast evil, especially if one's opponents have thoroughly pernicious views which they intend to put into practice. Of course Mr. Wilson is correct that "the system depends on self-restraint," but the point is that notions of self-restraint depend ultimately on sharing a common moral universe. Otherwise, self-

restraint is viewed (often accurately) as simply synonymous with repression of the dominated by the dominant.

I also share Mr. Wilson's discomfort at the sometimes Nietzschean quality of political leadership, but it is willful blindness to ignore its reality. Indeed, the only amendment I might now make to the original text is that leadership sometimes goes beyond the law in an effort to maintain, as well as to transform, the social order. I might point out, incidentally, that perhaps the best example of transformative leadership is the 1787 Constitutional Convention itself, for it is extremely dubious that the Convention in fact had been authorized to draft an entirely new Constitution to replace the Articles of Confederation. The best response to this legalistic point was made by Virginia's Edmund Randolph, who would later be this nation's first Attorney General in the Washington Administration: "There are great seasons when persons with limited powers are justified in exceeding them, and a person would be contemptible not to risk it." Let me remind Mr. Wilson that the very reason we celebrate the "Founders" is because they had the vision and the resolution to go beyond existing definitions of political reality. If they hadn't, then by definition they would not have "founded" something new. All of this, of course, exemplifies the difficulties in coming to terms with the complexities of the American past.

Relationships

As Chief of Staff to President Kennedy and an Assistant to President Johnson, my personal knowledge is, it seems to me, more important than "abundant proof from other sources," who did not know the relationship between the two Presidents. ["Hidden Presidents," by Fawn Brodie, April.]

Only two people had instant access without clearance to enter the Office of the President—the then Vice-President of the United States, Lyndon B. Johnson, and the Attorney General. John F. Kennedy had respected Lyndon B. Johnson as Senate Majority Leader, and they were friends both politically and socially.

Shortly before President Kennedy's death, he announced to his political leadership at a meeting in the Cabinet Room that Vice-President Johnson was his unequivocal choice for his Vice-President in the next election, and we all agreed quite happily.

KENNETH P. O'DONNELL Boston, Mass.

FAWN BRODIE REPLIES:

The anguished outcries Harper's has received from friends of former President Lyndon Johnson provide further evidence of the resistance of many people to two ideas: (1) A Vice-President can harbor unconscious death wishes against a President. (2) Hatred and love can be felt simultaneously between political opponents, as between parents and children and husbands and wives. My article was concerned not with hatred but with ambivalence.

Marketplace economy

As a candidate Jimmy Carter promised to restore full employment. He also indicated that if necessary to prevent inflation he would impose some form of wage-and-price restraint.

Since becoming President, Carter has changed his position. After reading the article by Charles Schultze ["The Public Use of Private Interest," May] it seems to be a reasonable inference that Schultze had a great deal to do with Carter's change from an aggressive commitment to resolve our unemployment problem to a program little different from that of Nixon and Ford.

This is tragic for the American people. Economists like Schultze who would place great reliance on the "free, competitive market" to regulate the economy were responsible for the disasters of the Nixon and Ford administrations. To rely on the market to the extent proposed by Schultze means that we will continue to have high unemployment with continuing inflation.

This is so because the market no longer works in the textbook sense envisaged by Schultze. Some 1,000 large firms with enough monopoly power to interfere with supply and demand account for almost one-half of our gross national product. The market in which they operate will not bring about an increase in employment because these corporations do not lower prices when demand for their product declines. Actually many such firms raise prices when demand softens. It is this eco-

nomic fact that Schultze ignores in his article.

Carter's economic program will fail if he stays on his present course. To be successful in restoring full employment without inflation he must adopt a program requiring that wage increases be related to productivity gains and that product prices of oligopolies bear some reasonable relationship to costs.

JOHN C. DAVIS
Former member, President's
Council of Economic Advisors
in the Truman Administration
New Port Richey, Fla.

Corps vet

As a retired officer of the Army Corps of Engineers, scarred more by media than battle, I found Samuel Florman's objective account ["Hired Scapegoats," May] of those busy little beavers to be a refreshing novelty.

One answer to the query as to why leave our civil works to the Corps is that we can transfer our peacetime experience on large construction projects to the logistical needs of the military in time of war. No other army gives its engineers such an advantage. Example: One of my jobs in World Warll was the reconstruction of the Channel ports from Le Havre to Antwerp. Le Havre was originally assigned to the British Royal Engineers. They took one look and said, No way, not time enough. We did it. This was a spin-off of our civil works training.

Paschal N. Strong, Brig. Gen., USA (Ret.) Savannah, Ga.

Smilin' through

T. D. Allman ["Britain's Inexhaustible Complacence," May] states that "Everything everyone now says about Britain's economic woes is absolutely correct." But he himself seems to have been misled by an assortment of incorrect facts.

A declining demand for our goods and services? The volume of British exports has doubled over the past twelve years and our invisible earnings have risen more than tenfold. The trade deficit is not increasing but rapidly declining and heading for a \$2 billion surplus in 1978. North Sea oil is not a

"skeleton" but an asset worth \$350 bil lion at present prices that will make us self-sufficient in energy by 1980. O how many industrialized countries could that be said? In the face of adversity the British people were not complacen but have voluntarily accepted substantial economic sacrifices over the pas couple of years with very little socia or labour unrest. It is perhaps natura for them to look forward to a brighter future.

lems, including productivity, but these are being tackled by management, labour, and government together. The silver at Oxford high tables remains un tarnished, and a new London Bridge has replaced the old, at no expense to the national or local exchequer.

Problems? Of course there are prob

LAURENCE O'KEEFFI
Director-Genera
British Information Service
New York, N.Y

HARPER'S/JULY 197



KEEPERS OF THE FLAME

In the chimerical nature of the energy crisis

by Lewis H. Lapham

OR THE PAST FOUR YEARS I have been trying to make sense of what has been called, for want of a better phrase, "the ergy crisis." I use the phrase with me embarrassment. No matter how ard I search for the effects of crisis can find little evidence to justify the arms and excursions in the newspaers. People continue to buy cars, light fice buildings, order new machinery, de elevators, and generally go about eir business as if nothing much has appened. Whenever I mention this aparent calm to a believer in the crisis e fellow looks at me with the blind are of a street-corner prophet, exaining that yes, of course, the crisis innot be seen by just anybody, but at soon, sooner than fools like my-If might think, it will rise up and enalf us all.

Since the spring of 1973 I have read numerable reports, abstracts, bullens, studies, and speeches, all of them irporting to describe an unparalleled isfortune that exists, if it exists at all, an imaginary point where six or sevlines intersect on a graph. The docuents raise more questions than they iswer; questions about the political inrest of the people promoting the cris, about the tenuousness of the availole statistics, and, most frequently, out the self-delusion of people who ppe to escape the regrettable imposions of death and time. After four ears of studying the crisis I can be re of only three of its properties.

1. The crisis has yet to achieve palible form. It remains hidden in the ture, a cataclysm of no doubt wonous magnificence but as yet undisvered and abstract. On this point all e authorities agree. Like medieval hoolmen arguing about the attributes of God they differ among themselves as to the exact point in time at which the crisis will make itself known. The CIA and some of the American oil companies locate the crisis at a distance of four or five years hence; other agencies and governments locate it at distances as remote as ten, twenty, or even fifty years. The more discerning seers talk of war, flood, plague, and fiery comets.

2. The crisis has to do with money. not with raw materials. Even the most gloomy projectors of ruin say that there is an abundance of oil in the world, probably enough to sustain the present levels of extravagant use for several hundred years. So also is there an abundance of uranium, coal, natural gas, water, and sunlight. But the recovery of these materials imposes monstrous costs (social, political, environmental, financial), and so they might as well not exist. None of the interested parties likes to talk about the crisis in this context, perhaps because they find it difficult to explain to the general public how a question of money can be construed as "the moral equivalent of

3. The crisis appears much more terrifying to the rich than it does to the poor. During the melodramatic week in April when President Carter asked everybody to suffer the minor inconveniences that he advertised as "sacrifices," a Yankelovich poll showed that the energy crisis failed to achieve much recognition among people earning less than \$12,000 a year. Citizens in the lower reaches of the society either perceived the crisis as another Washington entertainment, or they didn't pay much attention to it one way or another. Apparently they figured that when the dark night closed down they would do

whatever was necessary or possible to stay alive. If they couldn't afford to pay for gas and oil, then they would burn wood, light candles, and roast animals in deserted football stadiums. The letters to newspaper editors confirmed this impression. The representatives of the so-called people (in whose name so many pious bureaucrats claimed larger prerogatives for themselves) wrote to ask what all the fuss was about. They didn't drive expensive cars: they didn't own twentyseven household appliances; and they couldn't remember having had enough money at any one time in their lives to worry about heating a ski lodge.

But among the affluent classes (i.e., everybody making upward of \$20,000 a year and living within the corporate and bureaucratic honeycombs that accommodate the American bourgeoisie). the news of the crisis carried the weight of Biblical judgment. In Greenwich, Connecticut, people spoke of nothing else. Clearly the world was coming to an end. Women recently returned from Barbados reported heavy concentrations of smoke along the Atlantic coast. At the Ford Foundation and in the pages of the New York Times the resident oracles published ominous prophecies. At the highest levels of concern the degree of a man's sensitivity to the crisis could be calibrated to the extent of his privilege. The more prominent his place in the hierarchy the more likely he was to talk about the crisis as if it were a plague visited upon him by the poor.

HAT THE ENERGY crisis should weigh so heavily on the minds of the rich seems to me consistent with its chimerical nature. Only the rich can afford to be so

frightened of things unseen. The widespread anxiety leads me to remember the late Howard Hughes, crouched in a corner of a hotel room, worried about people meddling with nuclear energy and afraid of the amoebas in his food. This is an attitude of mind that belongs to the pathology of wealth, and I associate it with American society as a whole. Like the inheritors of great fortunes the present stewards of American government and opinion feel themselves dependent upon a mechanism that they do not care to understand. They resemble passengers on the afterdeck of an enormous yacht, hoping to God that somebody knows how to steer the thing and meanwhile telling each other frightful stories about radical politicians, Soviet generals, Greek upstarts, and dead gulls floating on the waters of Puget

In the same way that the environmental movement is a rich man's cause, so also is the energy crisis a rich man's apparition. Both phenomena make use of the same dismal rhetoric. The Club of Rome discovered the limits of growth while gathered on the terrace of a villa overlooking a hillside belonging to its founder. Throughout the 1960s the most diligent advocates of the environmental movement tended to possess substantial wealth and property. Their expressions of concern about the natural world had a way of sounding like the pleasantries of landowners asking tenant farmers about this year's rain. Their earnestness invariably reminded me of a lady who once was nearly stabbed to death on a beach at East Hampton. From the deck of a glass house, at about noon on a Sunday in August, the lady noticed a company of fishermen dragging a heavy net through the surf. It had taken them six hours to set and haul the net, but the lady apparently wasn't aware of their labor or their need to sell the fish for something so loathsome as money. The piteous sight of so many fish gasping on the sand moved her to politics. Arming herself with a garden shears she rushed forth to cut the net. The man who told me the story described the lady as "chic, but obviously committed to a cause." One of the younger fishermen, not yet wise in the ways of the world, had to be restrained from driving a knife into her stomach. In resort towns the local residents and the sum-Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

mer people seldom understand one another's motives, and I concede that the lady with the cause presents a fairly extreme example of the fearfulness that sustains so much of the prevailing confusion. The point to bear in mind is her dramatization of her own innocence. Presumably she didn't object so much to the killing of fish (later that same evening I doubt whether she had much difficulty eating the cold salmon); she objected to bearing witness, and therefore becoming an accomplice, to the killing. As long as the fish were killed in cold and distant seas she could pretend that they arrived on her table of their own free will. So also with many of the people who protest the building of nuclear power plants in their townships or states. If the plants cannot be built in New Hampshire, then the power companies have no choice but to build them at a further remove, usually in communities that need the additional tax revenue and thus find themselves too poor to expect anything but a steerage passage on Spaceship Earth. Like the lady in East Hampton, the innocents of Seabrook, New Hampshire, can find uses for heat, light, and electricity, but they do not want to bear the burden of its manufacture.

HE ENVIRONMENTAL MOVEMENT has accomplished many good and extraordinary things, and I do not mean to quarrel with its obvious benevolence. Mankind inflicts catastrophes upon the natural world, and if these can be avoided or made less terrible, then the earth must profit from the better management of whales, of trees, of people. But in its more militant and evangelistic phase the environmental movement tends to speak in the voice of a doom-ridden preacher. This is the voice that so often governs the making of laws and regulations meant to impose a code of ethics on swinish louts who don't know what's good for them. The preachers take pleasure in their contemplation of the world's demise. They present visions of boiling rivers and pestilential cities, of dead seas and decaying oceans, of nuclear clouds seeping across suburban New Jersey and the skies black with pollution. Few among them make mention of man's courage and resilience, or of nature's capacity to recover from calamity. In March of this year the natives of Eniwetok returned to the atoll on which a sequence of nuclear bomb had been exploded between 1948 and 1958. They found a profusion of life birds everywhere, the fish and coral restored. Nor could the assisting biologists find any evidence of mutation even among the descendants of the rat who had buried themselves in holes at the time of the explosions and so has survived through twenty-four generations.

The more I listen to talk of dying seas, the more clearly I can hear th wheezing of an old man in an old house believing that if he must die, then th world must also die. He confuses man' creativity, which is always wasteful and dangerous, with the intolerable stupidi ty of anybody who threatens to inter fere with the status quo. Such a mar fears not only the Faustian but als the Promethean instinct in man. Go forbid that the world might change Every new chemical, every invention promises disaster. As with Mr. Carter' energy crisis, the emphasis falls on cor servation, on keeping what we've go rather than taking chances with evil that we know not of.

Two or three days after Mr. Carte delivered his message to the Congres I had occasion to listen to several Net York editors talk about the "moral in perative" of energy conservation. I their enthusiasm they confused the los American frontier with an advertise ment for Marlboro cigarettes. None of them seemed to know that the frontie was defined by its ignorance and b its cruelty.

"We can be like the pioneers," some body said, "husbanding our resource and wearing sweaters."

Everybody present had acquired stable inventory of possessions; the had learned to drive European cars an to live in a frugal manner in Wes chester County; they had read Cou steau, and they worried about seals And yet, suddenly in the midst of their newfound philosophy, here were a these wretched poor people, not onl in the United States but also in the Goo forsaken barrios of the Third World crowding out of nameless slums, takin up space on the roads, having the e frontery to want things they ought no to want. Costly and unnecessary thing that required precious energy to buil and maintain. Why couldn't they ui derstand how much better off they wer rithout portable radios? Didn't they now that automobiles don't bring hapiness? How could they be so foolish so unsophisticated, so unhip) as to ant to give up a view of the Caribean (admittedly a view from a slum, lbeit a picturesque slum) for such a altry thing as a television set?

The man who grows up with the wilerness knows with Ecclesiastes that
ere is a time to live and a time to die.
ut the urban environmentalist, accusmed to the wonders of modern techology, thinks of the natural world as
it were a complicated machine. He
orries that if too many people mess
round with it (particularly poor and
literate people who haven't read Alan
/atts), then the machine will break
own. If the machine breaks down and
obody knows how to fix it, then he
ill die.

When reading through the proofs of te energy crisis I sometimes think that e authors of the reports and studies ean to tell me of their lost childoods. Somehow they find themselves ss rich than their fathers before them. ad so they assume that the whole orld must be falling apart. Nothing ill ever be so good again as it was at summer at the seashore before the ar. If only they were rich enough to ay for all the means of recovering 1ergy from the earth (rich enough to tract oil from shale and tar sands, or make solar engines the size of Los ngeles), why, then, there would be no ason to be afraid of death because en Death, a poor and straggling fige, could not gain admittance to the ilace.

As presently constituted in the naonal conversation the idea of mortaly resolves itself into the prospect of ing uncomfortable. To be mortal is spend \$1.50 for a gallon of gas, to ear a sweater at home in winter, to go Europe for three weeks and stay in second-class hotel. What a smallinded view of man. How is it possible at a nation that holds such a view alcan imagine itself omnipotent? The me people who tell me that they canit exist without unlimited credit also Il me that they can destroy the unirse, that they have the power of life id death over all created things. They ar the intersection of lines on a graph, d yet they proclaim themselves imortal.

HARPER'S/JULY 1977



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JAMAICAN LIMBO

Manley's revolution slides into bankruptcy

by Frances FitzGeral

HEN HIPPIES DRAW pictures of Jesus, you see he has no jacket on, no tie and no pretty boots. Him have long hair and a rod!"

Having come to the end of a nice bit of analogical reasoning, Ras Dennis laughs triumphantly. Demonstratum est: Jesus could well be black. For the past two hours we have been discussing the fundamentals of Rastafarian theology—or reasoning, as Dennis calls it—materially aided by an entire paint can full of the mystical herb and a pomegranate he has pulled off a neighboring tree.

There are several difficult concepts in Rasta theology, but since Dennis is a patient teacher, I have begun to master a few. The first is that heaven and earth, god and man, are false dichotomies; the second is that we are living now, right now, in the Book of Revelations. Consequently, Babylon—defined nonexhaustively as English colonial rule, tinned sardines, capitalism, and presumably the Intercontinental Hotel in front of us—is coming down.

Most Jamaicans—with Prime Minister Manley heading the list—would, of course, object to this interpretation of current events. But the fact is that the Jamaican government has just passed import restrictions on a wide variety of manufactured goods, including processed food; it is planning to take Jamaica out of the Commonwealth, thus ending the nominal sovereignty of the Crown; and it has by default had to nationalize a number of the tourist hotels.

From the Babylon perspective Jamaica is in a state of serious economic crisis. The country is broke. So broke indeed that the director of the Bank of Jamaica has to check the balances every morning to see whether there is enough money to get through the day. The hotels are half empty-some are actually shut down-for even under pressure of thirty-foot snowdrifts in the Northeast, tourists shy at the specter of ganja-crazed gunmen descending out of the hills. The duty-free shops are closed, along with the boutiques. And the American winter residents who cannot afford to write off their investments in \$200,000 houses are dragging about the golf courses complaining of the Cubans, the Communists in government, and the absence of cornflakes. They do not go out much beyond their well-guarded gates.

But then, figuratively speaking, neither does the government. After two halcyon years of shouts about the evils of capitalism and the imperialist voke and photos of Michael Manley in heroic poses as Comrade Leader and Friend of Fidel, the government has also gone broke. There is no more talk about nonaligned summit conferences. The firebrand ministers in their early thirties who use words like pseudo-intellectual and lumpenproletariat have had to stop mau-mauing the last of the income-producing capitalists and shut up for a bit. History threatens to recognize Michael Manley as the John Lindsay of the Caribbean rather than the Leader of the Third World. According to government officials even the CIA has gone off, or stopped doing what it was doing. And for a Third World leader, what could be more infra dig than that?

No one knows, of course, what will happen as a result of this bankruptcy,

but for the moment there is peace ar quiet on the island, and Ras Dennis ca go on with his reasoning about tl blacks in Jamaica being descendant of the Israelites, brought here in ca tivity, and how they want repatriation back to Ethiopia. To ask Ras Denn why he and other Jamaicans do n save up and go to Ethiopia rather tha coming to the United States is to b come involved in the space-time was of here and there, then and now. B what he says makes a good deal sense-at least figuratively speakin The Rasta doctrine encapsulates tl whole history of blacks in Jamaic 400 years of British colonialism, 30 years of slavery, and the original tra ma of the uprooting from Africa. The doctrine of repatriation is the answ to centuries of alienation under foreign rule. And, figuratively speaking, it the solution the Jamaican governme has adopted. Repatriation in place, or might call it. At least at the level metaphor the Rasta reasoning pr vides an explanation for the radical and sometimes violent, changes th have been taking place in Jamaica ov the past three years.

In many ways postcolonial coutries are all alike. The statistics on i come distribution, literacy, and pop lation growth that one finds in Jamai today bear a general resemblance those of Cuba or South Vietnam in t'50s and Indonesia or dozens of oth countries today that have acquir their independence without a socrevolution. The postcolonial econor typically comprises a small mode

Frances FitzGerald, author of Fire in Lake, has reported widely on international affairs.

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capitalist sector controlled from abroad and a traditional agriculture declining in value. A small Western-educated elite controls the government, the extraction industries and the export-import businesses; for a while it grows richer, the GNP rises, and all seems to be going well. But there is a contradiction and therefore a vicious spiral involved. On one hand the stability of the system rests on the quiescence of the vast majority in the backward sector of the economy. On the other hand the tendency of the capitalist sector is to break the traditional society up, first by introducing modern communications and consumer goods and second by reducing the relative value of its production, and thus forcing a large-scale immigration into the cities. The greater the success of the modern sector, the more likely a political crisis becomes, for by drawing the poor into the cities, the small elite literally-as well as figuratively-surrounds itself. When the poor can actually see the enormous disparities of wealth, they tend to take umbrage. At that point the leaders of the modern sector have only three possible courses of action: they can attempt to co-opt the majority, they can try to suppress it by force, or they can sit and wait for their own destruction (or, of course, any combination of the above). Actually, though, because co-optation takes enormous wealth and some intelligence, their possibilities are usually only two.

The basic conflict is universal, but the plot outline can be abstracted only up to this point. Beyond it there are special circumstances of history and geography that determine the timing of the crisis and whether, when it occurs, the government will collect U.S. Marine divisions, World Bank loans, CIA operatives, Marxist rhetoric, Chinese guns, or nothing.

"Haile Selassie came here once,"
Dennis continues, "and thousands and
thousands of people came to see. He
say 'love' and 'peace' in African languages I really want to speak. I speak
English now, and I am locked up."

o one knows exactly when the Rastafarian movement began, but it clearly had something to do with the Back to Africa movement of Marcus Garvey and the crowning of Ras Tafari as the

Emperor Haile Selassie in 1930. The Rasta voice first reached the colonial authorities in 1933, when the police arrested a man called Leonard P. Howell for using "seditious and blasphemous language" to "boost the sale of pictures of 'King Ras Tafari of Abyssinia, son of King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.'" At his trial Howell said Haile Selassie was the Christ returned to earth and (what was much more disturbing to the English authorities), the new king of the black people.

The authorities, of course, could not have it both ways: either the movement was heretical (and blasphemous) or it was seditious. But in fact they had caught the ambiguity of the Rasta creed, for the movement, now as then, has its chiliastic, mystical side, where the Lion of Judah is better understood as a metaphor, and on the other hand a practical and revolutionary character. The Rastas emphatically reject the Christian postponement of rewards to life after death as a part of the deception that Babylon practiced on the slaves to keep them down.

Whether or not the authorities understood it, the most seditious thing about the Rastas was their insistence on the word "I." In the Jamaican patois, as in so many other colonial pidgins, the subjective pronouns are missing, and the first person is always an object (Me go...Moi vais...). But in Rasta speech the "I"—this upright, this assertion of subjectivity—is always in first place. The Rastas say "i-n-I" for "we" and shift "I" to the front of all important words, as "Inointed" and "I-dure."

The Rastas may have been a rural movement to begin with, but when the movement caught on and spread, as it did in the late '50s and early '60s, it made most of its converts in Kingston —in the sprawling, tin-shack, desperate slums built by the new immigrants from the countryside. At their first appearance these young men with their Dreadlocks (long, plaited hair) and their incantations inspired a good deal of fear and loathing in the rest of the population. They were thought to be criminals, and there were in fact one or two nasty incidents involving some of the Natty Dreads. But really what people saw in them was a sign of the times -that the center was not holding and the great beast was slouching out of the slums from among the poorest, blackest, and youngest part of the male por ulation. It was some time before any one listened to them long enough t hear that they were preaching peace love, and reconciliation between race and nations. There was some ambiguit in this as the Rastas also insisted on in minent Dread Judgment on the Down pressors, but all religions are ambig uous. And it was discovered that while the Rastas came from the same stink ing alleyways as the Too Bad Boys who'd as soon slit your throat as sa "Yes, sir," they themselves tended t be rather more nonviolent, hardwork ing, and honest than the average of other Christian congregations.

By 1970 or so the Rastas were saying, and Bob Marley and Jimmy Cli and the other great Rasta-reggae star were singing, something quite specifiabout Jamaican politics: the Syster was downpressing the people, capitalist was the plague, and the Hugh Sheare government—as the current embodiment of Babylon—was going to burn

In 1972 Shearer's Jamaica Labo Party, overtly backed by the America ambassador and the Nixon Adminis tration, lost the parliamentary election to Michael Manley and the People' National Party. During the election Michael Manley, son of the leadin Jamaican statesman Norman Wash ington Manley, former Canadian Ai Force pilot, graduate of the Londo School of Economics, and trade unio leader in the British tradition, took u the Rod of Correction given to hir by Haile Selassie, floated his campaig on reggae music, and started savin "the word is love" at the end of hi speeches. Manley had-and has-a excellent ear. Elected by a large ma jority he moved rather slowly for th first two years. Then in 1974, just after the Arab-Israeli war, the great victor of OPEC, and the burgeoning of th Watergate scandals, Prime Ministe Manley proclaimed an end to sma imperialist lackeydom and the begin ning of an era of Democratic Socialisi and Third World brotherhood. Callin attention to the rise in oil prices, I slapped a huge tax on the Americal and Canadian bauxite companies ar announced his intention to nationalis the "commanding heights" of the eco omy including 51 percent of the bau ite industry, the buses and trains, ar several thousand acres of agricultur land. Subsequently the government d rchase all of these things; it also ught a cement factory, the other dio station, and-by default-a numr of tourist hotels, and gave notice its intentions upon the insurance instry, two or three commercial banks, d the agricultural marketing system. early 1975, or just about the time 2 U.S.-backed governments were losg the Indochina war and the Third orld leaders were marching off to giers and back to the U.N. singing w Economic Order choruses, Manley ited Cuba and made a lot of new isic about common aims, shared exriences, and future cooperation. By en he could point proudly to his own cial reform measures that included e education, subsidies for housing, id reform, a minimum wage, and rious job corps programs.

Manley's Democratic Socialism med to have a lot more to do with titish socialism than with the Cuban riety, and his program of nationalision was exactly the same as that he d proposed in a series of essays ich he had published in 1974 and ich in Britain had received indulat applause for responsible, idealistic tesmanship. There was, nonetheless, ge consternation in the business commity, both Jamaican and American.

INGSTON IS AT THE best of times a fairly gun-happy place, and its ward politics bear some resemblance to w York ward politics of the 1880s d Chicago ward politics of a much re recent date. But even by local ndards there was, beginning in Janry, 1976, an extraordinary outbreak violence-both an increase in what med to be straight criminal violence, l a series of terrorist attacks against itical headquarters, marketplaces, I the wards of one party or another the Kingston slums. Kingston be-1 to look like Belfast, and caches dynamite, incendiary bombs, and gally imported guns were turned up the police. The pattern of violence re a curious resemblance to the patn in Chile just before the last Allenelection. There was no court-proof dence, but many Jamaican officials, luding intelligence agents and inding Michael Manley, claimed-and ly believed-that the CIA had made ae attempt to "destabilize" the government. These suspicions blossomed —both naturally and artificially—into huge, cloudy blooms, to be met by equally cumulous rumors that the Cubans were training people in the hills.

In December Michael Manley's PNP party won the election with an overwhelming parliamentary majority. The opposition presented plausible charges of gerrymandering and voting fraud, but even admitting these, the voting patterns quite clearly showed that for the first time in Jamaican history the electorate had divided along class lines with the majority of the urban and the rural poor voting for Manley. Whereas in the past the PNP and the JLP had been tweedledum-tweedledee parties, both of which represented the interests of the capitalist sector and the rather conservative trade unions, the division was now an ideological one. The PNP was now the party of socialism and of the Third World.

A month after the election Manley announced that the country was facing a major economic crisis. In spite of the government's assurances to private enterprise, the capitalist part of the economy seemed to be folding up. The tourist industry had suffered major setbacks in the year of violence. Bauxite production was way down (owing, the companies said, to industrial accidents and the recession in the United States). No foreign commercial loans were available and businesses were slowing down or going bankrupt. Prices for agricultural products were off, and in spite of government subsidies, agricultural productivity seemed to be continuing its historical decline. The government had spent so much on the nationalizations, on social programs, and on subsidies designed to absorb the rising unemployment that it had in four years managed to triple the national debt. Its revenues could now cover only two-thirds of the next year's budget, and foreign exchange reserves were, for the first time, showing a major deficit.

Ask Jamaican politicians about the reasons for the economic disaster and you will get two wholly contradictory and wholly conventional answers. Michael Manley blames the workings of the international capitalist system, abetted by the CIA and/or such private enterprises as the Mafia. Edward Seaga, leader of the JLP opposition

party, suggests the general failure of socialist economics and deliberate sabotage of private enterprise and the twoparty system by members of the PNP who want to create a Marxist state along the lines of Cuba. There are elements of truth in both positions. On one hand it is indisputably true that with one or two exceptions the raw-materials producers have no leverage in the world market, and they suffer much more intensely than the industrialized countries in periods of recession and inflation. While Manley cannot prove his specific charge against the CIA, it must be said that it is difficult to track a CIA transfer of funds. For Seaga's position it must be said that there are people within the PNP with huge political ambitions and no interest at all in the two-party system and the rights of property. It must also be said that the Manley government vastly increased the powers of the state, and by doing so, changed the rules of the electoral system. The government used the media to push its own notions of social change, and Manley ran on the basis of all the social programs he had initiated with government funds. Looked at in one way, the housing and education programs, Crash Program for the unemployed, and so on, were reform measures of real benefit to the society; looked at in another way they constituted a patronage system the likes of which had never been seen before in Jamaica. That the country could not afford both the social programs and its current standards of living was not something that Manley said in his campaign speeches.

UT WITH ALL THE truth there is in these conventional propositions neither of them fully explains the trouble in Jamaica. To dwell on either one of them is to miss the essence of Jamaican politics, and, certainly, to misunderstand the nature of the Manley government. Even in its new, radical, postelection state Manley's party is not easily categorized. Its ranking members include six former members of the RAF: a few out-and-out thugs among the Too Bad Boys of West Kingston; a businessman heavily invested in tourism; a few university radicals who have read Frantz Fanon; and one or two highpatronage types who can be seen in the

Banana Boat Club in Montego Bay drinking warm champagne on the house and surrounded by what looks like a chorus line from House of Flowers. The government departments present similar contradictions. The Jamaican intelligence service is, for instance, split between people who talk with the Cuban intelligence and people who talk with the CIA and the British SI6. This division of labor arose quite naturally out of the fact that while Manley wanted to escape the category of "tiny imperialist lackey," he had inherited an intelligence service—as well as an army and a police force-whose officers had all been trained by the British to serve Anglo-American interests. Instead of breaking the old ties, Manley merely added new ones. In theory Manley now has a perfect nonaligned Third World position; in practice he has managed to shift the Cold War right into the middle of the Jamaican government. The quantity of dysinformation generated by both sides is now so great that no one knows what the truth is or where anything is coming from. Manley's "mixed economy" must be understood in the same light. Based on Manley's principled stance for both equality and freedom, democracy and socialism, it is, as one Jamaican columnist put it, "private enterprise without incentives and socialist policies without compulsions."

The whole texture of this economic enterprise can be understood from a history of one of the first exercises in Democratic Socialist planning, the Nyerere farm cooperative. Long ago before the oil crisis the government thought it had found the solution to the two major problems of the society -urban unemployment and the decline in agricultural productivity. Having in the past bought up large acreages of idle land, it now proposed to recruit youths from Kingston, train them in modern agricultural techniques, and set them up in scientifically managed cooperatives. Nyerere was the pilot project of a large-scale program that Manley incautiously termed an "agricultural revolution." The problem was that even while one part of the government was advertising the farm as a model of socialist planning, another part of it was recruiting PNP party hacks and Rude Boys for the farm, and yet another part was forgetting to irrigate or otherwise develop

it. Whether the Rude Boys wanted the farm for a vacation spot or a base camp remains uncertain, but they made so much trouble that the police were forced to raid the farm and to discover caches of illegal weapons and stolen jewelry. The Rude Boys were eventually turfed out and farmers from the neighboring countryside brought in. To judge from the appearance of the farm today the main achievement of the project has been to move dirt farmers from one place to another.

The experience of the Nyerere farm would suggest a certain level of abstraction in Michael Manley's view of the world and more than a tinge of sentimentality in his concept of socialism. Both exist. Still, it would be wrong to lay the blame for all the contradictoriness of the Manley government at the door of Harold Laski and on the theoretical foundations of British Fabianism. Manley is much more of a politician than he is an ideologue, and Jamaica is clearly not a nation of bookkeepers or of steely-eyed revolutionaries. It is, if anything, a nation of revivalists who give themselves to the emotions and to the power of language that (much more than the ganja) keeps them suspended somewhere between heaven and earth. Michael Manley can speak that language better than any other politician. Manley felt the pressure from the huge, festering slums of Kingston with its gunmen, its Rastamen, and its half-starved children. He understands the emotional powder kegs that surround the small, ratiocinating Westernized elite. His party contains both middle-class people who want to give money to the poor, and firebrands who, with less command of the language than he, want to lead the masses on to the Glorious Revolution. Like so many politicians, he has tried to be all things to all people-now leading the revolution, now containing it-with the hope of compromising interests and thus remaining in power. That he has not entirely succeeded is another matter, for it is not at all clear that a compromise exists. It is also not at all clear that the theoretical alternatives of capitalism or communism would improve matters for the average Jamaican. Or that they exist as political possibilities. The Rasta, after all, had called for an end to the System without leaving any instructions as to

what should be put in its place.

In the past, and the very recent pas the pressures of the Cold War wou have forced Jamaicans to choose h tween the two alternatives-no matt what the cost to them. Whatever ma be happening in Africa, the Unite States, Cuba, and the Soviet Union a pear to be headed for a detente in the Caribbean. The Soviets are not offer ing aid to Jamaica, nor are the Cuba offering any second-generation C Guevaras. On the other hand, the Ca ter Administration has been flashing peace-love signals at Jamaica, an both Manley and the State Departme agree that United States policy h changed. This new rush of warm fe ing from the United States does n appear to be accompanied by any ru of money-the enthusiasm for foreign aid, as for U.S. Marine expeditiona forces-having diminished consider ably since the Indochina war.

All of this is not necessarily rea suring for middle-class Jamaican who are now used to certain comfor or for the increasing number of une ployed people in the city. The cou try is, as Manley says, in for a th time. And from the security measur the government is taking, it is cle that even Manley has considered t possibility of future political violence Marcus Garvey predicted a crisis f the year joining seven and seven. (the other hand, there are many cou tries where economic crisis is near permanent and means no change at a

Ras Dennis complains a good de about the persecution and the suffer tion of the Rastas and their persec tion by the authorities. But this is traditional song, and in fact the situ tion of the Rastas has become a mo ambiguous one. A Rastaman with loc down to his shoulders will find it ha to get a job in a bank, but no one e cept a tourist will turn a hair anymo when they see a Natty Dread on t street. Then, too, the movement h itself developed certain contradicto qualities. Some Rastas feel the Manl government has used them; others tu up in government offices and exhi some knowledge of socialism. Wh none advocate permanent residence Jamaica, many seem to be accomn dating themselves to a fairly long st in the country before repatriation a the Dread Judgment comes.

HARPER'S/JULY 1

AGAINST CONSENSUS

he intellectual tradition under siège

by Reed Whittemore

ARLY THIS YEAR Steve Allen put on a six-program show, "Meeting of Minds" (PBS), consisting of Allen-concocted nversations with a dozen or so impression of Allen-concocted nversations with a dozen or so impression of the simulation of the simulati

He found Cleopatra playing the royist, defending slavery and advising e assembled talk-show guests that they ould have chaos in the Western world they permitted workers to act out of If-interest. He found Marx busily exaining Hegel: "Hegel saw all history a series of conflicts in which the old der-which we may call thesis-is allenged by a new force, antithesis, d ultimately resolves into a different stem, a synthesis, or combination, of e earlier two." And he found Sir iomas More giving Marx his comepance because Marx had told him at his Utopia advocated communism: did indeed advocate a form of comunism," said More, "although I saw as a form which men should freely oose rather than something imposed

on them by force." (Applause from audience.) He found Emily Dickinson remarking on the modern world: "Your life today seems to be filled with automobiles and television and things that whir and click and buzz and shock and break and distract." And for incidental kicks he found the personages discussing big historical moments in their lives, and even correcting popular misconceptions. (Marie Antoinette: "I did not say, 'Let them eat cake.' ")

The badness of the show would not leave me after I turned away, but kept sitting in my head as a sort of model of what had gone wrong with the modern American conception of a spacious mind, and hence what had gone wrong with my own beleaguered intellectual country, the humanities. It seemed that the destiny of Renaissance men-for Steve Allen has been described as one in a journal that should have known better, the Saturday Review-was that they be put back in junior high school. I knew all the arguments for the popularization of history's ideas, and I didn't want to be thought a snob for thinking the dark thoughts I was thinking; but I couldn't help thinking them. I couldn't help thinking that it was no longer possible to walk about in the world trying to be a serious thinker while at the same time trying to be a "generalist." Serious thinkers in the old mold had been replaced, it seemed, by a new kind of intellectual, one always busy taking the cultural pulse, a consensus-keeper (whose dismal mental landscape I will describe in a moment).

Nor were my thoughts brightened by reading, in Allen's promotional material, that he had been unable to sell his programs to the commercial networks because they weren't popular enough. PBS was praised for having shown great daring in taking them on. Reading such nonsense, and comparing the simplicities of Allen's shows with the sophistication of other kinds of TV shows. I concluded that the media people were operating with a double standard. They aspired to seriousness and complexity in the worlds of journalism, politics, and sometimes drama (at least PBS so aspired), but they dared not aspire to anything beyond junior high school with ideas. In the world of ideas they were simply fearful of genuine authorities, thinking of them as specialists who would speak above the heads of all but other specialists.

> ITEM. In the main library of the University of Maryland, the Times Literary Supplement is now classified as a special-interest paper.

Meditating about the Steve Allen show brought back to my mind a similar show thirty-five years ago on radio called Invitation to Learning. That went on weekly for over six months. and it presented not hokum dialogue dreamed up by a professional simplifier and put in the mouths of professional actors, but discussions between deservedly well-known people about twenty-seven Great Books, from Plato's Symposium to Proust's Swann's Way. Huntington Cairns presided, with Mark Van Doren and Allen Tate as his regulars, and with such visitors as Katherine Anne Porter, Edmund Wilson, André Maurois, and Bertrand Russell, I will admit that of the many such ef-

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forts of the period it was probably the only one on radio of much consequence—for I would not like to suggest that even thirty-five years ago the life of the mind was thriving in medialand—but at least Invitation to Learning was an honest ideological event, that is, a continuing discussion of difficult thoughts by the thoughtful. I can think of no such events in the history of national TV.

It will be argued that the early days of television brought forth a good many noble academic ventures on local educational stations. Yes, but they all foundered, disappointing democratic idealists everywhere and hastening the shift of programs with an educational look to the pre-breakfast hours. The academics chosen for these early ventures-I was one-couldn't seem to sit comfortably in front of cameras; they kept looking at their scripts, and they laughed and coughed at inopportune moments, demonstrating to TV professionals that they deserved not to be watched except before breakfast. TV has been the most heartless medium in history for failures, and this particular failure-of noble educational enterprises with foundation and university backing-was, I think, a disastrous one for the character of national television. It was proof for the money people that national television-even the national television now known as public television-could only be educational if it was successful in not seeming to be, and that it could not be educational, in the domain of freefloating ideas, with any talk shows of any kind. Talk shows, all persons in power came to assume, had been decreed by God and the dollar to be best limited to journalists and politicians discussing current national issues pragmatically.

LACING SUCH A restriction on the role of the medium, and on those who might fill the role, was a bad development in itself, but it was unimportant beside the concurrent development of a theory of value that has spread out far beyond the media into the outer reaches of our culture, a theory which has it that ideas—what I have called the free-floating kind—are not much anyway. The dimensions of such a development can hardly be fully described in a

short essay, but they must at least be indicated lest I leave the impression that the media are the sole villains. Even the media have not earned that honor.

A Dostoevskian character once remarked cynically of a neighboring idealist, one we might now call an ideologue, "Mr. Kirilov has already demanded that more than a hundred million heads roll so that reason may be introduced in Europe." The long history of skepticism about the life of ideas reached its climax in our century during the ideological excesses of the Thirties, excesses that helped produce the Spanish Civil War and World War II. After World War II the enterprise of recognizing and analyzing those excesses became a major intellectual industry, with the most characteristic conclusion about ideologues being that they were immature-immature in the sense of being blind or insensitive to the big human world beyond ideas, the world of love, hate, joy, sorrow, madness, ecstasy, cruelty, compassion, and so on. Leslie Fiedler's well-known essay about Alger Hiss and the liberals took this line, and while Fiedler found many forms of immaturity around him other than the immaturity of ideologues, he did make a telling argument against the liberal-ideological foolery that Hiss represented. There were other postwar intellectuals whose competence equaled Fiedler's and who in effect used it, as he did, largely to complain about the limitations of such competence. I think of John Barth, for instance, and his early novel The End of the Road, a witty and sometimes dialectical event which aimed to show how the novel's dialecticians had to grow up, learn about Real Life. I also think of Saul Bellow's more recent Humboldt's Gift, in which the hero demonstrates simultaneously his immense ideological awareness and his contempt for that awareness. Finally, I think of the state of current American poetry, where it has become a kind of crime against the art to be caught thinking.

Perhaps someone will wish to call such attacks upon the life of ideas existential. Well, the notion of the existential has gone downhill too since exploiters like Vonnegut got hold of it; but whatever label may be attached to the attacks, they are, I believe, central to an understanding of what our culture thinks important. Clearly the cul-

ture thinks that ideas are either uni portant or importantly dangerous. T culture says, Forget them, or Beware them.

While I think I share what Fied once called "our post-Dachau vision I don't go so far as to believe that I cause ideas are capable of betravi us we can simply dispose of them a be, thereby, grown up. And I do think that Barth. Bellow. or Fiedler I lieve this either, though they have r to my knowledge said that they do believe it. Yet, given the state of t culture of the moment, does it not ne to be said? I think so. For when ide are ignored, the whole mind begins be impoverished, begins to be imp ture in a different way than immatu because ideologically obsessed. It l gins to be immature because it is ju plain ignorant.

Nowhere is our impoverishme more evident than in our now almo total dedication to the principle of co sensus. A large number of people a parently now believe, aggressively resignedly, in consensus, seeming think that positions arrived at by co sensus constitute ideological position The notion is that if free America collect, say, three ideas and stir the thoroughly, in a democratic way, ir democratic (and economic) pot, the sult will be idea four. This notion just wrong. The result of mixing the ideas thus is not idea four, but simp a (sour) mash. And though the ma may be a grand one, so grand that is enacted into law, it is not therefore the less a mash. Take, for example, or federal income tax law. It once had ideological base of some consequen but anybody searching for that be now in the law will not find it, becau it is no longer there. One could c dozens of other instances, inside a outside political life, of how the co sensus process has simply destroy ideas, good or bad, leaving us wi senseless averagings-out that no mi anywhere would have been stur enough to dream up.

ET THAT consensus processin all its mindlessness, in seems to run our lives. In media, where consensus is erything, the only truly intellectual cussions that ever occur are discussion of the consensus process itself as

works out our destiny from day to day. "The McNeil-Lehrer Report" is a good nstance of a show with such discusions, and while I watch it admiringly, keep wishing the minds in charge would occasionally lapse from their pard-headed psyching of how President Carter is psyching the electorate and Congress, and instead consider goals.) One of the results of this is that the whole notion of what constitutes knowldge, understanding, wisdom, has been nodified to accommodate the blind orce of consensus. Wisdom now conists of being au courant with the force, hat is, up-to-date with the polls, the atings, the latest national and state otes, the latest economic indicators, he latest best-sellers. And to be au couant all over the place-having all the ndicators at one's fingertips-is the nodern American way to be a "genralist.'

I should add, lest I be thought to be oncentrating on political consensus erely, that cost accounting-the finanial wizardry that gives us plastic gears nd paper houses-seems to be a maniestation of the modern consensus proess (hence something that the modern generalist" must be good at). What egins in the industrial mind as a simle shaving of production expenses to ake a product profitable soon beomes a whole way of production, with body bothering to think about anying except what is profitable, never tigning to consider what a product ight to be, or might be, thinking only id always of the profound interacon between cost and price.

I began this essay by complaining at the humanities have suffered the ost heavily from the anti-ideological imate of our times, as if the humanes had a monopoly on ideas and eals. Of course they do not, but they have-or perhaps I should say they d have-a particular view of the life ideas that is not, I think, shared lly by other academic fields. It is e absence of this view that is slowly basing what remains of our culture. By this view—that is, by the view of ost traditional literary people, histoins and philosophers-an education the life of ideas consists not of putig in a notebook for future reference oughts that can be used to reinforce going consensus, but of collecting quently contrary and recalcitrant oughts from many cultures, many ages, thoughts which seem to the consensus-folk to serve no useful purpose but which only cause tensions, conflicts, and problems. Such an education is essentially historical and comparative, with the apprentice-humanist hoping that he will learn how to understand his own world-and perhaps (if his post-Dachau vision does not overwhelm him) even how to improve it-by setting his world against the rest, seeing differences, making considerate and difficult choices. Such an education is obviously not helped much if the student is constantly au courant and following the polls. Detachment is what is needed, detachment from immediate issues so that those issues may be seen in perspective, in relation to their counterparts in other places, other times. Such an education is the antithesis of trying to follow, keep up, keep on top.

ITEM. Recently a Washington paper reported the results of an incident that took place in a shopping-center parking lot at Christmas time. A female driver preempted a parking place for which a local psychiatrist and his wife had been waiting twenty minutes. She did this by ignoring the line that the psychiatrist had been waiting in and driving suddenly into the slot. The psychiatrist pulled up behind her car, got out, rapped on her window. She got out on the other side. He went around and tried to talk with her, but she walked away. He then kicked her.

The article in the paper concentrated on where he had kicked her, with the testimony varying. The wife's action was also mentioned, she having participated to the extent of unscrewing the license plate on the woman's car.

An ideological issue? Think what G. B. Shaw would have done with it. The paper reported merely that the psychiatrist acknowledged that he had "overreacted." No comments of the judge were recorded. A simple case of assault and battery. \$1,000, please.

HARPER'S/JULY 1977

I saw myself in "The Sound of Music"

The mountains wait like players in a grand orchestra . . . the 900-year old fortress stands like an austere conductor . . . music rises from Salzburg like a mist. And I discover that the true sound of music can sometimes be heard in silence. This lovely city where Mozart was born, where Europe's best artists came at the call of the Prince Archbishops, shows me her gracious secrets. And then I go to the Lake District

I stand in a cave of ice at Werfen and ride the funicular to the mines at Hallein. Then to the Tauern mountains and Krimml, Europe's highest waterfall. I became the sound of music ... the music is me!

Come to the music . . . Encounter Austria to know the heart of Europe.



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A LEGAL HOUSE OF CARDS

by Albert M. Rosenblatt and Julia Carlson Rosenblatt

ow and again it is heard that the American criminal has a monopoly on the United States Constitution. Day after day, the public sees the guilty set free through legal procedures which they do not understand, but which, they are told, have something to do with someone's constitutional rights having been violated.

At its basis, the Constitution is blind to differences between people. Its protections, including the Fourth Amendment's guarantee against unreasonable searches, apply alike to the young, the old, the poor, the rich, the honest, the wicked. But things have taken a curious turn. In order to see to it that the Fourth Amendment is honored, the United States Supreme Court has decreed that anyone caught with incriminating evidence is authorized (and, increasingly, expected) to cry out that the evidence not be used against him because he was unlawfully searched. The trial court must entertain the claim even though the claimant may be undeniably guilty. Evidence obtained unlawfully must be thrown out, and this is the essence of the exclusionary rule.

Albert M. Rosenblatt is Superior Court judge in Dutchess County, New York. Julia Carlson Rosenblatt is a free-lance writer and former psychology professor at Vassar College. The doctrine was first promulgated in federal courts and then expanded by the Warren Court in 1961 to embrace every state and local criminal court in the land. It was heralded as the enlightened solution; it was repudiated in England; it is unique among the nations of the world. It does not work.

In a free society, the government owes its citizens freedom from crime as well as freedom from governmental intrusion. Both criminal activity and police power threaten individual liberty, and the balance between the two is delicate. It was thought that occasionally releasing a lawbreaker—a short-term injustice—would bring about the higher justice of balance between these opposing forces. It has not.

The exclusionary rule was born out of concern for citizens' right to privacy, according to the theory that an errant police officer is "punished" by being made to stand by, helplessly, and watch his catch thrown back into the sea. The rule forbids the use of any evidence obtained by police who violate constitutional standards, according to the interpretations of the Supreme Court and lesser judiciary. The tainted evidence, however reliable it may be, is "suppressed" from prosecutorial use, so that, in most cases, guilt, though acknowledged, may not be proved. There

is a concrete physical reality about a machine gun, a corpse, or a kilo of heroin. Yet in countless prosecutions tangible evidence is routinely excluded, in furtherance of the belief that through suppression of an ill-gotten truth a higher truth will emerge, in the form of a more nearly perfect legal system.

Ironically, if the police search someone unlawfully and turn up nothing, the victim of the search finds no solace in the exclusionary rule. A law-abiding citizen, harassed by unreasonable intrusions, cannot redress his grievance through the suppression of evidence, for there is none. Whether or not the scale has actually tipped in favor of the criminal, that is the way many people perceive it.

Americans increasingly feel under siege, with too many remaining fearful behind locked doors. Few if any citizens, however, would trade the fear of going out at night for the dread of the midnight knock on the door from the police. Although we may seem to be a long way from the police state, we must be ever mindful of the danger. The exclusionary rule was designed to keep such oppression at bay.

ET US LOOK at the rule in action: police officers, on patrol, see two masked men flee from a jewelry store in an unidentified late model, light-colored car. The officers approach the premises and see the proprietor on the floor, bound and shot dead, his display case ransacked. No witnesses. Several hours later, in a neighboring town, other police alerted to the crime see two mer traveling a little too slowly in a lightcolored car. They stop the car and in quire. The answers are unhelpful. With only their intuition to rely upon, the policemen search the car and find the stolen merchandise, the murder weapon and the masks. Arrested, confronted and told of their rights, the suspect-



onfess to robbery and to murder. Nevertheless, they will go free. The earch, despite its empirical success, vould be held unconstitutional in the pinion of most American courts. No vidence resulting from it could be sed against the criminals. The inexact uspicion of a police officer, however alidated, is no proper vardstick. No earch may ever be justified by what it arns up. The confessions, too, must be

mored, for they were the product of n improper arrest and a confrontation

ith "illegally seized evidence." As another example, Singer tells the olice that Moran has a stolen revolver idden in his apartment. The police et a court-ordered search warrant nd seize the gun exactly where Singer aid it was. This sort of thing is roune, but often, in spite of the correctess of the information on which the arrant was based, the warrant will be ruck down and the evidence excluded. the warrant is signed without "probble cause." This means enough proof convince a reasonable person that ne criminal evidence is at the place to e searched. If, in presenting the proof the magistrate, the police omit menon of how Singer knew he was right, ne search will be nullified.

The paradox of the exclusionary ale was described sardonically by the tte John Wigmore, dean of the Northestern University Law School and the uthor of the leading treatises on the iw of evidence: "Our way of supportig the Constitution is not to strike at ne police officer who breaks it but to t off somebody else who broke somening else."

We cannot say that the rule was imosed upon the states in order to conert irrationality into a national policy, or can we say that it has served no urpose. That it has turned out rather adly is not a strike against the Waren Court so much as it is an outgrowth f implications which were not then reseen. Perhaps they should have een; the Court was warned by some f its own dissenters, but the misstep ccurred in the launching of a social speriment-bold and noble as it was -which did not fully take into account ne disinclinations of both police and riminals to be deterred by hollow

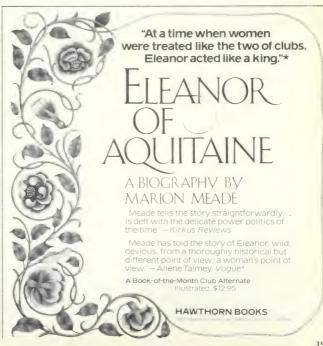
Deterrence by punishment is expeenced in all forms of human endeavr. A child is warned not to play with

fire. He tries, experiences pain, then desists. If anyone is to be deterred from doing anything-the police from misbehavior or the criminal from his crime-the punishment must be swift and certain, as well as sufficiently painful to counterbalance the more immediate reward of the proscribed act.

Applying the deterrence hypothesis, the Court thought that release of a criminal was a sufficiently painful consequence of an illegal search. But the punishment imposed by the release of a mugger does not jolt the police so much as it does the next victim. The cop's hand is not burned by the fire; his palm is slightly singed as the candle is extinguished and the room darkened. The simple truth is that police brass rarely punish or otherwise discipline officers who are, to their way of thinking, guilty only of high-minded exuberance. With the quarry sacrificed, they feel that the disappointed policeman should not be set back further, but, if anything, consoled or promoted for his thwarted civic efforts. The disposition of the case matters, but is not, typically, the ultimate police criterion. It is the arrest and the maintenance of police professional standards that count for respect and advancement. If the courts want to throw out cases-well, that's their business.

With supreme irony, those who poohpooh the deterrent effect of punishment on criminal activity are the first to exalt it as a device to curb police misconduct. But if the threat of prison does not deter thieves, how may police misconduct be stemmed by such impersonal penalties as the judicial dismissal of cases? Both failures have a point in common: the sanction is either absent or blunted (in the case of the police) or, in the case of criminals, delayed, diminished, or denied.

Delayed. Constitutional exclusionary battles involve judges in the adjudication of pretrial contests which have nothing whatever to do with guilt or innocence. Guilt is assumed. The defense attorney exhorts the court to throw out a case solely because it is composed of incriminating evidence claimed to have been improperly taken from his client's pocket, house, or car. Hours, days, and sometimes weeks may be spent on even one such claim. Court calendars are bloated with hearings arising out of an obsession with procedure in which guilt or innocence is



irrelevant; for the exclusionary rule excludes, of all things, the truth itself.

Diminished. Unsure of the unassailability of a search warrant, of the legality of a search, or of the truthfulness of its avowed circumstances, the prosecutor often finds it expedient to bargain with the defense despite unerring proof of guilt. The police seize an illegally possessed gun; when the defendant claims it, he gets a discount in culpability because there is a legal shadow over the seizure.

Denied. If the shadow is too long, the proof is suppressed entirely under the rule.

Of course, offenders are sometimes caught and jailed. Yet, the rule operates even for them with freakish inconsistency. Bumble and Dodger are caught committing a burglary. Bumble goes to prison because his conviction is somehow free of constitutional or legal flaws. Dodger is luckier; he is sprung by the exclusionary rule. From the viewpoint of the two, there is much to be learned from this. One would like to think that a potential offender perceives some cause and effect between crime and punishment: the teachings of deterrence. But that is by no means the lesson learned by the participants or by the person contemplating a life of crime. The inescapable conclusion is that going to jail has less to do with getting caught than with the fastidiousness of some murky and incomprehensible courtroom procedures.

While intended to curb abuse of police power, the exclusionary rule has opened up a whole new field of police misconduct: perjury. Police officers who testify at suppression hearings have sometimes shown a remarkable facility for adjusting facts to fit the court's constitutional sensibilities. The bad cop, knowing that he acted arbitrarily in pulling the heroin out of his target's pocket, testifies that in fact no search was conducted but that the defendant "dropped" the drugs to the ground when approached. "Dropsy" is a bastard legal phenomenon born of cynicism, and growing in importance with each triumph. Occasionally, however, there is a true dropsy case. To the callous prosecutor, there is no need to differentiate; to the virtuous prosecutor, it is an added quandary.

Moreover, the rule has tarnished the reputation of the conscientious, honest policeman in the eyes of the public, while eroding self-respect within the profession. In most criminal cases there are now, so to speak, two accused: the defendant and the police. To have every move—especially those taken in good faith—challenged, examined, and often condemned, creates incalculable damage to police morale and to public perceptions of law enforcement.

Because the public does not fully understand the exclusionary rule, a victim will see only the outrageous release of his assailant, and may very well assume that someone was paid off. Either way, the ensuing anomie infects the public. With an air of resignation tinged with fear, the victim of crime acquiesces to his lot with scarcely a thought of recourse. "Why contribute interminable hours as a witness against a criminal?" he reasons. "He will only be right back on the street to take revenge." The victim slowly parts company with law enforcement; the cycle is compounded.

URING THE 1960s and early 1970s, difficult cases arose in which it became necessary to develop the rule with logic and consistency. While each extension of the irrational doctrine may have been internally consistent, the sum of the decisions was irrational—like the addition of floors, in perfect symmetry, to a house built on quicksand. Here is a sampling of further oddities, based upon actual decisions.

Skinner is charged with possession of a switchblade which the state police had, undeniably, found concealed on his person. He blames the police, testifying, at a pretrial suppression hearing, that they took it from him in violation of his constitutional rights. The court disagrees: he does not walk free but is put on trial, at which the prosecution must establish that the defendant had the weapon. The state's attorney is forbidden to so much as hint to the jury that Skinner himself swore that the police took it from his very person. At the jury trial Skinner does not testify and his attorney may successfully convince the jury that his client never had the knife.

Rust is arrested on a weapons charge. He is convicted. His guilt is not questioned by an appeals court, but it none-theless overturns his conviction because it marks his lawyer incompetent for not challenging the means by which the police got the weapon.

Wedgewood pleads guilty to bur glary, admitting a break-in and the theft of a revolver. On appeal, his con viction is reversed when a higher cour finds that the police violated his right in searching him and retrieving the stolen gun without prior justification His plea of guilty does not bar his challenge or his release.

Enough. These are results which only legalists can fathom. And thereis lies the rub. Surely a rule of such pro found social dimensions should spring from something closer to social con sensus than to judicial or legal dialect tic. It is mistakenly assumed that thes results are somehow mandated by th Constitution. The Fourth Amendment condemns unreasonable searches, but i does not decree that insult be added t injury, that the public be affronted firs by the crime and then by the releas of the acknowledged malefactor. Lack ing an efficient legislative scheme b which citizens could be guarantee their Fourth Amendment rights, th Supreme Court chose the exclusionar

The extraordinary irony of the choice is that under the reasoning of the rule, the convictions of Skinner Rust, and Wedgewood would be full intact if the searches were conducte by any nonpolice member of the population. The rule does not sour th fruits of a private citizen's search; blocks only those convictions which flow from bad police searches. Occurse the citizen who searches arother person risks both a lawsuit and bloody nose, but the evidence he draw is at least permitted to be of some use

All of this leads one to suggest that the question of police searches be re examined. Naturally, there must be a institutionalized procedure of complair and recompense for those whose pracy is unjustly shattered, but not if allocates disproportionate windfalls the guilty and nothing to the innocen

At present, courts which routinel deal with challenges to search warrant are reluctant to release offenders wh argue that the damning evidence was esized under a faulty warrant. In orde to "save" the warrant which gave u a corpse, judges will sometimes engagin tortuous legal sophistry, while right eously suppressing the gram of maijuana seized under a comparably def

cient warrant. The result is a jumble of precedents and standards not easily reconciled by a judge who must decide when to issue a particular search warrant. If the warrant is applied for and issued in good faith, the criminal should not be allowed to turn the results of a magistrate's understandable confusion into an escape hatch.

The exclusionary rule does not disinguish between blunder and malice. t should. If the police officer is wrong, f he lacks the legal savvy to guide him hrough the most arcane legal distincions, his search will be aborted, just is though he acted out of the vilest notivations. It is not at all uncommon or an appellate court to divide, four o three, over whether a police officer vas authorized to conduct a particular earch without a warrant. The police fficer has the unenviable duty of deiding, in the heat of the moment, hether his conduct will eventually be pproved by the four or by the three. f he makes an educated choice that ne court's majority does not prefer, e will be judged the "offender," and ne criminal "the victim." The level of onstitutional misconduct should have ome place in these matters.

Cases may be imagined, to be sure, 1 which the behavior of the police is 2 contemptuous that exclusion of the l-gotten evidence is a necessary sancon. But where the conduct is merely itstaken, we ought to compare our wn legal practices with those of the set of the world.

To recommend lifting the exclusionry rule is not to advocate eliminating deguards against abuses of power, he choice should not be between reression and what we have now. Conderation of civil lawsuits against pobe agencies, with the awarding of oney damages, raises the specter of e medical malpractice morass, but a orkable system may be fashioned. We in learn from the experiences of oth-

eminently democratic countries, agland and Canada for example, hich use such a system. The solution ill not be simple, but the time has me to seek a new way.

The exclusionary rule is, perhaps, the oldest experiment in enforcing civil perties that has ever been launched. It have tried it is very much to our edit. To recognize that it is no longer nable will be even more so.

HARPER'S/JULY 1977

Pruning as a means to more nearly perfect wines.



To us, pruning—the cutting off of living parts of the grapevine—is the single most important practice in the entire culture of grapes.

It is a complex and highly judgmental operation that not only controls the amount of crop our vines will bear, but also controls the quality of the ultimate contribution that crop will make to our wines.

That is why, in the Gallo vineyards, we do not consider a man thoroughly experienced until he has been pruning for at least 3 years.

Why We Prune

The whole purpose of pruning is to direct our vines to grow fewer but better grapes—grapes of optimum maturity and with the full potential of their variety.

Such grapes will have acid and sugar contents in perfect balance, and their wine will be full-bodied, deep and brilliant in color, and with a bouquet that is true to the grape.

If we allow a vine to produce too many grapes—a condition called over-cropping—we risk producing a thin, watery wine.

Our Unique Next Step

Sometimes, despite judicious pruning, a vine will overproduce anyway—perhaps because of exceptional vigor, or a particularly fertile soil.

In such a case, we resort to thinning Thinning involves the actual removal of whole grape clusters from the vine—the sacrificing of a part of our crop in order to ensure the quality of the remainder.

Sometimes this can mean removing as much as one-half the crop from an overproducing vine. Or all of it, if we wish to give the vine a rest to regain its vigor

Gallo, we might point out, is one of the very few wineries to practice this costly technique of thinning in order to produce only the best possible wine.

How We Prune

Pruning is basically an art. And over the years we have developed techniques that we believe provide the best possible results of that art.

We began researching and establishing our pruning practices back in the 1940's.

At that time, every single variety of grape was given its own program to

determine the best method of pruning for that particular vine.

As a result of our tests, we have established some general rules.

One, is that on each spur—that part of the new wood which remains after pruning—we never leave more than two buds for future growth. This ensures optimum grape quality.

We do, however, vary the number of spurs on each vine. This depends on the

For example, the Chenin Blanc and Ruby Cabernet vines are allowed up to 12 spurs, our French Colombard 14, and our Barbera 10.

In general, the vines bearing larger grapes and grape clusters are left with fewer spurs so as not to tax them beyond their capacities, and the vines bearing smaller grapes and grape clusters are left with more.

Who Prunes

Because so much depends on the judgment of our pruners—in addition to how much to cut, at what angle, and which wood—we treat their training very seriously.

At first, a beginner is only allowed to watch. Then he is permitted to work only when an experienced man is watching him. And finally, before working independently, he must work under a foreman

That is why, as mentioned earlier, it is usually 3 years before we consider him a thoroughly experienced pruner

Our Goal

Obviously, the reason we are so particular about pruning is the direct relationship it has on the quality of our wines

Our personal philosophy is that excellent wines can only be made from excellent grapes, and that perfect wines require perfect grapes.

Therefore, because our only goal is to make the finest wines possible—to give you pleasure by bringing you only the fullest perfection of flavor, taste and bouquet—we are totally committed to growing and using only the best quality grapes.

That insistence on perfection, really, is the basic principle to which we have dedicated our wine-making lives.

E&J Gallo Winery, Modesto, California



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Money Well Spent...

Genuine innovation doesn't come cheap.

But the money Western Electric spends on research and development at Bell Labs produces a lot of innovation.

About 40% of what Western Electric makes today didn't exist in 1972.

That's triple the amount of innovation of industry in general.

Though such innovation costs a lot, it saves you money.

...Saves You Money.

Take long distance calling, for example. It's one of the few things that costs little more today than 25 years ago. That's because technological improvements have helped hold costs down.

For example, we have increased the capacity of coaxial cable systems from 600 simultaneous conversations in 1941 to 132,000 today.

We've increased sevenfold the capacity of our major microwave transmission system.

And our largest electronic switching system can handle four times the capacity of the previous system.

Innovations like these involve answering engineer-

ing and manufacturing questions at the forefront of technology.

Without the intimate flow of information that exists between Bell Labs and Western Electric, many of our innovations would have been much longer in coming.

Some might not have come at all.

A Complex Future.

Many future innovations will be even more complex, requiring even closer interaction.

As part of the Bell System, Western Electric and Bell Labs will continue to put technology to work for you.

So even if you can't afford the best of everything, you'll still

be able to afford the best of something: The best telephone service on earth.

Bell Laboratories/Western Electric

Harpers

BUSTING THE MEDIA TRUSTS

The case against monopoly of news and information

by Kevin Phillips

HERE'S NO LONGER ANY doubt. Television's 1976 Presidential debates, the advent of Rupert Murdoch, Jimmy Carter's Dial-a-President Show, nd the success of The Great Gannett Money Machine have done it. As of mid-1977 the ssue of media power has come of age. Lingerng attempts to dismiss "the media" as an llegitimate issue born of hit-and-run politics nd improper English have all but drowned the rising tide of national debate and conern over "the media" as the decade's most otable economic, cultural, and political pheomenon.

Last year, pollster Tully Plesser described ational unhappiness with the media as haver a reached the "frenzy" level. And the hoslity is not confined to any one group or intest; mothers in PTAs are mad, bankers are ad, labor leaders are mad. Hostages reased from Washington's B'nai B'rith headuarters were recorded cursing reporters and lanafi Muslims in the same breath. Opinion amplers tell us that Americans are recovering

confidence in political institutions, and even in the bureaueracy, but not in media institutions. Among the key elites, business, political, and intellectual, the unhappiness is more specific —media are too powerful.

The question, then, is whether the selfinterest of vested establishments and the indignation of the general populace are reaching a level of mutual reinforcement. If so, and I, for one, think so, the form taken by any legal, economic, and political corrective measures will be all important for American democracy. Unfortunately, the success of any policy reevaluation may rest on the extent to which the opinion-molding class of Americans—the bulk of whom, by definition, earn their living from communications-can put aside the notion of "the media" as a moral and intellectual enterprise and think of it as a rich and powerful industry. In a March speech to the Houston Press Club, former Treasury Secretary John Connally argued that the nation's major media conglomerates should be viewed not just as unprecedented power centers, but as "mas-

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sive business empires built by entrepreneurs under the shelter of our free enterprise system." This may represent an important and valid shift in the customary criticism of the press. Those who believe that government policy on media can continue to be shaped around eighteenth-century images of a persecuted John Peter Zenger clutching his twelveshilling printing press simply ignore postindustrial economics (which, I might add, such people are normally the first to remember in other policy-making contexts-from national economic planning to solar heating-that do not involve their own vocational self-interest).

Ideally, recognition of new "massive business empires" can focus debate on reducing media concentration to a safer size by traditional legal and economic policy. After all, it has been possible in the past to regulate such emerging economic forces as railroads, trusts, banks, and public utilities. Otherwise if the major media corporations continue to grow and wax self-righteous, putting one politician on the skids and another on the payroll, they are likely to run afoul of the late Adolf Berle's perceptive observation that when business threatens to engulf the state, it forces the state to engulf business. Myopia-cum-hypocrisy is usually self-defeating. In today's context, we can postulate that if the communications business threatens to engulf the values, culture, and careers of voters and politicians, it will force the state to engulf the communications business. That messy prospect is not going to occur next year, but the angry questions already have begun to be asked.

From a legal standpoint, the media already are being encircled from three directions. First, by the prospect of regulation based on their quasi-governmental role. Second, by regulation of subject matter—be it obscenity, or discussion of judicial behavior, capital markets, or pending legislation. And third, by concern over economic size, monopoly, and insufficient competition. This latter approach offers the most desirable way of dealing with the media trusts, but for those weaned on John Peter Zenger imagery, it is necessary to first consider the other, more Orwellian, methods that might be imposed on the emerging media Goliath.

A part of the government

EGIN, IF YOU WILL, with the notion that the mass media play a quasi-governmental role in American politics and society. Must they then also begin to assume the evenhanded obligations that

burden all levels of government? Arguably so. The issue here is power. Perhaps Messrs. Cronkite, Chancellor, Reasoner, et al., really are more powerful than the top leaders of Congress. As writer Richard Reeves puts it, "The biggest shift [of power] in the process has been from the political organizations to the press, and I think it's too big a role." Tom Bethell, writing in Harper's, recently proclaimed that "the news media have now become a part of the government in all but formal constitutional ratification of the fact." (Yet this upheaval is confusing because sometimes the media are displacing or preempting elected government-as in Watergate-while sometimes they are colluding with or amplifying it, as in the television networks' providing free prime-time coverage for Presidential speeches.) Tactics editor Edward Hunter has come up with still another variation, saying, "the press is now the Third Estate and the Congress is the Fourth Estate. Our legislators -and the Administration-first determine what the press will or will not use and set policy accordingly."

Fifty other kindred statements could be cited to prove the point—the old institutions and relationships of government are vielding to new ones. Whether by interaction or displacement, whether by rivalry or collusion, whether by evolution or revolution, or, most probably, by a mixture of all these processes, the national news media have assumed a steadily increasing share of the power formerly held by the Presidency, the Congress, and political organizations everywhere. Does it matter? Obviously. Does it matter as a ques-

tion of law? Of course it does.

Political scientists and sociologists are wont to treat such trends by bundling them in intellectual swaddling clothes of neo-algebraic coefficients, learned footnotes, and peer-group paradigms. As a lawyer, I find the phrase "quasi-governmental power" provoking a different response. Quasi-governmental power implies government-type responsibilities, which can be identified as constitutional standards of due process, nondiscrimination, and equal protection. Federal courts have used this technique in a number of situations ranging from the once "private," whites-only, Texas Democratic primary to an Alabama "company town" run by Gulf Shipbuilding. Both operations were found to be either "so closely connected with government" or "so critical a part of the political process" that public roles were deemed to override their nominal private

Could the same thing happen with the news media? Does the public and political role of NBC or CBS portend similar limitations? Probably not in the immediate future, but he logic of the argument has legal precedents.

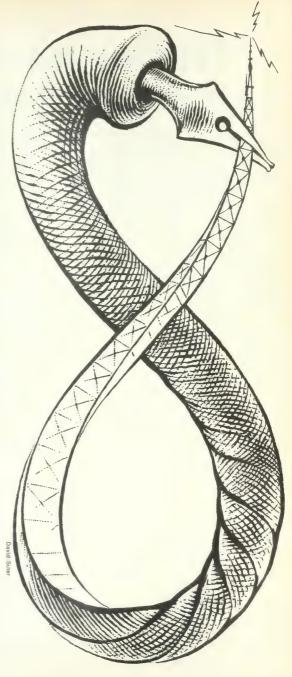
The second 1976 Ford-Carter debate furnished proof of just how much impact on the electoral process the media can exert. Several polls made the same point, but a nonpartisan survey conducted by Notre Dame psychology professor Lloyd Sloan is the most credible. Viewers were divided into three groups. One group watched only the October 6 debate; the thers watched the debate and the post-debate commentaries on CBS and ABC. Among the irst group, people who watched only the depate, Dr. Sloan recorded "an overall shift of 20 percent in favor of Ford." The other two groups watched the debate plus the post-denate news analyses—one group watched CBS's, he other, ABC's-and the results were strikngly different. "After the debate itself had ts positive impact for Ford," Sloan notes, 'the network news analyses by themselves produced overall net changes of 27 percent CBS) and 22 percent (ABC) in the direcion of Carter. Those who viewed the postlebate news analyses saw both as being biased n favor of Carter."

By televising and analyzing debates (and hese may become a permanent fixture), the etworks have become, one might argue, as nuch a part of the election process as the party primaries. More media-government inerplay occurred when Walter Cronkite hosted immy Carter's radio call-in show and NBC igned up ex-President Ford and ex-Secretary of State Kissinger as high-priced consultants in network public-affairs shows. The New 'ork Daily News's Kay Gardella raised the ruestion of how "these lucrative TV deals vill be viewed by other politicians. It's teleision subtly saying that if you play ball with is, you, too, may wind up with a sweetheart if a contract and secure your future."

Even CBS News President Dick Salant saw problem with more shows like the Carter-ronkite call-in: "I'll be perfectly frank. If here continues to be a strong feeling among ome people that we were lending ourselves a transmission belt for the President, I rould be against another broadcast." Since

hen, his refusal has become firm.

While Salant's caution is commendable, the ntanglement of government and media goes eyond a single format. Rising from the network drawing boards is the possibility of Presdent Carter (or perhaps 1980 GOP candidate 'ord) hosting a TV special. The networks are planned a slew of new docu-dramas and olitical series. ABC will present a ten-hour eries based in part on John Ehrlichman's



THE MEDIA GOLIATH

CBS

1976 Fortune 500 rank: 102 1976 Total Sales: \$2,23 billion

PRI CIPAL OPERATIONS:

Broadcasting:
—owns five TV stations (New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis); seven AM radio stations and seven FM radio stations

-includes labels of Columbia,

Epic, Portrait Columbia Group

Record and tapes club; musical instruments (e.g., Steinway pianos Leslie speakers. Rogers drums

organs): 67 Pacific Stereo retail stores: Creative Playthings (toys)

Holt, Rinehart and Winston Popular Library (mass-market paperback) W. B. Saunders-professional

NEISA-Latin American and Spanish books

Magazines:

Field and Stream

Road and Track Cycle World

Popular Crosswords

New Crosswords

World Tennis

Sea (to be combined with Rudder)

Popular Gardening Indoors Astrology Your Daily Horoscope Astrology Today Your Prophecy Psychic World

Popular Word Games Special Crossword Book of the Month

Giant Word Games The National Observer Book of Crosswords Popular Sports: Baseball

Popular Sports: Grand Slam Popular Sports: Kick-Off Popular Sports: Touchdown Popular Sports: Basketball Fawcett Publications

Mechanix Illustrated Woman's Day Rudder

THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY

1976 Fortune 500 rank: 394 1976 Total Sales: \$451.4 million

PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS:

Newspapers: New York Times

International Herald Tribune (33.3%) Six dailies and four weeklies in Florida:

Gainesville Sun Lakeland Ledger Ocala Star Banner Leesburg Daily Commercial Palatka Daily News Lake City Reporter

Fernandina Beach News-Leader Sebring News Avon Park Sun

Marco Island Eagle Three dailies in North Carolina: Lexington Dispatch Hendersonville Times-News Wilmington Star-News

Magazines:

Family Circle Australian Family Circle Golf Digest Golf World Tennis

US

(Sold some eight professional magazines to Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in 1976)

Broadcasting: WREG-TV. Memphis, Tenn

WQXR-AM/FM, New York City Quadrangle/NYT Book Co

Arno Press, Inc. Cambridge Book Co

TIME INC.

1976 Fortune 500 rank: 217 1976 Total Sales: \$1.038 billion

PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS: Publishing:

Time, Fortune, Sports Illustrated, Money, and People magazines account for 35% of total revenue Time-Life Books Little, Brown New York Graphic Society

(Alva Museum Replicas) Minority interests in publishers in Germany, France, Spain, Mexico. and Japan

Films and Broadcasting: Time-Life Films TV production and distribution, multimedia, TV books

Home Box Office Manhattan Cable TV WOTV-Grand Rapids, Mich.

Newspapers:

Pioneer Press, Inc.-17 weekly newspapers in suburban Chicago Selling Areas-Marketing, Inc. (distributing marketing information)
Printing Developments, Inc.

(printing equipment) Other:

Forest Products: Temple-Eastex, Inc. (pulp & paperboard, packaging, building materials, timberland)

AFCO Industries, Inc. (interior wall products) Woodward, Inc. (bedroom furniture)

Lumberman's Investment Corporation Sabine Investment Company

R C A

1976 Fortune 500 rank: 31 1976 Total Sales: \$5.32 billion

PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS:

Electronics-Consumer products & services (25.6% of total sales) Electronics-Commercial products & services (12.8% of total sales)

Broadcasting:

NBC: owns one TV station in Chicago, Los Angeles, Cleveland, New York City, Washington, D.C., and one AM and one FM station in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. (17.8% of total)

Publishing:

Bandom House (Bandom House, Alfred A. Knopf, Pantheon, Bal-lantine Books, Vintage, Modern Library) (17.6% of total)

Banquet Foods: Coronet (carpets): Oriel Foods (U.K.); Vehicle Renting & Related Services (e.g., Hertz);

GULF & WESTERN

1976 Fortune 500 rank: 57 1976 Total Sales: \$3.39 billion

PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS: Manufacturing (25% of total sales)

Leisure Time:

Paramount Pictures-motion picture production & distribution; TV exhibition & series production. Owns: Oxford Films (distribution of non-theatrical films). Magicam, Inc. (rents camera systems), Future General Corp. (research, special effects services)

Cinema International (49% interest) -owns or operates four theaters in London, one in Amsterdam, two in Egypt, 17 in Brazil, 10 in other parts of South America, 19 in

South Africa Famous Players Ltd. (51% interest)-

owns or operates some 300 theaters in Canada, one in Paris, ond owns 50% of a French company operating 35 theaters in France

Sega Enterprises, Inc.-coin-operate amusement games

Publishing:

Simon and Schuster-includes Fireside and Touchstone quality paperbacks: and mass-market paperbacks from Pocket Books, Washington Square Press, Archwa (14% of total sales) Other:

Natural Resources-zinc and cemer (5% of total) Apparel Products-apparel, hosiery

Paper and building products (11% of total)

Auto replacement parts

(8% of total)

Financial services-consumer and commercial financing, life insurance, casualty insurance (19% of total)

Consumer and agricultural products -sugar; Minute Maid (citrus); livestock; Consolidated Cigar;

Schrafft Candy Co. (14% of total)

A sample of conglomerates in the communications industry

MES MIRROR YMAAMC

176 Fortune 500 nk: 232 176 Total Sales:

164.7 million INCIPAL OPERATIONS:

Angeles Times, Newsday, Dallas

imes Herald (Tex.), L.A. imes-Washington Post News ervice (joint

gazine and Book Publishing:

v American Library net. Signet Classics, Mentor. 4eridian paperbacks ams art books tthew Bender law books ir Book medical books Mosby medical, dental, and ursing books and journals door Life

· Sporting News Business

nular Science

: Sporting Goods Dealer evision: FW-TV. Dallas, Tex

3C-TV, Austin, Tex. ns two newsprint mills, 10 wood roducts mills, and 320,000 acres

f timberland

ormation Services ne Communications ectory Printing

IE WASHINGTON DST COMPANY

176 Fortune 500 nk: 452 176 Total Sales: \$375.7

INCIPAL OPERATIONS: wspapers:

shington Post, Trenton imes and Sunday Times dvertiser, International Herald ribune (30%) Shington Post Writers Group syndication and book publishing), .A. Times-Washington Post News

iervice (50%) gazines: VSWAAK

iks: wsweek Books adcasting:

OP-TV, Washington, D.C. XT-TV, Jacksonville, Fla LG-TV, Miami, Fla. SB-TV, Hartford, Conn

OP-AM, Washington, D.C.

Jinson Terminal Warehouse Corp. newsprint storage) water Marsay Paper Co., Ltd.

49%, Canada)

GANNETT

1976 Fortune 500 rank: 426 1976 Total Sales: \$413.2 million

PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS:

Newspapers:

Pacific Daily News (Agana, Guam) Sunday News, Enquirer and News (Battle Creek, Mich.) Bellingham Herald, Sunday Herald

(Bellingham, Wash.) Evening Press, Sun-Bulletin, Sunday Press (Binghamton, N.Y.) Idaho Statesman (Boise, Idaho) Courier-News (Bridgewater, N.J.) Burlington Free Press

(Burlington, Vt.) Courier-Post (Camden, N.J.) Public Opinion (Chambersburg, Pa.) 'Today'' (Cocoa, Fla.) Commercial-News (Danville, III.)

Star-Gazette, Sunday Telegram (Elmira, N.Y. El Paso Times (El Paso, Tex.) Fort Myers News Press (Fort Myers,

News-Messenger (Fremont, Ohio) Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Star-Bulletin & Advertiser (Honolulu, Hawaii) Herald Dispatch, Huntington

Advertiser, Herald Advertiser (Huntington, W. Va.) Ithaca Journal (Ithaca, N.Y.) Journal and Courier (Lafayette, Ind.) State Journal (Lansing, Mich.) Marietta Times (Marietta, Ohio) Chronicle Tribune (Marion, Ind.) Nashville Banner (Nashville, Tenn.) Valley News Dispatch

(New Kensington-Tarentum, Pa.) Niagara Gazette (Niagara Falls, N.Y.) Daily Olympian (Olympia, Wash.) Pensacola Journal, Pensacola News,

Pensacola News-Journal (Pensacola, Fla.) News-Herald (Port Clinton, Ohio) Times Herald (Port Huron, Mich.) Times-Union, Democrat & Chronicle (Rochester, N.Y.) Morning Star, Register-Republic,

Register-Star (Rockford, 111.) Capital Journal, Oregon Statesman (Salem, Ore.)

Sun-Telegram (San Bernardino, New Mexican (Santa Fe, N.M.)

Saratogian (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.) Daily Citizen (Tucson, Ariz.) Daily Press. Observer Dispatch (Utica, N.Y.)

Daily Times (Mamaroneck, N.Y.) Daily Argus (Mount Vernon, N.Y.) Standard-Star (New Rochelle, N.Y.) Citizen-Register (Ossining, N.Y.) Daily Item (Port Chester, N.Y.) Journal-News, Nyack (Rockland, N.Y.) Daily News (Tarrytown, N.Y.)
Reporter-Dispatch (White Plains, N.Y.)

Herald-Statesman (Yonkers, N.Y.) Review Press-Reporter (Bronxville, Suburban Newspaper Group (10 weeklies) (Cherry Hill, N.J.)

Fairpress (Fairfield, Conn.) Times (Melbourne, Fla.) Butler County News, North Hills News Record (semi-weekly) Herald

(New Kensington, Pa.) Commercial News (Saratoga Springs,

Taos News (Taos, N.M.) Star Advocate (Titusville, Fla.)

Broadcasting: WBRJ (Radio) (Marietta, Ohio) WHEC-TV (Rochester, N.Y.) WKFI (Radio) (Wilmington, Ohio)

Louis Harris & Associates and Louis Harris International

KNIGHT-RIDDER

1976 Fortune 500 rank: 295 1976 Total Sales: \$677.5 million

PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS:

Newspapers: Aberdeen American News

Akron Beacon Journal Boca Raton News Boulder Daily Camera Bradenton Herald Charlotte Observer Charlotte News Columbus Enquirer Columbus Ledger Detroit Free Press Duluth News-Tribune Duluth Herald Gary Post-Tribune Grand Forks Herald Journal of Commerce Lexington Herald Lexington Leader Long Beach Independent Long Beach Press-Telegram Macon Telegraph Macon News Miami Herald Pasadena Star-News Philadelphia Inquirer Philadelphia Daily News St. Paul Pioneer Press St. Paul Dispatch San Jose Mercury San Jose News Seattle Times Tallahassee Democrat Walla Walla Union-Bulletin Wichita Eagle Wichita Beacon Arcadie Tribune (Calif.) Temple City Times (Calif.) Monrovia Journal (Calif.) Duartean (Calif.) Buena Park News (Calif.) La Mirada Lamplighter (Calif.) Huntington Beach Independent (Calif.) Anaheim-Fullerton Independent Orange County Evening News (Calif.)

(Fla.)

Broward Times (Fla.)

Union Recorder (Ga.)

Coral Gables Times and Guide

Florida Keys Keynoter (Fla.)

North Dade Journal (Fla.)

Commercial Terminals of Detroit, Inc. Commodity News Services, Inc. (Kansas City, Mo.) Knight-Ridder Newspaper Sales, Inc. (New York)

Knight News Services, Inc. (Detroit, The Observer Transportation Co

(Charlotte, N.C.) Portage Newspaper Supply Co. (Akron, Ohio)

Twin Cities Newspaper Services, Inc. (St. Paul, Minn.)

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novel The Company; CBS is adapting John Dean's Blind Ambition into a two-part drama; and NBC is preparing "Advise and Consent, 1980," a mini-series written by political novelist Allen Drury. Reportedly among its unprecedentedly close-to-life characters are a new outsider President like Jimmy Carter and a young California Senator patterned on Jerry Brown.

To be sure, it's much easier to raise the question of a network quasi-governmental role when the impact is obvious or measurable, as in the debates or the March 5 call-in. One can argue that such biased network debate-commentary ought to be as constitutionally objectionable as ballot-box stuffing. Doesn't television's action really amount to electronic ballot-box stuffing by a new unit of government? Yet if we admit this in the most obvious circumstance, what do we say about more ambiguous conflicts of interest?

Nor is the media-government entanglement restricted to networks. We also might note the quasi-governmental role played by the Washington Post Company. The Post Company has a five-level presence in Washington —a newspaper (the Washington Post), a radio station (WTOP), a television station (WTOP-TV), a newsmagazine (Newsweek), and a major news service (L.A. Times-Washington Post). Not only does the Washington Post Company play an unmatched role as a federal government information system-from the White House to Congress to the bureaucracy and back-it serves as a cue card for the network news, and it plays a huge role in determining how the American government communicates with the American people. At least as much quasi-public responsibility would seem to attach itself to these roles as the operations of utilities like the Washington Gas Light Company or the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Not under present law, how-

A few scholars have raised the possibility of regulation through "public function" interpretation. Columbia Law School Professor Benno C. Schmidt, Jr., discussing possible public access pressures, elaborated on the possible precedents offered by the Texas primary and the Gulf Shipbuilding cases:

The white primary cases did expand on the notion...that when a private entity controls a state function, it should be regarded as state action in ofder to maintain practical constitutional guarantees. The guarantee protected in the white primary decisions is, in a sense, the right to participate in the "public" activities of private parties. These decisions might be seen as supporting a constitutional claim of access to private communications media on the contention that the media carry out, or even control, certain vital public functions.

Professor Schmidt doesn't see this happening in the near future, though, and neither do I. The evidence of mass media quasi-governmental functioning needed to support such legal innovation is just beginning to accumulate. However, should media quasi-governmental circumstances become clearer, imposition of "public" responsibilities may begin to override the "private" rights protections of the First Amendment.

Regulation pressures

HE SECOND APPROACH to regulating the media has to do with subject matter. Let's begin with political and legislative discussion. In several states legislators or candidates have sought, in essence, to bring media corporations under political and campaign law restrictions. One tactic, so far unsuccessful, has been to argue that a newspaper endorsement is actually a campaign contribution. A second has been to require editors and publishers to register as lobbyists. In voting 14-2 for this latter approach in 1976, the State Government Committee of the Ohio House of Representatives sought to require editors and publishers to file reports every six months if they have printed or broadcast editorials discussing specific legislation pending in the legislature. Identification of their financial interests, or the interests of their advertisers, would then be necessary.

Heavy-handed as it may sound, the idea has a certain logic. And a kindred logic was invoked by Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson in February when he suggested that federal-level financial disclosure be required not only of all members of Congress but of persons in private life who influence government policy. Nelson said—and who's to dispute him?—that many editors, writers, television newsmen, and corporate executives have a greater impact on governmental decision-making than an individual Senator.

Most readers will deplore the idea of forcing editors and publishers to register as lob-byists or disclose finances if they write editorials supporting bills or otherwise seek to influence the legislative agenda. The potential havoc is enormous. How, after all, can editorialists not write occasionally on this subject matter? On the other hand, why should legislative-interest proclamations by the Wash-

ington Post Company or Time Inc., be treated differently from those of the noncommunications corporations occupying adjoining places on the "Fortune 500" list? If anything, as Senator Nelson suggests, the major media have a much greater influence on government decision-making than, say, American Can or even U.S. Steel. This is a debate that is likely to intensify rather than fade.

RESS LIABILITY to regulation of judicial subject matter has long been clear, what with the rights guaranteed by the Sixth Amendment partially overriding First Amendment guarantees. Unfortunately, the line of demarcation is cloudy. Just this March, the Virginia Supreme Court convicted the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot for merely publishing the name of a judge under investigation by the state's Judicial Review Commission. While this conviction is almost certain to be repealed by the U.S. Supreme Court, the extent to which lower courts will be allowed to restrict press coverage of the judicial process remains uncertain.

It is plausible to argue that the ebb and

flow of subject matter regulation is essentially political. Free speech is a fluctuating concept even within the framework of constant, continuing constitutional language. Free speech has been steadily limited with respect to its commercial purpose. A federal appeals court recently ruled that a New Jersey township can prohibit "For Sale" signs in front of houses, without worrying about free speech violations, because of the town's interest in maintaining integration and preventing panicked housing sales. In May, Willingboro's approach was rejected by the U.S. Supreme Court, but the court withheld judgment on whether it would reach the same conclusion if a community could prove—as a lower court found in a Gary, Indiana, case that never came before the high court-that "For Sale" signs were prompting "whites to move en masse and blacks to replace them." Should the Gary approach eventually win out, who's to say that newspapers couldn't ultimately be prevented from carrying racial stories that might panic householders and jeopardize in-

Pressure is also building for direct regulation of certain media economic subject matter. Under 1940 law, the Securities Exchange Commission (SEC) regulates investment advisory letters, the tip sheets that recommend buying such items as South African gold

tegration? After all, it wouldn't be hard to de-

cide that the newspaper article was also commercial speech, aimed at selling newspapers.

stocks or switching into Florida real-estate investment trusts. The SEC would like to broaden its economic informational grasp. At present, "bona fide" newspapers and financial publications of "general circulation" may avoid registering. However, as part of a campaign to extend control over all aspects of the capital markets, the SEC has tried to bring the Wall Street Transcript within its regulatory purview; and the agency has been seeking legislation for a study of whether its limited authority shouldn't be extended to include the general press. Again, a portentous move. Any such control could extend beyond Fortune, Barron's, or the Wall Street Journal even, and include the financial pages of nonfinancial daily newspapers. It's unlikely, to be sure. It would be dangerous-the prospect of government regulation of economic discussion conjures forth images of 1984. But it's possible, partly because there is a certain logic: Why should the same subject matter be regulated in a six-page format, yet not in a newspaper or newsmagazine? The answer that it might best be left unregulated in both formats does not, alas, answer the SEC's loaded question.

Last but not least, the sociological subject matter of the media, especially dramatized sex or violence, is material at which regulatory jurisdiction can justifiably take aim in the cause of protecting public health and welfare. In Chicago, where discussion on the subject has been especially heated, Illinois Civil Liberties executive director David Hamlin has argued that any government attempt to limit the amount of violence on television would be a violation of the First Amendment. Yet even civil libertarian Hamlin is forced into a caveat: If it could be shown "beyond a reasonable doubt" that television violence adversely affects children, then government controls might be constitutional. Exactly. Such a case, like the landmark school desegregation case of 1954, might depend on the testimony of sociologists and psychiatrists. Yesterday, the question was: Can separate education be equal? Tomorrow, it could be: Does television violence clearly jeopardize viewers' mental health?

Antitrust targets

IVEN THE DISAGREEABLE possibilities implicit in the first and second approaches to restraining the media, the economic approach offers the best hope of a reasonable solution. Monopolism suggests antitrust measures, to which

"Legal theorists have begun to understand that vertical and horizontal monopolistic and anticompetitive tendencies can occur in ideas as well as in the production and marketing of automobiles and vacuum cleaners."

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the First Amendment is no bar. What's more, the smaller and more diverse the media can be kept, the less need for heavy-handed regulatory devices or theories based on quasi-governmental action (which necessarily presupposes the sort of large corporations able to preempt state power and function).

One of the more ironic, but informative, testimonies to the economic ascent of the media Goliath appeared in the 1976 publication of a preliminary version and then a final version of Ralph Nader's book Taming the Giant Corporation. It seems that in the preliminary version, Nader included a list of America's top 1,000 corporations, citing not only IBM, GM, and Exxon, but also the New York Times, the Washington Post, Dow Jones, Time Inc., CBS, ABC, RCA (parent of NBC), and several major book publishers. The final text omitted these companies. In a review of Nader's book for the New York Times, Hoover Institution research fellow Robert Hessen suggested that some people in the media, more than willing to restrain giant industrial corporations, "saw the list and expressed reservations about Mr. Nader's [federal chartering | proposal because he was providing the government with a weapon to abridge or invade First Amendment rights " And Nader —pure Ralph Nader—thereupon deleted the list.

Be that as it may, there's certainly no doubt that the mushrooming economic growth of mass media corporations creates a new legal context in which they should be-and are beginning to be-considered as possible antitrust targets. With respect to the television networks, the Justice Department and the Federal Communications Commission already have suggested or undertaken investigations into the possibility of divestiture (of networkowned-and-operated stations), reductions in the amount of programming networks are allowed to produce in-house, and other measures intended to limit network control over local stations and programming. Moreover, as other communications conglomerates attain critical mass-linking various combinations of hardcover and softcover book publishing with newspaper chains, magazines, movies, and broadcasting-they also prompt Department antitrusters to stir in their latter-day Jeffersonian lairs. Legal theorists have begun to understand that vertical and horizontal monopolistic and anticompetitive tendencieswhether Manhattan-based tri-network control of television program origination and marketing or a billion-dollar conglomerate controlling five or six media (television, magazines, newspapers, hardcover books, paperbacks) under one management—can occur in *ideas* and *information* as well as in the production and marketing of automobiles and vacuum cleaners.

As the mega-media corporations reach a size that would have shocked James Madison (to say nothing of appalling Messrs. Sherman, Clayton, et al.), we can expect the distinction between media and nonmedia corporations to wither. Why, for example, should Texaco or Mobil be denied the opportunity to run a quasi-political piece of advertising on television, while CBS, ABC, and RCA control the infinitely more powerful disposition of news and documentary programs able to promote their socioeconomic interests and savage rival economic sectors? Over the next decade, as economic data and indices underscore mega-media size and power, I suspect that increasing, albeit belated, recognition will accrue to University of Chicago professor Ronald Coase's well-reasoned (and understandably little-publicized) thesis that the market for goods and the market for information must, in this teletronic age, lose much of their present legal distinction.* After all, as the basis of advanced commerce shifts from technology to information-as it already has moved from manufacturing to technologythen the line between information and noninformation corporations must blur. Which only underscores the need to set aside notions of the communications industry as a sacred cow and to look for remedies in the American economic and legal tradition-remedies akin to actions taken against the emerging economic concentrations of yesteryear.

With respect to television, the promotion of increased competition via a fourth network, pay TV, or prohibition of newspaper or network station ownership is clearly the most effective and least dangerous solution. Although Metromedia's "Fourth Network" attempt withered earlier this year for want of advertiser support, the basic idea—organizing a lineup of independent stations willing to run original programming in prime time to compete with the three New York-based giants-still lives. A similar outcome could emerge from the passage, however unlikely, of New York Congressman John Murphy's "network bill" designed to reduce the amount of programming that networks can furnish their affiliates during each of three time periods. Enough pro-

* Or consider the same basic idea rephrased by John Kenneth Galbraith in his book The New Industrial State: "One should expect, from past experience, to find a new shift of power in the industrial enterprise, this one from capital to organized intelligence." In a democratic society, law (including antitrust law) must follow the marketplace, mustn't it?

gramming time would be opened up in attractive hours that "new sources of national programming can come forward" on a substantial scale (and involving more than the proliferation of third-rate game shows that followed the 1970 FCC prime-time access rule, opening up an hour of prime time to non-

network program sources).

Cable television has been held out as the just-over-the-horizon vehicle of new competition for so long that even the promise has cobwebs. But a late March federal appeals court decision, setting aside FCC rules restricting the type of show that can be broadcast over cable, has brushed the cobwebs off both cable programming and the dusty, unfulfilled competitive prospect of cable technology. Now the networks may face a run for their money. And by necessity, cable TV is more responsive to listeners' tastes than commercial programming-a cable subscriber who doesn't like what he is getting will cancel, whereas in network programming (where demand for advertising spots outstrips supply) viewers have less clout than advertising agencies and major sponsors.

Possible federal legislation may also boost the competitiveness of "new technology," whether cable or play-it-yourself video disc. As of 1979-80, the House Communications subcommittee hopes to complete a "basement to attic" revision of the Communications Act of 1934 (which hitherto has been amended only slightly over the last forty-three years). The subcommittee chairman, Lionel Van Deerlin, believes that before the public can enjoy the full benefit of the revolutionary change in communications technology, Congress will have to rewrite the laws. Too true. A minor change here, a minor change there, would not be enough to retool the obsolescent network-broadcaster structure built in another era. But full revision of the Federal Communications Act conceivably could create a whole new, competitive climate of media enterprises diverse enough to avoid the gathering regulatory net sketched earlier.

Promoting competition

Besides THESE 1979-80 legislative prospects, several other questions on competition already are coming to a judicial or regulatory head. The Justice Department has raised the possibility of requiring each network to divest itself of some or all of the five "owned-and-operated" television stations (invariably in lucrative top markets) that add so much to network clout and

revenues. And on March 1, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., ruled that no company can own a newspaper and a television or radio station in the same city unless the joint operation is in the public interest. Pressure for divestiture of network-owned stations is sure to increase. And here's yet another alternative: The three networks might well be obliged to give up much of the control they now have over origination of entertainment and documentary/news programming. Should the government move strongly in this direction, proponents could cite a precedent of sorts in the way banks were dealt with back in 1933 under the Glass-Steagall Act. Until the Depression, commercial banks were also allowed to mix that function with investment banking. Often, after underwriting a stock or bond issue, they could and did steer their bank customers into it-at some cost, it often turned out, to sound economics. Television networks oblige their affiliates/customers to accept their programs/investments in a not dissimilar way.

These are all avenues to increased competition. All are plausible. Actually, it's amazing that the networks have raised such a ruckus over vertical and horizontal integration (and possible divestiture) in the oil industry. The networks have many of the same structural aspects—both horizontal integration (control of other media—books, magazines, and records—as well as television) and vertical integration (owning production, refining, distribution, and local retail functions, the last via owned-and-operated stations). Funny that we haven't seen any demands on the evening news for divestiture in the communications indus-

try.

Still, it's unfair to criticize only the networks. They may be the biggest conglomerates in the communications industry, but they're certainly not the only ones. Major publishing companies own television stations and hard-cover book houses. So do movie-oriented entertainment conglomerates. A lucky enough conglomerate can take a theme, book, or program idea and run it through four or five packaging dimensions and profit stages, "Everyone would like total control of an idea," admits Stanley Newman, the MCA publishing chief. "But the book business isn't like the car business. You can't control the market."

Perhaps not. But quite a few corporations are giving it the old college try. And many small concerns feel like intellectual versions of the corner grocery stores being squeezed out by A & P or Safeway. Intellectual diversity suffers, too, because the conglomerates are more purely profit oriented. They go for

"A lucky enough conglomerate can take a theme, book, or program idea and run it through four or five packaging dimensions and profit stages."

Kevin Phillips
BUSTING THE
MEDIA TRUSTS

what is 1) safe and established; 2) inflammatory, but profitable; or 3) safe, established, and profitable. Rough-edged ideas that are neither very marketable commercially nor respectably established may be necessary for diversity and balance in the world of liberal First Amendment theory. But that is not the world of information-conglomerate practice. The impact of chains like Knight-Ridder, Newhouse, and Gannett acquiring so many formerly locally owned newspapers is all too similar.

Here, too, the best answer lies in the antitrust remedies. For example, the Justice Department's antitrust division has been looking into Australian publisher Rupert Murdoch's acquisition of the New York Post, New York magazine, and the Village Voice. (Although, ironically, media competition in New York may have thereby been increased.) In April, Congressman Morris Udall introduced legislation to include publishing and communications in the subject matter of a proposed federal commission to look into industrial concentration. Said Udall: "I dread the day when all American newspapers look alike, and read alike, and when there won't be much more difference in the daily papers in Topeka and New York than there is in . . . a Big Mac." Sooner or later the antitrusters will have to come to grips with the problem Udall has so pithily capsuled. But it won't be easy."

To date, the vulnerability of media conglomerates typically has depended on a television station component—and that vulnerability, at least, is increasing. There seems to be a growing sentiment that television station ownership should not be linked to ownership of other same-market media. If this concept solidifies, then we may see further development in terms of a national market. Should a major national film company be allowed to own a major national bookseller? Should a hardcover publisher be allowed to own a paperback house? Should a company owning a major national newspaper—say the New York Times or the Washington Post-also be allowed to own a major national newsmagazine?

A very basic and general yardstick already exists. In the 1945 Associated Press case, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black laid out the linkage between free press and antitrust principles. The First Amendment, he said, "rests on the assumption that the widest possible

dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources is essential to the wellbeing of the public." But where do we go from here? Cross-ownership of a newspaper and a television station in Anniston, Alabama, may be a major local collusion, but it's peanuts in the context of the national news grid. By way of contrast, there's obviously a much greater concentration of power in Gannett's ever-enlarging national chain of dailies (now seventy or so), or in the Washington news distributional impact of a multimedia conglomerate like the Washington Post Company that has competition (but dominates anyway) in a unique pivotal market.

Thomas Jefferson, I think, would have deplored 1977 communications urbane-ization in much the same way he deplored the social impact of early nineteenth-century urbanization. Andrew Jackson probably would have challenged the networks in the same spirit that he tackled the Bank of the United States, with its Philadelphia aristocracy-linked attempt to defeat or dominate the local bank networks of the expanding South and Midwest. As for William Jennings Bryan, what was it Vachel Lindsay wrote: "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, smashing Plymouth Rock with his boulders from the West"? Alive today, he would doubtless be throwing some of his boulders at "Black Rock," the towering CBS corporate headquarters in New York.

I list these men simply to sketch a tradition dug deep into the political soil of this land. Competition as opposed to monopoly. The values of countryside, small town, and small city. Antitrust is part of this tradition, albeit in many industries it has been conceptually overinflated to the point of economic absurdity. But certainly not in the communications industry, where antitrust doctrine has been tip-toeing on cat's feet, raising only soft, peripheral challenges to the most important emerging economic concentrations of the late twentieth century. Happily, this Rip Van Winkleism seems to be coming to an end, although it remains to be seen what the Carter Administration will do. Media spokesmen who poohpooh the growing demand for increased competition and structural changes might do well to consider the more troublesome alternatives that could evolve-not least those just sketched -if the concerns of citizens and political officeholders go unmet. For all their power, the major media are a bit like a long, smug wagon train passing through Indian territory. I don't think they bother to search out all the smoke signals, the cautionary plumes of legal and public opinion drifting across what has been an azure sky.

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^{*} Like yesterday's trusts, most big media conglomerates have little interest in self-policing or self-limitation. The networks refuse to accept shareholder demands for ombudsmen, and the big newspaper chains look askance at suggestions that chains be limited to five, ten, or twenty individual dailies.

THE PERSECUTION AND CHARACTER ASSASSINATION OF HOWARD (BO) CALLAWAY AS PERFORMED BY INMATES OF THE U.S. SENATE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

by Jim Hougan

HIS IS A Washington story, which is to say that it deals with the technique of character assassination, and, at the risk of committing a tautology, with the tactical use of false appearances, public pieties, and moral fraud. It tells how a cabal of Democratic senators, all of them well known for their fine and upstanding concern for the well-being of the Republic, combined to destroy the reputation of Howard (Bo) Callaway, who, at the time of his impeachment, was President Ford's campaign manager. The hit was sponsored by the Senate subcommittee on the Environment and Land Resources, before which tribunal Callaway was questioned about rumors to the effect that he had used his office as Secretary of the Army to further his financial interests in a Colorado ski resort. There was little evidence for the allegations brought against him, but Callaway was not in the hands of the judiciary. Senate privilege, and not the common law, decided the question of guilt or innocence. As Sen. Lee Metcalf (Dem.-Mont.) remarked, in an effort to give the hearings a semblance of respectability (while, at the same time, explaining the general dis-

regard for Callaway's civil rights), "It's sort of like a grand jury."

Sen. Floyd Haskell (Dem.-Colo.) presided as chairman over the legislative "Gong Show" in which Callaway's reputation was ruined. The hearings exhausted more time and money than the same subcommittee had appropriated to its consideration of the Alaska pipeline—but its effect on the Ford campaign, at least to the parties interested in the result of the eventual election, presumably was worth the price. Sen. Henry Jackson, a Presidential candidate at the time, and chairman of the Committee as a whole, could have stopped the hearings, but he chose not to do so. Instead Jackson indulged himself in a ritual handwashing, seeming pious by virtue of inaction. Sen. Frank Church (Dem.-Idaho), equally pious and also a candidate for the Presidency, was not so circumspect. He failed to attend a single hearing; nor did he bother to read the final Report, but

* The Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, to which the subcommittee on the Environment and Land Resources is responsible.

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Jim Hougan, a contributing editor of Harper's and the author of Decadence, is writing a book about the intelligence services in the employ of multinational corporations.

he permitted his proxy to be voted twice in the cause of political expedience. Together with Haskell, Church, and Metcalf, two other Democratic Senators, James Abourezk (S. Dak.) and Dale Bumpers (Ark.) did what was necessary to accomplish the subcommittee's purpose. As is usual in such affairs the press proved itself a willing instrument of the subcommittee, allowing Senator Haskell to leak his innuendos in such a way as to bring down the maximum damage on Callaway. The object of the attack was not so much Callaway himself, but the Presidential campaign of President Ford, which (at the very least) can be said to have come unstuck in the shadow of a Colorado peak known as Snodgrass Mountain.

CRESTED BUTTE

HE UNRAVELING of Bo Callaway's reputation can be traced to his hopes for the rejuvenation of Crested Butte, Colorado, a town roughly a hundred miles southwest of Denver. Established in 1829 by representatives of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., Crested Butte had waxed and waned for more than a century as seams of coal, silver, and gold appeared and disappeared in its vicinity. At 9,000 feet, the city has always had a rather precarious hold on existence, and local residents sometimes feared that the town might "go the way of Gothic-or even Irwin and Pittsburg." The first reference is to a nearby ghost town, whose empty shells stand as testament to the perils of a one-dimensional economy; the allusion to Irwin and Pittsburg is even more pessimistic in that both these villages have disappeared entirely, leaving no testament at all.

And yet, as long ago as 1971, there was cause for optimism in Crested Butte. After a century of intermittent exodus and decline, the town's citizenry once again numbered more than 500. Many of the new immigrants were urban expatriates whose correspondence with senators and foresters suggests that their values could be looked up in the index to the Whole Earth Catalog. But a great deal of the town's new wealth was derived from the local skiing industry, whose fortunes sank below sea level in the mid-1960s. Driven into bankruptcy, the former proprietors of the Crested Butte Ski Area relinquished ownership of their property to a consortium of banks.

In 1970, the consortium sold its interest to the Crested Butte Development Corporation (CBDC), a creation of Bo Callaway's.

The scion of a family tree rooted in the loamy traditions of the Old South, Callaway, a husky and distinguished-looking fifty-year-old with a fondness for squash, enjoyed inherited wealth and the benefits of an unsentimental education at West Point. A conservative respect for the value of hard work in a context of free enterprise was tempered in him by a history of family philanthropy. Politically active in the South, Callaway virtually reinvented Georgia's Republican Party in 1964, winning a seat in Congress. At the time, Democratic domination of the Peach Tree State was so complete that GOP candidates were often forced to petition for official recognition of their party. Callaway himself had to obtain more than 100,000 signatures when, in 1966, he returned from Washington to run for governor. A moderate in a decade of rhetorical extremism, he challenged Lester "Give-'Em-the-Axe, -the-Axe, -the-Axe" Maddox. He defeated Maddox in the general election, but his victory was short-lived: falling 2 percent short of an absolute majority, Callaway's 48 percent plurality was declared null and void. In a procedure unique to Georgia, the election was remanded into the custody of the state legislature. There, in a sort of mono-partisan Electoral College, the assembled Democrats overturned the popular vote, and gave the governorship to Maddox. Despite the loss Callaway remained a popular and important figure, albeit within an impotent state party. In return for his services, and for his later support of Richard Nixon's candidacy, he was appointed to various state posts and served as Georgia's Republican National Committeeman.

Politics was an important part of Callaway's career, as were his philanthropic and business responsibilities. As president of the Callaway Foundation he presided over "Callaway Gardens," a large and popular southern resort established as a horticultural idyll. As the heir to a textile fortune, he's always been wealthy, and serves as chairman of the board of Interfinancial Inc., an insurance and real-estate combine with more than 16,000 stockholders. His other business affairs, however, were far from the Peach Tree State. Callaway's commitment to the Crested Butte ski resort in Colorado was a multimillion-dollar one that involved rebuilding virtually all its existing facilities. He persuaded his brotherin-law, Ralph Walton, to run the day-to-day affairs of the resort in exchange for an option to buy a one-third interest in the Crested Butte Development Corporation. The future of the firm depended upon its ability to succeed as a so-called "destination ski area." Because Crested Butte is a remote location, its clientele tends to consist of skiers whose priorities are short lift-lines and uncrowded slopes. To compete with the bigger resorts, it must provide "a higher-quality skiing experience," and that entailed rebuilding, refinancing, and expansion.

The logical place for expansion was nearby Snodgrass Mountain. To accomplish this, however, Walton and Callaway needed the permission of the U.S. Forest Service. Much of the vertical land in the country is owned by the federal government, and Snodgrass Mountain is no exception: the county in which it stands is about 85 percent National Forest. There's nothing unusual in the private rental and development of such federal lands. On the contrary, roughly one in three U.S. ski resorts, including Crested Butte, have received "special use permits" enabling them to build lifts and trails on taxpayers' land.* Often, as with Crested Butte, the skiing operation is part of a parallel real-estate venture in which the resort-owner builds vacation homes, lodges, and "warming houses" on privately owned land beneath the slopes. Obtaining a special-use permit presents bureaucratic difficulties on a gigantic scale, involving a succession of overlapping jurisdictions: city, county, state, and federal governments. Master Plans, unit plans, site plans, conceptual plans, and development plans must be prepared in various drafts and repeatedly amended, with the firm's criteria, alternatives, and priorities set forth in meticulous detail (with maps and flow-charts appended). Public hearings must be held, commentary solicited, and drafts of Environmental Statements filed detailing the proposed development's projected impact upon local air, water, soil, flora, fauna, noise, fisheries, and waste disposal. It is, in short, an enervating, if necessary, procedure requiring entrepreneurs to tread capital for years. Because the process is more or less indifferent to fluctuations within the economy, oil embargoes, interest rates, and changes in tax law, it occasionally happens that the money runs out while the permit pends. In any event, the businessman must endure a financial rite of passage during which the value of his assets is in doubt, and planning is well-nigh impossible. For all he knows, he's sitting on another Comstock Lode-or another Irwin.

So it was with the Crested Butte Development Corporation. In the spring of 1971, Callaway's firm formalized year-old discussions with the Forest Service, submitting a revised Master Plan for the resort's development—including a plan for expansion to Snodgrass Mountain. If and when that Master Plan should be approved, CBDC could begin the torturous process of applying for a special permit which, if granted, would enable the devel-

opment to take place. A decision on the Master Plan, however, would have to wait upon the Forest Rangers' completion of the East River Unit plan. (This was a document pertaining to the area of the Gunnison National Forest which contains the Crested Butte ski resort and Snodgrass Mountain.)

So Callaway knew he was going to have to wait. And wait. And wait again. He would wait for the Forest Service to produce a draft of the East River Unit plan. He would then attend upon public hearings and revisions of that draft. At each stage of the proceedings, his firm would be required to prepare a series of increasingly detailed environmental impact statements, each of them requiring negotiations with the Forest Service. Assuming that all of these obstacles were successfully overcome, CBDC could then, and only then, apply for a special permit—and, of course, wait years for a decision. And, in the end, if all permissions were granted, and if the money were still available, a few thousand more vacationers could be hauled up to the top of a mountain where they would be allowed to pay for the privilege of roaring down 11,000 feet of snowflakes on slim boards of plastic.

A METICULOUS ARMY SECRETARY

BO CALLAWAY BECAME Secretary of the Army on May 15, 1973. If few people took notice of the appointment, they can hardly be blamed. In Washington that week almost everyone was consumed with anticipation of the testimony that James McCord was to give to the Senate Watergate Committee two days later. In any case, Callaway's office was a sub-Cabinet post that carried more honor than responsibility. As Secretary his most important job would be to "make the Allvolunteer Army work." How seriously he took that task would be up to him.

In the Senate confirmation hearings, Callaway submitted his financial affairs to public scrutiny. Satisfied that there were no conflicts of interest, the Senate allowed him to take office in the Pentagon.

As a West Point graduate, Callaway had a special affection for the Army and for his new role as its commander. ("I loved that job. It was the best job in Washington. It was the best job I ever had.") Accordingly, he became an active Secretary, traveling from one military base to another in every part

^{*} From Forest Service statistics: the actual figure is 174 out of 522.

of the world. By all accounts, these were working visits during which Callaway would hold inspections, attend receptions, and give speeches about

the virtues of a volunteer army.

The Watergate scandal must have seemed a world apart. But the atmosphere of suspicion created by it led Callaway to take precautions with what the Army's General Counsel later described as "an overabundance of care." On those occasions when Callaway's wife accompanied him on official trips, the Secretary reimbursed the government for her passage—despite a ruling that he needn't do so. He ordered a meticulous log kept of his telephone contacts and, though it was unnecessary, he reimbursed the Army for every personal call. Even in the matter of postage, Callaway was circumspect, supplying his secretary with stamps for use on his private mail. Moreover, and again at his behest, a record of his daily activities was maintained: submitted to the Senate under unhappy circumstances, the record showed that, during his twenty-seven months as Secretary of the Army, he accumulated more than 3,000 hours of "overtime" by working twelve-hour days and weekends. Of this amount, he recovered perhaps forty hours, spending less than five minutes per day managing his private affairs from his office in the Pentagon—a minuscule amount in view of his hold-

In all things, Callaway was governed by policies and regulations promulgated by the Department of Defense (DOD). The evidence is clear that he followed them to the letter. Despite the impression created by Senate Democrats, Callaway has never been publicly accused—by anyone—of breaking any law or violating any policy governing the de-

meanor or actions of a public official.

Admittedly, the precautions described above were as much a result of political prudence as ethical conviction. The point, however, is that Bo Callaway gave every appearance of being an honest and hardworking public official. And, in the end, that's what it came down to: appearances. The Senate inquiry in re Callaway would do everything in its power to uncover wrongdoing, but it would have to settle for the appearance of impropriety, an appearance, moreover, that the Senate would itself create by the simple means of questioning the man's integrity. In their own way, Senate Democrats would wage the same war of innuendo against Callaway that George Smathers once waged against Claude Pepper. ("Are you aware," Smathers used to harangue voters, "that Claude Pepper is known all over Washington as a shameless extrovert? Not only that, but this man is reliably reported to practice nepotism with his sister-in-law, and he has a sister who was once a thespian in wicked New York. Worst of all, it is an established fact that Mr. Pepper, before his marriage, practiced celibacy."*) Callaway would be found guilty of similar offenses.

While its owner served in Washington, the ski resort hummed. Although the East River Unit plan was years from completion, Callaway's brother-inlaw helped incorporate the town of Mount Crested Butte (population 150 plus). Located only two and a half miles from its "sister city" to the south, the new town virtually guaranteed local approval of CBDC's plans for Snodgrass Mountain. Opponents of the new municipality charged that an "end-run" had been committed and that Mount Crested Butte would be a "company town." While CBDC disputed both descriptions, they seem accurate enough. Many of the new town's residents work for the firm, and its financial condition has a direct impact on virtually all of the town's residents. What is not valid, of course, is the implication that a "company town" includes a "company store." Incorporating Mount Crested Butte, therefore, was a logical business decision, and entirely within the letter and spirit of relevant laws.

Soon after the town's incorporation, however, fateful events occurred. Responding to a Forest Service request for statistical data, CBDC provided figures that would be used to calculate the resort's skiing "capacity." The capacity of the resort would be used by the rangers to decide upon the timing of the proposed expansion (if and when permission should be granted for it). Until there was a need to develop Snodgrass Mountain, the rock would remain untouched. What made this event "fateful" was the fact that the Forest Service used the CBDC figures to calculate the area's "maximum capacity" -rather than its "comfortable capacity." The distinction is a critical one for a "destination ski area." Using the wrong formula, the Forest Service arrived at the erroneous conclusion that the Crested Butte ski area was years away from any need to expand. If the resort would not, as the wrong numbers suggested, reach "capacity" for another decade, local Smokeys responsible for preparing the East River Unit plan could safely procrastinate upon the expansion proposal. They need only label it as a subject of consideration for some future time.

Repeated delays of the plan's publication, however, were frustrating to CBDC. They had waited five years for a decision. Their original request had been made at the height of the Vietnam war. Since then the Paris Peace Talks had come and gone, detente had been reached, wars had begun and ended, and a President had been elected and politically impaled. The world had changed, and still there was no decision as to whether or not Bo Callaway would

* Miami Herald, Tropic Magazine, May 2, 1971.

be permitted to put a ski lift on Snodgrass Mountain. And though CBDC had good reason to expect a favorable decision, the firm needed an official commitment.

SUSPICIONS

HE TROUBLE BEGAN in January 1975, with the release of what was called "a tentative draft" of the East River Unit plan. The purpose of the draft, as the document itself stressed, was to generate public discussion, in consideration of which changes would be made. The reader may not be surprised to learn that the plan was ambiguous on the subject of Snodgrass Mountain. The good news was that "The management we [the Forest Service] propose for the Snodgrass Mountain area will protect its potential for future ski area development." The bad news was that the expansion would not be permitted "at this time" in view of the fact that "Crested Butte Mountain appears to have sufficient development capacity to satisfy public skiing demands ... for approximately 10 years."

So. After five years of waiting for a decision, Callaway was told that the Forest Service proposed

to make a decision in ten more years.

CBDC contacted the Forest Service, pointing out that the tentative plan was based upon the misleading formula for "maximum capacity." They were told to submit new figures, and it was stressed once again that the tentative plan was subject to major revision. The new figures submitted by CBDC showed that the Crested Butte ski area would exceed its comfortable capacity within two years—and that, therefore, expansion to Snodgrass Moun-

tain required a prompt decision.

A month after the tentative plan was released, two things happened, and both of them aroused suspicion. First, John T. Minow, the Forest Supervisor responsible for the East River Unit plan, was promoted and transferred to Denver, leading some to speculate that his expatriation from Crested Butte was "a punishment" for his work on the plan. In fact, however, the promotion preceded the plan's release by more than two months; the outgoing supervisor, moreover, was considered favorable to the expansion proposed by CBDC. By an unfortunate coincidence, however, his replacement, Jimmy R.

Wilkins, was another career forester whose last assignment happened to have been in Atlanta, Georgia; in the atmosphere created by Watergate, it was inevitable that some would suspect a conspiracy. In fact, however, the new supervisor had never met Callaway or any other CBDC employee—and had, like his predecessor in Crested Butte, learned of his transfer long before the tentative plan's release. Both transfers, in other words, were routine—as the Senate later found. But people wondered at the time.

The second event generating suspicion was the rejection of the tentative plan by the regional Forest office in Denver. A month after the plan's release, the regional office described it as "unsuitable," pointing out that it included no alternatives, contained technical and factual errors, and actually violated the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA). A "tentative" document in the first place, it was also erroneous and contrary to law.

Meanwhile, the revised figures provided to the Forest Service by CBDC resulted in a reconsideration of the tentative plan's approach to the Snodgrass Mountain issue. It appeared to those preparing the East River Unit plan in the spring and summer of 1975 that the expansion ought to be considered and not deferred. To some of the residents of Crested Butte, it appeared that the Forest Service had undertaken a dramatic reversal of position following what amounted to the wholesale transfer of local rangers to the asphalt jungles of Denver and Durango. That the new man in charge of the local office was "from Georgia" (and ipso facto thought to be a "crony" of Bo Callaway's) seemed "too coincidental." Talk of political pressure made the rounds of the chalets, and a veil of conspiracy-theory settled over the town. Not since Irwin and Pittsburg vanished had local residents had so much to talk about. In their own way, they'd become a part of Watergate. Like everyone else in America, they'd been touched by current events.

To some of those in Crested Butte, unfolding events surrounding the ski resort resembled a scenario for a sequel of a Billy Jack film: as the romance was perceived, "progressive youths," nostalgic for time past and an innocence that never was, found their inner peace and outer surroundings threatened by what they believed to be a corrupt and rapacious pol, a wheeler-dealer bent upon demolishing the wilderness from the vantage of his Pentagon aerie. "Working within the system," the youths would nevertheless triumph through the courageous efforts of the town's embattled newspaperman, a feisty mayor, and a liberal senator. As a film, the scenario was as plausible as it was hackneyed. But as reality, it was only the fantasy of suspicious naifs.

THE ARBER MEMORANDUM

O CALLAWAY left office as Secretary of the Army on July 3, 1975, on the eve of America's Bicentenary celebration. His new post was much more influential than the one he'd just left: Callaway had been named campaign manager for the incumbent President, Gerald Ford. At the time of Callaway's appointment, Ford's chances for success appeared great. Not only was he liked by most Americans, but he had skillfully sloughed off the Pardoner's image, exchanging it for one of Healer. With numbing frequency, the citizenry was told that "Watergate is behind us" and that the man in the White House was, above all else, a Decent Man. It seemed unlikely that the electorate would reject a well-liked incumbent in the Bicentennial year, opting for still further change in the aftermath of the Watergate maelstrom. On the contrary, the word in the streets was "Slow it down. Just. slow. it. down." Callaway and Ford understood that, and also understood that the biggest threats to their success were internal. "The enemies within," so far as they were concerned, were the possibilities that Watergate might somehow be reinvented, and that the party's militant right wing might somehow slip its leash. But, so long as Nixon remained under de facto house arrest, and providing that Ronald Reagan could be trounced in the opening primaries, the future was Ford's.

The Democrats were in their usual disarray, divided between a redistribution of the wealth and the immediate invasion of Soviet Russia. Sen. Edward Kennedy remained in political hermitage, and a multitude of other candidates spread across the scene, muddying it. Senators Henry Jackson and Frank Church were noisily engaged, as were Hubert Humphrey, Fred Harris, Gene McCarthy, George McGovern, and Mr. Carter, but few people thought they could win. The best analysis indicated that they'd get 48 percent of the vote, regardless of who ran, and alienate the staff of Ms. magazine.

What the Republicans did not anticipate, however, was the impact of the Crested Butte Chronicle, a weekly newspaper with a circulation comparable to that of a college "little magazine." The proprietor of the Chronicle is Miles Arber. A graduate of New York University Law School, Arber did not fail to notice the local controversy swirling around

Callaway's resort. And it seemed to him that, as he later said, "something funny" was going on. Accordingly, at about the time Bo Callaway took over the Ford campaign, the small-town publisher "got together with" the mayor of Crested Butte, Tommy Glass, and a Gunnison County judge, John Levin. "We all thought it looked mighty strange," Arber said, referring to developments in Crested Butte, and so "we agreed to keep an eye on" the situation.

In October, Glass and Levin decided that their suspicions justified a "full-fledged" Senate inquiry. Armed with their doubts, they went to Denver for a meeting with Sen. Floyd Haskell, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on the Environment and Land Resources. A lifelong Republican who'd held senior posts in the Colorado State legislature, Haskell switched his allegiance to the Democratic party in 1970. Because that reversal of loyalties took place the day after the invasion of Cambodia, the apostasy was widely interpreted as an act of courage and moral principle. And, while Haskell did not pay a high price for the switch (indeed, he was elected to the U.S. Senate one campaign later), the change seems to have been more than superficial. As a former Denver tax lawyer, he'd represented some of the largest and most conservative corporations in America. Upon entering the Senate, however, Haskell revealed himself to be an uncompromising liberal and a powerful advocate of environmentalists' concerns. The depth of the change surprised many of his colleagues who, in trying to explain it, resort to religious metaphors about the convictions of those who have been "twice born."

Confiding their suspicions that a conspiracy was in progress, the mayor and the judge won a promise from the Senator to keep their rendezvous a secret. Judge Levin later testified that the secrecy pledge was sought in an effort to protect Callaway's reputation from harm. It may be cynical, but one might also add that the secrecy pledge had another virtue: it kept Callaway in ignorance of the innuendos raised against him and put him at the mercy of events that would transpire "behind the scenes." Haskell asked the pilgrims from Crested Butte to provide him with a statement in writing. Returning home, Glass and Levin told Arber of their secret mission and asked him, as a journalist, to prepare a confidential "memorandum" for the Senate.

So great was the atmosphere of paranoia and intrigue in Crested Butte that every event pertaining to the resort assumed a significance of vast proportions. When the CBDC Master Plan appeared in the Appendix of the first published draft of the East River Unit plan, Arber et al. apparently viewed it as proof that a decision had been made favoring expansion to Snodgrass Mountain. In fact, the Master

Plan was added to the larger document in an effort to satisfy legal requirements that Unit plans include alternatives that the public might review. Still, it was apparent that the Forest Service was considering the expansion, contrary to recommendations contained in the "tentative plan" rejected months earlier. This, then, was the first public indication that CBDC would eventually get its way.

In January, while Callaway was managing President Ford's primary campaign to an unbroken string of successes, Arber completed his "confiden-

tial report" to the Senate.

Its opening pages analyze the "disastrous" financial condition of CBDC, describing the ski resort as a "marginal" operation. Pointing out that "bankruptcy was clearly unacceptable to a man as highly politically motivated as Callaway," Arber asserts that the firm's only chance for survival rests upon its ability to attract new capital. Depicting Callaway and Walton as financial desperados-"men who would do whatever had to be done"-the publisher notes a series of "ploys," "foils," and "schemes" carried out by "sleight-of-hand." Addressing the issue of expansion, Arber mentions Forest Service fears that "development might interfere with the life of the elk who make the mountain their habitat and that ... expansion ... might have a deleterious effect on ... the former ghost town of Gothic ... where the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory conducts its research." Claiming that CBDC has "its back . . . against the mountain," Arber tells how "Reports of private meetings between CBDC executive personnel and Forest Service personnel began leaking out, the reports being to the effect of some heavy pressure being brought to bear on the men responsible for [making a] momentous decision." Subsequent to this "personal pressure," "one by one, the local personnel...were transferred" and replaced by an "inexperienced" group led by a man from Georgia.

N CONCLUSION, ARBER put together a remarkable sequence of rhetorical innuendos: "How much influence was asserted by the CBDC both directly and indirectly and just what form that assertion took; the role of Callaway and his associates in asserting additional influence on a national level in Washington, D.C.; why local Forest Service personnel opposed to the designs of the CBDC were all transferred... and replaced by people whose only apparent advantage was their lack of familiarity with the entire matter. How much collusion existed on the part of high-level Forest Service personnel...; why public sentiment ... was ignored; why the final plan inexplicably reversed ear-

lier...policies and...the judgment of the experienced local Forest Service personnel; what further machinations of the CBDC will be condoned...; and the implications for the people of this valley and their descendants—these are the questions and doubts that remain...

"For all of the foregoing reasons and all the doubts that have arisen in our individual minds..., we feel justified in relaying this information with a request... [for] a far-reaching investigation.... This request is made with the hope its results will either lay these doubts finally to rest or...vindicate all the doubts and suspicions which honest men have had to acknowledge have intruded themselves so profoundly and implacably into their consciousnesses during the course of being witnesses to this

unsettling episode." *

Ploys, schemes, scenarios, designs, and machinations! The doubts and suspicions of honest men! Mysterious changes and strange ways! The memo's grammar is the best index to its accuracy. The analysis of CBDC's financial condition was muddied and inept. Senate Democrats would later be shocked to learn that the skiing operation was making a profit on its own, exclusive of real-estate enterprises, and that, moreover, Callaway had no personal notes outstanding on the property. That bankruptcy was an "unacceptable alternative" to Callaway is probably true, as is the assertion that he's a "politically motivated man." As it happens, however, Callaway was a rich man unlikely to go bankrupt. And, as for his political motivations, they were explicit enough: he was Ford's campaign manager. By referring to them in the way he did, Arber harkened back to George Smathers's old speeches; he might as easily have called Callaway "a known ectomorph and masticator."

As for "reports of private meetings" between CBDC and Forest Service personnel, Arber is correct: there were frequent discussions between the two groups—as one would expect. Where Arber leads us astray, of course, is to imply that there was something wrong with this. He mentions reports of these meetings and the "heavy pressure" that's been brought to bear. We're given the impression, in the context of the questions Arber later raises, that this pressure is intense and out of the ordinary. The implication to be drawn is that Bo Callaway is yanking strings in Washington, threatening to ruin the men's careers if they don't give him what he wants.

Arber never identifies the sources of these reports, but there's no need to speculate: since the meetings were "private," the reports presumably came from the rangers themselves. And yet, each of the rangers

^{*} All quotations from the so-called "Arber Memorandum" to Senator Haskell.

and all of their superiors would later testify under oath that no such pressure was exerted or felt; nor had any of them ever said otherwise to anyone. As Arber told the Senate, "I don't know what went on within the Forest Service." And, in the end, the Crested Butte publisher leaves us with a set of rhetorical questions whose obvious intent is to suggest criminal activity on the part of Callaway—without ever, of course, accusing him of anything per se.

The technique is not an unusual one. Indeed, it's become the hallmark of an entire genre of post-watergate journalism—what might be called "interrogative" as opposed to "investigative." In this feudal genre, the words "May" and "Seem" reign as king and queen over a dazzling court of "machinations," "scenarios," and lordly "ploys." Clustered below the salt like so many syllabic catamites, anxious to serve their conditional lieges, are the Facts—ignoble and dowdy, they combine and recombine for an assembly of stooped, but venerable, Question Marks, the grand viziers of innuendo.

And yet, and yet, while the Arber memorandum deserves to be criticized, there is no cause to interrogate Arber's own motives in writing it. As a citizen of Crested Butte, concerned about the town's welfare and the integrity of government, he had the right to petition his representatives in Congress and to advise them of his suspicions in any manner he saw fit.

A MATTER OF TIMING

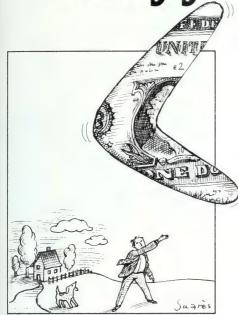
N THE OTHER HAND, it's hard to understand how Callaway's reputation could depend upon Arber's document, but that it did is certain. Some time after receiving the memo, Senator Haskell wrote to the Forest Service, asking for an explanation of the "disturbing allegations" he'd received. Interestingly, Arber later disputed that characterization of his memo's contents. ("I have not made any accusations against Mr. Callaway. I myself never accused him of any wrongdoing, per se You notice," he added helpfully, "I didn't allege these as charges. These are the questions and doubts....") Haskell's timing was also interesting. He'd spoken with Arber in December, having talked to Levin and Glass months before that. Why he should have waited until February 19 before asking the Forest Service for an explanation has never been made clear. A subsequent statement of Arber's, however, is explicit. "I spoke to Haskell in December," he said, "and I said let's wait on . . . [the] beginning of the ski season. I think it can have a devastating effect . . . I would like to make sure that when it comes out it has a national impact."

To some—notably Callaway and the minority which supported him—Haskell's delay suggested that he agreed with Arber. And this raised an important question: What did the Colorado publisher intend when he referred to a "devastating effect"? Was it an effect that he and Haskell sought, or did they seek to avoid it? According to Arber, he feared the devastating effect which a scandal might have on the economy of Crested Butte, and so urged that the investigation be delayed until the spring. With the snows melting on Snodgrass Mountain the skiing season would be at an end. News of Callaway's activities might, in other words, have a "national impact" in March without deterring a significant number of skiers from visiting Crested Butte. If this was Arber's only concern, his prudence seems to have been unnecessary. Townspeople assert that, when the scandal became a subject of national news, they began to get calls from relatives and friends around the country, remarking upon the physical beauty of Crested Butte and their intentions, therefore, of visiting it. Callaway himself, in a giddy moment of gallows humor, later remarked to the Senate that the scandal has "put Crested Butte on the map...the dream of our marketing department has come true. We have pushed Vail, Aspen, and Sun Valley to the back pages."

That was true. But it was also true that, by waiting until spring, Haskell and Arber made it possible for the national impact of the scandal to fall most heavily upon the Ford campaign. The economy of Crested Butte would be spared the effect of media attention (whether good or bad), but Gerald Ford would not. He would lose his campaign manager, and the integrity of his administration would be cast in doubt. News of the supposed scandal would project a baleful sense of déjà vu upon voters, inviting comparisons between Callaway's allegedly alleged activities, Watergate, and Teapot Dome. If the intention was to have a devastating effect upon the Ford campaign, it would do no good-indeed it would be a political disaster—to convene hearings at too early a date, especially in view of the Arber memorandum's questionable contents. Whether or not that was the intention is a matter of speculation.

In any case, Haskell waited months before contacting the Forest Service. The inquiry was an important formality: appearances, at least, demanded that the records show that an effort had been made to check Arber's innuendos before acting upon

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*Commercial forest is described as that portion of the total forest which is capable of, and available for, growing trees for harvest. Parks, wilderness and primitive areas are not included.

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Many of them are of genetically suor stock, the result of years of seve "breeding." Seedlings by the hun-Is of millions are grown in special eries. They're healthier, faster growthat mature faster and can be har-

ed sooner. Some forestlands, such



Nature because natural regeneration does a better job.

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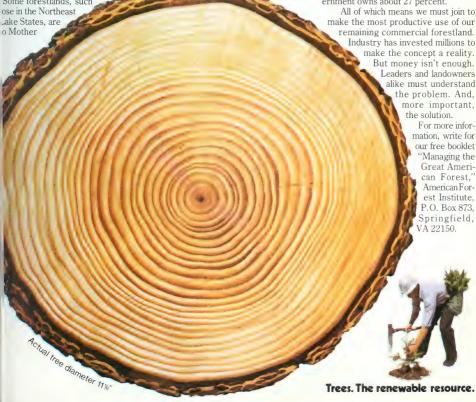
Significantly, the principles of Operation Double Tree are being used on only a small portion of America's forestland. And good as Double Tree is, it might not be enough. Too much of the American forest is still under-utilized and under-productive.

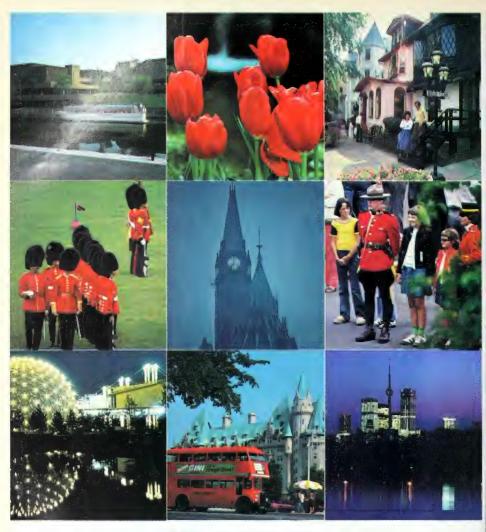
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them. Failing to make such an inquiry, Haskell might easily find himself dangling from his own

petard.

But that Haskell intended to call an investigation (even before the Forest Service could reply) appears certain. The possibility had been mentioned as far back as October, according to Arber, who adds that, in January, Haskell "promised to hold fair hearings."* And, while Senate Republicans were kept in ignorance of those intentions, NBC was not. Again according to Arber, who'd contacted the network's "head office," "NBC was called in and assisted in the gathering of further evidence in the case and when they agreed with Haskell that there were some reasonable grounds to suspect malfeasance of office on the part of Callaway ... they agreed to break the story nationwide." ** (Or, as the publisher later explained, "I called in NBC News and I said, 'Well, gentlemen, I think we have the makings of a major national issue here.") † That commentary infuriates Jim Polk, the reporter who covered the story for NBC. Polk denies that there was any collusion between himself and Haskell with regard to the timing of the news. While it's true that Haskell leaked the Arber memorandum to Polk-and that, as early as February 25, Haskell discussed with Polk his intention to hold hearings-Polk says, "The memo was silly. There was nothing in it but Arber's conspiracy theories, and I didn't have much faith in the rumor about the Forest Service transfers." Nevertheless, Polk says, there was a "remote possibility" that there might be something to it and, as an avid skier, that was all the encouragement he needed to visit Crested Butte, Before leaving, Polk promised to keep Haskell informed.

After writing to the Forest Service and providing Polk with Arber's musings, Haskell waited. For its part, the Forest Service acknowledged the sentor's inquiry on the day it was received, promising an immediate report. On March 8, as that report went into the mail, Haskell was suddenly galvanized into action. Claiming that the rangers were dragging their boots, he made a formal request for a Senate investigation. Two days later, the reply from the Forest Service arrived in his office, discrediting each of the allegations and explaining the agency's procedures in detail. Nevertheless, Haskell says he was "disturbed and troubled" by the response, falsely characterizing it as "incomplete, inadequate, and,

perhaps, misleading."

Meanwhile, Bo Callaway knew nothing of Polk's presence in Crested Butte, the Arber memorandum, or Haskell's intentions in Washington. His concern

† Op. cit., Lion's Club speech.

at the time was with impending primaries in Illinois and North Carolina, primaries intended to write finis to Reagan's candidacy. Already Reagan had lost badly in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Florida; polls indicated that the incumbent President would win easily in both the March 16 Illinois primary and the March 23 contest in North Carolina.

Callaway, of course, was not entirely unaware of the controversy in Crested Butte. His information, however, was limited to what Arber published in the Crested Butte Chronicle. Accordingly, Ford's campaign manager was unconcerned. The dispute was a local matter, in his opinion, and he could answer the Chronicle's editorials after the November election.

In fact, the opportunity came sooner than he'd expected. And, while Callaway is noted more for his ability as a squash player than for his talent as a gymnast, it's fair to say that, as of March 10, 1976, he could kiss his ass goodbye.

TRIAL BY HEADLINE

ARCH 10 WAS the day Jim Polk learned of correspondence between Callaway's brother-in-law, Ralph Walton, and Richard Ashworth, a Deputy Under-Secretary of Agriculture. It seemed significant to Polk, rummaging through Forest Service records in Gunnison, because the Forest Service is a part of the Department of Agriculture. That Walton was in contact with Agriculture officials in Washington suggested (correctly) that he'd gone over the heads of local rangers. There was nothing wrong with that, but Polk wondered, "Why Ashworth? Who's he?"

Checking further, he found that Ashworth was an ex-reporter who'd served as a speechwriter in Callaway's Georgia campaign for governor. Looking even deeper, Polk learned that Ashworth met with Callaway in the Pentagon on July 3, 1975. Accompanying Ashworth to that meeting were Phil Campbell and an Associate Chief Forester, Rex Resler. Campbell, it turned out, was an Under-Secretary of Agriculture and, like his subordinate, a Georgian who counted Callaway as a personal friend. According to those involved, the meeting was "a courtesy call" arranged a few days earlier at Ashworth's suggestion. It took place during Calla-

^{*} Speech to the Gunnison Lion's Club, March 29, 1976. ** Crested Butte Chronicle, March 18, 1976.

way's last four hours in office, and one of its main purposes was to give him a briefing on the status of Crested Butte. Five months earlier, in the wake of the tentative East River Unit plan's release, Callaway had telephoned Ashworth, complaining about the non-decision. According to a memo written by Callaway at that time: "At Ralph's request, I called Richard Ashworth to tell him that I would appreciate it if someone could look at this clearly on its merits. This goes against the assurance we have been given by the Forest Service since 1971...I I made it very clear to... Ashworth that I did not want any special favors and that we thought this should be judged on its merits only, but that we

felt we had a very strong case" Whatever their "case," NBC had its story nine months later. After a great deal of searching by a Pulitzer prize-winning reporter, the "appearance of impropriety" was finally unearthed. All that was necessary for the "impropriety" to become a fait accompli in the eyes of the public was for the Pentagon meeting to be made known. Jim Polk is aware of that irony, and expresses sympathy for Callaway. "I'm not sure I agree that the appearance of impropriety should be enough to convict government officials of wrongdoing. But it is. In my opinion, though, that meeting—the meeting itself—was improper. If I hadn't thought that, I wouldn't have put the story on the air. But I don't think that Callaway had any intention of using improper influence. I'm sure he thought that there was nothing wrong in meeting with Resler and his friends. It's unfair, I suppose. There never would have been a story if Callaway hadn't been who he was: Ford's campaign manager. If he'd been a first- or second-term Congressman-in fact, if he'd just stayed Secretary of the Army-we wouldn't have touched it. But that's the news business." The comment is remarkably candid in its acknowledgment of the methodology employed against Callaway. Ford's campaign manager was singled out, Polk admits, not for what he did-but for who he was.

At the time of his discovery, Polk was using Arber's office as a base of operations and keeping the Colorado publisher informed of his findings. Reportedly, Arber was overjoyed by news of the Pentagon meeting—so much so that Polk, fearing what he might do with (and to) his scoop, wrote a story for the Chronicle's next edition. Studiously avoiding any mention of the Pentagon meeting, Polk's anonymous article reported Senator Haskell's intention to announce an investigation into the Crested Butte controversy. That information, Polk says, came in a March 10 phone call from Haskell to Arber. The significance of this fact is that, on March 10, Haskell had less reason for suspicion than ever

before. Rumors concerning the transfer of local personnel had been quashed: both the Forest Service and Polk agreed that the transfers were routine and even overdue. Nor was there any connection between Callaway and the rangers' replacements. Lacking that tenuous foothold in fact the Arber memorandum was an anthology of baseless innuendos. Nevertheless, Haskell was determined to hold hearings.

On March 12, Polk confronted Callaway at O'Hare Airport. The Illinois primary was at its height, and the circumstances for the interview were less than ideal. Minutes before Air Force One touched down, tornados ripped through Chicago's suburbs, blowing houses away. As the wind roared in his ears, Callaway heard Polk ask, "What took place at the meeting in the Pentagon?" Startled by the unexpected question, Callaway replied, "We just said we had been asking for this thing for four or five years, and we'd certainly appreciate getting a chance to have our views known." With that interview on film, Polk telephoned Haskell's office, advising them of the Pentagon meeting. Twenty minutes later, Haskell called back to provide the broadcast with its hook. Callaway, he said, would definitely be called to testify under oath at hearings the following month. Like the rest of America, including Republicans on the Haskell subcommittee, Callaway would learn of the hearings on the "NBC Nightly News."

Haskell's enthusiasm was perhaps understandable, but his decision would later lead other members of his subcommittee to accuse the Colorado Democrat of having conducted "a campaign more concerned with timing than with truth, with publicity rather than propriety." At the time he told NBC of his decision to question Callaway, Haskell had yet to show the Arber memorandum to subcommittee Republicans, nor had he informed them of the investigation getting under way. The partisan nature of the hearings, then, was self-evident even before they began: Indeed, the April hearings were merely an extension of the trial-by-headline orchestrated in March. Proof of that rests with Haskell's announced intention to interrogate Callaway in the Senateknowing full well the effect that this would have on the Georgian's reputation—even before the investigation had begun. A week after his announcement, subcommittee investigators were journeying to Colorado in an effort to substantiate Arber's quasi allegations. After examining thousands of documents and questioning dozens of witnesses, they reported that the record showed that:

There had been no "reversal" of Forest Service position on the Snodgrass Mountain issue.

• There was "no positive evidence" to indicate that any pressure or direction had passed from

Washington to regional rangers.

• There was nothing to indicate that the local transfers were anything other than routine.

• There was "no evidence" that Callaway was acquainted with the rangers' replacements in Crested Butte.

The Arber memorandum, in other words, was useless. Had Haskell waited upon the results of his field investigation before imputing Callaway's guilt, it's unlikely that hearings into Crested Butte would have been held. At this point, Haskell was committed. By mid-March, Callaway's reputation and political career had already been destroyed. To have cancelled the hearings for lack of evidence might have exposed Haskell to charges of character assasination and political opportunism. The hearings would have to be held, and, sadly for Callaway, the reputation of his inquisitor probably would depend upon their outcome.

THE DEVASTATING EFFECT

OLK'S BROADCAST, carrying news of the scheduled hearings, had a sensational effect. Hours after the news flickered across the television screen, Callaway took leave of the Ford campaign intending to return within a week or two. The Pentagon meeting was not, in his opinion, an improper one. He had a right to meet with Agriculture officials about Crested Butte, and there was nothing unusual in his request that the Forest Service expedite its decision in his favor. On the contrary, literally thousands of such contacts take place in Washington every year.* As for the meeting being held in his office, Callaway says, "It was my last day! I'd already resigned as Secretary of the Army. What was I supposed to do? Two friends I'd known for years asked if they could pay

*According to former Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, the Forest Service handled 3,687 such inquiries in 1975—from members of Congress alone. Additionally, more than fifty formal meetings were convened between congressional constituents and representatives of the Forest Service's Washington office. An even larger number of other meetings, characterized as "informal," were held for the same purpose in the offices of those who were members of the 93rd Congress. Indeed, Senator Haskell himself intervened thirty-eight times on behalf of constituents, contacting Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz with requests that he expedite Forest Service decisions or otherwise assist his constituents.

a 'courtesy call'—and I said 'fine.' Where else should we have met? In a hotel room? What would that have looked like?"

So Callaway thought the issue could be disposed of in a relatively short time. Working with his attorneys and aides, he gave the Senate a voluminous file, documenting every letter, phone call, and business contact he'd had in the preceding twenty-seven months. That file would eventually comprise more than half of the Senate's written record. It would also show that Callaway had written thank-you notes to those he'd met in the Pentagon and that, in a two-year period, he'd called Richard Ashworth exactly twice. Because the notes were typed on stationery belonging to the Secretary of the Army, this would be construed by Senate Democrats as further evidence that Callaway abused his office, attempting to bully the bureaucracy with subliminal hints at his power. To Callaway, however, it had seemed a casual thing: a letter from the President's campaign manager would have been more impressive had he actually intended to invoke his "political influence." In any case Callaway could hardly have disguised his position, unless he'd chosen to write in crayon on pages torn from a spiral notebook, signing them "You Know Who." In fact, Callaway used his Army stationery even when writing to his family. Indeed, one such letter to his brother-in-law describes the Pentagon meeting, and suggests rather clearly that the Forest Service was not intimidated:

"Ralph: I really couldn't get too much out of Rex Resler. Every time that I thought I had him pinned down, something else came out..." Not that the session was a complete bust. The letter continues, "But with Phil [Campbell] and Richard [Ashworth] listening, he did agree that there would be no timing on the issue of whether Snodgrass is in the ski area or not. I believe we can hold him to this commitment."

As it happened, Callaway was wrong about that but, after March 12, it hardly mattered. Following Polk's broadcast, Callaway's fortunes precipitously declined. Some people within the Ford campaign saw the Georgian's problem as a political opportunity for themselves. Accordingly, they isolated him from the President and demanded that his leave of absence become a resignation. Callaway refused, still thinking he could clear himself. By March 15, however, rumors involving Callaway were metastasizing in the national media. Besides the Senate's, there were at least six other investigations 'underway,* and no allegation was too fatuous to report.

From Colorado, a tale of bribery emerged, be*None of the investigations found Callaway guilty of
any wrongdoing.

coming national news a month after it first surfaced in the Gunnison Country Times. According to that newspaper's managing editor, Kyle Lawson, the story came about in the following way: "A woman who refused to give her name asked if the newspaper was aware of a \$135,000 bribe allegedly paid to the Forest Service and various Forest Service officials for a favorable reaction on the CBDC application to expand. . . . She said she had heard this information at 'a party.' She would not say from whom she had heard the rumor. And, shortly after divulging the information, 'for whatever you want to do with it,' hung up. I was skeptical of the remark and told her so and warned her that the repeating of the rumor was tantamount to scandalous libel. The Country Times did nothing with the report, feeling it ... to be unfounded." Well, not exactly. The editor continues: "However, when the opportunity came to interview [Forest Ranger] Wilkins, our reporter did broach the subject with him to see if the Forest Service had also heard of this rumor. With the resulting decision on Mr. Wilkins's part to call for an investigation, we felt we had no choice but to print such a call and give the reasons for it." So much for Free Will.

By asking the Forest Service about "the bribery rumor," the Country Times created a news story, elevating a crank call to the stature of a scoop—albeit one with so little foundation that national media wouldn't touch it until mid-March. By then, Callaway's reputation was beyond the help of an oxygen tent. The March 14 issue of the Denver Post was a veritable broadside against Ford's campaign manager, devoting a yard of news space to the leaked and baleful suspicions of Arber and Haskell. With the publication of that story, the Colorado edda moved to the front pages of the Washington and New York papers, encasing Callaway's reputation in editorial cement.

As the month wore on, Callaway twisted in the wind of print. Reports of senate investigators interviewing Forest Service officials were page-one news in the Washington Post, while Callaway's denial of office misuse was embalmed on page 28 nine days later. The national news weeklies also made much of the story, trumpeting it with their usual sensitivity and panache. Headlining its March 29 dispatch "Curtains for Callaway," *Time* magazine referred to the "genial . . . bumbling . . . bigwig" who had a nickname that was two-thirds of the expletive "boo!" Under a photograph of a smiling Callaway on skis, the cutline read "Two many booboos," while subheads summed the story up with the words "Scandals," "Sweet-talk," and (again) "Boo-boos." If you failed to get the drift the first two times, the story's last sentence chugged in with the kicker that Ford "cannot afford to wait for the final verdict on Bo's boo-boos."

Within a matter of days, Ford's campaign took a predictably sudden turn for the worse; North Carolina reversed earlier polls showing "Mr. Clean" to be ahead, and gave its mandate to Reagan. After three years of scandal, GOP voters began to get the idea that a new team should be brought in from the coast. Bo Callaway seemed like just another bat in the "Watergate nightmare." A week before the Senate hearings, he resigned from Ford's campaign and retired from polities.

"NO SIR, HE DID NOT"

HE HEARINGS OPENED April 8 and, over the next three days, seventeen witnesses were read their rights and asked if they understood them. They did. The atmosphere in the hearings was that of a political trial. Indeed, Haskell's argumentative demeanor, interruptions of witnesses, and prosecutorial "summations" led Sen. James McClure (Rep.-Idaho) to issue an unheard-of rebuke to his subcommittee chairman. "I suppose it's an irresistible impulse on the part of any persons interested in a congressional hearing to try the case to the jury before all the evidence is in," Mc-Clure said. "I don't intend to try to make any summation to the jury at this time," he added, alluding to the television cameras, "nor am I counsel for or against any of the participants in this inquiry." It was not the sort of commentary one usually hears in the Senate. But later McClure would go even further, joining four other senators in labeling the affair "an exercise for political advantage and excoriation . . .

As for the witnesses, their testimony confirmed the results of the field investigation. Callaway's contacts with the Agriculture Department had been minimal, and entirely reasonable in light of his concern about the tentative East River Unit plan and the delay it proposed. Nothing untoward had occurred. No pressure had seeped from Washington to Crested Butte. Earl Butz's only role in the affair was to forward a memo from Campbell to Ashworth; the memo, reporting Callaway's position as he expressed it at the Pentagon meeting, remained for six weeks on Butz's desk before the Secretary of Agriculture forwarded it to Ashworth with the notation that "Phil thinks Bo is right on this, ELB—call Rex

Resler." Ashworth, however, did not call Resler, and Butz had no other contact with Callaway con-

cerning Crested Butte.

Callaway was the seventeenth witness to be called after three days of testimony. In his opening statement, he addressed the issue of improper influence directly: "Let me say that I know something about political pressure. I have seen it first hand. I have been pressured by labor unions who want more employment. I have been pressured by Senators and Congressmen who want Defense spending in their States . . . I have been pressured by governors, mayors, and local legislators ... I have been wooed by Chambers of Commerce . . . I have been called by White House aides with the magic words: 'The President wants ... 'I have been told by Senators and Congressmen, 'Bo, I don't want any special favors, but I want you to remember that I sit on your Appropriations Committee.' I have been told: 'Bo, if I don't get what I want I'm going to go over your head to the Secretary of Defense or to the President.' Let me say in all candor, there are few people in America who know more about pressure than I do. I have had it applied to me by experts. But, Mr. Chairman, in all my experience, I have never had anyone tell me that if I didn't do what he wanted, he would go to the Deputy Under-Secretary of the Army, because when you want to pressure you go to the top.

"As one who has had pressure applied, I should know how to apply it. If I had wanted to apply pressure for Crested Butte, I can assure you I would have called the Secretary of Agriculture rather than the Deputy Under-Secretary of Agriculture, and I would have called him not once, but once a week.

"As you can imagine, I have gone over and over in my mind during the last month all of the events in connection with this investigation. The one that stands out, obviously, is the meeting in my office on July 3. Without that meeting I don't think there would be anything that anyone could, even by innuendo, allege as an impropriety on my part. I have thought about this a lot and in retrospect I have tried to get myself to conclude that if it happened again I would do something different. But, you know, I can't really say that. Perhaps I was naive.

"Let me give you the circumstances...On...
July 1, the Army gave a farewell review in my honor. It was an emotional experience for me. I love
the Army, regretted having to say goodbye and appreciated the enormous honor of a nineteen-gun salute, a review by the Old Guard..., and complimentary remarks by [the Secretary of Defense] and
Army Chief of Staff.... Phil Campbell and Richard
Ashworth came to that review. I thought it was a
very gracious thing to do, and I appreciated it. On

the following day Richard Ashworth called me as an old friend, saying that he and Phil would like to come by on my last day in office and express their gratitude for the job that I had done, and at the same time bring me up to date on the Crested Butte situation. In retrospect, I probably would say again, as I did on July 2, 'Come on by. I'll be glad to see you.'"

AVING SAID THAT, Callaway went on to the Arber memorandum. "Mr. Chairman, as you know, I have requested repeatedly from this committee that I be allowed to see a copy of the so-called 'narrative,' but you have denied this request. I believe that it is fundamental to the American system of justice that a man be allowed to know the allegations against him and face his accusers... Surely you realized that I would be handicapped having to answer allegations that have not been made known to me."

The accusation infuriated Haskell, who denied that the memorandum was the basis for the hearings. He recalled a letter Callaway had written demanding that Arber, Glass, and Levin be called before the committee to testify. And he asked if Callaway would like him to subpoena them. Callaway replied that "My problem is I have been twisting in the wind for a month. To wait again for another three or four weeks is not what I want." He withdrew his request for the subpoenas but offered an alternative: noting that Miles Arber was present, Callaway asked that he be called as a witness. If Arber would testify, Callaway would not ask that Levin and Glass appear. Haskell replied, "I think ... we will recess these hearings until right after the Easter recess; we will issue subpoenas . . . to the three gentlemen."

"You are aware that I requested that not be done," Callaway said. "I have a personal commitment, my daughter is getting married in that week, my desire is to get this behind me as soon as possible and I request that we finish today, with or without witnesses, please, sir, finish today."

Haskell was resolute in the pose that the subcommittee's "integrity" was at stake. Callaway had asked, and Callaway would receive, whether he liked it or not. And he didn't like it. "As I understand it," he said, "at the time you quite properly read me my rights, I waived some of those rights, such as the right to remain silent. I will happily waive the right to know more information at this time. I will waive it fully, I will not complain, I will waive the right to have additional information if we can continue and end these trials... I would like to finish it." The display was a brutal one, and it was also bizarre. Arber was seated in the hearing room and Haskell had already obtained a subpoena for him. Asked if he was willing to testify, Arber said, "I am..., [but] not without a subpoena." Nodding, Haskell then recessed the hearings for a month, until May 13. It didn't make any sense, unless you enjoyed the suffering in Callaway's face.

It was a peculiar course of action. Virtually all of the witnesses had already testified, and each of them was in agreement on the subject of improper influence. Their responses to the following question

were unanimous:

"Did Howard H. Callaway or any person known to you to be associated with him or with Crested Butte Development Corporation offer you anything of value or threaten or pressure you in any way to reach any decision you may have reached or change any decision you may have changed with respect to any matter having to do with the Crested Butte Ski Resort at any time from 1969 to today?"

A good question. A hard question. A question with six "anys" and four "ors" in it! And this is

what the witnesses replied:

MR. MCGUIRE: "No."

MR. RESLER: "Absolutely not."

MR. ASHWORTH: "None whatsoever "

MR. RUPP: "No, they did not."

MR. LUCAS: "No."

MR. WILKINS: "No, sir."

MR. PIERCE: "Absolutely not."

MR. EDSTROM: "No, sir.

MR. LARSEN: "No, sir."

MR. CARR: "No, sir."

MR. CARR: IVO, SIL.

MR. BUTZ: "No, sir."

MR. CAMPBELL: "No, sir, they did not."

MR. MINOW: "No, sir, they did not."

NO REDEMPTION

HEN THE HEARINGS were reconvened thirty days later, Callaway had been twisting in the wind for so long that he seemed dehydrated. For more than two months his reputation had declined, despite the testimony of every witness repudiating charges of political pressure and wrongdoing. Actually, it didn't matter what the witnesses said. In the inverted atmosphere of post-Watergate Washington, a denial

is usually regarded as a form of polite confession. In any case, Callaway couldn't win: the "appearance of impropriety" was established by the fact of the Senate's investigation. And predictably, Callaway's own testimony, coming a month after the hearings were recessed, was reported for what it was: the denial of a disgraced pol.

In Washington, the story was presented to the public as a latter-day version of the David and Goliath saga. Filling in for the Philistines were (appropriately enough) that small, but fearsome, subculture known as the Republicans. The "Chosen People," of course, were the Democrats. And yet, a fair examination of the record reveals that Calaway/Goliath is a hardworking family man whose powers had been wildly exaggerated. David, on the other hand, was impersonated by Sen. Floyd Haskell, whose own dimensions were minimized by media sympathetic to the Democrats—the intention being to excuse David's blatant resort to dirty tricks

(I refer to the sling containing mud).

This is a city that can only be understood through anecdotes told about it. General descriptions of Washington's ways and means are bound to fail because it is impossible to say anything that's completely true, or entirely false, about a town whose raison d'être is compromise. The city is defined by its ambiguities, its approximations, and reasonable facsimiles. A sort of urban Wonder Bread, familiar to all and theoretically capable of feeding millions, the capital is aglutinous and insubstantial at heart, ultimately unknowable and depressing to contemplate. It's a place where prestige is routinely confused with power when, in fact, the real power resides in the most boring process of an unreachable bureaucracy, its anonymous "transmission belts," red tape, and ringing phones.

And yet, prestige is rewarded here, just as celebrity is rewarded in Hollywood. A reputation for having power is bankable (and, as Callaway found out, potentially destructive). And Washington resembles Hollywood in another way, too: like its sister-city on the West Coast, it's devoted to the manufacture of images—second-rate deceptions projected upon the brain pans of a citizenry which expects

little and gets . . . disappointed.

Callaway had no hope of returning to politics, but there was a chance that his reputation would be redeemed in the Senate subcommittee's final Report. He asked that the allegations against him be clearly stated, along with the committee's findings. "If the committee determines there is no evidence to support these accusations, then I respectfully request that the . . . Report say so and say I have been fully exonerated. I trust the Report will not speak vaguely and in generalities"

His trust was misplaced. The Report took almost six months to prepare, during which time Callaway's reputation starved. And, over the protests of Senate Republicans, the Report was withheld from the minority until the last minute. On September 7, it was turned over to dissenting senators with the injunction that they had just forty-eight hours to analyze it and append any rebuttal they might have. Minority staffers said they were "flabbergasted" by the Report, as the GOP senators themselves made clear in a startling (and startled) dissent.

Branding the Report as one filled with "smear and innuendo," the dissenters went on to describe it as "unfair and misleading," citing as much evidence of its "bias and prejudice" as they could type out in two days. Pointing to Senator Haskell's opening statements as "damning evidence of bias," the Republicans commented that "the timing, the tenor and the content" of his remarks "removed forever any question regarding the chairman's objectivity. The chairman abandoned the role of an unbiased factfinder to assume the role of an outspoken advocate. The case against Callaway became his case and he argued to the public what he thought the facts were before all the evidence was in." (Emphasis in original.) It was a ringing rebuke, and it was accurate. The Report it described is a most unsenatorial document, invoking "lingering doubts" and "serious concerns" about a host of resolved issues. E.g., while there was "no evidence" that the Pentagon meeting was initiated by Callaway, and while the witnesses testified that it had no effect, the Report concludes that it was "at least translatable into the appearance of improper pressure." Translatable into an appearance? What does that mean? Similarly, the Report finds that "there is no positive evidence" of Callaway's having influenced the Forest Service; "On the other hand," it adds, "this possibility cannot be excluded." (Thus is the virtue of open-mindedness reduced to a vice: why, if there's no evidence, should the possibility not be excluded?)

Elsewhere, the Report suggests that witnesses have perjured themselves: repeatedly, summations of sworn testimony are introduced with the phrase, "The subcommittee has been asked to believe..." But, of course, no one is ever called a liar. In yet other places, we're told that Callaway's conduct "can raise the specter of improper pressure" and that it "poses...serious questions of propriety." Specters, of course, are insubstantial things, and the purpose of Senate hearings is to disperse, rather than raise, them—just as a Senate Report is supposed to answer questions rather than rephrase them. The document, in short, commits analytical mayhem, reaching its conclusive innuendos only by ignoring the evidence given by every witness.

JUDGING REPUTATION BY PROXY

HE FACT OF THE matter is that the damage done to Callaway's reputation and career was so great that Senator Haskell had placed himself in jeopardy. Should Callaway, in ruins, be found innocent, he would seem a martyr-and Haskell, as the instrument of his unravelling, an imprudent man at best, a persecutor at worst. At the very least, "reasonable doubts" of Callaway's innocence would have to be sustained if Haskell was not to suffer the consequences of his inquisition. One might think that in view of the witnesses' unanimity, such doubts could not be sustained. But "reasonable" is, in the end, a matter of majority opinion. And there were seven Democrats and only four Republicans on the Haskell subcommittee: it should not have been too hard to get a majority to approve the Report.

And yet, the subcommittee was an unusual one. Among the seven Democrats were no fewer than three candidates for places on the party's national ticket: Henry Jackson, Frank Church, and John Glenn. That in itself made the de facto impeachment of Ford's campaign manager highly suspect but Jackson, at least, had the intelligence to wash his hands of the affair from the beginning. He would not participate in the hearings, he said, or cast any vote, because it might give the appearance of partisan impropriety. This pose reduced the voting majority of Democrats to two. The majority was narrowed even further, however, when Sen. John Glenn proved unable to attend all the hearings. Glenn could have given his proxy to Haskell, but he declined. He didn't think it proper to judge a man's reputation by proxy.

With the proxies of Jackson and Glenn withdrawn, the Democratic majority consisted of a single vote. It belonged to Sen. Frank Church. Like Jackson, he was a Presidential candidate and might have excused himself from judgment on that ground alone. But there was another reason for him to demur: like Glenn, he would be unable to attend any of the hearings. He had two good reasons, then, to withhold his proxy from Haskell. But he did not: too many political debts could be incurred by casting it, or having it cast for him. Later, this became something of an embarrassment: Church's proxy vote on

the Report put the seal on Callaway's reputation, and he was asked about it by Rick Coffman, an Idaho newspaperman. Church said he was not a Presidential candidate at the time the hearings were called, having declared for the Presidency on March 18. Coffman pointed out that Church already had raised a sizable campaign chest before that time and had, moreover, become eligible for federal funds months before. He could hardly deny that he was running for President. In any case, his failure to attend a single hearing might be seen as reason to disqualify himself from voting—especially in view of the fact that he had not read the Report. How could he allow his proxy to be cast under those circumstances?

Apparently, the questioning disturbed Church. A week after the Report was approved by a 5-4 majority, with Haskell casting Church's vote, a new vote was ordained. Its purpose was to afford Church the opportunity of casting his own vote: the decisive proxy left a queasy impression. Unfortunately, Church somehow failed to attend that meeting, too, and, at the last minute, Haskell endured the ignominy of having to cast the putative proxy a second time. He could hardly be blamed: if he failed to get a majority to endorse the Report, the hearings would be revealed as a fraud.

ONTHS AFTER THE election had been lost, Callaway wandered through the editorial rooms of the Washington Post and other publications, looking for exoneration in print. Like the Ancient Mariner, he wouldn't let the issue die, but "stoppeth one in three." And like that old sailor, he received little solace. Post editor Ben Bradlee listened to his tale and sighed and shrugged. "C'est vrai," he says, "mais ce n'est pas une histoire." And Bradlee was right. Boy, is it not a news story! Callaway is no longer a political figure of national importance. His reputation, having been ruined, is suddenly a private matter. Besides, Callaway has had his day in the hearing room, and it dragged on for months. The result was 1600 pages of turgid testimony about matters of fleeting relevance. Included in the hearings are scores of maps, excruciating chronologies of minor events spanning seven years, and literally hundreds of exhibits ranging from "Early Warning Alerts" to letters, memoranda, and telephone logs-all of it cresting in a 196page Senate Report that reads like an investigative article in Rolling Stone: "the specter is raised," "nagging doubts persist," "there is no positive evidence but . . ." Indeed, the Senate's investigation of Callaway's activities generated so much detail that its product is, from beginning to end, almost unreadable. Any reasonable man (Sen. Frank Church, for instance) would, upon hefting these tomes of testimony, shake his head and conclude that "where there's smoke, there's fire." Ipso facto, Callaway must be a walking inferno. But...

("No.") ("No. sir.")

("Absolutely not.")

("No, sir, they did not.")

NOT FOR ATTRIBUTION

HERE IS ONLY ONE other anecdote to recount about the affair, and it says more about Washington in the Seventies than it does about Bo Callaway or his accusers.

While putting together the story of the character assassination of Bo Callaway, as performed by the inmates of the Senate, I had cause to interview a man who'd worked with him for years, and considered himself Callaway's friend. We met outside the Washington Visitors' Center, and he was obviously agitated at the thought of our meeting. He didn't want to be seen talking to a reporter.

"Let's walk over there," he said, gesturing to a park filled with trees. As we strolled, we made small talk about a third world war and then, locating a bench, we sat down. "I want you to understand something," he said, "before I'll talk to you."

"Okay.

"You have to agree that what I'm about to tell you is for deep-background only. Maybe that's not the right phrase. What I mean is, you can quote what I say, but you can't attribute it. I don't want to be mentioned in your story, and I don't want you to characterize me in any way—not as old or young or middle-aged, not as a bureaucrat, an Army man, or a politician. If this gets out, my career is ruined. Understood??"

"Yeah. What is it?"

He paused for a second and, in the space of it, glanced at his shoulder. "If you attribute this, I'll have your head."

"I won't."

"All right. Bo Callaway is an honest man"

The conversation lasted thirty minutes, but that was all he had to say, really. And I wondered about a city in which a good reputation is "not for attribution."

HARPER'S/JULY 1977

MAGNIFICATIONS

The scanning electron microscope is one of the modern wonder tools that have enabled us to take a closer look at the smaller regions of the cosmos. Our way is lighted by electron illumination. Traditionally, biological subjects intended for observation in the scanning electron microscope (S.E.M.) were killed in the necessary preparation processes, which "fix" the specimen so that it may be observed easily and indefinitely by standard S.E.M. operating procedures. For all their advantages, these processes have a major drawback—they subject the specimen to trauma.

My aim has been to eliminate any interpretive uncertainty by observing naturally existing surfaces with a minimum of interference. I take care to keep my subsubject's natural conductivity. This is done by using a condenser enlarger with a good lens for printmaking. relatively low-energy electron beam and by adjusting

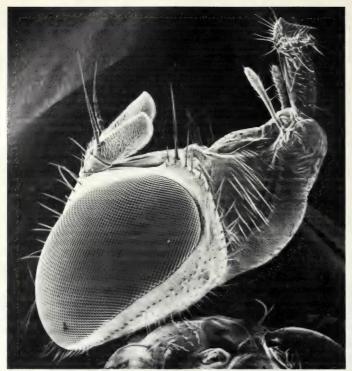
the instrument for greatest sensitivity. Each specimen may require a different setting of the controls, so it is a matter of rapport as well as special techniques of handling, mounting, vacuum conditioning, and fast work.

Much of my work is done with a 5,000-volt electron beam. I take great care to fine-tune the instrument, trying always to keep the electronic resolution a bit better than the optics can "see." (The image is photographically recorded from a high-resolution television monitor.) The S.E.M.s which I use have an ultimate resolution of 100A or better (A. or Angstrom unit, is equal to one ten-billionth of a meter), with an optical resolution of 2,000 to 5,000 lines per frame.

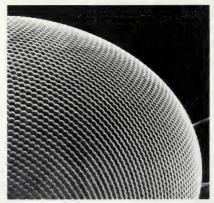
I prefer to use 4x5 sheet film since I make large jects alive and well for the shooting, and some of the prints and murals, although instant film like Polaroid is insect specimens have been returned alive to their small very useful, and the smaller formats (down to 35mm) wildernesses. (One jumping spider survived over thirty- are nicely economical. As the format gets smaller, obfive minutes of high vacuum and high voltage.) The taining good optical resolution becomes more critical, delicate surfaces of life-forms require that I use the so having a fine, precision lens is of great importance. electron beam with great gentleness, while utilizing the I usually process with standard chemicals and use a



Portrait of a brown ant



Portrait of a housefly



Housefly's eye



Honeybee's eye



Portrait of a worker honeybee



Portrait of a young male mosquito



Aphids grazing on a lemon tree leaf



Jumping spider's foot



te on the neck of a termite

From Magnifications: Photography with the Scanning Electron Microscope, by David Scharf. Copyright © 1977 by David Scharf. To be dished by Schocken Books, N.Y., in October.

RUMMAGE AND LOSS

A story by David Black

HE ONLY TIME I MET my father's father was on a trip to Providence, Rhode Island, in the fall of 1953. I was eight. To celebrate our visit, my grandmother planned to butcher a chicken. My mother, afraid the slaughter would terrify me, sent me from the kitchen.

Having recently read the story of Abraham and Isaac in a Saturday morning Bible class, I conjured up an exotic murder to fit the noises which I heard behind the shut door—flutterings, wing-whirrings, shouts, the crash of glass (while swinging the bird over her head to break its neck, my grandmother slammed a pitcher from a shelf).

"What's that?" asked my father as he wiped his glasses on a crocheted antimacassar.

"She's got a live chicken in there," I said. Hannah ran to peek. She returned, reaching up behind her head to unsnap her terriershaped barrette, and said, "I'm not going to eat that."

There was a hideous scream in the kitchen. Hannah and I both looked at my father, who had plunged into a Russian grammar book he had brought and now sat, staring at the piano, making the alien sounds of soft Ls and palatal Rs. I sneaked across the dining room and, opening the door a crack, peered into the kitchen.

My mother was kneeling under the window, sweeping glass shards into a dustpan, her back to me. My grandmother, her hair wrapped in a turquoise babushka, humming Brahms's Lullaby, stood at the table, smoothing the dead chicken's feathers.

I wandered back to the living room and, having tucked myself into a corner of the sofa, picked up the Providence Journal's Sunday comic supplement, in which I discovered "The Little King," "The Katzenjammer Kids," and "Henry." Our Springfield Republican comics, which offered the denser adult worlds of "Terry and the Pirates," "Steve Canyon," and "Dick Tracy," seemed by comparison gloomy.

My father, pausing between Lesson Thre and Lesson Four, asked, "Did I tell you about the time my father went after me with a butch er's knife?"

"I don't think I want to meet him," sai Hannah.

When he arrived in a taxi, we gathered of the front porch to greet him. Ponderously moving his buttocks in a semicircle, he backe from the cab. Facing away from us, he straigh ened up, tugged at the flukes of his tuxed jacket, and, spreading his arms, he turned it place.

"Moses!" he cried, "Ethel!" He lumbere across the walk and stomped up the steps, hi arms still spread, as though he were playin airplane.

"Aaron," said my grandmother, "what hav you done?"

"I rented them yesterday," my grandfathe said, "and kept them at the store. How do look?"

He was splendid, ragged up in tails and to hat, swinging a glass-knobbed cane, the to of which he tapped on each of my shoulde when we were introduced. He wore spats ar shiny pinstriped pants. His waxed mustach curled around at the ends into parenthes which enclosed a dimpled upper lip. Bush black eyebrows hung in Babylonian splendover his eyelids. His white hair was combe back into a ducktail, although because he weseventy the style was more distinguished tha rowdy.

The five of us milled on the porch as linvented a courtesy for each. He kissed Ha nah's hand. Her eyes widened; and, leerin she clasped the spot his lips had touched. Wi a flourish, he bowed to my mother, who scowled over his bent head. He shook both my father's hands, folding them together has being palms. Before his wife, angued

"Pauline," he said, repeatedly nodding, told you they'd finally come."



David Black's articles and fiction have appeared in New Times, The Transatlantic Review, and the Atlantic.

Y GRANDFATHER grew up in Plissa, Vilna Gubernia. His father managed an estate for a count. The word conjured up capes, Transylanian drawls, a world where wolves walked n hind legs and bowed when they met you the forest.

"Did you ever see a wolf?" I asked.

"One evening," said my grandfather, unching toward me from where he sat at the ot of the bed, "as I was going home through e woods, I saw a wolf walking beside the ath. I walked faster, but it walked faster too. hen I started to run, it ran, turning its head look at me. It kept me company all the way ome. And, if you had to go outside at night, ou could see the eyes of the wolves sitting ound the house in the dark." He grabbed y left ankle through the blanket.

"It was cold there," he said. "On Passover, e river would still be frozen. When we'd ilk across the ice, the cracks underneath e surface would explode. Awful. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and ten to the rumble caused by a split in the which would start a mile away and roar

ong the river like a train."

My grandfather's favorite story, however, I not take place at night. After slipping an al from his trouser pocket, he described the ass chest that the count had given his father d that his father had given him. It had been ed with semiprecious stones.

"This is all that's left," he said, handing the opal. "I've kept it with me ever since

eft Russia fifty years ago."

My sister leaned across the space between : beds and took the stone.

'Who will you give it to when you die?" asked.

'Young lady," he said, "don't talk to me out dying. . . . " He held out his hand, and nnah slapped the stone into his palm. Stickout his right leg and rolling slightly to the , he shoved the memento back into his ket.

The chest had a lock made of bone," he l. "I used to carry its key on a string und my neck; and one day, when I was king in the fields, a girl grabbed it and k it down here," he gestured to the V le by his open shirt collar. "Well, I went r it, and it was so pleasant in there I forall about the key.

hrowing back his head, he roared.

I forgot," he gasped, his face blotching

"all about the key."

ly grandmother, who had stopped in the room doorway and was folding a checkered towel, said, "What I remember about you was when I came by your house and saw you standing in the middle of the room, carrying your dead brother, Saul, in your arms. You looked so surprised. Saul died of smallpox," she explained, "and Aaron just stood there, holding him and looking puzzled."

When he was eighteen, my grandfather walked from Plissa to Berlin, where, upon arriving, he asked directions to a particular

address.

"The man said, 'Run down this street and run up that street," my grandfather said. "In German the word meant walk, but in Yiddish it meant run. So I followed his directions and ran even though it seemed pretty strange."

"The best thing," my grandmother interrupted, "was when you first came to America. You and Frank took dancing lessons."

My grandfather, prepared for the story, winked at me, forming a conspiracy, as though only the two of us could appreciate the anecdote.

"There they were," my grandmother continued, "him," she pointed at my grandfather, "six foot three, and my brother, Frank, four foot four, hanging on to each other and waltzing, waltzing together whenever they had the chance. I used to laugh so hard."

Hannah, excluded by my grandfather's wink, laughed loudly to prove she understood

the joke.

"But, Pauline," said my grandfather, gently suggesting that my grandmother had missed the point of her own tale, "I was a good dancer. That's why you married me."

"That's why Esther married you," said my

grandmother.

Esther Chodis, my grandfather's first wife, had been my grandmother's friend.

"She was the beauty," said my grandmother, "I was the brains. When she found out that Aaron liked Zola, she had me read Germinal and tell her the plot, so she could impress him. When we lived in New York, we were roommates, and I had to console her over her love affair with Aaron."

"I was a gentleman," said my grandfather. Gallantly, he wooed and won his cunning Esther by three-stepping into her cagey heart.

"She wanted me to sell dresses," said my grandfather, who in 1909 had slouched around Manhattan looking for a job as a journalist on an American newspaper. He had learned English by struggling through The Leatherstocking Tales and a carton of brittle, yellowed copies of Ned Buntline, which he found abandoned in their apartment closet the day they moved in. At night, Esther sewed sample dresses for a designer named William Punch, while my grandfather paced through the two

"My grandfather, prepared for the story, winked at me, forming a conspiracy, as though only the two of us could appreciate the anecdote."



David Black RUMMAGE AND LOSS rooms, bellowing out passages about Wild Bill Hickok or Wyatt Earp.

"I wanted to go to San Francisco and Denver," said my grandfather, "she wanted to go to Paris."

Through a friend who worked on the sports section of the New York Post, my grandfather met William Barclay Masterson. They got drunk at a sportswriters' bar on Tenth Street and waffled on until three in the morning about Indians, street brawls, gunfights, and boxing.

"Mostly about boxing," said my grandfather, "but other things too. You know, once when he was lost in the desert, my friend, Bat Masterson, had to drink his own blood to survive. He dared me to do the same. He had a silver knife with his initials on it, and he said he'd give it to me if I'd open a vein and drink my own blood." He rolled back his sleeve and showed me a white crescent on his forearm. He said, "The son of a bitch didn't let me keep the knife."

Mr. Punch, Esther's boss, offered to take her with him to Europe. Tempted, but demure, she said, "Not without my husband"—but she smiled ambiguously. Mr. Punch offered my grandfather a chance to revisit his family in Plissa.

They packed, sent their children—my father and his brother—to Pauline, who had moved to Providence, and sailed in the spring of 1913 to a continent which welcomed them with headlines announcing the Treaty of London. My grandfather, after an angry week in Paris, left Esther to her nimble fancy, which bopped back and forth between her husband and her employer.

He arrived in Providence, denouncing marriage, swaggeringly defending a new order in which both sex and politics were free of ethical subtlety. Pauline warily agreed that marriages might founder and, since she already had his two children, let him move in. Within a year, they married. He spent the first world war selling cabbages, tomatoes, cucumbers, turnips, eggplant, beets, and potatoes.

Unable to support his family, he sent my father and my uncle to the Mount Sinai Orphanage in Boston, moved with Pauline into a one-room apartment, and began to plot. In 1921, determined to make a fortune in bootleg liquor, he abandoned his grocery pushcart and went to work as a driver for racketeers. On a fall day in 1922, he left a warehouse in a truck carrying \$30,000 worth of booze, and, driving to New York City, he sold the stuff on his own. After ditching the truck in Brooklyn, he sent \$15,000 to Pauline and advised her not

to touch the money for five years and then buy a house, which she did. Pocketing to ther half of his sudden wealth, he fled France.

Hoods questioned and watched Pauline. Sivilified my grandfather and slammed into cozy job, cooking for Jonathan Arthur Brokin, professor of classics at Brown Universit He wanted sirloin; she made him gefille fis

When asked about his European jaunt, ngrandfather said he was an entrepreneu when pressed, he admitted he was a stagehauduring the bad times.

"Times," he added, "were often bad."
He returned, broke, to Providence in 193
After three years of doing odd jobs and be
rowing from his brother-in-law, who had sevived the stock market crash by investing
apartments and finally was ruined because one could pay any rent, my grandfather of
caped to New York, where he worked for nivers in a burlesque theater.

don't give medals for that."

When the theater was sold, gutted, at turned into a furniture store in 1946, n grandfather went home to Pauline. He peddlinsurance, hawked balloons and kewpie do at parades, was doorman at a private ch (one Christmas, George Raft sent him a caton of Scotch), and, at last, prompted by 1 brother-in-law, Frank, became a butcherpay off his debt; because he was tired.

HE FIRST NIGHT of our visit to n grandparents' house, I stayed awal listening to the angry sounds fro downstairs: the murmur, getting low er and louder, the hiss as everyone shush each other, the belligerent murmurs again.

each other, the belligerent murmurs again. The window was open. I smelled oil a burning leaves. The few cars that passed, the motors revving, slowing as gears were change revving again farther off and quieter, nea filled the silences from downstairs. I suck on a poppy seed that was wedged painful between two back teeth. My mouth tast garbagey from the cabbage we'd had it dinner.

When my sister's bed creaked, I aske "What do you think they're fighting about

She mumbled something jammed with lavowels and then, sitting bolt up, said, "Go sleep." Throwing herself back onto the metress, she yanked the covers over her her



owly they billowed down to outline her body.

"I like him," I said aloud.

She didn't answer, so I flopped onto my ck and stared at the picture which hung er my bed: a reproduction of Jacques ouis David's painting of Homer reciting a le to some Greek youths in a marble hall. ne only place I had seen people in togas bere was in Flash Gordon movies, so, in my owsy fancy, the scene struck me as classic ience fiction: an elder of Betelgeuse warng the cosmic council about the invasion of pha Centauri locust-gods.

Through the open window near my head, te the hesitant touch of my mother's hand nen she groped for signs of fever on my ow, intruded the skinned smell that comes fore rain. It left me with the feeling of pping my head into a sinkful of icy water, e cold cap that clasps the skull, the ache in mysterious region which could be behind

e eyes or at the base of the jaw.

I dreamed of wolves and death rays and my andfather, looking like Homer, swooping the porch steps, his arms spread into bat

HE SONG OF THE PLAINS," sung by the Red Army Chorus, woke me at dawn. I climbed from bed and went barefoot to investigate. In the next room, 7 father was honking in his sleep. His white rt lay in the doorway like a stiff pudding. ere were red ink spots above his pocket ere his pen points had rubbed. From the d of the hall, I heard my grandmother ack her lips as though she were tasting, ting her sleep. There was no carpet on the irs, and the cold steps made my feet curl. In the kitchen, which smelled of linseed oil d last night's cabbage, my grandfather, his own pants held up by suspenders that looped er a bare, white, hairless chest, was squeez-; oranges in a juicer. When I walked in, he aightened up and gesturing with a dripping d said, "Tovarich."

Having wiped his hands on his thighs, he me into the living room to the old-fashed Victrola. The small doors were opened the bottom of the machine, and from the ices between the horizontal slats issued the ostly swish of the needle whispering around

record's center.

'What would you like to hear?" he asked. haliapin? Nellie Melba? Caruso?" He pped a record from an album which had its cover a picture of a red-and-whiteped swastika-ed worm being impaled by agger. "Robeson."

"The Four Insurgent Generals" crackled "The first night from the cabinet:

One Christmas, holy evening, One Christmas, holy evening, One Christmas, holy evening, mamita mía, They'll all be hanging....

In the kitchen, my grandfather gave me oranges to slice. I handed him halves, which he squeezed with vicious twists of the wrist as he boomed along with the 78:

Madrid, your tears of sorrow, Madrid, your tears of sorrow, Madrid, your tears of sorrow, mamita mia, We shall avenge them....

The table was running with juice. I was sticky

up to my elbows.

When the record ended, my grandfather, wiping the backs of his hands on his rump (with his elbows out, he looked as if he were playing rooster), lumbered into the other room. I heard him crank up the Victrola, change records. He strolled back into the kitchen, his lips compressed, punching the air on the heavy musical beats.

We are the peat-bog sol-diers, Mar-ching with our spades....

"Drink," said my grandfather, raising a glass. Strands of pulp clung to the rim. "To the Revolution. May it be short and bloody."

I grinned at his abrupt solemnity.

"When I was your age," he said, "the cossacks burned down our synagogue. Have you ever seen anything like that? Stand up. Let me feel your muscle." He pinched my upper arm until it hurt. "Flex. Flex. What're you afraid of? Hey, punch me in the gut. Go ahead. Punch me." He raised his hands as though I were sticking him up. His belly heaved over the top of his pants, round as a globe, drum-tight. Hitting it was like belting a soccer ball. "Now, you."

I mimicked his motions, raising my hands above my head, trying not to clench my fingers in fear.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. I leaned back so my belly would bulge.

He shook his head.

"Not that way," he said, "Make your belly

Holding my breath, squinting, I tensed my stomach muscles. My grandfather drew back his right arm-his hand palm up-and curled his fingers over. "On your mark, get set. . ." His poke sent me sprawling into the pantry.

I couldn't breathe. I felt as if a rod were being forced down my throat. My saliva tasted of onions and chocolate. I was sitting in front of our visit to my grandparents' house, I staved awake. listening to the angry sounds from downstairs: the murmur, getting louder and louder, the hiss as everyone shushed each other."



David Black RUMMAGE AND LOSS of the stove. When I raised my head, I cracked my skull on the oven door handle.

"You're tough," said my grandfather, "but you've got to get tougher. If they think they've hurt you, you don't have a chance."

His suspenders were dangling by his legs, and he was buttoning on a red wool shirt.

"Come on," he said, "get up."

He lifted me with one hand and set me on wobbly feet. Shrugging on his suspenders, he strode across the kitchen.

"I'm going to put on 'Volga Boatmen,'" he said, wagging a raised forefinger at the ceiling. "Be dressed by the time it's over."

HROUGH THE LOFTY DOORS, like temple doors, like doors of the courts of law, we strode, I proud of my grandfather, who wore a long leather vest and a bashed bowler, he proud of his grandson, who in an Ivy-League, button-down, off-white, slightly blue shirt, was proof of his progeny's secure Americanism. All around us hung the yellowish and blood-caked carcasses of cows.

"You will eat, you will eat, by and by," sang my grandfather grandly, "in that glorious land in the sky wa-ay up high...."

Each side of beef was speared on a hook; each hook hung loose between two metal rails; the rails ran the length of the warehouse—a huge man in a blood-spattered apron embraced the suspended meat, swung it back, and sent it sailing down the room. The ball that held the hook chattered in its track. A hundred feet away, another aproned giant caught the side of beef, swung it, sending it further down the room.

The first man had grabbed another carcass and flung it on. One by one, the corpses rushed past us

"...work and pray, live on hay," my grandfather bellowed, "you'll have pie in the sky when you die-ee-aye...."

"Hey, Aaron," said a white-haired man with a scar that curled across his cheek and over his upper lip, "who's the kid?"

"My grandson," said my grandfather. "He's a good boy, Max."

Max grabbed my hand in his fist.

"You gonna be a butcher like your grandpop?" he asked.

"Butcher!" my grandfather shouted. "Butcher? He's going to be a poet."

Max stood sideways and turned his head to look down at me over his shoulder.

"Aw," he said, "whaddaya want? Waste a big kid like that on books?"

"Another Pushkin," my grandfather

boomed, the name exploding in his mou like a wind: "Pboosh-kin!"

Max, bending down, asked me, "You wan be a poet, hey?" His sour breath smelled meat loaf and milk. "Aaron, I got somethin to clear your brain."

Shuffling along the sawdust-covered flow Max led us to a small, glassed-in room. To walls, partitions, extended only halfway to teiling. The sweetish smell of blood and deflesh was stronger in the enclosed space.

There was a desk, covered with tissue-th papers spilling out of manila folders, a f cabinet, one side of which was painted blac a swivel chair and three wooden foldi chairs, a broken fan (the cage around t blades hung oddly forward), and a cardboa box, used as a wastebasket, filled with balls paper, crumpled Hershey wrappers, an ogirlie calendar from Anderson's Gardens, broken milk bottle.

Max yanked open a desk drawer, took of a bottle of applejack and three dirty coff cups, which he shook above the box. Bei liquid dribbled onto the calendar picture: naked girl, sitting with her legs tucked undher and holding a basket of fresh fruit owher lap. Because I had never before seen picture of a naked woman, I pulled it out.

"Let me wipe that off for you," said Magrabbing it. Unsure whether to let me ha it or, under some professional pretext, rediscover its value and slip it into hiding, looked to my grandfather for a clue.

"In our family," said my grandfather, an hilating the eleven years of my parents' mriage during which he'd had no contact withis son, "we keep nothing hidden. I see reason why Dennis shouldn't have the cale dar."

After Max returned it to me, I rolled it and shoved it in my back pocket.

"He's got my blood in him," said

grandfather.

"Does he?" Max asked. He poured three cups full of applejack, nudged of toward my grandfather, sipped from anoth and nodded at the third. "Kid," he sa "drink up. You don't wanna shame the oman."

"Old?" said my grandfather. He lear across the desk. "Do I look old?"

Max elaborately scratched his nose.

"Look," my grandfather stood up, "look that belly. That's not an old man's belly. Co on, hit me. Hard as you can."

Max, smiling at me, made a hitchhik

gesture toward my grandfather.

"Hit me," my grandfather shouted. "I got the belly of a twenty-year-old."









TO EMPOWER PEOPLE THE ROLE OF MEDIATING STRUCTURES IN PUBLIC POLICY

By Peter L. Berger and Richard John Neuhaus

The authors propose a lively alternative to the conservative fears and liberal disillusionments that now cripple our hinking about public policies designed to meet human needs. Berger and Neuhaus focus on the "mediating structures" of family, neighborhood, church, voluntary associations, and ethnic and racial subcultures — the institutions closest of the control and aspirations of most Americans.

They suggest that public policy should not only protect and foster mediating structures, but also utilize them to idvance legitimate social goals in the areas of education and child care, criminal justice, housing and zoning, welfare and social services and health care.



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David Black RUMMAGE AND LOSS

My grandfather's brag, despite its thunder, betraved the preoccupied ease of a ritual, as though in the center of his shout loomed a

"Me," said Max, "I couldn't do it. I'm an old man too. But I'll tell you what. . ." Because I was present, Max acknowledged the challenge he normally ignored. His sense of sly justice demanded that my grandfather for my sake had to make good his boast. At the door he called, "Reigel. Hey, Reigel, come here."

The first guy we had seen handling the meat turned and nodded, waved, loped toward us.

Quietly, he shut the door and waited. He was as tall as my grandfather, as broad, and thirty years younger. Beads of sweat, like rivets, dotted the right side of his forehead. His eyes were clear blue. When he opened his mouth to pick between two teeth with a thumbnail, I saw a crimson palate.

Max jerked his head toward my grandfather and said to Reigel, "Punch him in the

"In the belly," my grandfather repeated,

pointing to his belt.

Reigel put out his left hand, walked toward my grandfather until he was an arm's length away, dropped into a crouch, and, ducking his head professionally, swung.

My grandfather winced, forced back his shoulders, squinted, and gasped. His mobile grimace kept trying to become a smile. He

spoke in a tight voice:

"Like a twenty-year-old."

He made jerky bows like a mechanical sol-

dier with a sprung spring. He said, "We've got to go." Reigel asked, "That all?" Max said. "Yeah. Thanks."

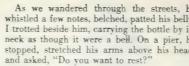
Reigel left, again carefully closing the door. "I'll send the meat to the store." said Max. "Fine," said my grandfather, "fine, fine."

When my grandfather had opened the door, Max grabbed my elbow and handed me the bottle of applejack.

"Give your grandpop a shot," he said, "when he feels better."

I ran after my grandfather, who was striding quickly through the warehouse toward one of the exits. By the time I got outside, he was leaning over the street, puking. He held his forehead with one hand, the back of his neck with the other. A strand of tan spittle hung from the corner of his mouth. When he pulled in his chin, the loose end of the strand swung over and attached itself to his vest. I sat on the curb a few feet away, holding the bottle on my left knee.

He wiped his lips with his sleeve. "Let's take a walk," he said.



"I'm not tired." I said. He scowled: "I am."

We sat on the end of the dock, our les dangling over the gray water. I unscrewe the top of the bottle and, thinking it would please my grandfather-"He's got my blood he'd said—I took a swig.

"I'm not ashamed of getting old," said n grandfather. He spat into the sea. "I've g my family now. I'll sit in my slippers ar play chess with your father, and if anythir happens you'll protect me, won't you. De nis?" He took the bottle from me and, aft wiping the top with his palm, said, "To tl Revolution."

I agreed: "To the Revolution."

He howled with laughter. Standing up, I drank the rest of the liquor-I watched, fa cinated, as his Adam's apple jiggled up ar down-and flung the empty bottle into the water. It bobbed, leaned over, and rolled wi the motion of the waves.

At noon, when we went home, we found n father standing in the dining room, his rig shoulder hunched up as he talked on the tel phone. After glancing at us, he quickly sa into the mouthpiece, "Never mind. They ju came in." He dropped the receiver into i cradle and, coming toward us, called, "Ethel

My mother appeared in the kitchen doc way, holding a wet half-naked potato in or hand and a peeler with a curl of potato sk dangling from its jaws in the other.

She walked to my grandfather and, three ening him with the potato, said, "You werer in the store." She wrinkled up her nose at looked at his chest. "What have you be drinking?"

My grandfather waved her away.

"We went to the market," he said.

She grabbed his arm.

"What have you been drinking?" she aske "Where did you go?" asked my father.
"To the market," I echoed.

My parents seemed less interested in a swers than in questions, as though the feat that had hulked around their imaginati while we were gone had left them in a of their ability to conjure up wonderful sasters. With their finicky, shallow prob "Where did you go? What did you drink? they were trying to sound the depth of the distrust of my grandfather. They wanted swers that would not only calm their app



ension of the morning, but heal the breach between my father and his father. That's what hey had come to Providence for. Their anger vas at their own mistrust. Their panic was at he recognition the mistrust might be wellounded.

"Open your mouth," my mother said to me.

I kept my lips shut.

"Open your mouth," said my grandfather. I did. My father, misreading my expression, aid, "That's right, Dennis, he's betraying ou.'

If I looked surprised, it was because my randfather's "Open your mouth" had been o comforting. I had only known him, after ll, for less than a day. Although I liked him, hadn't realized how much I trusted him. I new I wouldn't have opened my mouth for ither my mother or my father.

"What have you been drinking?" my moth-

r asked me.

"Applejack," said my grandfather. He oughed and added, "It's like apple juice." "It's not apple juice," said my mother.

"It's like apple juice," I said.

My father made a step toward me, patting ie air in a "Calm down, don't antagonize our mother" gesture. Understanding that my randfather was under attack, and wanting dramatize my support of him, I willfully terpreted my father's action as threatening. shouted, "Don't touch me," and ran to my andfather, who dropped his hands over my

oulders, for protection. My father stopped, and the long verticals his face slowly wrinkled up until the lines ere horizontal. It was as though he had been ansformed into a stranger. I no longer recogzed him, and his strangeness was thrilling. My mother, afraid of the sudden silence nich signaled the eruption of something she id been trying to avoid, fixed on the rolled lendar stuck into my pocket. Her concern d the typical quarrel she was encouraging ere strategies to evade what was beginning

"What's that?" she asked me.

"Max gave it to me," I said.

happen.

Having dropped both potato and peeler into r apron pocket, she unrolled the calendar. "Moses," she said. "Look."

"I just took him on an outing," my grand-

"Moses," my mother repeated. When my her, who was still gazing at my grand-her, didn't answer, she said, "I can't handle s." Dropping the calendar on the piano nch, she slammed into the kitchen.

My grandfather sat on the couch. My father :ked up the calendar and gave it to me.

"You know your mother loves you?" he said. "They wanted I nodded.

"You know I love you?" he said.

I said, "Yes."

My father glanced at my grandfather and then said to me, "Good."

My grandfather accepted this demonstration of filial love as a rebuke and, given what he assumed was a lack of any positive bond between my father and him, a punishment.

"I only took him on an outing," he said. My father sat next to him on the couch and,

leaning back, rubbed his face with both hands.

"It was a good thing to do," he said. He made a meaningless gesture-half-wave, halfgrasping-which he turned into a forehead scratch. "I'm jealous. You never took me on an outing."

My grandfather's expression did not change.

"Did you?" my father asked.

My grandfather thrust his hands into his pockets and jingled coins and keys.

"Did you?" asked my father, his voice

My grandfather looked sideways at the hassock beside the couch.

"Answer me!" my father shouted. "Will you please answer me!"

My grandfather did not answer.

My father licked his lips, stood up, and after glancing around as though puzzled left the room and walked out onto the front porch, letting the screen door slam behind him. He rapped on the window and shouted, "Sorry!"

My grandfather did not acknowledge him, so my father unfolded one of the porch chairs and sat down. Having leaned over to fix a disarrayed pant cuff or tie a shoe (all I could see through the glass was the irregular curve of his hunched back), my father settled more comfortably in the afternoon chill.

Without looking up, my grandfather said to me, "There's an envelope inside the piano

seat."

I lifted the top of the seat and found sheet music from a Cole Porter play, an empty but uncrushed Camel cigarette pack, two cloth BandAids, and a nine-by-twelve manila envelope, which I brought to my grandfather. He bent back the metal clasps and spilled out papers and photographs. After shuffling through the clutter on his lap, he slipped out a snapshot of a lanky, gawky man who was sitting on a grocery wagon and holding an infant in his arms. My grandfather studied the scene and said: "That's me. That's your father. We were on an outing." And he shot a triumphant look through the window at my father, who sat turned away from us on the porch, mouthing Russian vowels.

answers that would not only calm their apprehension of the morning, but heal the breach between my father and his father."



HARPER'S **JULY 1977**

TWO STALWARTS AMONG THE RUINS

by Evan Connell

Memoirs of Heinrich Schliemann, by Leo Deuel. Harper & Row, \$20. Sir Aurel Stein, by Jeannette Mirsky. University of Chicago Press, \$17.50.

AURICE GOGUEL, for fifty years a professor at the Faculté Libre de Théologie Protestante of the University of Paris, is said to have concentrated his entire intellectual life on one century and a half of Christian history. His masterpiece is Jésus et les origines de Christianisme-a work whose narrowness, crabbed austerity, and reluctance to please the reader have guaranteed its universal unpopularity. The same is not precisely true of the Memoirs of Heinrich Schliemann and Sir Aurel Stein. However, it would be surprising if these dense humorless biographies replaced any of those lollipops on the best-seller list.

Both are slow going for the same reason: authors Deuel and Mirsky chose to present definitive studies of men who are less famous than, let us say, Alexander the Great or Bing Crosby. Inevitably this meant accumulating twelve pounds of microscopic particulars, and not many of us care that during the summer of 1852 Schliemann met two of his sisters en route to the sea-bath at Rügen "... whilst I went over Wismar and Grevesmühlen to Kalkhorst to visit my uncle the Rever-

Evan Connell's most recent novel is Double Honeymoon. He is currently working on a collection of essays entitled El Dorado & Other Pursuits.



SCHLIEMANN

end F. Schliemann." Or that on November 15th, 1901, Stein was transferred from the Bengal to the Punjab Educational Service and arrived at his new headquarters in Rawalpindi after having spent a day at Mussoorie where the Trigonometric Survey Office was located.

In brief, unless you are a hopeless archaeological junkie to whom every tidbit of information brings a new high, there might be more about Heinrich and Sir Aurel in these volumes than you wish to know. But the books are handsome, the illustrations help—there is a photo of Stein in a cockaded hat that should be reproduced as a poster—and both authors are competent professional writers as well as thorough scholars, which means that you can invest in Schliemann or Stein

without getting burned. It just depend on the depth of your interest.

Anyway, the two characters are extraordinary.

CHLIEMANN, forty years olde sounds awful. Arthur De Gob neau wrote to a friend: "I a sending you a few myrtle leav taken from the tumulus of Hecuba ar a nice little white flower from the wrot Troy. As for the rest of the voyag we made it under a cloud of pedantr with Dr. Schliemann on the right ar another German professor on the le Fortunately, they took a dislike to earother."

The editor of the Levant Herald, man named Whittaker, recalls meeting Schliemann for the first time. The was a knock at the door and "a visit entered in the shape of a little m with a round bullet-like head, very I tle hair and a reddish face." Said t visitor: "You are Mr. Whittaker, think." Yes, said Whittaker, "I unde stand," said the visitor, "that you a better acquainted with Turkish the most of the other foreigners here: he many words are there in the Turkil dictionary?" Whittaker made a gue "Thank you," said the little man. " that case, if I learn so many words day, at the end of six weeks I shill know all the words of the language And he departed. Six weeks later came back. "I am very much obligi to you, Mr. Whittaker," he said. "Y were quite right in your calculation d I now know all the words conined in the Turkish dictionary. Here my card."

Schliemann's daughter Andromache id that her father's concern with alth was fanatical: "When my young-brother was baptized, with many tests solemnly assembled in the urch, my father suddenly whisked to a thermometer and took the temrature of the holy water. There was great commotion; the priest was outged." Schliemann also placed a copy the Iliad on the infant's head, but a sorcery failed; the boy grew up to come a merchant.

Sir Flinders Petrie described him as pund-headed, round-faced, round-tted, great round-goggled eyes, specled, cheeriest of beings, dogmatic, t always ready for facts." Petrie ist have been one of the few people hliemann liked and respected and s glad to see, because that cheeriest-beings phrase sounds out of charer. Ordinarily he was shrill, intolunt, conceited, and sarcastic.

He was also a stingy, ruthless, incible little man, too rigid and disciaed ever to lose himself in frivolous asure—which probably accounts for poor luck with women. Though he aself explained the problem this y: "Passion clouds my vision. I see y the virtues and never the failings the fair sex." Yet he was oddly inive, and at last he met Sophia, a utiful Greek mail-order bride, little re than a schoolgirl, and in some indible fashion they lived rather hap-

itein, by contrast, did not need nen. Mirsky thinks his work excit-him enough. He never married, but the same time he resembled every-ly's favorite grandfather—except t Grampa stayed comfortably at ne puffing a pipe while Sir Aurel ted around central Asia on the track ruined stupas, pilgrims, and mediesilk merchants.

both were acutely intelligent, willful 1 obsessed by places faraway and 3 ago; both quickly picked up for 1 languages—Schliemann could ak eighteen; and both relied on the for guidance. Schliemann's depence on Homer is well known, while n just as fully trusted the narrative Marco Polo and a seventh-century nese monk named Hsüan-tsang.

emperamentally, Schliemann was



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arrogant, devious, and melodramatic. Stein was almost shy, as frank as possible under sometimes delicate circumstances, and cautiously reserved in his deductions. Yet as different as they were, both achieved what they set out to do and their accomplishments, however meaningless to the great treacleating public, will not be forgotten by other archaeologists or by four-tenths of one percent of the citizenry.

Schliemann's excavations made him a celebrity because he announced that Hissarlik was the site of Troy and because he found some spectacular gold ornaments at Mycenae. Stein's discoveries in and around that remote meeting place of India, China, and Russia were less startling but no less important to our comprehension of the past.

BOTH MEN BEGAN their singular journeys quite early in life.
Schliemann's father often talked about the Trojan War.
"With great grief I heard from him that Troy had been so completely de-

stroyed, that it had disappeared without leaving any traces of its existence. ... 'Father,' retorted I, 'if such walls once existed, they cannot possibly have been completely destroyed: vast ruins of them must still remain, but they are hidden away beneath the dust of ages.' He maintained the contrary, whilst I remained firm in my opinion, and at last we both agreed that I should one day excavate Troy."

And according to Mirsky, before Stein got out of school he was familiar with the Indian. Persian. and Central Asian collections in the library of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. "There was neither fumbling nor hesitation in the course of Stein's education: from boyhood on, with no interruption, his work was clearly marked by his talents and interests."

Schliemann was less single-minded; along with a passion for Homeric deeds and heroes he became a murderously successful businessman. One night he had an intuition that saltpeter was bound to rise; immediately he jumped out of bed and sent telegrams to Ber-

lin, Hamburg, and Königsberg instruing his agents to buy saltpeter. It we up and he made a profit of 40,0 talers. The following year he cetrolled one-third of all the indigo i ported by Russia. During the Americ Civil War he got a good grip on coton. "Heaven continued to bless all mercantile undertakings in a wonder manner..."

Later, as a very rich man excaving prehistoric ruins, he still manage to look after his bonds, stocks, a rental properties. He saw nothing congruous about sitting in on t games at once; it made perfect set to him, and he was right. If he had had money he could not have rust around the Aegean digging things

When he finally did launch his chaeological career it was like no er launching before or since. With Hiad in hand, he sat on a rooftop or looking the plateau of Hissarlik a imagined the epic siege. For two hou he said, until darkness and hun, forced him off the roof, "the mevents of the Hiad passed before

Thus prepared, he assaulted Hiss lik with spades, pickaxes, levers, scre jacks, chains, windlasses, and batt ing rams. And he never tired of culating how many cubic meters earth his workmen hauled away. I trench he gouged through the anci hill looks as though he had planne railroad. But he found what he was ter: "...idols of very fine marble; on many of them is the owl's face a a female girdle with dots; upon there are in addition two female brea Of painting upon terra-cotta th is still no trace; most of the vessels of a simple brilliant black, yellow, brown colour...." Then came m important items: copper shields lances, gold cups, bracelets, earring

Despite the presence of a Turk official, Schliemann managed to sm gle this treasure away from Hissau and out of the country, later explaing that he did so in order to save for science. He also said that the Tu ish government had broken its contwith him—which might have been case. And, in a wonderful penny-pining non sequitur that would h warmed the heart of Hughes or Ge he added that the gold compensahim for the disagreeable meddling

and diadems.

FOR THE
PATH
SHE MUST
FOLLOW

After a lifetime of hiding In the dry wastes of the sun

At last she is caught, In the cool shadows

by Patricia Goedicke

Shaking a little, as the wind Flickers among the leaves,

But even when the car door bangs open, When the lights of the motor flare

Let nothing disturb her, on the rim of night Drinking up all the stars,

Let waterfalls, flaming comets Cascade through her veins

And those daytime harriers, Husband, household, all Duties vanish, for now,

For the path she must follow is the swift Subtle path of the deer:

On the heels of the rising moon On all fours, on the grassy bank

When she looks up, with her mouth Still dripping wet

As a new planet she appears, Swimming across the heavens she moves

Gracefully, for the first time In years. the watchman "to whom I was forced

to pay 43/4 francs a day."

Next on his list of conquests was Mycenae, and what he extracted from these ruins fairly eclipsed the Hissarlik treasure. Gold breastplates, masks, goblets, rings, gems, ceramics, ivories, glassware, an alabaster egg, bronze and copper weapons, and the remains of at least fifteen royal burials. Schliemann never doubted that one grave held the dust of Agamemnon. "In ecstasy," says Deuel, "he lifted the golden face mask of the buried prince and kissed it."

Charles Newton, director of the British Museum, pointed out that vases from Rhodes in the same style as those from the Mycenaean graves could be dated at about 1400 B.C.-two centuries before the Trojan War. Schliemann nevertheless continued to insist that he had found Agamemnon.

Third on his list was Crete where he expected to locate the buried palace of King Minos. And his little army equipped with crowbars and pickaxes undoubtedly would have found it, but the time was not ripe. Schliemann haggled about costs, a revolution seemed just around the corner, and so the idea withered, leaving Minos's palace to Sir Arthur Evans a few years later.

Schliemann was now close to seventy and looked much older. He had been naving ear trouble and while he was n Naples it got worse. On Christmas Day, 1890, as he was crossing a pubic square he collapsed. Unable to peak, almost paralyzed, he was caried to a hospital, but because he did ot have any identification they would ot take him in. Nobody knew who he as, nor what to do with him, so they arted him off to a police station. At ist somebody called the doctor whose ame was on a prescription found in is pocket, and Schliemann was deosited in a hotel. The next day, while ght doctors in an adjoining room iscussed his condition, he died. It ounds like the end of a story by hekhov.

Whether he actually found the ruins Troy and the body of Agamemnon not the point. As Deuel says: "Schlieann's discoveries were to be the fountion of a whole branch of archaeogical and historical studies which ntinue to make major contributions. vey led directly to other peaks in chaeology: the still more ancient vilization of Crete; the finding and

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eventual decipherment of the ancient Mycenaean-Minoan script Linear B; and the revolutionizing of all our views of the Mediterranean and European prehistory."

EANWHILE, back at the stupa, Sir Aurel was industriously studying Hsüan-tsang and Marco Polo while plotting a safari through Chinese Turkestan: "It is well known from historical records that the territory of the present Khotan has been an ancient centre of Buddhist culture...."

Physically, Stein was small but his endurance was redoubtable. During his sixties, when he went on a trip through the Northwest Frontier, a young Indian assigned to accompany the elderly scientist reported back to his officer: "Stein Sahib is some kind of supernatural being, not human. I could not keep up with him. Please do not send me to him again, Sir."

And on the first Turkestan expedition he appalled everybody. Just outside the Indian border he spent five days climbing Muztagh Ata. He and his guides started off riding yaks but at 16,500 feet the animals were struggling for air. At 17,000 the Kirghiz vakmen, stricken with violent headaches, began vomiting. At 19,000 feet a Punyali mountaineer had to quit. Stein and two natives went on up to 20,000. He felt fine. He stopped at 20,000 because he was looking down on practically the entire Pamir range, and that had been the reason for the excursion-he thought there would be a good view.

Sightseeing might be all very well, but he was on his way to the Taklamakan Desert where he expected Hsüantsang and Marco Polo would lead him to ancient cities buried in the sand. At the site of Dandan-Uiliq he put his men to work. They uncovered frescoes and painted reliefs, Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, the elephant-headed Indian Ganesha, a lacquered Chinese wooden bowl, Brahmi manuscripts-a satisfying cultural mix. No Mycenaean hammered gold masks, but Stein was not disappointed; like most archaeologists, he agreed with Augustus Pitt-Rivers that common things are of more importance than particular things because they are more prevalent.

He found at Dandan-Uiliq, among other things just as common, a frag-

ment of water-lined paper on which was written in Chinese characters a petition for the recovery of a donker that had been leased but not returned The date corresponded to 781 A.D.

At another site he discovered beneath seven feet of sand a temple wall agains which stood a row of enormous stucce statues. When the excavation had beer completed, when he had measured and photographed everything, he ordered his men to bury the impressive statues where they stood. They would have crumbled if he had tried to move them and the sand that had protected them for centuries would do so again. "It was a melancholy duty," Stein observes, "strangely reminding me of a true burial."

He got back to London in 1901 with 800 photographic negatives on glass and a variety of small antiquities for the British Museum. How he carried 800 glass plates from a Chinese deser to England has never been adequate by explained.

The second expedition made him fa mous. At the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas he found treasure that could be appreciated by the public as wel as by specialists. These caves at Ch'ien fo-tung, near China's westernmost oa sis, form irregular tiers in an almost perpendicular cliff, and Stein said they reminded him of the troglodyte dwell ings of anchorites that he had seen in early Italian paintings. A cache of verold manuscripts was rumored to be somewhere in them. The manuscript had been discovered accidentally in a walled-up grotto by one of the residen Taoist monks, who, after realizing how sacred they were, walled up the er trance once more. Stein was most anx ious to examine them and, if possible to pack off the most enlightening reelations to England.

He was introduced to the monly Wang Tao-shih, whom he found quit shy and nervous "with an occasion expression of cunning which was from encouraging." Stein hinted at donation to the temple, but this was far from enough; the intricate sedution of Wang Tao-shih had only ju begun.

Stein's secretary, Chiang, was the istermediary, and at last Chiang arrange for Stein to have a look: "The sig the small room disclosed was one make my eyes open wide. Heaped in layers, but without perfect orde."

here appeared in the dim light of the priest's little lamp a solid mass of nanuscript bundles rising to a height of nearly ten feet, and filling, as subequent measurement showed, close to 600 cubic feet." None of the manucripts had been read or even seen, exept by this monk, since the eleventh entury.

Chiang and Stein, as supple as realstate salesmen, flattered and prompted he monk until he let them inspect a ew. "The joined strips of strongly ade and remarkably tough and mooth yellowish paper, often ten ards or more long, were neatly rolled p after the fashion of Greek papyri, ver small sticks of hard wood...." ne roll, covered with Gupta-type rahmi writing, was seventy feet long ith a picture at one end of two geese anding on lotuses. And there were mple banners, and a fourth-century anskrit text written on palm leaves. nd paintings on fine gauzelike silk. It ems incredible that Stein persuaded te anxious priest to let go of any of is, but when he said goodbye to 7ang Tao-shih he had twelve cases acked with manuscript and embroi-

His reward was knighthood.

URING THE remaining years of his long life he never equaled his triumph at the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas, but never quit prospecting: "I do not ish to end my days tamely in the ady or poking into areas which otherwish have searched over & over again." In 1943 he died and was buried in abul, which sounds infinitely far om home. But home is where you ink it is, and up there close to that am in the roof of the world he was ppiest.

When he was a boy he had been scinated by Alexander's Eastern camigns. Mirsky thinks he may also have en influenced by Schliemann's excations. Then as he grew up he became sessed by Marco Polo and Hsüanng. So the pattern was fixed. From se three—Alexander, Marco Polo, üan-tsang—he formed a triangle hose sides connected antiquity with Middle Ages, East and West, intertional trade with a universalistic reion, Buddhism. Stein's role was to recive their interconnections

thus giving them life and meaning."

Mirsky summarizes it well enough, just as Deuel has explained Schliemann, but books of this sort cannot tell the full story. A biography can only describe and perhaps interpret some-body's achievement; comprehending that achievement depends on a deeper conduit of information.

For example, it's a long long way from Hissarlik or Dandan-Uiliq to the ruins of Palenque in a Mexican jungle, but not until I visited Palenque did I start to understand what Schliemann and Stein and the other archaeologists have accomplished.

On a muggy sunny April noon I wandered up the rocky terraces to those ancient lime-discolored buildings, investigated the crumbling white sanctuary where Waldeck slung his hammock in 1833, saw the ball court and the aqueduct, and finally climbed the Temple of Inscriptions to the platform where Mayan priests had stood. Here, out of the tropic sun, beneath a frieze of carved

and painted glyphs, I was looking across the greenish-black jungle toward the horizon thirty or forty miles away when two young gringo tourists climbed the steep staircase and settled on a nearby parapet. One was Danish, the other American. The American was wearing sandals, khaki shorts, and a Goodyear baseball cap. He had a fresh beard and carried a flute-which I had heard echoing through the warm, gloomy, dripping corridors-and he was tremendously excited, telling his Danish friend that he planned to spend six months of every year at Palenque. He would get a job in the States, work six months, and save enough to spend the rest of the year among these ruins.

Palenque! Palenque! he exclaimed. I can't believe it! I'm really at Palenque!

And he assured his friend that he was not just talking. He had made up his mind. He would work a while, then live beside the ruins where a man could play his flute and get away from the material world.



He won't, of course. By now he's probably married and may be a father, and under those circumstances one can't go to Palenque every six months. In fact, he may never visit the site again, but that's unimportant. What

does matter is that he will never forget what he saw and how he felt. Because of some archaeologists, he had met the past, and a lime-streaked resurrected city of seventh-century Indians had given his life another dimension.

A FAN'S NOTES

by Edward Troagland

Five Seasons: A Baseball Companion, by Roger Angell. Simon and Schuster, \$9.95.

NE OF THE CLICHÉS Of publishing has been that sports books don't sell well. It indicates perhaps an insincerity among the sort of people who both like to read and want to tell you how the Mets are doing. Sports are a men's club, a way men have of shoving shoulders in a friendly fashion, but the cult of sport is put to several ulterior uses. It stands for a fine, virtuous breadth of interest and for the common touch. Not only does the fellow quote you Kierkegaard and know his Borges, he remembers Pete Reiser with love.

A businessman who begins lunch by telling you who won the Knicks game last night is signaling that although he's sitting here in the Côte Basque, he knows what will go over in Indianapolis and is never at a loss for words. Basketball because of its snazzy quickness represents fast thinking, team play, the ability to pay attention and follow the ball. An enthusiasm for long-distance running speaks for itself; and horse racing has a gambling man's seductiveness. Football, like boxing, which is much simpler, personifies the fight of your life, the pain of being overmatched, the downs, the ups, or the pain of bad luck.

In the Nixon Cabinet, if you knew how the Colts were doing, you were hard-nosed, you were all right. The padded uniforms and hooded helmets and stereotyped patterns of play all serve to disguise the brutality of football, as boxing's brutality is not, but the simplicity and nakedness of boxing has created some moments of stark al-

Edward Hoagland has written seven books. His early study of boxing, The Circle Home (1960), has just been reissued by Avon. legory which football has never matched. Run-of-the-mill football is less exasperating than bad boxing, however, because there is so much more going on to watch. A prizefight that is no good carries a special insult to the fans that makes them call the fighters bums. Because in theory almost everybody can fight, the fact that they are paying to watch somebody else means that no matter how badly he fights, he fights better than they could. Football, by comparison, is codified and clipped. From its collegiate start, it is rational and aims for clarity-for options like a table game-which has made it ideal for scheduling as television entertainment (except the half-time break).

Baseball has stood for lovalty to the verities, memories of innocence, patience with ritual; surely no one who cared about baseball could be an opportunist at heart. On the one hand, you followed baseball because you remembered your origins, whatever they were. On the other, you went in for tennis and skiing to show you had grown with your job, had sought the badges of success. Baseball was the national pastime because it left too much leeway to be worn as a badge, left room for personality too, a roominess that football with its helmets and stopwatch lacks. The funny emphasis upon statistics made for an emphasis upon individuals that was unique. The "major leagues," the "minor leagues"—there was a seriousness to baseball, a panoply of complications, qualificationsthe number of times each player performed in splendid isolation in the course of the game and yet the crowded cast, the number of games. A ballplayer's active life was as short as a dog's, but still you didn't really need to care, because he didn't die, only the fable you had made of him; a new pup was warming up.

HE DILEMMA for a writer has been to try to bring an outdoor pastime indoors. I've never read a sporting novel that succeeded as do novels of the sea or of the West, for instance, although I've read a number that attempted to inflate one sport or another into a subject as pelagic as the sea and as enormous as the West. The solution seems to lie with a zinging new book out about baseball by Roger Angell called Five Seasons. Simply five years' worth of pieces for The New Yorker juggled into a sequence, it is so jammed with glee and eagerness and lore and exact fact that they all do manage to meld together. He wanders Yankee Stadium as if he owns it-down from the press box to the back of the lower deck, "that old and wonderful New York baseball panorama, the Stadium playing field viewed as a narrow, skyless slot of intense green framed between the black of the overhanging mezzanine and the black of the seated crowd." Out then to the stands in far left where mostly old men sit alone; and the parade of names, meanwhile, a festivity of names, like Thurman Munson, Graig Nettles, Jorge Orta, Dock Ellis, Catfish Hunter, and on and on, because no other country, no other sport in the world has such an exuberance of names as ours.

Although Angell is fifty-six, his book is not merely another case of Memory Lane; he roots it in the past five years. The Cincinnati Reds are the first hot team "that has been specifically designed to take advantage of Astroturf, which puts such a premium on team quickness and superior throwing." Pete Rose "is ardent, entertaining and unquenchable. He burns by day and night. He sprints to first base on walks, dives on his belly on the base paths or chasing line drives in the outfield, and pulls in fly balls with a slicing, downward motion that says 'There!'" Steve Blass had a "feet-together stance at the outermost, first-base edge of the pitching rubber, and then the pitch delivered with a swastika-like scattering of arms and legs and a final lurch to the left."

The savage element of money ha invaded even the players' side of base ball lately and has lent it what maturn out to be a new dimension. Angel takes an uncertain crack at defining this, having defined all of the old dimensions already. On more mundan

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matters, he says that batters have been losing out to pitchers because of the many night games, because of better pitcher-coaching, better bullpens, and the invention of the slider, which can be thrown with no discernible change in motion. He suggests an orange baseball, and shaving the edges of home plate a little, so that the .275 "slugger" can become a .350 hitter again; but no disruptive alterations like the "designated hitter," who disjoints the essential strategy of the game, or a World Series propelled into such wintry weather by wild-card play-off games that it reaches the status of a Sugar Bowl at

Outside the ball park, Mr. Angell is a New Yorker editor and over many years has helped to shape that publication's famous shrinking-violet writing style. Very occasionally he himself falls victim to it. More often he is on vacation, though, pleasuring himself with the traditional chestnuts of baseball scribes: "the starting hurler," "the starboard garden," "the visiting nine," "the pill," "a hummer," "a round-tripper,"

"a four-ply blow," "heavy mitting," a "rainmaking" fly. Perhaps because The New Yorker tends to run overlong profiles, he avoids profiles on these days off. Indeed, except for Blass (who has a writerly "block") and a baseball scout named Ray Scarborough, we hear rather little about most of the people behind the lively feats he makes us privy to. He's short on atmosphere also, a feel for time and place, although he's so lavish with action, names, a thousand bits of memory thrown glittering in together, so full of modesty and humor and generous spirits you know he has it and has assumed that you do too. The only other way he might be faulted is that, except for a few overtargeted villains like Charlie Finley and Bowie Kuhn, he never says anything about anybody that might wear out his welcome anywhere; he's awfully dis-

But this is quibbling. The book is irresistible, the best companion to the sport since Angell's own *The Summer Game* in 1972, which incidentally sold quite well.

THORN ON THE WIND

by Charles Nicol

The Thorn Birds, by Colleen Mc-Cullough. Harper & Row, \$9.95

APERBACK RIGHTS TO this novel were purchased for a record \$1,900,000, half of which went to the author. Advances from overseas publishers, \$650,000 so far, go directly to her. That's a lot of money. Not counting her advance from the hardcover publisher. Or film rights. More money than I'll make teaching college for forty years.

On the other hand, when the Penn Central was bled bankrupt by its management a few years ago, if I remember correctly top executives got more money than this in its last two years. Surely Ms. McCullough's work was harder, more honest and deserving. Her manuscript weighed ten pounds.

In fact, her rewards are rather cheerful news. After all, *The Thorn Birds* is not a set of lies about a hastily invented mystery like the Bermuda Triangle; a sawdust-stuffed, expensively packaged book&movie about sharks or never having to say you're sorry; or gossip about the lurid lives of movie stars, bought in outline form and sold by the yard. It is neither scandalous nor prurient. It insults neither the intelligence of mankind nor the trees that have been pulped to produce its pages. Instead, The Thorn Birds is honest, earnest, well written, and tolerably interesting, good rather than brilliant, but puzzling: why were these publishers putting all this money into such a hook?

Rereading the publisher's description I finally got the point of what they were calling it: an "Australian Gone With the Wind." Gone With the Wind! The novel that sold 200,000 copies its first month and then won the Pulitzer Prize. The novel the Book-of-the-Month Club prays to. I tried to Charles Nicol is an associate professor at Indiana State University.

see it their way ... and maybe they'v got a point. There are resemblances

I didn't like Gone With the Win much either. I have no interest in nov els with more earnestness than wit when they win the Pulitzer they rarel win me. Earnest? The Thorn Birdititle comes from a little legend possibl invented by its author, about a bir that looks for a long thorn on whic to impale itself, and while dying, sing with spectacular beauty. That's earnes Even Shelley only fell upon the thorn of life; he didn't leap. Freudians might call the imagery feminine. I call sticky.

This then, is a novel about the nobility of suffering deeply. Its author habeen a neurophysiologist for ten year and, according to early press release will be in nursing school by the timber novel is published. That's earner too.

Starting in New Zealand, The Thor Birds soon moves to its home base, a enormous ranch on the central gras lands of Australia, where the land scape is magnified Texas: lonelie drier, larger than Edna Ferber's Gian But the ranch, Drogheda, takes i name from Irish lore as Tara doe (Drogheda was a besieged town-lil Atlanta-and, in fact, is mentioned i Gone With the Wind.) With later trip to the rainy north and an island of the barrier reef, we get a good to of Australia. These descriptions as undeniably eloquent and evocative, n tourist research got up for the occasion but the observations of a long-stunne resident; they sustain the action ar provide viewing space for this length book, giving epic overtones to a rath domestic story.

Yet while the climate frequent dominates our emotions, we sper most of our time indoors. The anima of Australia are almost invisible: t sheep that live on Drogheda by t tens of thousands and make up commerce with the outside world rai ly smell, bleat, or even make an a pearance except as the staple meat the table. Kangaroos infest the far but are mentioned, I believe, or once; other animals rarely. Apparen the children in this novel did a lot sleeping and reading. How did c author grow up in New South Wale Our suspicion of her myopia gro when we reach the only sequence volving animals, the attack of a w oar. It gores a poor fellow and then, ying, collapses on top of him, smothring him with its "fifteen-hundredound bulk." That's a lot of hog.

No, aside from a few climactic moents, the details of Australian life resented here are domestic details, e details of a straight women's nov-: by a woman, about a woman, for omen. (For a contrary example, Fear Flying would be a novel by a woma about a woman, for men.) We uld even read, if we preferred, a ng novel about Australia, by a womi, about a man, for everybody, the cellent Fortunes of Richard Mahony, sweeping trilogy written almost fifty ars ago by Henry Handel Richardn, who was actually Henrietta Richdson Robertson.

HE THORN BIRDS is about Meggie Cleary, who never manages to be very interesting; we follow her from her fourth thday to old age, witnessing her casionally successful pursuit of orns. On that fourth birthday she is en a doll which her older brothers emptly dismantle. This is the mood the novel-perhaps the mood of :ny women's novels: pessimistic and ssive. Pain comes quickly on the els of pleasure; men's interests are ier than women's, and generally denental to them; women's one advane, motherhood, makes them, ultitely, more vulnerable. Nobody is r very happy for very long. Gone h the wind.

Actually, we are not just in the world women here, but the world of redded Irish Catholics. Was Scarlett Iara Catholic? If we judge by Scarand Meggie, the heroines of wominovels have a remarkable tency to marry one man because they another. But Meggy is doubly uncy, for she loves a priest and maranise instead.

he priest is our main male charre. Extremely handsome and exnely ambitious, with the unlikely se of Ralph de Bricassart, he has ad Meggie for no particular reason since he first saw her when he a young priest and she was about

However, he isn't particularly pted by sins of the flesh. In Ralph is a good touch, and believable. come to think of it, nobody in this novel is very lusty. They all prefer working. And here we part company with Gone With the Wind.

Meggie isn't interested in lust either, just procreation. She waits a long, long time and then finally wants to have Ralph's child so much that she marries a man who looks like him just to conceive a son who matches her fantasies. But the clod gives her a daughter instead and then gets more interested in cutting sugar cane than making love. Poor Meggie. So, since Meggie loves Ralph and Ralph loves Meggie, and Meggie has been so very patient, our author finally arranges things so she can have Ralph's child: they get stuck together in an isolated hut on the barrier reef for a week, surrounded by white sand, in a kind of sanitary Garden of Eden with chlorine added, and then Meggie has a son who grows up to become a priest too before he drowns. It's all unintentionally fantastic. And we are expected to believe that Father Ralph never guesses the child is his, although everyone else takes one look and figures it out. Supposedly, they are all being kind in not telling him. I don't think I understand Catholics.

And finally it dawns. Since Ralph is a priest, this can be a "great" love story, Héloïse and Abélard-well, Abélard anyway. I can see him on the cover of the paperback, holding Meggie in his arms while she looks up at him and he looks away. But while that vision may sell a million copies, I don't think it's quite what Colleen McCullough had in mind. I think she finds most Australians to be crude louts, obsessed with their land and uninterested in their women. She sees the interests of men and women as basically different, and few men sensitive enough to understand red-haired girls. I think she views the Catholic church as both an awesome institution and another of those masculine instruments designed to keep women away from the real action. So Meggie's triumph is not in her love, but in her pregnancy, a victory over men and all their works.

The novel ends rather conventionally, with Meggie's daughter going off to London, where she becomes a great actress, and finally marrying a patient German politician in 1969. That seems to reconcile the enmity of men and women.

HARPER'S/JULY 1977

Back, by popular demand.

Just a few years ago, illegal hunting and encroaching civilization had all but destroyed the alligator population in the south. They were added to the official list of endangered species in the United States.

Now alligators have made a comeback.



A ROSE - COLOR ED MAP

Country music's ideal landscape

by Ben Marsl

OUNTRY MUSIC PRESENTS two images of life-life as it should be, and life as it should not be. The conflict between these two themes is the force that drives country music; it is this dialectic of right and wrong that makes country music exciting to the millions who listen to it. Perhaps the melodies are formulaic, but it is the lyrics that sell the songs, the descriptions of everyday people facing problems and making right or wrong decisions about them. The right decision is the one that lets people be honest, faithful, moral, and therefore happy.

Right and wrong in country music are not distributed randomly across the American landscape. Goodness is concentrated in the South and in the countryside, while badness is far more common in cities and in the North. If the lyrics of country songs were all someone knew about America, he would think that everything of value was in the rural South. Country music contains a clear, if incidental, regional geography of the South, describing its terrain, its climate, its agriculture, and its natural resources. Everybody in country songs grew up on a farm in the South, where their parents still live. The normal city in country music is Nashville, the normal river is the Mississippi, the normal beer is Lone Star, the normal crop is cotton, the normal dog is a hound, and the normal food is black-eyed peas. And if the directions given in various songs are treated like a road map, that map says it is "up" to Chicago and Cincinnati, "down" to New Orleans and Georgia, "over" or "across" to the Carolinas. and "out" to Texas or California, while it is "back" to Tennessee or Kentucky, "back" to the mountains, and "back" to the farm. The center of country music's map of America is clearly the rural South, especially the mountain states.

The South, as it is presented in country music, is the best possible place to live, the standard for comparing all other places, especially the Northern city. The North, in general, is a cold, gray, hazy area at the periphery of country music's map, as far from home as one can get. Listen to one song or a hundred, the pattern is the same. If a song is about someone being unfaithful, drunken, jobless, or lonely, it will be in a city, probably in the North. If a song is about family, security, childhood, love, or other pleasant things, it will be in the South,

Ben Marsh is a graduate student in the department of geography, Pennsylvania State University. probably on a farm. Texas usually appears as a land of heroic men and ro mantic women. Canada and Alask, show up as our new frontiers, important places for individualists. An California is an ambiguous place with both Southern and Northern characteristics, perhaps a reflection of the conflict between the agricultural and urban parts of that state.

There are obvious advantages fo the writers of allegorical tales lik country music's to have a convention alized geography to reinforce the mes sage. But why does country music us this image of America? Why is cour try music so pleased with the Sout and so upset with the North? The ar swer to this question lies not in th actual geography of the United States but in how country music's audienc perceives the geography of the Unite States. It is not a question of wha America is, but of what America mear to these people. As a result, the que tion has to do with far more than jua style of singing, it has to do wit the attitudes of the millions of Amer cans who listen to country musicattitudes about regional differences American society, about the role the media as part of the America power structure, and about the value of progress in general.



of the geography in count music is that it is a reflective of the geography of count music. This argument holds that country music views the world from to South because most of the performe, or most of the audience, live in the South. However, this is untrue. Country music is not exclusively Souther in any sense but its history and its propective. True, most of the older promers came from the South, It many were from Northern states is

nois and Pennsylvania, or even m Canada. And modern country sic stars are from all over the Engespeaking world.

Country music's audience is even Southern than its performers. The sic is indisputably popular in the th, but the evidence-from the disution of country music radio stais, from performers' itineraries, from the regional circulation of magazines-indicates that country sic has more listeners outside the th than in it. Some suggest that is because a large part of country ic's audience is homesick expate Southerners living in Northern s, but the data does not support . For example, country music is as one would expect, especially ular in industrial cities such as roit, which traditionally has been ole of South-North migration.

ountry music's Southern perspecon the world must be treated as bolism, not reporting. Perhaps try music once glorified the South use it was parochial music about I places, but it is now popular ly everywhere. In the United es country music is the typical mum stage at small-town high schools county fairs all across America, on the radio in machine shops and ty parlors, on truckers' tape decks, on jukeboxes in ten thousand littars.

understand how the vision of rica in country music is approe to this audience, it is necessary ok carefully at how country mufunctions in American culture. itry music comes to its audience igh the media and must be viewed tat context. Country music's moplays appear on records, in es, in magazines, on syndicated ision shows, and especially over adio. The history of early counnusic is inseparable from the hisof early radio, and there are now 1,700 radio stations in the U.S. play country music every day. try music is a radio ministry, and ospel it preaches-that we should moral, righteous, and Southern kes sense when it is seen in this

untry music's view of America be compared with another view, stinctive as country music's but ng a different perspective—the image projected by network television, the wire services, and mass-circulation magazines. In these media virtually all the decisions about content are made in New York, Washington, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Accordingly, the brightest, most exciting, most memorable spots on these, our most frequently reinforced pictures of our land, are the big cities. Compared to them, the South and the rest of the country seem almost featureless, perhaps a little sinister, or maybe just boring.

Country music's image of America contradicts that of the "mainstream" American media-and that is its appeal. The South is presented as a virtuous place to country music fans all over America not for what it is, but for what it is not. Unlike the North, the seat of the media, the South is not responsible for the shape we are in. According to the media's own reporting, the South has had nothing to do with inflation, taxes, shortages, abuses of federal power, Supreme Court rulings, and so forth. The same innocence of the sins of power that let Jimmy Carter go from ex-governor of Georgia to President in twenty-two months lets country music paint the South as a haven from the sins of the nation.

The South has escaped bad press mostly because it is underreported, and this is why country music has been free to impose whatever meaning it chooses on the South. When the South has appeared in the national media, it has been portrayed as backward, ignorant, and reactionary. But country music can transform these attributes into virtues: backward easily becomes rustic, ignorant becomes simple and uncomplicated, and reactionary becomes old-fashioned.

HE ABILITY TO SEE a region which is nearly ignored in the media as the best part of America, and to see the centers of media power as the worst part, reflects deep displeasure by millions of Americans with the content of those media. Country music's gloomy image of the North is a reflection of what the audience feels about what is happening to America in general. The South, in contrast, is a picture of how the nation would be if it had not gone astray.

What country music's audience seeks to escape by vicarious life in the rural South is, in a word, progress. Country music's South is above all old-fashioned. Life in the South means oldfashioned family, old-fashioned religion, old-fashioned values. Life in the South is life in the past, a laundered past without smallpox and without lynchings. This is what country music's rural Southern perspective is all about-the South has none of the problems of the North, and the country has none of the problems of the city, because the past has none of the problems of the present. Country music's South provides escape from modern America.

It seems extreme to suggest that millions of Americans feel the need to escape from the land they live in, vet that is the clear message of country music's picture of the world. Escape is certainly a common enough theme in the rest of country music. Drinking, divorce, traveling, prison, and death can all be considered kinds of escape, and all are quite common in country music. To Freud the countryside itself symbolized escape. The rural South is just another kind of escape; it is a place where one avoids the problems of the modern world and lives the simple, friendly, old-fashioned country

Who are the people who feel they need country music's exit and haven from the world we all live in? It is possible to construct a picture of an average country music listener from various kinds of television, radio, and magazine marketing data. The picture of this average person is entirely consonant with his expressed desire to avoid the wrongs of modern American life. Quite simply, the person who needs to escape into the mythically old-fashioned South is the one who is losing something as America progresses. It is not the rural-urban migrant, it is not the second- or thirdgeneration European-American, it is not the Black. All these people have gained as America industrializes, urbanizes, progresses. None of them fear the future and cherish the past. None of them could be as nostalgic as the country music fan for a South that never was.

Country music is for the small-town American. Country music and its image of America pleases those millions T

A door opens and the bug gets in and lies in the wound. Jackin-the-Corner. Aboriginal among aboriginals but older, he goes with the furniture of the hospital—
tired wood of the electrocardiagram, yellow screen for private occasions, your locker or little home, they're all made for the bug.

П

He cleans out your wound. Can you bereave him?

Every facet of bug-crystal shows through to there but here is a sweetmeat, candy-heart, here is a window to long through and a valley through glass but the bug says goodbye because you never had the mileage.

Dennis Silk

THE FOURTH WORLD

exists like the equator, An imaginary line In the minds of generations Bleeding in the first three.

The geography of hope We learned in childhood Remains like a firmament In the bitter skies of age.

The ancestors, each in his time, Fought under the known flag Of the birthright of a new world: Pure, compassionate, the reconciliation Of all the opposites in armor.

The painted lamb
Grazing beside the lion
In The Peaceable Kingdom
Is nearer than we are, caught
In the iron dens of the destroyers.

The inhabitants of the fourth world Know one another by signs And intimations, travel in parallel On the homicidal globe, Meet on the borders of the years As in a future dream.

Don Gordon

of quiet people in traditional, socially conservative communities who daily face erosion of the values that make their lives meaningful. America is moving from the nineteenth century into mass society not in a smooth glide, but in a series of painful little shocks, and the person most likely to appreciate country music is the person for whom those shocks hurt most. Country music's function is to replenish the system of values that we seem to be losing.

The image of America in country music may seem extreme and one-sided, but it is in answer to what its audience perceives as an extreme and one-sided world. It is important to these threatened Americans everywhere to know that there is still a region in this land where life is lived as they know it should be, and where there is relief from the changes they fear. The fiction of the rural South in country music is that place.

Y GLORIFYING THE SOUTH, country music departs radically from nearly every other popular geography of the United States. But country music's message that America is taking drastically wrong directions is radical, too. Country music seems to have almost Marxian overtones in its treatment of the injuries of class. Poverty is ennobling, for example, while wealth imprisons its owners. And some recent songs have been surprisingly militant in their calls for greater social justice through rejection of illegitimate authority and through greater economic equity. Johnny Cash has produced several successful songs in the past few years about men's attempts to get more control on their jobs. In one an auto worker steals a Cadillac "one piece at a time" in his lunchbox; in another a hungry farmworker steals a strawberry cake from a fancy hotel, after spending weeks picking strawberries; and in a third song a machinist plots that on the day he retires he will punch out his boss as he leaves. The songs are meant to be ironic, yet they are portravals of what would be acts of revolution if they occurred en masse. In content and even in style, these songs are reminiscent of Woody Guthrie's songs during the Depression.

Partly because of this radicalness,

an odd convergence has taken pla between country music and the mu descended from the folk/protest tra tion of the Sixties, sometimes cal "folk-rock." Both are displeased w modern urban America and each u instrumentation and arrangements rived from their common Appalachi folk origins. The result is that themes and the performances in two genres are similar enough t performers like Kris Kristofferson Commander Cody. who are virtue antithetical in politics, religion, a life-style to the average country f can compete in the same market w some performers so puritanical t they will not appear in clubs wh liquor is served.

Country music shares its radica positive image of the South with t other recent national movements. N ther the election of Jimmy Carter the Presidency, nor those southwa migrations of population, indust and political power to the so-cal Sun Belt, would have been possible the face of strong anti-Southern s timent. There are obvious differen between the motivations that de mine how people vote, where they me to, and what kind of music they lis to, but perhaps all these events best thought of as manifestations a single change in attitude. In ye to come we can only expect to more reaction to the old alignment power in America, power expres through the government and the ma

America was settled by immigra and we have never stopped movi From Plymouth Rock to the Cuml land Gap to the Oregon Trail, if a r did not like life where he was, he co move down the road and it would different. But we have run out of fi tiers. Today, if a new place is need an old place must be redefined. Co try music is showing us this proin action, as a major American res acquires a new image. However, legiance to this new South takes p at the expense of allegiance to country as a whole. The irony of co try music's audience considering il to be an especially patriotic groul that it is loyal to a mythical ear America as symbolized by the sur old-fashioned South of country mi not to America as it now exists.

HARPER'S/JULY

FEARFUL SYMMETRY

ne Rockettes: conformity on parade

by John Lahr

HE ROCKETTES have strutkicked. fan-kicked, hitchkicked, piano-key-kicked their way into the American imagiion-a daydream of perfection that nits no individuality and therefore frailty. But America's foremost choline has become an endangered spe-3. The Radio City Music Hall is iding the Rockettes one-year conts only, and keeping mum about prospects of filling its 6,200-seat ise. In the harsh economies of our es, good legs and a high kick are enough to rejuvenate the tired busisman or send the salmon going upam in the urban adolescent whose asies are more tit than tap. So the on of idealized human endeavor ch thirty Rockettes celebrate four es a day, seven days a week may

he Rockettes were an idea hatched he imagination of Russell Markert 922, as he sat in the mezzanine of New Amsterdam Theatre watching land's famous Tiller Girls strut their in a Ziegfeld extravaganza. The ng dancer was ravished by the symry of precision dancing. "Somehe thought, "if I can get girls r, leggier, who kick higher, I'd like lo that in America." He got his ice in St. Louis in 1925 when he ted America's first dance line. The ouri Rockets. Sixteen dancers were ng out across the stage like beads necklace: thirty-two hands, thirvo legs moving as one.

Lahr is working on a biography of Joe

The show girl was turned from mannequin into dance machine. Markert's girls were streamlined, interchangeable parts, pumping like pistons in a welloiled engine. Markert put the shortest dancers at the outside of the line and the tallest in the center to create the illusion of uniform size. Mass production was epitomized in a fantasy of mass movement. It was thrilling, and immediately successful. In its nostalgia for the machine, the precision dance formation simulated the energy and the aesthetic of an industrial society enjoying unrivaled power and prosperity. By 1927, Markert was installed at the Roxy and his complement of girls expanded to thirty-two and billed as Russell E. Markert's 32 Roxiettes. With the demise of the Roxy, the troupe moved to the Radio City Music Hall, where they were renamed the one, the only, Rockettes.

The Rockettes put conformity on parade. Their style is efficient, dehumanized, uncompromising, perfect; the last vestige of Twenties Bauhaus design in human form. Each routine, however different, celebrates group discipline and the glory of submission. The worst thing a Rockette can do is "kick out," literally "step out of line." Markert's vision of the Rockettes has always been rigorously symmetrical; and nothing is allowed to spoil the tableaux of teamwork. "If any girl got wide in the hips or thighs, I'd have the costume department measure her size," Markert says. "I'd tell her to reduce back to her original Rockette measurements." As interchangeable parts, the Rockettes must

not only be the same size but the same color. A Rockette can never get suntanned. "Not ever," says Markert. "If a girl got suntanned and she was alongside a girl who could not get the sun, it would make her look like a colored girl." In precision dancing, the design, not the dancer, is the star.

On the gargantuan Music Hall stage, which is 60 feet wide and 100 feet high, the solo dancer is dwarfed and lost. She becomes memorably larger than life only in the group. Her energy -so underwhelming by itself-is magnified thirty times until it seems as large and extravagant as the production. The accumulated sense of power is as comforting to the performer as it is to the public. There is safety and success in numbers. "It's exciting for all thirty people to do the same thing," says Kathy Braff, a Rockette who sees the troupe as the last hurrah of the old show-biz glamour. "You cannot put a lot of girls in a small group and get them to dance exactly the same so that you know not a pinky is going to be out of place."

HE ROCKETTES wear the same costumes, the same wigs, the same expression. (In "The March of the Wooden Soldiers"—their Christmas standard—they are not allowed to smile, so that the red patches Vaselined to their cheeks won't fall off.) Compliance is the first principle of their performance, and the Rockettes don't complain. On a recent strike action over the proposed



one-year contract, they voted to stand by management. A Rockette knows that her future rests with the group. Markert, who coached them until he retired in 1971, never allowed renegades in his ranks or expected any. In over half a century as a choreographer, he fired only two dancers. One of them was Vera-Ellen. "She wanted to do her own private little style," he says.

From the wings of the Music Hall, the Rockettes look like apparitions under the harsh white light. They are dressed like Cornwallis's infantry in red and white. On the tops of their black busby hats are white garnishes which make them appear like lamb chops on the hoof. The cavernous backstage absorbs much of the sound. The auditorium is dark and deep. The Rockettes seem to be dancing in front of an invisible mirror. They do their "March of the Wooden Soldiers." No bare legs, no high-stepping. They keep strict tempo. Their faces are blank. Still, the audience, itself faceless past the tenth row, cheers. The sound seems far away —an intrusion on the strange silence that surrounds their seven-minute routine. The Rockettes face away from the wings. Without the spectacle of the ensemble in long shot, the illusion is broken. The parts seem less than the whole. What exactly are they doing? March. Eyes right. Pivot. Eyes left. Salute. Pivot. Bow. March. All fall down. The sight of thirty girls tumbling backward like ninepins is especially piquant to the audience. They fall with heads straight, in a perfect line. A stagehand waits with a sandbag to absorb the weight of the last Rockette, who breaks her fall offstage. "That was terrific," she says, unsmiling.

After their number, the Rockettes hurry past a snowman being handed a glass of water, past two donkeys, a horse and a camel—stalwarts of the Nativity Scene who feed next to the stage house—toward their dressing room, where they'll change for a holdover rehearsal. The Rockettes rehearse regularly, since nine of their troupe of thirty-nine are always taking a one-week vacation with pay and must be reintegrated into the formation.

Tap shoes clattering like football cleats on a locker-room floor, they make their way to the rehearsal hall. Dressed in dancer's mufti, some clutching their cigarettes, the Rockettes are surprisingly sweet and young. On stage

their glitter and discipline make the austere; off it, they giggle and fussischoolgirls waiting for their teacher call them to order. In formation, erotic fantasy is not of a person but an all-devouring female machine when hands, legs, and bodies will pum anyone who stands in its way. Out formation, there is no hint of dan or, sadly, even of appetite. They sit wood benches facing the dance bar mirror which stretch the width of large room. "All right, girls," says olet Holmes, the associate direct "the Diamond Share."

"the Diamond Shape."

The Rockettes come to attentistraighten their line, and begin ag the Wooden Soldier routine. "One, the three, change. Go to the dotted ling Violet Holmes says, coaxing them a den mother. The Rockettes go through it. Their reflection in the ror multiplies their numbers and mathem appear like a cloned phalanx." military metaphor is apt. The Rocke are "drilled," divided into "squawatched over by a dance "captai and, like every massed soldier, tau to "guide on" the person beside the

Later, they will run through the c girl number ("We're allowed to screen and yell and carry on. It's really forming," says Pauline Achills), flapper number, and their stand Rockette show-girl routine, which the do when they play Lake Tahoe la in the year. Legs jackknife in the r ror. This kick is the Rockettes' tra mark and their glory. High, strai knees, pointed toes, straight back, a poised but not pushing behind the er dancers-this is how Russell M kert taught it, and how it has b danced through depression, world v cold war, and detente.

The Music Hall sells family en tainment, and the Rockettes don't bu and wiggle like the big girls on Bro way. Watching them is like watch your sister dance in the living room ter dinner. "Shake it up for dadd Markert used to cajole the Rocke in rehearsal. They inscribed that on bronzed size-ten tap shoes they g him on retirement. The gift was sign "From your loving daughters." All the Rockettes are adult but none see quite like a woman. In their private lives, the Rockettes are housewir lovers, students; but onstage, their belongs to daddy.

P A T H E T I Q U E B A

"A I M E D U C A N N E R

S L A R K R E U T Z E R

T I R E L E S S I Y P E

"O N S I D E S M E M O S S

R G U P O N M O D E S T

A P P A S S I O N A T A

L A I D E V E N T O M B

E P A S S I F L O R A S

W A L D S T E I N T S C

O D U S T R A G N A T O

O U R B E E T H O V E N

"S O N A T A S T H I R D

Solution to the June Puzzle

Notes for "Title Search"

The unclued "lights" are Beethoven Sonatas: Pathetique, Kreutzer, Appassionata, Waldstein, Pastorale, Moonlight.

Across: 10. (aca)demia: 12. can-ne(a)r; 14. tireless, pun; 16. on-sides; 18. m-some (reversal); 19. up-no(reversal); 20. modes-t; 25. reversal; 27. hidden; 29. anagram; 33. pun; 35. an(reversal)-to; 36. homonym; 39. hit(anagram)-rd. Down: 2. (w) ailing; 3. homonym; 4. hidden; 5. (off)ices; 6. anagram; 7. "enemy"(anagram) around "z."; 8. bee(t); 9. anagram; 11. anagram; 15. pun; 17. does(anagram)-s; 22. pap-a; 23. a(ort)a; 24. anagram; 26. anagram; 28. two meanings; 29. anagram; 31. woo(d)s; 32. (se)stet; 33. D.-U.-O.(reversal); 34. U-RN; 35. pun.

HARPER'S/JULY

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onth's Instructions: Answers to Across and Down clues ntered normally. Answers to the twenty Extra clues are intered idiosyncratically, in any of five different ways ach). The method of entry in each case is thoroughly

vers to Across and Down clues include one foreign nd two proper names. 13A, 46A, 8D, and 38D are not n. Answers to the Extra clues are . . . whatever they always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to

solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 84.

CLUES

ACROSS

ication of ptomaine-only partly! And only after uping my stomach initially (7)

ces where you get a hearing at year's end (4) 2sar's last words I found heartless case (4)

sted out and rough in the extreme (6)

s man's so convoluted . . . he got unlocked! (6) nd instruments, not loud stringed instruments (5) ave height vertically-we got height parenthetically (5) I person in your line, getting into chest, gets chances

'est (8) ding actual life too much, I left the land business (6)

efinement that gets pleasant with time short year) (6)

ny is ordered to catch hoop fish (5)

duction of "Blood Wedding"-hoopla-smash (6) :hmaninoff's first is for many not well done (4) aller misfit, from the side (7)

id to hoodwink Mussolini (7)

rs a response from the very beginning (4)

vitable, but in a bad sense, racy (9)

DOWN

immer boy, eventually, supports a less confused leader

ook like I'm coming up...like I'm coming up... und ... like in a fog (7)

tle calls make one have designs on your person! (7) posal: overturn a ninety-degree change at the end (8) s that produce a cry of pain in a dentist (5)

reather or two could be saner (5)

tenance for Gaelic brood? (5, 4) e in tea breaks (3)

es for setting up races going in two directions (7)

p suey—then interpose railroad carriage (6) er do requires changing into dance outfit (7)

thinking behind Hitchcock's film record club (10) re's room for a Frenchman between chorus leader. -breeds, bad actor (7)

EST RULES

impleted diagram with name and address to Approprives, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, 3016. Entries must be received by July 10. Senders of three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year

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12	Г	1	13								14	
15	16	1	17				18	19			20	
21						22						23
			24									25
26								27				
28		29							30		31	
32	33		34					35				36
37	38					39			10			
11		12	13		11		45					
					16							
							17			18	19	50
51					52							

- 30. Gives an innoculation which makes one change among insects (7)
- 35. Led off, after turning "Over the Rainbow" into rocker
- 38. Beggar seen in the Plaza regularly (5)
- 41. Spanish weapon—it's a toss-up (4)
- 43. Where animals are mounted thus, where the city was all green (4)

EXTRA CLUES

- 3. Spear fish (4)
- 5. Protestant could be Hitler arm nut (6,6)
- 10. Tie knot or twists first (7)
- 12. Dirty look, I hear, from a Shakespearian character (4)
- 14. She contributes to "The Fire Next Time" (5)
- 15. Girl who is evenly distributed (6)
- 20. Temple certainly sounds almost like it (7)
- 25. Female type gloss (5)
- 31. Curley's aunt, with a divining rod, finds mystery man's name (6)
- Winner needs backing of first-class carriage (8)
- 33. Reddish-brown mist left (5)
- 36. Kissinger, for one, put chicken on bread endlessly (5)
- 40. Pal of musicals spread happiness around Easter (4)
- 42. "The Faerie Queen" is found in drama bookshelves (3)
- 44. Army tours with her (4)
- 45. Astonishingly clean among many an old English legendary hero (8)
- 47. Palliative taken in the mouth, where British royalty are seen (8)
- 48. Washington's mount has to recover nonsense part way (6)
- 49. Porter-sounds like a black lump (4)
- 50. Party held . . . by legendary Mister Clean? (7)

subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Theme and Variations," are C. A. Butland, Union Grove, Wisconsin; Julian F. Knox, Sausalito, California; and R. V. Bainbridge, Marietta, Georgia.

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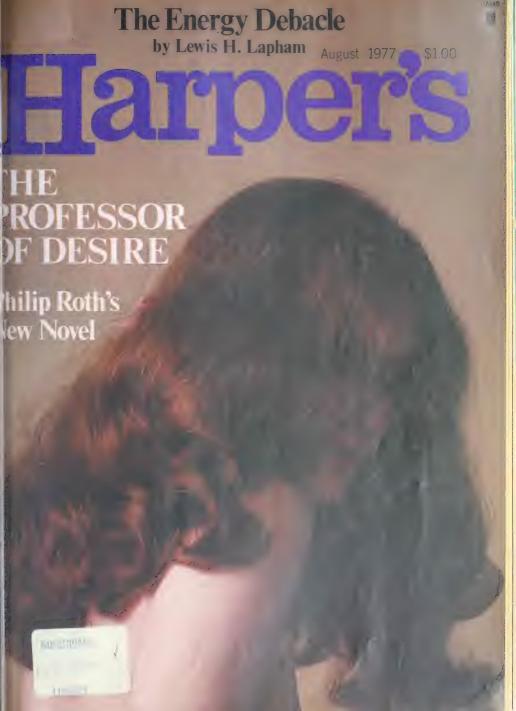
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LETTERS

Callaway controversy

In his July cover story ["The Persecution and Character Assassination of Howard (Bo) Callaway...] Jim Hougan decries my handling and the national news media's unquestioning and sensational coverage of subcommittee hearings on the proposed expansion of the Crested Butte, Colorado, ski area owned by Howard Callaway. Mr Hougan betrays a sad lack of the very professionalism he is so distressed to find lacking in others.

For example, he failed to report what the hearing record so clearly shows: that, on one other occasion, Mr. Callaway successfully intervened with highranking Agriculture officials on behalf of his own ski area.

In 1973 Forest Service personnel repeatedly told Crested Butte ski area officials that a 140-acre tract—public land, known locally as Tony's Parking Lot—could not be added to the ski area's existing permit to operate on public lands. Mr. Callaway's October 5, 1973, Pentagon phone log shows that he called an old Georgia friend, Deput

ty Undersecretary of Agriculture I ard Ashworth, to set up a meeting October 9 between ski area and Fc Service officials in Washington. A est Service memo summarizing meeting notes that "Bo Callaway [Secretary of the Army, is one of developers." The decision was revewithin months.

Mr. Hougan extravagantly assemptives, but didn't trouble himse talk to the people involved. He did speak to me, to the committee's (Counsel or Chief Investigator or to Denver Post reporter whose story



gan claims sent the gullible nationledia scuttling to duplicate it.

FLOYD K. HASKELL United States Senator, Colorado Washington, D.C.

HOUGAN REPLIES:

mator Haskell's reply is a strange criticizing my article without ever radicting it. A political grocer, he s an insubstantial feast—both fishy fowl—consisting of a red herring a canard.

ne former is contained in his referto Tony's Parking Lot, and the ter interpretation he places upon ts which once surrounded it. As Senator knows, and as his own restates, "Because [the] inquiry fod on the Crested Butte ski area/ Igrass Mountain issue . . . , the submittee did not investigate in comble depth the circumstances coning Tony's Parking Lot. Accordthe subcommittee does not wish raw extensive conclusions concernthis matter and the actors in it.' ed, the 140-acre tract was barely tioned in the hearings-presumbecause Callaway's only intervenin the matter was to request a ing between Forest Service and oration officials. There was nothing oper in that, nor was there anyg sinister in the change that Haskell

ne Forest Service official most faar with the decision told Haskell, ppeared that the area called Tony's cing Lot was a logical part of the inal Crested Butte ski-development , and no documentation could be d supporting its exclusion from the ait area. It did seem that the area been inadvertently left out of the inal permit. We acknowledged it red to be an unexplained error. It suggested that there were no legal olicy questions preventing a bounadjustment.... Similar permit corions when brought to our attention ld be made for any of several hunpermittees. Crested Butte was not ecial case and was, in my judgment, out any more outside interests or sure than is presented to the Washon office of the Forest Service on a y basis from many sources." Since Haskell subcommittee virtually igd this issue. I saw no reason to e it myself. In any case, the Senator grong: the putative phone call is described in the article as one of two that Callaway made in a twenty-sevenmonth period that had to do with Crested Butte expansion.

As for the duck, the Senator complains that he and others were not interviewed for the article. He neglects to mention, however, that I discussed the Callaway matter with his press assistant and his other legislative aides on those five separate occasions when he himself proved unavailable. In each case, I found the printed record more reliable than their memories of it, the established facts at variance with their recall. Accordingly, I relied upon those 1,600 pages of Senate testimony and exhibits which document the affair in excruciating detail. As for the others that Haskell mentions, their views were either part of that record, or irrelevant.

Running the arms race

As responsible as the Arms Coalition must be for making its case in a fair and accurate way, so must Daniel Yergin ["The Arms Zealots," June] when he examines its claims and conclusions and finds an "oversell."

His first circumstance appears to suggest that a statistical conspiracy is afoot as the AC attempts to describe and relate defense efforts in dollars or GNP percentages. As difficult as it is to present such a quantitative and qualitative abstraction in concrete, comprehensible terms, the effort must be made. Certainly the dollar comparison, not subject to precise arithmetic measurement, is justifiably refined by adjusting for personnel costs. Personnel costs presently included in the U.S. budget serve other social ends that are only marginally related to defense. There can be no serious dispute with the fact of a greater Soviet military effort.

In circumstance two, Mr. Yergin questions the value of the alleged Soviet civil-defense program, yet suggests, somewhat inconsistently, that this small-scale effort could be but a symptom of painful World War II memories. Although other nations with painful memories are not similarly afflicted, I prefer to confront Mr. Yergin on his point that there is no evidence that the necessary civil-defense exercises have taken place. General Keegan has stated that "many of our Foreign Service officers

were in fact living in Soviet apartment houses in which civil-defense shelters had long since been erected, and which they as tenants were required to inhabit during frequently scheduled exercises." Certainly this is a verifiable fact—either General Keegan is in error, or Mr. Yergin and others may be dead wrong.

Mr. Yergin, in his third circumstance, plunges headlong into the numbers, ignoring vital economic, political, and military considerations that provide meaning to those numbers. Not surprisingly, he again finds AC oversell, especially with respect to naval forces. There he weighs and counts ships but never relates the arithmetic to the mission the respective navies are charged with. The Soviet Navy does not have the thousands of miles of vital sea lanes to protect that the NATO nations are compelled, at the risk of their survival, to defend against Soviet interdiction. Even "small" escort vessels equipped with modern missiles are a potent interdictory force when supporting over 250 attack submarines. Although he "reveals" that the U.S. has built more major combat ships, he does not consider the fact that all Soviet construction results in additions to their fleet while the U.S. operational fleet is at its lowest since 1939.

Insofar as available evidence indicates, the U.S. does have more, albeit smaller, strategic nuclear warheads. But the U.S. forces are, except for the Tridents, fully MIRVed while the Soviets, as permitted under the Vladivostok Accords, continue to MIRV with substantially more warheads per missile. Even this U.S. "advantage," along with greater accuracy, will disappear. But why digress further into weight, numbers, and megatonnage when Mr. Yergin finds that nuclear superiority is impossible! If, as he contends, mutual overkill capacity already exists regardless of what the Soviets or Americans do, then each must be pursuing an illusion. Why, then, do we need an arms agreement? However, if you can accept the premise that the Soviet Union is not run by ignorant peasants you must also ascribe some rational, however unacceptable, purpose to their powerful and improving military posture. To accept Mr. Yergin's rationale we could safely sit back and watch the Soviet ninnies, propelled by paranoia and bureaucratic momentum, spend themselves into a warehouse of missiles, warheads, tanks, and artillery only to ultimately discover they cannot use them.

If the AC is guilty of oversell, Mr. Yergin's presentation and analysis fails to indicate where. RICHARD KANIA Sanford, N.C.

I congratulate Daniel Yergin for his sensitive treatment of an issue on which opposing sides feel compelled to cast apocalyptic shadows and then claim the other side hasn't "seen the light." I read his article while on alert in the Strategic Air Command, where I have become convinced that the concept of deterrence rests on interpretation of intentions, as Mr. Yergin correctly pointed out.

Almost every argument put forth for more or fewer arms is singularly vulnerable because of the complex nature of the debate. Yet, if we stick to interpreting intentions, I find it exceedingly difficult to ignore the fact that the Soviets' greater relative allocation of resources to defense expenditures at the sacrifice of alternative programs seems to prove that the Soviet decision-makers are irrevocably committed to military superiority. And while we in the American arena debate the issue quadrennially with each incoming administration and to a lesser extent in yearly budget hearings, in Moscow decisions are made behind closed walls by the same few men who have been making them year after year for decades.

Given the pleasant or unpleasant fact that the United States and the Soviet Union are in positions of "rough equivalence" with billions of tons of TNT destructive power, I feel that new weapons systems are less important in the sense that they tip the scale or provide destabilizing first-strike options as they are in the sense that they offer another means of projecting power in the lower levels of the conflict spectrum. In this sense a recently acquired nuclear option may make a great psychological impact on conventional military balance sheets in the hot spots of the world.

Finally, as a military man, if I have to go to war, I want to fly the best machines available. I therefore line myself up behind the arms lobby in pushing for superior equipment and in hoping that technological advances like the cruise missile aren't dealt away for nothing. But I line myself up behind

the arms-control lobby in pushing for elimination of waste generated by bureaucratic inertia and in hoping for a two-sided realistic appraisal of overkill. Capt. Gregory J. Anderson Plattsburgh, N.Y.

DANIEL YERGIN REPLIES:

To take only one point in Mr. Kania's letter, while the dollar comparison is a valid tool of economic analysis in these matters, so is the ruble comparison, which he totally ignores. The latter, however, suggests that the U.S. has a significant advantage. So, contrary to Mr. Kania's comments, we are not talking about clear-cut evidence but rather ambiguous evidence.

Captain Anderson, I think, makes points that are sensible and important to our effort to comprehend the meaning and dangers for the U.S. in the arms competition between the two superpowers.

State of the state

While I am reasonably inured to the effusions of literary and social pilgrims concerning the somewhat fey state of California, Arthur Blaustein's emission ["California Still Dreaming," June] activated my risibilities. I take no offense at his parking-lot research, or his sampling of Sally Stanford's political and social conscience. Such speak for themselves, but certain of his statements require a rebuttal in the interests of historical accuracy.

He says the state's railroads "were built by cheap labor performed by illegal Chinese immigrants." The Chinese were no more illegal than were my ancestors from County Derry and the Isle of Skye. He says that the "powerful agribusiness industry was built by the sweat of braceros from Mexico." Agribusiness in California began shortly after the Gold Rush; the bracero program was instituted during World War II. and it laid the foundation for Cesar Chavez, whom Blaustein might have noticed en passant.

He says, "The shipping industry and ports were built by blacks uprooted from Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama." There already were a flourishing shipping industry and bustling ports from about 1849. If he means the shipbuilding industry during World War II, why doesn't be say so? And

even that doesn't fall neatly into his planation.

He says, "The defense indust bloated contracts and cost overrwere paid for by the tax dollars of inner-city residents of New York, N ark, Chicago, and Philadelphia." tax dollars also went to defray the costs, as did the tax dollars of milli of California residents.

W. H. HUTCHIN Chico, Ca

Arthur Blaustein is in California, evidently he does not see Californ His survey, which he himself depeates, was amazingly accurate. Of the ty-three bumper stickers, nineteen, much half, were concerned with Prosition Fourteen. In California, Prosition Fourteen was the election.

Mr. Blaustein's footnote on the prosition shows how superficially understands it. Proposition Fourt deserves a rather long analytical art in itself.

But note: every candidate up for etion who denounced Proposition Foteen was elected, where there wa choice. If Carter had denounced Presition Fourteen instead of endorsing he might have had a majority proaching a million in California.

Fortunately for Jerry Brown, he not up for election. Unfortunately John Tunney, he was.

I am sorry to see *Harper's* publing superficial and careless journal of the type we are subjected to in daily press.

Stanley Stevens News San Francisco, Ca

ARTHUR BLAUSTEIN REPLIES:

Mr. Hutchinson has a keen sense the obvious and a marked aversion underlying realities. Most practition of history pick and choose their fit to suit their preconceived notions. fortunately, the Chinese, Chicanos, blacks—who provided the sweat equiport for California's booming industrie cannot afford the luxury of view their history through rose-tinted glas Selective amnesia leads to reverse manticism, which was one of the poof the article.

Regarding Mr. Newman's letter, a Watergate and Vietnam the election a President seemed to me more impatent than Proposition Fourteen.

HARPER'S/AUGUST



iny talk about one exclusive form of energy is just irresponble nonsense. This country will need all the energy it can get all sources to meet the challenge that confronts us."



"We're not running out of gas. We're running out of cheap, readily available gas. That's an important distinction."

Are We Running Out of the Fuel of the Future?

No, say the experts. Despite recent shortages, clean, efficient natural gas will play a significant role well into the 21st century. The truth is, we simply cannot do without our most modern form of energy.

ugh Downs interviews Robert E. Seymour, Chairman of the pard, Consolidated Natural Gas Co., and Chairman, nerican Gas Association.

JGH DOWNS:

ist winter the U.S. experienced severe and disruptive ortages of natural gas. We are now officially in the middle an energy crisis that President Carter has said requires uging the moral equivalent of war. Yet you have stated that u're optimistic about the future of gas energy.

BERT SEYMOUR:

n indeed optimistic. Let's look at the facts. Geological perts estimate that we have at least 35 and possibly as uch as 60 years of supply from conventional sources, and at figure rises steeply when you add the gas from supplental and non-conventional sources. So there is cause for timism as far as the future of gas energy is concerned, as is certain to play a major role in the U.S. energy picture ll into the 21st century. I consider that good news, beuse there is simply no other form of energy that could ke over the load gas is carrying today.

JGH DOWNS: Just what is that load?

DBERT SEYMOUR:

as supplies over half of the energy users in the residenul-commercial sector, and the largest share of energy commed by industry. You get an even better perspective by oking at it this way: the gas industry supplies almost three nes as much energy per year as the electric industry. HUGH DOWNS:

That's something most people aren't aware of, I suspect.

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

I'm afraid you're right. President Carter has called natural gas our most precious fuel, and I suspect that in addition to its high-energy content his assessment was due to the fact that natural gas just doesn't pollute air, land, or water. Far from being old-fashioned, natural gas is really our most modern, most timely fuel.

HUGH DOWNS

The critical question, it seems to me, is how does the cost of our "most precious," "most modern" fuel compare with other energy forms, let's say electricity?

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

In terms of energy bought by residential users, electricity

	Gas Cus	tomore	Gas Cou	nsumption
Types of Users 👋 🐧	lumber	% of All Users by Market	Amount	% All Energ Consumed (by Market)
Residential/				
Commercial	,753,000	54.6 44.5	7.6 quad	
Gas Transmission	100,000	44.0	,11.7 quau	5 57.5
& Distribution	3 to 2 1	and the same of th	0.6 quad	
Total44	,933,000	-	19.9 guad	s 🧢 -



"Conservation is vital but conservation alone is not enough."

today costs from three to five times as much as gas. It depends on where you live.

HUGH DOWNS:

Why then all the talk about an all-electric economy?

ROBER I SEYMOUR:

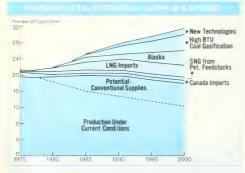
Well, you know that talk about one exclusive form of energy is just irresponsible nonsense. This country will need all the energy it can get from all sources to meet the challenge that confronts us.

HUGH DOWNS:

That's what I've heard. Nevertheless, even if gas continues to play a vital role in our total energy picture, isn't it likely to be a diminishing role over the next 20 or 30 years?

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

Not necessarily. There are knowledgeable people within the gas industry who feel that in the year 2000, gas will



contribute the same percentage to our total energy demand as today. Now that would mean increasing today's output by more than 50 percent.

HUGH DOWNS: Do you think that's likely?

ROBERT SEYMOUR

I think it's possible, provided a lot of things go right. But that's talking about 30-32 quads of energy per year. I'm counting on 25 quads—versus 20 today. I'm a cautious optimist.

HUGH DOWNS:

You'd better explain quads before we go on.

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

One quad is a quadrillion British thermal units. That's the same as a trillion cubic feet of natural gas. Or 182 millio barrels of oil. Or 42 million tons of coal. Or 293 billio kilowatt-hours of electricity. It's a way of making astronomical figures manageable.

HUGH DOWNS:

Where will these astronomical amounts of natural gas-2 or 30 quads-come from?

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

The largest portion will continue to come from convertional sources, including Alaska and the Outer Continenta Shelf. Approximately 18-21 quads, 1 would say. Then yo

Present (1975 Data)	Plant	Delivered Energy (Quads/Yr)	Plant Investi Per Deliver Quad (\$ Bi
Electric Utilities	161¹ 51	7.0 20.2	23.0 2.5
Future Increments Electric Utility —Coal Electric (1000 Mw)	0.9	.021	42.9
-Nuclear (1000 Mw) Gas Utility	1.1	.021	52.4
-Coal Gasification (250Mcf/d.) -LNG ² (365 Bcf/yr)	1.2	.092	13.0
Incremental U.S. Investment for 10 Additional Quads		.50	4.4
-Electric (½ Coal + ½ Nuclear) -Gas (½ LNG +½ Coal Ga	476 (s) 87	10 10	47.6 8.7
¹ Edison Electric Institute	² Includes	only U.S. Investr	ment

have the supplemental supplies—liquefied natural gasynthetic natural gas from petroleum feed stocks, and cogasification. These supplemental supplies will build u gradually until the end of the century, when they shoul account for at least 6 quads.

HUGH DOWNS: Or maybe more?

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

Yes maybe ten or twelve. It's very possible. Now further down the line we should have gas from unconventional sources: the geopressurized geothermal zones in the Gulfor Mexico and various tight rock formations in the Rock Mountain and the Appalachian area, and even hydroge from the sea. These are new technologies, and it's hard to be sure about the amounts or the time frame.

HUGH DOWNS:

How about the cost? All energy seems to be costing more Will that be the case with these new sources?

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

Well, there are a great many uncertainties about the unconventional sources. But we do know a lot about th supplementals, and even more about the cost of conventional sources, of course. Let me start with those.

Today it costs a producer—the people from whom we, the utilities and pipelines, buy our gas—several times as much to drill the same well as it did twenty years ago. But that' only part of the story. Today producing companies frequently have to drill much deeper—several miles down—o locate their rigs in much deeper water, or both. These cost are tremendous—but it's still the cheapest energy we can get. Now the problem is that there just isn't enough of it to

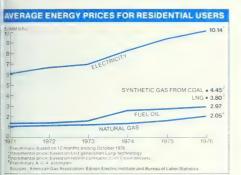
neet our country's growing needs. That's where the suplementals come in.

HIGH DOWNS:

applemental gas will be more expensive but still cheaper an other forms of energy?

OBERT SEYMOUR:

Definitely. Take coal gasification, potentially the largest nd also probably the costliest of the supplementals. First eneration coal gas is estimated to come in at a little under 4.50 per thousand cubic feet. Now compare that with the set of its only major alternative—coal-generated electricately, which is more than \$10.00 for the same amount of the term of the same and the same and the same are than same and the same are the same are the same are the same and the same are the sam



GH DOWNS

es. I'd like to stay with coal gasification for a minute. It's a ery important subject, it seems to me, because of the enorlous coal reserves we have in the United States. What bout the environmental aspect?

OBERT SEYMOUR:

ir pollution associated with coal gasification plants is stimated to be about one-tenth that of scrubber-equipped lectric power plants producing the same number of usable tu's. Another environmental point: coal gasification uses nly about one-eighth as much water.

UGH DOWNS: That's pretty persuasive.

OBERT SEYMOUR:

es. But remember. I'm not arguing against the diligent use f coal to meet the electric needs of our country. I'm simply tying that these vast coal supplies must be channeled in 'ays that will best provide our long-term base-load energy eeds. Nor am I—or the gas industry—trying to belittle the regent need to develop alternative future energy sources ach as solar.

UGH DOWNS:

m glad you said that. The National Space Institute, for istance, has been making a case for solar energy for some me—a very persuasive case, I think.

OBERT SEYMOUR:

agree. The gas industry has an active research program investigating the feasibility of using natural gas to assist plar in heating residential and commercial buildings.

UGH DOWNS:

here's one more subject I'd like to cover, and that's conseration. It's certainly an important part of President Carter's

energy plan. What's the gas industry's position on that?

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

As to the need to conserve we agree 100%. As an industry, our track record in conservation goes back almost ten years when we started our Energy Use Analysis program for builders, architects, and large volume users. We've added a number of other programs since then to further improve the efficiency of appliances and space heating systems. Now these are efficiency improvements on what is already the most efficient form of energy there is.

But conservation alone is not enough. Even at an economic growth rate of two percent, which the President has used in projecting our future energy requirements, we'll need to develop all the new sources we have discussed.

HUGH DOWNS:

Let me see if 1 can summarize, then. First, our potential reserves are sufficient to last us well into the 21st century. We're not running out of natural gas, just out of cheap, easily-available gas. That's important because of the leading role gas plays in the U.S. energy picture today.

Second, there is no realistic alternative to gas. Right now no other form of energy could take over the enormous load carried by gas today.

Third, although the cost of production will go up, gas will still be less expensive and more efficient than the only realistic alternative: electricity.

And fourth, gas is the cleanest, most environmentally acceptable fuel.

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

I would add one last, tremendous advantage: the gas industry's I-million mile network of pipelines and gas mains. It's the most modern and the most efficient energy delivery system ever devised—and it's in place, waiting to be fully utilized.

HUGH DOWNS:

All of which means gas will play a significant role well into the 21st century.

ROBERT SEYMOUR:

No doubt about it, when you look at the facts.



Built at a cost of \$50 billion and irreplaceable today, the U.S. gas transmission and distribution network of 1 million miles is one of the most efficient methods to transmit energy, consuming less energy per unit shipped than, for instance, electricity.





SMALL IS DUBIOUS

Only the fittest technologies are likely to survive

by Samuel C. Florma

AST APRIL, while reading the papers the morning after the President's energy address to the nation, I was struck by a statement attributed to Mr. Carter's pollster and adviser, Patrick Caddell: "The idea that big is bad and that there is something good to smallness is something that the country has come to accept much more today than it did 10 years ago. This has been one of the biggest changes in America over the past decade."

Since the nation had just been exhorted to embark on the most herculean technological, economic, and political enterprises, this reference to smallness seemed to me to be singularly inapt. Waste is to be deplored, of course, and inefficiency. But bigness? I had not realized that the small-isbeautiful philosophy had reached the White House.

A few days after the Carter speech, I had an opportunity to attend a lecture by E. F. Schumacher, the author of Small Is Beautiful, the book that, since its publication in 1973, has become the Koran of the antitechnology movement. I listened, bemused, as Dr. Schumacher depicted a United States in which each community would bake

its own bread and develop its own resources, a nation of self-reliant craftsmen where interstate transport would practically disappear. The energy crisis could be solved, Schumacher maintained, only by replacing our sprawling network of industrial metropolises with numerous small-scale production centers. Schumacher's audience listened, entranced. It was clear that the energy crisis was giving new life to an idea which otherwise might have died a natural death.

On my way home, I found myself thinking about a telephone call I had received a few weeks earlier from a consultant to the power industry. He was concerned about an article entitled "Energy Strategy: The Road Not Taken?" by Amory B. Lovins, a British physicist, which had appeared in the October 1976 issue of Foreign Affairs. The article, which argued the small-isbeautiful position forcefully, had been extensively quoted in the international press, entered into the Congressional Record, discussed in Business Week, and been the subject of the most reprint requests ever received by Foreign Affairs, surpassing even the famous George Kennan "Mr. X" piece.

Opposition has not been slow to rally.

The man who called me put togethe a collection of rebuttal essays prepare by people prominent in the fields energy, academe, industry, and labor This imposing pamphlet has been ciculated in large quantities wherever is sponsor fears the Lovins article mighave made an impression. It appears that the metaphysical struggle betwee small and big—reminiscent of the agument over the number of angels the can dance on the head of a pin—his become a real issue.

ers, as exemplified by the Lo ins article, commence the campaign with a critique our existing energy technology, esp cially our nationwide grid of electric power. The deficiencies of this syste are obvious enough. Electricity is cr ated in huge central plants by boiling water to run generators. Whether t heat that boils the water is furnish by oil, coal, gas, nuclear energy, even by solar energy, a great deal energy is wasted in the process, as even more is lost in transmission ov Samuel C. Florman is the author of The I istential Pleasures of Engineering.

HE SMALL-IS-BEAUTIFUL belie



ong lines. By the time the electricity rrives in our home or factory and is at to use, about two-thirds of the riginal energy has been dissipated. In addition, the existence of what Lovins alls "the infrastructure" of the powindustry itself—tens of thousands workers occupying enormous office mplexes—costs the system more energy, and costs the consumer more

The proposed solution, which on first earing sounds fairly sensible, is the eation of small, efficient energy-creing installations in the buildings here the energy is used, or at most the medium scale of urban neighborods and rural villages. Direct solar ants are the preferred system, alough Lovins also mentions small ass-produced diesel generators, windiven generators, and several other chnologies still in the development

Yet, despite the advantages of this stem, the new "soft" technologies, to e Lovins's term, would entail the anufacture, transport, and installation millions of new mechanisms. This nnot but be a monumental undertakg requiring enormous outlays of capil and energy. Then these mechasms will have to be maintained. We I resent the electric and phone commies, but, when service is interruptl, a crew of competent men arrives 1 the scene to set things right. Lovins sures us that the solar collectors or indmills in our homes will be serviced our friendly, independent neighborod mechanic, a prospect which must till the blood of anyone who has ever id to have a car repaired or tried to t a plumber in an emergency. As for nericans becoming self-reliant craftsen, as Schumacher assures us we can, is idea sounds fine in a symposium the human condition, but it overoks the enormous practical and psyological difficulties that stand in way. The recently attempted urban mesteading program, for example, as based on this very appealing conpt. Abandoned houses were to be rned over to deserving families at no st, just as land was made available homesteaders in the last century. ne program failed because most poor milies simply were not capable of cing up the houses.

Another hope of the small-is-beautil advocates is that great savings can

be realized by eliminating the administrations, or "middlemen" of the utility companies. But in the real world it appears that the middleman does perform a useful function. How else can we explain the failure of the cooperative buying movement, which is based on the idea that people can band together to eliminate distribution costs? The shortcomings of large organizations are universally recognized, and "bureaucratic" has long been a synonym for "inefficient." But, like it or not, large organizations with apparently superfluous administrative layers seem to work better than small ones. Chain stores are still in business, while mom-and-pop stores continue to fail. Local power companies, especially, are a vanishing breed. Decisions made in the marketplace do not tell us everything, but they do tell us a lot more than the fantasies of futurist econo-

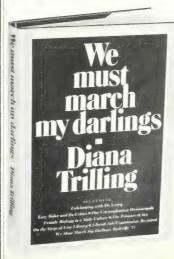
This is not to say that the situation cannot change. If a handy gadget becomes available that will heat my house economically using wind, water, sunlight, or moonlight, I will rush out to buy it. On the other hand, if the technological breakthroughs come in the

power-plant field—perhaps nuclear fusion or direct conversion of sunlight to electricity—then I will be pleased to continue my contractual arrangements with the electric company.

Such an open-minded approach has no appeal to Lovins. Quoting Robert Frost on two roads diverging in a wood, he asserts that we must select one way or the other, since we cannot travel both. The analogy is absurd, since we are a pluralistic society of more than 200 million people, not a solitary poet, and it has been our habit to take every road in sight. Will it be wasteful to build power plants that may soon be obsolete? I think not. If a plant is used for an interim period while other technologies are developed, it will have served its purpose. If it is never used at all, it will still have been a useful component of a contingency plan. When billions of dollars are spent each year on constantly obsolescing weapons which we hope we will never have to use, it does not seem extravagant to ask for some contingency planning for our life-support systems.

Our resources are limited, of course, and we want to allocate them sensibly. At this time it is not clear whether





"The book, which was cancelled by Little, Brown when Mrs. Trilling refused to delete her rebuttal to Lillian Hellman's references to her and her late husband, Lionel, in Scoundrel Time, is consistently stimulating. Her essays are an incisive commentary on the cultural and political upheavals of the last decade."—Publishers Weekly

"Diana Trilling speaks in a distinctive voice, lucid, commonsensical and compassionate. She is an ideal witness to the 'self-destruct history' of the 60s and 70s."—*Time

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the most promising technologies are "hard" or "soft" or, as is most likely, some combination of both. The "soft" technologies are not being ignored. The Administration's energy program contains incentives for solar heat installations by individual homeowners. Research and development funds are being granted to a multitude of experimental projects. At the same time, we are working on improvements to our conventional systems. What else could a responsible society do? We must assume that the technologies which prevail will be those which prove to be most cost-effective and least hazardous. Improper political pressures may be a factor, but these have a way of cancelling each other out. A new product attracts sophisticated investors, and before long there is a new lobbyist's office in Washington. The struggle for markets and profits creates a jungle in which the fittest technologies are likely to survive.

ECHNOLOGICAL efficiency, however, is not a standard by which the small-is-beautiful advocates are willing to abide. Lovins makes this clear when he states that even if nuclear power were clean, safe, and economic, "it would still be unattractive because of the political implications of the kind of energy economy it would lock us into." As for making electricity from huge solar collectors in the desert, or from temperature differences in the oceans, or from solar energy collected by satellites in outer space-these also will not do, "for they are ingenious high-technology ways to supply energy in a form and at a scale inappropriate to most end-use needs." Finally, he admits straight out that the most important questions of energy strategy "are not mainly technical or economic but rather social and ethical."

So the technological issue is found to be a diversion, not at all the heart of the matter. The political consequences of bigness, it would appear, are what we have to fear. A centralized energy system, Lovins tells us, is "less compatible with social diversity and personal freedom of choice" than the small, more pluralistic, approach he favors.

But diversity and freedom, at least in the United States, are protected and encouraged by strong institutions. Exploitation thrives in small towns and in small businesses. Big government and big labor unions, for all their faults, are the means by which we achieve the freedoms we hold so dear.

When big organizations challenge our well-being, as indeed they do-monopolistic corporations, corrupt labor unions, et al.-our protection comes, not from petty insurrections, but from that biggest of all organizations, the federal government. And when big government itself is at fault, the remedy can only be shake-ups and more sensible procedures, not elimination of that bureaucracy which is a crucial element of our democracy. Does it not seem absurd, and quite late in the day, to speak of losing our political freedom through the growth of federally supervised utility companies, when we long ago agreed to give up our individual militias, and entrust the national defense to a national army? The smallis-beautiful philosophy makes just as little sense politically as it does technologically.

The next argument that Schumacher and Lovins present is the social one. Even if large organizations "work" technically and politically, it is claimed, they do not work socially. The subtitle to Small Is Beautiful is "Economics As If People Mattered." Only in small social groups, apparently, is it possible for people to "matter." Schumacher and Lovins would not appear to have read such books as Winesburg, Ohio, Spoon River Anthology, and Main Street, with their picture of the American small town as a petty, cramped, and spiteful community. Cities and small towns will always have their defenders, but the constantly discussed question about whether it is "better" to live in the city, the country, or the suburbs is a matter of taste which cannot be settled by self-appointed intellectual mandarins.

Perhaps what lies at the heart of the new worship of smallness is an increasing revulsion against the ugliness of much of industrial America. Dams. highways, and electric transmission lines, once the symbol of a somewhat naive commercial boosterism, are now depicted as vulgar. But this association of bigness with lack of taste is not warranted. The colossal works of man are no more inherently vulgar than the small works are inherently petty. We

prize robustness in life as well as d icacy. Rousseau, coming upon a F man aqueduct, had this to say:

The echo of my footsteps under the immense arches made me think I could hear the strong voices of the men who had built it. I felt lost like an insect in the immensity of the work. I felt, along with the sense of my own littleness, something nevertheless which seemed to elevate my soul; I said to myself with a sigh: "Oh! that I had been born a Roman!"

Economic and social arguments asia Schumacher and Lovins maintain their philosophy is founded on a ba of moral conviction, of thrift, simp city, and humility. We have sinned being wasteful, ostentatious, and a rogant. Thus smallness becomes a sy bol of virtue.

For a moment, as at every step alo the way, we are inclined to agree. T message has an appeal. The problet of our age—the environmental crist the energy crisis, the depletion of o natural resources—are, we suspecaused by our profligacy. Impredence, it would appear, has become the cardinal sin.

But even the most useful moral pr cepts-such as patriotism-often ha a dark underside. In the present stance, the thrift being preached len itself to a smallness of spirit. (The d after President Carter's first energiated message I heard the radio commentat Paul Harvey question the "waste" gasoline for busing school children The humility proposed evokes tho Oriental attitudes which counsel t masses to accept their wretched le Such fatalistic beliefs may be useful adding a measure of serenity to o private lives, but they are insidious el ments to inject into debates on publ policy.

Much of the debate over big vers small recalls the Lilliputians going war over the question of whether eg should be opened at the big or litt end. Smallness, after all, is a word th is neutral—technologically, politicall socially, aesthetically, and, of cours morally. Its use as a symbol of goo ness would be one more entertainit example of human folly were it not the disturbing consequences of the a guments advanced in its cause.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 19

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LIKUD'S VICTORY

Israel's new government may hold out better prospects for peace

by Ben J. Wattenber

WRITE THIS IN violation of a selfimposed rule: never try to be wise about foreign elections. It is a rule whose origin is rooted in talking about American elections to well-meaning foreign correspondents, and then reading the results: naive, skewed, insensitive, overly attuned to the regnant cliché. An election, it has seemed to me, is too personal, too rooted in folk history, too shaded in tone and innuendo to be understood by an outsider. (For that matter, a lot of locals never get it right, either.)

I violate my rule only because the recent vote in Israel was perhaps easier for an outsider American to sense in advance than for some of the most sophisticated insider Israelis. An American had seen it happen before, and recently. The small headline in the Jerusalem Post the morning after the election said, "U.S. Officials Shocked by Likud's Lead," and told about anonymous "U.S. officials" expressing "incredulity" about the results and the portents of the results. Well, let me say that a "U.S. official" named Jimmy Carter would have expressed neither shock nor incredulity had he been in Israel for a few days before and after the election, as I was.

For the exquisite irony of the immediate postelection clash between Carter and Menahem Begin is that Begin

(and the Likud party) won on all the Carter issues. His peanut farm was a modest three-room apartment in Tel Aviv, but the issues Begin and Likud used were pure Carter: traditionalism, religion, alienation, responsiveness, "fed-up," time-for-a-change, patriotism, decency, inflation, anti-Washington (or anti-Jerusalem, or both, as the case may be). Moreover, had Carter been there, I think his opinion of the Likud victory might have been different. In that Biblical land he might have observed a new creation, a two-party democracy, and found that it was good.

O AN OUTSIDER, the impending change was clear some days before the election. I would sit around living rooms with Israeli politicians, or with prominent nonpolitical Israelis, some of them old-timers who could rightfully lay claim to having built the Labor Zionist state over a period, not of decades, but of generations. And always, the story was the same: "Now, I'll vote Dash [Yigal Yadin's Democratic Movement for Change], but Labor will win [barely] and form the government," or "I'll vote Likud, but Peres [Labor's list-leading candidate] will form the Ben Wattenberg is a Visiting Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

government." A few even professe that they would vote for Shelli (the ex treme dove party) understanding, again "that Labor would win anyway." If were Mr. Peres, I think I would have felt as if I were standing on the bear when the tide was going out and th sand was slithering inexorably through

Why? What caused the vote erosion The message seemed clear to an ou sider: not even the elites were staving with the power structure as the remark able beast we call democracy thrashe its tail. What happens, then, when is siders join the outsiders, is not the "the center doesn't hold" (the scourge phrase of liberals), the center simply moves a little bit, and a new bunch of pols gets invited to cocktail partic where people tell them how smart the are, a decade-long process which yield another bunch of rascal-elitists to thro out.

It is, of course, a very healthy d velopment, as we've seen in Carter America and as, I would guess, we' see in Begin's and Likud's Israel-an in Sweden, and in India, and in Eng land in a few months. I stopped i England en route to Israel, and my ev dence of a worldwide trend is that can't remember whether a set of note I made recorded the complaints of a English or an Israeli cabdriver. It hard ly matters: I heard it first during th New York City civilian-review-boar referendum in 1966. The plaint is a ways the same: those politicians have too many grand theories, and they's forgotten who the boss is.

It was particularly stirring to see happen firsthand and for the first tin in a nation. How often can one say the he was present at the creation? Pa Moynihan makes the point that Joh Adams was one of the great heroes the Western World. In 1800 he becam the first incumbent American Presiden to run for the highest office and los He was crushed, and his diaries revethat at that time he regarded himse



a failure. In fact, by not scheming by sulking in a coach headed back Boston—he legitimized in the mod world the idea that even the most werful leaders can be dumped when a great beast writhes in the voting oths. And that, of course, is a greater act than most Presidents leave bead them.

This process just happened in Israel. is the first time that the nation has d other than a Labor government. ey're out—for a while, at least. Not-thstanding scandals and indecisivess, let it be said that they've by no cans been a bad bunch. As they like say, they did build the state, and at, too, is a greater legacy than most us leave behind.

HAT OF LIKUD? Poor fellows won the election, surprising even themselves, and got pummeled Arabs and Jews. Americans and Islis, press and politicos. And what is it crime? They had the misfortune step on five loaded words: hard, e, right, wing, and terrorist. The first IT, when run together, as in "harde, right-wing Menahem Begin," have singular ability to send some Amerial liberal Jews into orbit.

But what is Likud so hard-line about? nat are they right-wing about?

Well, they are pro free enterprise! tud has made the point that labor ialism in Israel has produced runay bureaucracy, overregulation, alost plenary power for unions and, ist serious, a stultifying investment mate in a country that desperately eds fresh infusions of outside capital. ael, they believe, has the New York y disease, and the Likud plan consplates a remedial modernizing dose American-style entrepreneurial acity, although still well to the left the goals of the 1976 Democratic

And "hard-line"? Surely correct. On issue of security and the territories, cud is hard-line. So is Yigal Yadin d his Democratic Movement for ange. So are the religious parties. So Labor. So are almost all Israelis. dat is absolutely right when he says of the Israelis are hawks.

It is easy to sit in Washington, look a map, and play the salami-slicing me: cut a slice off the Golan; give



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back most of the Sinai: return the West Bank. But when you drive from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. a different set of perceptions take over. The distance from the border of the West Bank to the Mediterranean Sea. across the waist of Israel. is about the distance from Capitol Hill to Bethesda. For a continental. 3.000-mile-wide nation to push Israel into returning to such precarious borders strikes many Israelis as a bit insensitive.

So Mr. Begin, while prepared to go the salami route on Sinai and Golan. has said. "Not one inch" on the "ancestral homelands" of Judea and Samaria-or the West Bank, if you will. It is a view that most Israelis would love to be able to hold, but they also sense it is unrealistic. So they talk about a security defense line on the Jordan River tbulwarked by "illegal" settlements established by Labor, not Likud), and about a demilitarized West Bank. and a West Bank federated with Jordan not established as a Palestinian state-and 50 on. They take this view because they see a reality of international pressure on Israel that Mr. Begin does not ac-

At this moment, it is very hard to judge Begin's views. He may be right: Israel was in fact built by men and women who chose to ignore what passed for conventional wisdom. And he may be wrong. More important, he may change his mind, or have it changed for him, and it is the possibility of such a process which leads me to think that the election results will turn out to help rather than hinder the peace process.

s ONE LOOKS AT the current state of the international chessboard, it is apparent that Israel will be subjected to a heavy application of pressure from friend and foe alike: from Europeans concerned about oil, from Americans concerned about Europe, oil, and the Soviet Union, from Arab extremists and Arabs who are described as moderates. And the key questions are these: will the Likud government soften its territorial position? can the peace negotiations go forward? can they be fruitful?

The keys to these questions, it seems to me. rest on two sets of facts.

Likud won its victory not because of its foreign or territorial policies, but in spite of them. Labor lost not because of its foreign or territorial policies, but in spite of them. These facts are clear from an examination of public opinion polls taken just before the elections. As a matter of record, Labor's strongest issue was foreign policy; more than half of Israel's voters still supported the Rabin-Peres international policies even as Labor's house of cards was collapsing.

The second set of facts concerns Israeli response to what is perceived as American strong-arm tactics about dictating the nature of a settlement and, by extension, dictating who will be in power in Israel. There is no question that some of President Carter's onagain-off-again statements about Israel this spring were ill advised and, more important, helped to undermine the Labor government that he wanted kept in power. If the President's statements were inconsistent, impetuous, and sometimes plain wrong, the preelection leaks from the State Department were positively bush league. The day before the election, for example, readers of the Jerusalem Post read this headline on page 1 above the fold: "U.S. Officials Rooting for Alignment [Labor] Victorv Todav."

Israeli voters responded as might any group of red-blooded voters anywhere in the world: they voted against the party assumed to be under the thumb of a foreign power, even one as admired and respected as the United States is in Israel.

These facts would seem worthy of consideration in shaping the outlines of an intelligent American foreign policy toward Israel: more carrots than sticks. The major pressure of Likud on peace negotiations and territorial concessions will come from within. That pressure will take the form of a process, not an event. and will happen, indeed is happening, within the democratic process in Israel. That process will only be slowed by publicized. American-initiated hardball.

Can Begin. alleged former terrorist. alleged messianic fanatic, moderate his views and become a constructive force in the Mideast negotiations?

If one accepts the premise that the electoral events in Israel were quintessentially, even poetically, democratic, the answer is obviously yes.

What I don't accept is the notion that Begin was a "terrorist" in the modern

sense of that word. He, and the Irgu fought British colonialists, a tradition that goes back to George Washingto His methods were not those of tl Marquis of Queensberry: neither we Washington's or Jomo Kenvatta's. B gin and the Irgun were intent on sa ing the European Jewish remnant the Holocaust. A retrospective look Palestine in the mid-1940s sugges that the Irgun's activity clearly according erated the process of independence ar the possibility of providing a home for displaced persons. Moreover, the Irgu never engaged in the boastful ar capricious slaving of women, childre

But suppose Begin and the Irgun a all the bad things people call them. Ca it still work out?

I believe so. If democracy had field day in Israel in May, is there reason to expect it to stop functionin by September? Begin's troops are-like Carter's—outsiders. With a fe notable exceptions (such as Gen. Ez Weizman), they have never been particles of Israel's "2.000 families" that we to the same schools, lived in the same ighborhoods, and so on. They have political as well as social outlaners: in the twenty-nine years of Israel nationhood they've always been nur ber two, and only once, for only a fewears, had even a few Cabinet member

Does the mixture of democracy ar power change people and change p sitions as outsiders become insiders Ask Jimmy Carter. In the spring 1976, candidate Carter announced th he favored a defense cut of between \$ billion and \$7 billion. By June of 197 Carter's representatives on the Dem cratic platform subcommittee didr seem particularly anxious to write the pledge into the platform, but the libe als insisted and in it went. In the fa nominee Carter tried not to mention during the campaign. In the early wi ter President-elect Carter and h spokesmen allowed that what the \$5 b lion-to-\$7 billion cut really meant wa a cut of that amount in Ford's propose budget, which called for a \$10 billio increase. In the early spring of 197 when President Carter sent his defens budget recommendation to the Co gress, it was only \$300 million shy Ford's request, and he and Secretary Defense Harold Brown were denoun ing Congressional budget-cutters as i responsible. Simply put, the perception reality has a way of changing when outsider becomes an insider.

Richard Nixon transformed a career anti-Communism by going to China I toasting Mao on three networks. Menachem Begin the man to make a il with the Arabs? All we know is at there is nothing in recent history suggest that he can't do it. Perhaps ne among Israeli leaders, he could suade the hawks to (grudgingly and vously) accept a deal—if it is a od deal. (Remember what pundits d about the Nixon-China caper: esident Humphrey couldn't have gotaway with it—because Nixon would e denounced it.")

There is yet another reason why rin may be able to deal, and this one. , has a Carter analogue. In the early nths of his term, President Carter had the good sense to understand t America's major weakness in the eign arena was rooted in domestic tudes. As long as America had a igdog attitude about itself, as long America felt that maybe it no longer ed for something great and good. long as America felt impotent to inence the course of events, then it was liminished power in the world no tter how energetic its new leader-3. Democratic leaders can operate y within the perimeters of the atdes of the governed. Carter unstood this, and I believe that he lerstood in advance that the most portant impact of his human-rights iative was in America. It reminded that we remain the good guys, and t we can at least try to influence tiny. That feeling expands the mars in which our leaders and our dipats operate. (Leaders usually unstand this proposition, diplomats 1.16

he analogue with Israel is not pre-: but it is there. In the long run. re will be no successful negotiation he Middle Eastern tinderbox unless Israeli people (not only their leadl agree to it. A people that feels ud of itself, and feels that its leadrepresent its aspirations, and feels t it is in control of its own destiny, v decide to take some cautious risks peace. On the other hand, a people on in the mouth, feeling itself ruled an establishment that is out of ch, has less of a chance to make the and scary moves that are deaded if a peace settlement is to come. o. WHEN President Carter and Prime Minister Begin sit down in the White House this summer, they should have plenty to talk about. They can talk about fighting inflation. They can talk about traditional values. They can talk about patriotism and free enterprise and cautious economics. They can talk about voters being fed up and alienated and looking for straight talk.

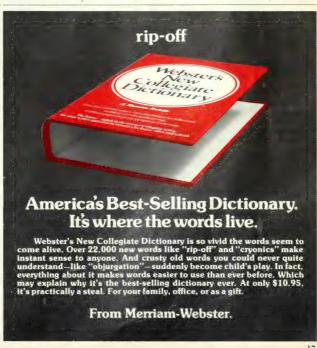
On all these points and more, I'm sure they can have a fruitful discussion. I would guess that they will like each other. Indeed, one of Carter's disturbing traits is that he seems to like and admire all men when he's with them—including his new-found old friends Prince Fahd and President Hafez al-Assad of Syria. He would be graded very highly on one of those old elementary-school report cards in the category "Works and Plays Well with Others."

Ultimately, of course, Carter and Begin, shaped and moderated by their peoples and their political system, will have to talk—and act—on peace in the Middle East. Our President will have to decide how hard to push Israel toward

dangerous risks with potentially high rewards. And Begin, and Israel, will have to deal with the classic dilemma of politics: is the time ripe to say, "Don't just sit there, do something," or, on the other hand, "Don't just do something, sit there."

That final decision, I would guess. will depend on neither Carter nor Begin, men continually being molded by their masters, the voters. Instead, ironically, it will be determined not by democratically elected leaders, but by Arab rulers: leaders of military juntas, monarchs, potentates, political strong men, autocrats. If they really offer "real peace" as the phrase now goes, Begin's personality and personal history are almost irrelevant: this alleged hard-line, right-wing former terrorist will respond as his people wish, or be discarded by one democratic means or another. If the Arabs aren't serious, the process will only limp along and we will all speculate what wonders might be if the Arab leaders, like the Israeli and American ones, had to stare the great democratic beast in the eve. and if Arab taxi drivers felt that they could influence events.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 1977



THE CULTURAL TITHE

An argument against federal funding of the arts

by Tom Beth

NEW DAY IS dawning in the arts. The New York Times Arts and Leisure section seems to be in no doubt about the matter. There is a "cultural renaissance" in the White House. Gone are the Patton movies and the days when Bob Haldeman did the booking (Merle Haggard, Zsa Zsa Gábor). "It really wasn't very flashy," recalled one frustrated cultureperson. Now comes President Carter, who unexpectedly one day took his family to hear Madame Butterfly at the Kennedy Center. Rudolf Serkin, the classical pianist, played at Carter's first state dinner. True, Rosalynn Carter is a Loretta Lynn lover, but one can overlook that. The important thing is that when the U.S. Marine Orchestra played Eine kleine Nachtmusik the President's eyes watered.

Whereupon the cultural bureaucracy's mouth watered. No doubt about it, more money would be flowing to Washington out of the pockets of that vast leisure-suited, beer-sipping, Dolly Parton-loving brigade dimly perceived to be dwelling in remote points south and west of the Potomac. Did someone mention federal funding of the arts? Washington is for it.

Don't forget Joan Mondale. She's

pulling for the arts. In no time at all, out went the Rockefellers' Max Ernst bed and in came Claes Oldenburg, Willem de Kooning, and Robert Motherwell. Joan Mondale predicts that the Vice-President "will learn to relax and enjoy just the colors and the shapes and the forms and not worry about the storytelling content"—a "gigantic leap," she concedes. Joan has taken up for museums. "They enrich the mind and challenge the imagination," she says. "They conserve knowledge and give pleasure."

Nancy Hanks was thrilled. She is chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. Her term of office expires this fall, and the city is almost giddy with rumors of her successor. (Liv Biddle? Wes Uhlman? Michael Straight? Or a dark horse, such as Peggy Cooper?) Some say Nancy Hanks wouldn't mind staying on. She said of Joan Mondale the other day: "The lady is a wonderful one who means exactly what she says, and whose interest in encouraging and assisting the arts is far deeper than that of a visitor."

Culture just keeps on exploding in Washington. There is an "arts cluster"

Tom Bethell is a Mashington editor of Harper's.

at work in the White House. There cultural enclave at the State Depment. Over at Commerce, even, a cial assistant to the Secretary for tural Affairs has recently been pointed. The Kennedy Center is well the way to replacing Washington thedral as a center of devotion. The tional Endowment for the Arts and manities has grown from a \$5 mil enterprise to a \$170 million bureau cy in the past decade. And a new of lobbyist—the "arts activist"—is ginning to raise its voice.

Statistics of "art growth" are low ly cited by these activists: dance diences up from 1 million to 15 mill major symphony orchestras up from 10.10, with the audience for symph performances now reaching 26 mill museum attendance up to 50 mil annually (at one point I saw the fig of 600 million museum visits cited, the statistic quickly dropped from some doubt in response to a caution memorandum from on high: with size audience, perhaps funding we seem superfluous?).

Preachments on behalf of the have been similarly unrestrained would suggest a \$1 billion approtion for the arts." Beverly Sills has:
Had a member of the business munity made such an appeal for hi dustry, the press would have howle protest over the conflict of interest. response to Miss Sills was and round of applause.

In addition, the rhetoric emans from the arts bureaucracies is clated to plant the idea that exposure utilities of the exercise of which has been law thought the people. This is the rhetoric of the preach, vital, valid, resource, price of cultural brochures—those da phrases of exhortation that are seemed.



tended to inculcate guilt: we must rplement input and impact youth and wich quality of life.

HAT IS THE RESULT of all this arts funding and arts growth? Wouldn't you know, the arts need more oney. "The arts need help," Harold C. chonberg advises in the New York mes. "Inflation is killing off arts ornizations left and right. . . . It's a bad uation and the government is evenally going to have to do something out it." Beverly Sills says that there a "money crisis" in the arts. In reonse, Rep. Frederick Richmond of w York, an arts activist, is coming the rescue with a bill, H.R. 1042. is is a proposal to establish an "inme-tax checkoff" on tax returns. A x on tax forms would enable taxpays to add to the taxes they owe, or btract from the amount the governent owes them, by a stated amount. rus the proposal is not quite the same the checkoff for Presidential camigns, since it would add to governent revenues-or perhaps it would ly seem to. The plan also allows for iking all such contributions deducte the following year. Richmond has eady rallied about fifty Congressin to his side as cosponsors. They about a potential \$1.7 biln annually for the arts if the bill is acted. That would multiply present propriations for the arts by ten. The s bureaucrats are enthusiastic.

It may seem odd that Congressmen ould be so eager to vote money for arts-to ensure, in effect, that a ket to Madame Butterfly will cost 0 instead of \$15-given the relativetiny number of constituents that seek h entertainment. The explanation is nost magically simple. Culture-seekmay be few, but they are usually h and influential. They tend to be igmakers at election time. Even in al areas, where there exists only a adful of those for whom evening entainment consists of dressing up in latest fashions in order to see and seen (with something appropriately tural onstage), the same rule apes. It does the representatives in ishington no harm at all to keep in good graces of these people.

In addition, as even the most superal acquaintance with the Washington

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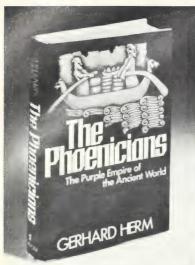
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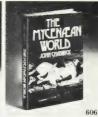
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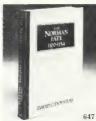
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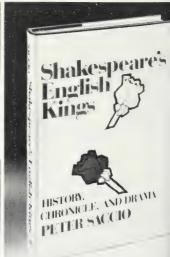


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social scene makes plain, it's nice for the Congressmen when they come here, too. If you go to the Kennedy Center at all frequently you will soon lose track of the number of times you see Rep. John Brademas or Sen. Claiborne Pell in attendance. These are not merely men-about-town but chairmen of the subcommittees in the House and Senate that handle arts authorizations.

One can't avoid noticing that the journalists are ready to applaud every step of the way when the topic is culture. Normally in this city something that so much as sniffs ever so faintly of conflict of interest is enough to cause inquiring journalistic nostrils to quiver with anticipation, but in the matter of the arts, journalists (many of whom are likely to be in attendance at the same performances) will only bark approval. David Broder, for example, noted in a 1973 column that the proposal to increase arts funding from \$80 million to \$145 million was a "fat target for the know-nothings" in Congress, one of whom inquired if there was "any allowance for Buck Owens, Merle Haggard or Grand Ole Opry." (You see the kind of country we live in?) But that Congressman was the exception. Most behaved themselves and did right by culture. Broder praised the "towering Midwestern Congressman" Albert Quie, who said on the floor: "Our creative artists have a vital role to play in helping to show mankind the way to oneness, brotherhood, and peace." Clap clap clap clap clap clap . . .

ELL, YOU MAY ASK, what's wrong with government funding of the arts? Hasn't it always been with us? Look at Cosimo de' Medici, the Margrave of Brandenburg, the Archduke Rudolf. The problem here is that the relationship of these arts patrons to the artists they employed was entirely different from the relationship between the government and the artist today, so different as to make nonsense of the comparison. The European noblemen hired artists and composers much as they would hire servants-a point that today's artist (who in many cases is apt to regard himself as suspended somewhere between God and man) is not likely to relish.

The eighteenth-century artist attached to a court was a relatively respected

member of the household, even if was expected to use the tradesmen entrance. He was expected to produ specific works for specific occasions and he was expected to please (as Med artists often wisely thought to inclu a Medici or two devoutly praying the corner of a painting). By contra today's grantee artist, the beneficiary government largesse, is not beholden anyone, functioning almost entire without oversight. He is a "free spiri he will let you know, given to mock contemporary mores—to biting thand that feeds him.

What we have today is not hiring h funding. Any suggestion that this i plies control (as it certainly did in ea lier times) is vigorously refuted be by funders and artists. In any eve the mechanism of the intervening l reaucracy today is enough to ensu that there is no such control or patro age in the historic sense. And as a appropriations increase, this is beco ing more and more true. The prin pal philosophical debate raging in a funding circles today concerns wl one might call the Elite versus t Grass Roots. As Congressional app priations increase, so does the inclition of the Congressman to see that just portion of the money is spent his state. This in turn has led to t establishment of state arts counc which soon find themselves under litical pressure to distribute the mor to individuals at the grass roots leve

The result is that an increasing p centage of government arts money being dribbled away on mime troup street theater, supergraphics on sides of buildings, and hand presthat print up slim volumes of homade poetry (on the best possible per). The National Endowment for Arts has only the vaguest idea wh the money (currently about 25 perc of the total federal arts budget) eup once it has given the statutory lu sum to each state arts council.

This satisfies the politicians, but those in the Elite arts camp (Mich Straight, deputy chairman of the NI is an example). The Elite argues the you are going to give money to arts, you might as well give it out lump sums to established institutilike the Metropolitan Opera or the museums. Given the alternative—whappears to be in large measure the gernment sponsorship of whimsy, fa

Ron Kovic dreamed of being an American hero.



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nable protest, and pure self-indulence—the Elite has a point. But once at point is conceded, one faces a far ore serious problem—one that, oddly lough, never seems to be brought up all in discussions of government and

Funding elite cultural institutions ins directly counter to the great Ameran contribution to culture, the expanon of its audiences. In nineteenthntury Europe, as the bourgeoisie was larged through education, industrialation, and the growth of cities, and ore and more of the former peasants gan wending their way into the conrt halfs and museums, there seems to we been a deliberate (or was it subnscious?) attempt by artists to rest this democratization. And the arts, in turn, were greatly encouraged those critics and arbiters of taste ho were eager to stay knowledgeily ahead of the pack. Art became ug-, esoteric, and frankly experimental. ne masses saw it was not for them. nev got the message (keep out).

At that point a wonderful and unexcted thing happened. The Muses, so ghted in Europe, jumped across the lantic and took up residence in the wliest American quarters: the redtht district of New Orleans, the swingg-door saloons of Sedalia, Missouri, d tenant shacks in the Mississippi elta. American culture was born at at moment-and its birth occurred th extraordinary speed. And from at moment on European culture was sentially dead, in the sense that the ly thing left to do with it was prerve it in the formaldehyde of muams and concert halls.

American culture never did seem rticularly "serious" or weighty preely because it was so popular, but great strength and radiance soon came apparent nonetheless, by the iftness with which it reverberated ound the world. "Culture" now realdid become something that it had ver been in Europe-something that erybody could enjoy (as long as you In't mind being included in such a 'ge audience-a big "if," admitted-1. Another wonderful feature of the nerican development was that "cule" and "art" ostensibly never had ything to do with it. If you had ked to the early exponents of jazz, gtime, the blues-movies, evenout the "art form" or theories of art. they would not have had the slightest idea what you were talking about. They would have been genuinely puzzled. They thought of themselves as entertainers making a living, as artisans rather than artists.

Unfortunately, however, this notion of culture as something that everyone could enjoy-and therefore as something that needed no government funding because it was so popular-never did appeal particularly to those who (as in Europe) saw in art an opportunity to stake out a claim to superior sensibility. And that, I fear, is the unstated intention behind federal funding of the arts. It is a fairly blatant attempt to restore (or at least preserve) European conceptions of culture that are either obsolete (in the sense that you can listen to Beethoven quite comfortably at home nowadays-some would say more comfortably-without having to join the Kennedy Center crowd) or else frankly elitist.

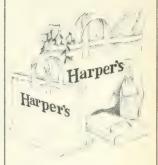
Federal funding of the arts thus also involves a subtle denigration of American culture. What it really boils down to is an appeal to tax the mobs listening to country and-western, or rock, or soul, because we, the wonderful ones, have something rather more elevated on our minds that deserves your subsidy.

The Congressman who asked about funding Buck Owens too wasn't a know-nothing. He was right. I know there is an attempt under way in the arts bureaucracies these days to portray American culture as something that might have been truly brilliant had there not been so much wastage of talent-had the National Endowment only come into being sixty or seventy years earlier than it did. But don't talk to me about Outreach or Expansion Arts or Ethno- this or that, or about "enrichment" or "resources" or education programs in the schools, or about jazz pianist Billy Taylor teaching grantsmanship on behalf of the National Endowment instead of piano. Scott Joplin, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, all the great figures of American art were not reached by, nor had they heard of, nor did they need, any such programs. Such government programs have very little to do with art, but a great deal to do with government trying to enlarge its scope and justify its existence.

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CARTER'S PATCHWORK DOCTRINE

n ambitious, but incoherent, foreign policy

by Richard J. Barnet

NCE IN OFFICE, a President has no more than 200 days to launch the "bold, new initiatives" he may have promised in the campaign. Most rent Presidents have made major shifts in poliduring their first weeks in office. Eisenhower cretly threatened to use the atomic bomb to d the Korean war. Kennedy moved to eslate the arms race and invade Cuba. Johnson med the Vietnam involvement into a crude. Nixon started the wheels of détente grindg. What has Jimmy Carter done?

He has made rather clear what he is trying do. The Administration's "game plan" seeks "restore the authority of the President" over reign policy. Nixon, because of his secrecy d cynicism, had power over foreign relations it not authority; Ford had neither power nor thority. Carter needed to establish an instant putation as a man with a new vision of nerica's role in the world. That was a tall der for a one-term Georgia governor, but, rtunately, there were ready-to-wear ideoloes available from the Trilateral Commission d from the archives of the Democratic par-. The new global vision was announced four onths after Inauguration Day in a remarkle speech at Notre Dame. Not for thirty ars has there been so much new music in a esidential pronouncement on foreign policy talk of our "inordinate fear of Communism," and the "intellectual and moral poverty" of our "failure" in Vietnam, of responding to "the new reality of a politically awakening world," avoiding "manipulation" through power, rising above "narrow national interests" to solve the global problems of "nuclear war, racial hatred, the arms race, environmental damage, hunger, and disease."

The second task for the first few weeks in power was to restore the American foreignpolicy consensus which had been shattered in the Indochina disaster. The American people needed a foreign policy, in Vice-President Mondale's words, that would leave them "feeling good." In the campaign Carter had telegraphed his strategy for lining up a solid majority behind his foreign-policy moves. He would attempt to gather into a bipartisan consensus the two groups that had broken with Kissinger, the liberals who were revolted by his cynicism and double-dealing and the hardliners who thought he had given away too much to the Soviets. To the former he offered a return to morality in foreign policy, a concern with human rights, a promise to scold dictators who ruled by torture, and an acknowledgment that the United States was the leading merchant of death in the Third World. To the latter he vowed that he would make détente a two-way street and be a tougher bargainer than Kissinger. Carter spent his first

Richard J. Barnet, a former official at the State Department, is codirector of the Institute for Policy Studies and author of the forthcoming The Giants: Russia and the United States.

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CARTER'S
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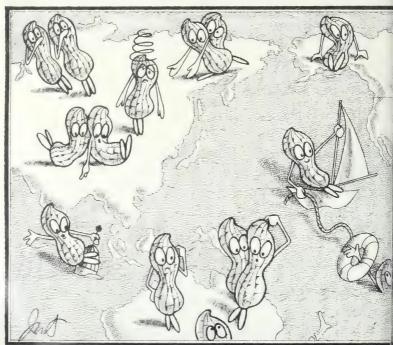
100 days in the White House making good on both sets of pledges.

Sense of purpose

RUCIAL TO THE TACTICS for reestablishing the foreign-policy consensus was the human-rights campaign. Proclaiming a universal concern for the rights of man serves social ends as well as political ones. The most important psychological function of the new moralism is to give absolution for the past and a sense of purpose for the future. Jimmy Carter understands sin and guilt. He knows that the "long national nightmare" of the Indochina war and Watergate cannot be dispelled by simply proclaiming it to be over, as President Ford did when he took office. The nation's honor had been stained, its judgment put in doubt, and its effectiveness crippled. Because of the doubt and distrust felt by liberals in Congress, the authority of the Presidency in foreign affairs in the last two years of the Republican Administration had been seriously undermined, as Kissinger himself acknowledged after Congress refused him "trivial sums" for a covert crusade in Angola

Carter could have called for confession as a rite of absolution. He could have encouraged the debate we have never had on the meaning of the war and its lessons for the future. As a master of symbols, he could have dramatized America's break with its interventionist pasby honoring Nixon's pledge to seek \$3.5 bil lion in reparations for the Vietnamese, by not filling the top national-security positions in his administration with such architects of the war as Cyrus Vance, Harold Brown, and Philip Habib; and by giving unconditional amnesty to all draft evaders and deserters. Such a pure moral position, even if he shared it, was not a political possibility for Carter, for it would have lost him the foreign-policy consensus he sought. Therefore, other roads to absolution had to be tried. The sin of Vietnam would be expunged by working for redemption in the rest of the world.

But redemption does not come cheap. The human-rights campaign was greeted with im mediate skepticism by European leaders, who squirm when American Presidents preach, and

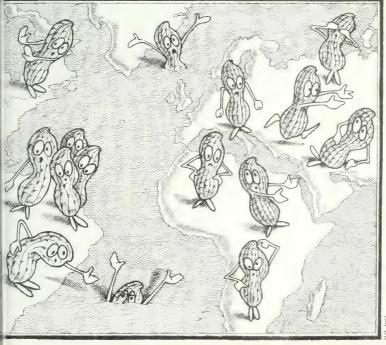


th fury by Latin-American dictators, who w it as another instrument of American invention. Under criticism, Carter moved back m what had at first seemed to be a univerpolicy of withholding aid and even friendp from countries that do too much torturand jailing. Human rights would not be a adition of good U.S. relations where the intry was deemed important from a nationsecurity standpoint. South Korea and the ilippines were sufficiently strategic to qualifor the exemption. Argentina was not, alrugh Argentine officers are still trained in U.S. base in Panama. At Notre Dame, the esident made it clear that he would not conet policy "by rigid moral maxims" and that key weapon of the human-rights campaign s "the power of words." To underscore the nt, the Administration opposed legislation t would have required the U.S. representae in multilateral lending agencies such as World Bank to vote against loans to tor-

Although the human-rights campaign has poses more modest than the radical imvement of human rights around the world, it is crucial to the new global strategy of the Carter Administration. Just as Carter promised the American people a "government as good as you are," he has articulated a national purpose that can make us feel good and possibly look good. Some of the President's advisers say that the Notre Dame speech is as much a watershed as the speech President Truman gave in March 1947, when he launched the Truman Doctrine, a global anti-Communist crusade. Zbigniew Brzezinski told U.S. News and World Report that the U.S. now has a chance to set the direction of international politics, just as it did at the end of the war. The Cold War is not over, the advisers say, but we have a new national purpose to take the place of anti-Communism, which no longer inspires us. There is a "trend" in the world, Carter announced at Notre Dame, toward "dramatic worldwide advances in the protection of the individual from the power of the state." The United States would "lose influence and moral authority in the world" if it ignored the trend. "To lead it will be to regain the moral stature we once had."

The human-rights campaign is more than a national cheer, however. It can also be used

"The United States, which acquired the image in the Johnson-Nixon vears as an unstable militarist power, will occupy the ideological high ground once again."



CARTER'S PATCHWORK DOCTRINE

to appeal to the population of Western Europe and Japan over the heads of their leaders. The staff of the National Security Council is studying polls that show high public approval of Carter's human-rights stand (79 percent in West Germany; 68 percent in France). As leader of a world movement with bases of support in Europe and Japan, the American President will have increased leverage over European and Japanese statesmen in the tough trilateral negotiations that lie ahead.

The main target of the human-rights campaign, however, is the Soviet Union. The Administration is not so naive as to think that hectoring the Kremlin will produce a liberal revolution in the U.S.S.R. Indeed, there is evidence that some of the early attention to the Soviet dissidents was a diplomatic stumble. Certainly the immediate effect has been increased repression. The human-rights issue is to be used against the Soviet Union less as pressure in behalf of political prisoners than as a weapon of ideological warfare. The "trend" toward human rights which the Administration has discovered makes it possible to reassert an American global revolutionary ideology. If the Soviets see history as a process of freedom from economic exploitation, the new American ideology sees history as a process of increasing individual autonomy and liberation from the state; the United States expresses the spirit of the coming age. America, not the Soviet Union, is marching with history.

Détente, Brzezinski says, must be "reciprocal." The rules of the game must be the same for both parties. The Soviet Union "cannot feel free to proclaim revolutionary principles or certain inevitable laws of history which give it a right to comment on the social order of other societies or even to engage in the direct abetting of revolutionary violence, and then at the same time consider it an act of intervention if the other side affirms its own beliefs, its own fundamental principles." The United States, which acquired the image in the Johnson-Nixon years as an unstable militarist power and thereby gave the Soviets a "free ride" in many parts of the world, will occupy the ideological high ground once again. The United States will take up the challenge of ideological competition and beat the Soviets at their own game.

The third task, according to the Carter game plan, was to redirect the U.S.-Soviet détente. Brzezinski's criticism of Kissinger, which had been spelled out in papers he wrote while director of the Trilateral Commission. rested on two premises. The first was that the U.S.-Soviet relationship was given too much importance. Making détente the centerpiece of foreign policy was anachronistic. The relationship

of the industrialized nations, the uneasy trila eral alliance of the United States, Western E rope (principally West Germany), and Japa was far more in need of buttressing than the Soviet relationship. The second premise we that it was not necessary to give away so much get the Soviets to cooperate.

The shift in emphasis on détente reflec a profound philosophical difference between Brzezinski and Kissinger. The last Secretary State was a Spenglerian pessimist who seeme to believe that the United States was in a pro ess of inexorable decline from the unique p sition of power it held in 1945. The statesman task was to slow that process wherever po sible. His goal was "stability," the preserv tion of a status quo still highly advantageor to the United States. Kissinger believed th shifts in power anywhere, except to get rid revolutionary regimes, as in Chile or Portuga would portend a decline in American power. was a conservative policy which required aver ing one's eyes from what governments we doing to their own people, since those gover ments-Brazil, Zaire, Iran, and Saudi Arab —were the pillars of his "structure of peace and the source of critical raw materials. Brz zinski is an optimist, an idealist, even som thing of a moralist like Carter himself. The United States, far from being headed for the ashcan of history, can play its most ambitio role yet in the closing years of the century.

The fourth task, according to the Admini tration game plan, was to take the lead in e tablishing a new world order to deal with the new global agenda-reestablishing groun rules for the international economy to take the place of the Bretton Woods structure, which collapsed in 1971; assuring access to energ and raw materials; controlling the flow of n clear materials; and regulating the arms trad The United States can shed its image as militaristic, unyielding power by exploiting i unique advantages as the strongest economy the world and as the symbol of a technologic culture almost all nations, even most sociali ones, seem to want. The worldwide declin since 1973 has had the effect of restoring t preeminence of the United States. Western E rope and Japan have been hit much hard than the United States by resource shortage inflation, and mounting social instability. T two self-inflicted wounds that sapped Ame ca's power to act grandly on the world stag the blunders and moral bankruptcy of Vietna and the crimes of Watergate, are healing. T Soviet Union, as the new CIA director, Star field Turner, noted on taking office, has fu damental weaknesses. The Soviet economy stagnating. The ideology has lost its appeal.

KOL SUPER LIGHTS



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health. Richard J. Barnet
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a few years, the old men who rule Russia will be through, and there will be another leadership crisis. Social instability, the consequences of a frozen revolution and the failure to integrate the intellectuals and the non-Russian majority into a cohesive community, is a serious threat to the Kremlin.

All of this means that the United States has much more room to maneuver to reassert its position as world leader, and to promote a world vision. The foreign-policy opposition that developed over the Vietnam war is dormant. Criticism now comes not from the antiwar, antimilitarist bloc in Congress which acted as a restraint on Kissinger but from the jingoist Right, which is demanding higher military budgets and a tougher policy toward the Soviets. While Carter does not share all the assumptions of the Committee on the Present Danger-he would genuinely like to get an arms-control agreement—the rise of hard-line sentiment in the country strengthens his hand in negotiating with the Soviets.

HE CARTER RHETORIC, with its emphasis on "world order," "peaceful competition," and "America as a global leader," is not new. It is a throwback to the era of Harry Truman and John F. Kennedy. Once again a Democratic administration is promising to "get the country moving again." But this time the Democratic President is a fiscal conservative who has an added incentive to raise expectations in foreign policy as he lowers expectations at home. Like Kennedy, Carter projects moral fervor and a sense of mission. In the tradition of Woodrow Wilson, he believes that America's destiny is to be the architect of a new world suffused with American values. (Nixon, another Wilsonian, also began his administration by talking about "the lift of a driving dream," but the dream turned out to be a "generation of peace" based on reactionary alliances and secret deals.)

America's strongest card is its economic strength. The United States, though increasingly dependent upon imported oil and strategic minerals, is still Number-One Nation, in Lyndon Johnson's phrase, in its control of two other vital resources—food and technology. The Carter Administration is far more sophisticated than the Kennedy Administration in its understanding that, in many areas of the world, internal political change, including leftist revolutions, cannot be stopped by counterinsurgency wars, military aid, or missile-rattling, and in its confidence that when a Third World nation "goes Communist" it will still come to the U.S. multinational corporations for tech-

nology, just as Vietnam is doing. As long as U.S. companies control critical technology and strategic world distribution and marketing systems, the new regimes of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, however radical, will have to deal with the United States on its own terms It is cheaper to have them as customers thar clients. Some years ago Brzezinski told the Murphy Commission:

What impresses me generally in foreign afjairs is that modern, large-scale, internationally active corporations have a far more effective way of operating internationally than the State Department. I would much rather deal with the representatives of IBM than with many of our embassies, in terms of perspicacity of analysis, flexibility of operations, and rapidity of movements.

An administration in which the Secretarie of State, Defense, and Housing and Urban Development are former board members of IBM is especially sensitive to the possibilities ousing America's high-technology corporation

to project national power.

This does not mean that military power is to be deemphasized. On the contrary, the corner stone of the Carter foreign policy is a stronge and more modern NATO requiring increase military commitments in Europe and contin uing efforts to maintain a technological lead over the Soviets in the strategic arms raceboth traditional bipartisan policies which sti Democratic hearts more than Republican. The military budget is going up, and in the absence of an early SALT III agreement-most unlike ly, since SALT II is still stalled—the Admin istration will approve a major escalation in the nuclear forces, including the cruise mis sile, B-1 bomber, Trident submarine, and more accurate warheads. Because of the long lead time of weapons systems, the decisions which the Administration takes in the next few month will set the minimum level of military spending through the 1980s.

As to the use of force in the Third World where the United States in the Truman-Eisen hower-Kennedy-Johnson era intervened will military or paramilitary forces on an average of once every eighteen months to support a client or to dislodge a potential troublemaker the Carter Administration appears ready to continue the Nixon Doctrine. The responsibility for maintaining order will remain with such regional peace-keepers as Brazil, Zaire, Iran and Saudi Arabia. Despite the increased tension with Brazil over U.S. efforts to block its access to nuclear technology, and public criticism of the huge Kissinger arms sales to the Iranian shah and to the Arabian king, the Ad

inistration will continue using Kissinger's ructure of peace, but its emphasis will be fferent. The Administration is making more fort to involve America's traditional allies in orld peace-keeping responsibilities to implement what a recent Trilateral Commission docuent calls "collective leadership." In the first st so far of American attitudes toward milary intervention, the insurgency in Zaire, the rter Administration abstained from a major minitment, and France, Germany, Belgium, d Morocco supplied the money, arms, and opps that saved America's friend, President obutu Sese Seko.

The new foreign policies

HE CARTER "GRAND DESIGN" calls for new rhetoric, new priorities, new ways of looking at the world. Most of these conceptual innovations have been elled out in the documents of the Trilateral mmission and the writings of Brzezinski, Fred Bergsten, Richard Cooper, and other eorists of the new administration over the st few years. Kissinger's "structure of peace" s the foil. The United States should be more theoming in meeting the demands of the ird World, less obsessed with détente, less idy to ship arms around the world, more ncerned about the spread of nuclear techlogy, more ready to advance a grand settleent for the Middle East instead of endless attle diplomacy, more open and moral in ojecting America's world vision.

The tone, rhetoric, and mood have changed, t what about the policies? The most dramatand significant change has been in south-1 Africa, Kissinger began by assuming the ig-term stability of the white regimes in uthern Africa and building his structure of ace on their support. The Portuguese revation of 1974 and the end of colonialism Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau ced Kissinger to shift U.S. policy. The rter Administration has publicly warned the uth African government that it will not resfolly; accommodations e it from its ist be made to the black majority. Although r from scoring a diplomatic triumph in eier Rhodesia or South Africa, the United ates has succeeded in convincing some black ders in southern Africa that it is no longer the side of racism. At a time when the Soets are playing a more active role in Africa, it is important for preserving American wer and influence. But the United States ntinues to oppose sanctions against South rica and Rhodesia and to promote investment in South Africa by U.S. multinational corporations. As tension mounts and more blood flows, the U.S. will find it increasingly difficult to develop its new image in southern Africa by continuing to espouse moderate policies.

In Latin America, Carter has expressed a desire to normalize relations with Cuba and to negotiate a Panama Canal treaty. Continuing the Cuban policy of the 1960s makes no sense, as the attempts at diplomatic isolation and a trade embargo have done nothing except increase Castro's dependence upon the Soviet Union. But the Carter Administration's pronouncements on the subject were confused. Andrew Young thought that Cuban troops in Angola were "stabilizing"; Cyrus Vance thought they were destabilizing, but their removal would not be a condition for establishing normal relations; President Carter suggests that normal relations depend not only upon a withdrawal from Africa but upon release of political prisoners in Cuba. Meanwhile, however, there has been some progress toward reestablishing relations.

In the rest of Latin America, traditional U.S. policy continues for the most part. The withholding of aid to Argentina (with exceptions) and Uruguay explicitly on human-rights grounds reflects Congressional sentiment that had been building up in the closing months of the Ford Administration. The coolness toward Chile is also more a continuation of Kissinger's changed position than an expression of the new morality Carter hinted he would adopt in the campaign. Indeed, the Administration wanted to believe in its early weeks that the Chilean junta was going to reform out of fear of Jimmy Carter's righteous wrath, but evidence that prominent trade-union officials have disappeared and that torture continues has dashed such hopes. Vice-President Mondale received Eduardo Frei, and the Deputy Secretary of State talked with Clodomiro Almeyda, once Allende's foreign minister. It is not common to receive opposition and exiled leaders at such a level. At the same time the Administration is sending six military advisers to the junta. The U.S. will support an alternative to the junta should the politics of Santiago make it possible, but not intervene to undo the work of its previous intervention.

The most interesting initiatives concerning the hemisphere relate to U.S. immigration policy. As a concession to Mexico, which has discovered vast oil reserves in Yucatan that may put it in a class with Saudi Arabia, the U.S. is proposing to liberalize its laws with respect to illegal aliens. There are an estimated 8 million Mexicans illegally in the U.S.; the Ad-

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ministration proposes to let most of them stay and thereby ease a source of chronic tension.

In Asia the Administration has ended the Kissinger hard line on Vietnam; it has decided that Hanoi is not concealing information on Americans missing in action, agreed to back Vietnam for membership in the United Nations, and proposed normalizing relations. But Carter has stoutly resisted anything that would suggest an obligation to pay reparations, and the Vietnamese refuse to proceed to normalization until the U.S. makes some gesture "to heal the wounds of war." The only other new policy in Asia is the proposed step-by-step withdrawal of U.S. troops from Korea, a move proposed in the campaign. The Korean withdrawal is probably the most explicit foreignpolicy initiative yet made by the Carter Administration-unlike most of the others it does not appear riddled with exceptions, caveats, and loopholes-and therefore is the most controversial.

RMS SALES TO THE Third World, another symbol of Kissinger wickedness in the campaign, are now subject to a new policy designed to convert arms sales from a routine instrument of foreign policy into an "exceptional" one. The \$32 billion in arms sales to other nations now in the "pipeline" will not be affected, but the "burden of persuasion" for new arms sales will be on those who favor them. Embassies will stop pushing arms sales. The U.S. pledges not to be the first supplier of advanced weapons anywhere in the world. Coproduction arrangements for significant weapons, such as the proposed plan to make F-16 fighter planes in Israel and with NATO countries, would presumably be prohibited, but there are "national-security" exceptions in the policy which could make almost any arrangements possible. The restrictions on coproduction seem to be in direct conflict with the strategy to strengthen military cooperation and weapons standardization in NATO. As in Carter's strong stand against nuclear proliferation, the rhetoric in the armssales policy is clearer than the content. On the nuclear question, Carter quickly retreated under pressure at the London summit conference. Under the new guidelines which authorize arms transfers "to promote our security and the security of our close friends," there is enough flexibility to continue as "the world's largest arms seller," since about 60 percent of all weapons transfers go to our "close friends."

HARPER'S AUGUST 1977 One of the accomplishments set out in the game plan which Brzezinski emphasizes is "a

more forthcoming attitude" toward the Thi World on economic issues. The Ford Admin tration adamantly opposed price-support a rangements to protect natural commoditi from wild price fluctuations that can bankru mineral-producing and one-crop poor countrie The Carter Administration has agreed to d cuss a "common fund" to meet these concern but it is far from agreeing to the specific a rangements the poor countries are calling for One of the demands of the "new economic of der" is debt relief. Here, too, the Carter Admi istration has made a gesture—\$1 billion to supplied by the industrial countries to he the poorest countries with their debt burde But since the debt is so massive, the debt-reli program is another symbol which will chan very little, especially since the economic lationships between the rich and poor cou tries which assure the escalation of the de burden continue unchanged. Meanwhile, t U.S. is exerting its considerable influence the World Bank and the International Mo etary Fund to promote "austerity" program for poor countries which require them to o real wages and to curtail welfare programs.

Such policies, which actually redistribution from the poor to the rich in poor coutries, may have more influence on hum rights than anything else the U.S. does. To government of a country such as Argentir with its strong labor movement, cannot owages as it is doing without also engaging merciless repression.

Jimmy Carter's world order is far more a bitious and high-minded than Nixon's visi of a "generation of peace," but it is much le coherent. Nixon wanted to change the symbol of foreign policy and to rebuild the domes consensus too, but he had a simpler agen and a clearer idea of what he wanted to d The Carter Administration has articulated it pressive goals-"zero nuclear weapons," "ur versal human rights"-and in a matter weeks has nibbled at every major world pro lem, but anyone who follows John Mitchel excellent advice for evaluating the last admi istration-"Watch what we do, not what say"-will be struck by the contradictions h tween rhetorical goals and day-to-day policie It is too early to grade Brzezinski, as the pri cipal architect of Jimmy Carter's new wor order once graded Kissinger issue by issue Foreign Policy magazine. Without questithe Carter foreign policy is more subtle th the Nixon-Ford policy. Had it been followed the 1960s, the Kennedy-Johnson years mig have been less disastrous. Whether the no policy patchwork is remotely adequate for t 1980s is another matter.



by Philip Roth

avid Kepesh is an intelligent and spirited young academic with a proclivity for "erotic daredeviltry." In his college days he fervently proclaims himself to be, like Byron, "studious by day, dissolute by night," but he does not realize his fantasies until he arrives in London on a scholarship and moves into a basement flat with two Swedish girls, Birgitta and Elisabeth. The subsequent sexual turmoil drives one of the girls to attempt suicide. Alarmed by his own excesses, and exhausted by the conflict he feels between his lustful inclinations and the need for self-control, David returns to America, bent on redemption. Now in his mid-twenties, he is ready to marry and remake his disordered life.

Philip Roth is the author of Goodbye, Columbus, Portnoy's Complaint, The Breast, and My Life as a Man. This section is part of his novel, The Professor of Desire, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in October.

ELEN BAIRD APPEARS some years later, when I am in the final stretch of graduate studies in comparative literature and feeling triumphant about the determination I have mustered to complete the job. Out of boredom, restlessness, impatience, and a growing embarrassment that naggingly tells me I am too old to be sitting at a desk still being tested on what I know, I have come near to quitting the program just about every semester along the way. But now, with the end in sight, I utter my praises aloud while showering at the end of the day, thrilling myself with simple statements like "I did it" and "I stuck it out," as though it is the Matterhorn I have had to climb in order to qualify for my orals. Following the year with Birgitta, I have come to realize that in order to achieve anything lasting, I am going to have to restrain a side of myself strongly susceptible to the most bewildering and debilitating sort of temptations, temptations that as long ago as that night outside Rouen-when I told Birgitta I was going home to America alonealready recognized as inimical to my overall inter-

For, far as I had gone with Birgitta, I knew how very easy it would have been for me to have gone further still—more than once, I remember the thrill it had given me to imagine her with men other than myself, and to imagine her taking money to bring home in her pocket... But could I have gone on to that so easily? Actually have become Birgitta's pimp? Well, that's not who I am now... Yes, when the battle appears to have been won, I am truly relieved by my ability to harness my good sense in behalf of a serious vocation—and not a little touched by my virtue. Then Helen appears to tell me, by example and in so many words, that I am sadly deluded and mistaken. Is it so as never to forget the charge that I marry her?

Hers is a different brand of heroism from what, at that time, I take mine to be—indeed, it strikes me as its antithesis. A year of USC at eighteen, and then she had run off with a journalist twice her age to Hong Kong, where he was already living with a wife and three children. Armed with startling good

looks, a brave front, and a strongly romantic temperament, she had walked away from her classes and her weekly allowance and, without a word of apology or explanation to her stunned and mortified family, taken off after a destiny more exhilarating than sophomore year in the sorority house. A destiny that she had found—and only recently abandoned.

Just six months earlier, I learn, she had given up everyone and everything that she had gone in search of eight years before-all the pleasure and excitement of roaming among the antiquities and imbibing the exotica of gorgeous places alluringly unknown to come back to California and begin life anew. "I hope I never again have to live through a year like this last one" is nearly the first thing she says to me the night we meet at a party given by the wealthy young sponsors of a new San Francisco magazine "of the arts." I find Helen ready to tell her story without a trace of shyness; but then I had not been shy myself, once we'd been introduced, about meandering away from the girl I'd arrived with and hunting her down through the hundreds of people milling around in the town house. "Why?" I ask her-the first of the whys and whens and hows she will be obliged to answer for me-"what's the year been like for you? What went wrong?" "Well, for one thing, I haven't been anywhere for six months at a stretch since I did my time as a coed." "Why did you come back, then?" "Men. Love. It all got out of hand." Instantly I am ready to attribute the style of her candor to a popular-magazine mentalityand a predilection for promiscuity, pure and simple. Oh, God, I think, so beautiful, and so corny. It seems from the stories she goes on to tell me that she has been in fifty passionate affairs already—aboard fifty schooners already, sailing the China Sea with men who ply her with antique jewelry and are married to somebody else. "Look," she says, having sized up how I seem to have sized up such an existence, "what do you have against passion anyway? Why the studied detachment, Mr. Kepesh? You want to know who I am-well, I'm telling you." "It's quite a saga," I say. She asks, with a smile, "Why shouldn't it be? Come now, what do you have against passion, anyway? What harm has it ever done you? Or should I ask, what good?" "The question right now is what it has or hasn't done for you." "Fine things. Wonderful things. God knows, nothing I'm ashamed of." "Then why are you here and not there, being impassioned?" "Because," Helen answers, and without any irony at all for protection—which may be what makes me begin to surrender some of my own, and to see that she is not only stunning-looking, she is also real, and here with me, and maybe ven mine if I should want her-"Because," she ells me, "I'm getting on."

At twenty-six, getting on. Whereas the twenty-fourear-old Ph.D. candidate who is my date for the vening-and who eventually leaves the party in a aff, without me-had been saying on the way over hat, sorting her index cards in the library just that fternoon, she had been wondering if and when her fe would ever get under way.

I ask Helen what it was like to come back. We ave left the party by now and are across from one nother in a nearby bar. She, too, has given the slip the companion with whom she started the eveing. If I should want her . . . but do I? Should I? et me hear first what it had been like coming back rom running away. For me, of course, there had een far more relief than letdown, and I had been drift for only a year. "Oh, I signed an armistice ith my poor mother, and my kid sisters followed te around like a movie star. The rest of the family aped. Nice Republican girls didn't do what I did. 'xcept that's all I ever met everywhere I went, from lepal to Singapore. There's a small army of us out nere, you know. I'd say at least half the girls who y out of Rangoon on that crate that goes to Manalay are generally from Shaker Heights." "And ow what do you do?" "Well, first I have to figure ut some way to stop crying. I cried every day I as back for the first few months. Now I don't weep Il the time, but from the way I feel when I wake p I can't say much else is gone in the morning, eside the tears. It's that it was all so beautiful. Livig in all that loveliness—it was overwhelming. I ever stopped being thrilled. I got to Angkor every ngle spring, and in Thailand we would fly from angkok up to Chiengmai with a prince who owned ephants. You should have seen him with all his lephants. A nut-colored little old man moving like spider in a herd of the most enormous animals. ou could have wrapped him twice around in one I their ears. They were all screaming at one anther, but he just walked along, unfazed. You proboly think seeing that is, well, seeing only that. ⁷ell, that isn't what I thought. I thought, 'This is hat it is.' I used to go down in the sailboat—this in Hong Kong-to get my friend from work at e end of the day. He sailed with the boat boy to ork in the morning and then at night we sailed ome together, right down between the junks and ie U.S. destroyers." "The good colonial life. It n't for nothing they hate giving up those empires. ut I still don't understand precisely why you gave yours."

it hard to believe-despite the tiny ivory Buddhas, the jade carvings, and the row of rooster-shaped opium weights that are arranged by her bedside table—that this way of life ever really was hers. Chiengmai, Rangoon, Singapore, Mandalay . . . why not Jupiter, why not Mars? To be sure, I know these places exist beyond the Rand McNally map on which I trace the course of her adventures (as once I traced down an adventure of Birgitta's in the London phone directory), and the novels of Conrad where I first encountered them-and so, of course, do I know that "characters" live and breathe who choose to make their destiny in the stranger cities of the world.... What then fails to persuade me completely that living, breathing Helen is one of them? My being with her? Is the unbelievable character Helen in her diamond stud earrings or is it the dutiful graduate teaching assistant in his wash-and-

dry seersucker suit?

I even become somewhat suspicious and critical of her serene, womanly beauty, or, rather, of the regard in which she seems to hold her eyes, her nose, her throat, her breasts, her hips, her legs-why, even her feet would seem to her to have charming little glories to be extolled. How does she come by this regal bearing, anyway, this aristocratic sense of herself that seems to derive almost entirely from the smoothness of skin, the length of limb, the breadth of mouth and span of eyes, and the fluting at the very tip of what she describes, without batting an eyelid (shadowed in the subtlest green), as her "Flemish" nose? I am not at all accustomed to someone who bears her beauty with such a sense of attainment and self-worth. My experience-running from the Syracuse undergraduates who did not want to "relate" to me "on that level," to Birgitta Svanström, for whom flesh was very much there to be investigated for every last thrill-has been of young women who make no great fuss about their looks. or believe at least that it is not seemly to show how much they do. True, Birgitta knew well enough that her hair, cut short and carelessly, nicely enhanced her her unpainted face was not a subject to which she gave much thought from one morning to the next. And Elisabeth, with an abundance of hair no less praiseworthy than Helen's, simply brushed it straight down her back, letting it hang there as it had since she was six. To Helen, however, all that marvelous hair-closest in shading to the coat of an Irish setter-seems to be in the nature of a crown, or a spire, or a halo, there not simply to adorn or embellish but to express, to symbolize. Perhaps it is only a measure of how narrow and cloistered my

And in the weeks that follow I continue to find

life has become—or perhaps it is in fact the true measure of a courtesanlike power that emanates from Helen's sense of herself as an idolized object that might just as well have been carved of 100 pounds of jade-but when she twists her hair up into a soft knot at the back of her head, and draws a black line above her lashes-above eyes in themselves no larger and no bluer than Elisabeth'swhen she dons a dozen bracelets and ties a fringed silk scarf around her hips like Carmen to go out to buy some oranges for breakfast, the effect is not lost upon me. Far from it. I have always been overcome by physical beauty in women, but by Helen I am not just intrigued and aroused, I am also alarmed, and made deeply, deeply uncertain-utterly subjugated by the authority with which she claims and confirms and makes singular her loveliness, and as suspicious as I can be of the prerogatives, of the place, thereby bestowed upon her in her own imagination. Hers seems to me sometimes such a banalized conception of self and experience, and yet, all the same, enthralling and full of fascination. For all I know,

maybe she is right.

"How come," I ask-still asking, still apparently very much hoping to expose what is fiction in this fabulous character she calls herself and in the Asiatic romance she claims for a past—"how come you gave up the good colonial life, Helen?" "I had to." "Because the inheritance money had made you independent?" "It's 6,000 lousy dollars a year, David. Why, even ascetic college teachers make that much." "I only meant that you might have decided youth and beauty weren't going to get you through indefinitely." "Look, I was a kid, and school meant nothing to me, and my family was just like everyone else's—sweet and boring and proper, and living lo these many years under a sheet of ice at 18 Fern Hill Manor Road. The only excitement came at mealtime. Every night when we got to dessert my father said, 'Is that it?' and my mother burst into tears. And so at the age of eighteen I met a grown man, and he was marvelous-looking, and he knew how to talk, and he could teach me plenty, and he knew what I was all about, what nobody else seemed to know at all, and he had wonderful elegant ways and wasn't really a brutal tyrant, as tyrants go; and I fell in love with him-yes, in two weeks; it happens and not just to schoolgirls, either-and he said, 'Why don't you come back with me?' and I said yes-and I went." "In a 'crate'?" "Not that time. Pâté over the Pacific and fellatio in the first-class john. Let me tell you, the first six months weren't a picnic. I'm not in mourning over that. You see, I was just a nicely brought-up kid from Pasadena, that's all, really, in her tartan skirt and her loafers—my friend's children were nearly as old as I was. Oh, splendidly neurotic, but practically my age. I couldn't ever learn to eat with chopsticks, I was so scared. I re member one night, my first big opium party, I some how wound up in a limousine with four of the wildest pansies—four Englishmen, dressed in gown and gold slippers. I couldn't stop laughing. 'It's surreal,' I kept saying, 'it's surreal,' antil the plump est of them looked down his lorgnette at me and said, 'Of course it's surreal, dear, you're nineteen.' "But you came back. Why?" "I can't go into that.' "But you came back. Why?" "Oh, you are becoming a cun laude student of real life, David." "Wrong. Learned it all at Tolstoy's feet."

I give her Anna Karenina to read. She says, "No bad-only it wasn't a Vronsky, thank God. Vron skys are a dime a dozen, friend, and bore you to tears. It was a man-very much a Karenin, in fact Though not at all pathetic, I hasten to add." Tha stops me for a moment: what an original way to see the famous triangle! "Another husband," I say "Only the half of it." "Sounds mysterious; sound like high drama. Maybe you ought to write it al down." "And perhaps you ought to lay off reading what all has been written down." "And do what instead with my spare time?" "Dip a foot back into the stuff itself." "And there's a book abou that, you know. Called The Ambassadors." I think And there's also a book about you. It's called The Sun Also Rises and her name is Brett and she's about as shallow. So is her whole crew-so, i seems, was yours. "I'll bet there's a book abou it," says Helen, gladly rising, with her confiden smile, to the bait. "I'll bet there are thousands of books about it. I used to see them all lined up it alphabetical order in the library. Look, so there is no confusion, let me only mildly overstate the case: I hate libraries, I hate books, and I hate schools They seem to turn everything about life into some thing slightly other than it is-'slightly' at best It's those poor innocent theoretical bookworms who do the teaching who turn it all into something worse Something ghastly, when you think about it." "Wha do you see in me, then?" "Oh, you really hate them a little too. For what they've done to you." "Which is?" "Turned you into something—" "Ghastly?"] say, laughing (for we are having this conversation beneath a sheet in the bed beside the little bronze opium weights). "No, not quite. Into something slightly other, slightly . . . wrong. Everything about you is just a little bit of a lie—except your eves They're still you. I can't even look into them very long. It's like trying to put your hand into a bow hot water to pull out the plug." "You put things vidly. You're a vivid creature, Helen. I've noticed our eyes too." "You're misusing yourself, David. ou're hopelessly intent on being what you're not. get the sense that you may be riding for a very ed fall. Your first mistake was to give up that wede. She sounds a little like a guttersnipe, andhave to say it-from the snapshot looks to me a tle squirrely around the mouth, but at least she as fun to be with. But of course there's a word ou just despise, correct? Like 'crate' for beat-up rplane. Every time I say 'fun' I see you positively incing with pain. God, they've really done a job you. You're so damn smug, and yet secretly you now you've lost your nerve." "Oh, don't simplify me o much. And don't romanticize my 'nerve' either okay? I like to have a good time now and then. have a good time sleeping with you, by the way." By the way, you have more than a good time sleepg with me. You have the best time you've ever d with anybody. And, dear friend," she adds, lon't simplify me either."

"Oh, God," says Helen, stretching langorously en morning comes, "fucking is such a lovely thing

True, true, true, true. The passion is frened, inexhaustible, and in my experience, singularreplenishing. Looking back to Birgitta, it seems me, from my new vantage point, that we were, nong other things, helping each other at age twentwo to turn into something faintly corrupt, each e other's slave and slaveholder, each the arsonist d the inflamed. Exercising such strong sexual wer over each other, and over total strangers, we d created a richly hypnotic atmosphere, but one tich permeated the inexperienced mind first of : I was intrigued and exhibit at least as much the idea of what we were engaged in as by e sensations, what I felt and what I saw. Not so th Helen. To be sure, I must first accustom myself what strikes me at the height of my skepticism so much theatrical display, but soon, as underinding grows, as familiarity grows, and feeling th it, I begin at last to relinquish some of my spiciousness, to lay off a little with my interrogams, and to see these passionate performances as ising out of the very fearlessness that so draws to her, out of that determined abandon with ich she will give herself to whatever strongly ckons, and regardless of how likely it is to bring the end as much pain as pleasure. I have been ad wrong, I tell myself, trying to dismiss hers as corny and banalized mentality deriving from reen Romance-rather, she is without fantasy, there is no room for fantasy, so total is her concentration, and the ingenuity with which she sounds her desire. Now, in the aftermath of orgasm, I find myself weak with gratitude and the profoundest feelings of self-surrender. I am the least guarded, if not the simplest, organism on earth. I don't even know what to say at such moments. Helen does, however. Yes, there are things that this girl knows and knows. "I love you," she tells me. Well, if something has to be said, what makes more sense? So we begin to tell each other that we are lovers who are in love, even while my conviction that we are on widely divergent paths is revived from one conversation to the next-why else can't we stop-can't I stop—the fencing and the parrying? Convinced as I would like to be that a kinship, rare and valuable, underlies and nourishes our passionate rapport, I still cannot wish away the grand uneasiness Helen continues to arouse.

INALLY SHE ACREES to tell me why she gave up all she'd had in the Far East: tells me either to address my suspiciousness directly or to enrich

the mystique I cannot seem to resist.

Her lover, the last of her Karenins, had begun to talk about arranging for his wife to be killed in an "accident." "Who was he?" "A very well-known and important man," is all she is willing to say. I swallow that as best I can and ask: "Where is he now?" "Still there." "Hasn't he tried to see you?" "He came here for a week, but I wouldn't sleep with him. I sent him back. It nearly did me in. It was hideous, sending him away." "Well, maybe he'll go ahead and have his wife killed anyway, as an enticement-" "Why must you make fun of him? Is it so impossible for you to believe that he's as human as you?" "There are ways of dealing with a mate you want to be rid of, short of homicide. You can just walk out the door, for one thing." "Can you, just'? Is that the way they do it in the comparative literature department? I wonder what it will be like," she says, "when you can't have something you want." "Will I blow somebody's brains out to get it? Will I push somebody down the elevator

shaft? What do you think?" "Look, I'm the one who gave up everything and nearly died of it-just because I couldn't bear to hear the idea even spoken. It terrified me to know that he could even have such a thought. Or maybe it was so very tempting, and that's why I went running. Because all I had to say was yes; that's all he was waiting for. He was desperate, David, and he was serious. And do you know how easy it would have been to say what he wanted to hear? It's only a word, it takes just a split second: yes." "Only maybe he asked because he was so sure you'd say no." "He couldn't be sure. I wasn't sure." "But, such a well-known and important man could certainly have gone ahead then and had the thing done on his own, could he not-and without your knowing he was behind it? Surely such a well-known and important man has all kinds of means at his disposal to get a measly wife out of the way: limousines that crash, boats that sink, airplanes that explode in midair. Had he done it on his own, to begin with, what you thought about it all would never even have come up. If he asked your opinion, maybe it was to hear no." "Oh, this is interesting. Go on. I say no, and what does he gain?" "What he has: the wife and you. He gets to keep it all, and to cut a very grand figure into the bargain. That you ran, that the whole idea took on reality for you, had moral consequences for you-well, he probably hadn't figured on getting that kind of rise out of a beautiful, adventurous American runaway." "Very clever, indeed. A plus, especially the part about 'moral consequences.' All that's wrong is that you haven't the faintest understanding of what there was between us. Just because he's someone with power, you think he has no feelings. But there are men, you know, who have both. We met two times a week for two years. And it never changed. It was never anything but perfect. You don't believe such things happen, do you? Or even if they do, you don't want to believe they matter. But this happened, and to me and to him it mattered more than anything." "But so has coming back happened. So did sending him away happen. So did your terror happen and your revulsion. This guy's machinations are beside the point. It mattered to you, Helen, that your limit had been reached." "Maybe I was mistaken and that was only so much sentimentality about myself. Some odd kind of hope. Maybe I should have stayed, gone beyond my limit-and learned that it wasn't beyond me at all." "You couldn't," I say, "and you didn't."

And who, oh who is being the sentimentalist now? It appears then that the capacity for pain-filled renunciation joined to the gift for sensual abandon is what makes her appeal inescapable. That we

never entirely get along, that I am never entirel sure, that she somehow lacks depth, that her vanit is so enormous, well, all that is nothing-isn't it -beside the esteem that I come to have for this beautiful and dramatic young heroine, who ha risked and won and lost so much already, squarel facing up to her appetites. And then there is th beauty itself. Is she not the single most desirable creature I have ever known? With a woman so phys ically captivating, a woman whom I cannot take m eyes from even if she is only drinking her coffee of dialing the phone, surely with someone whose smal est bodily movement has such a powerful sensuou hold upon me, I need hardly worry ever again abou imagination tempting me to renewed adventures i the base and the bewildering. Is not Helen the er chantress whom I had already begun searching for in college, that creature so beautiful that upon her and her alone, I can focus all my yearning, all m adoration, all my curiosity, all my lust? If no Helen, who then? Who ever will intrigue me more And, alas, I still so need to be intrigued. Only if we marry . . . well, the contentious side of

the affair will simply dwindle away of itself, will: not, an ever-deepening intimacy, the assurance of permanence, dissolving whatever impulse remains on either side, for smugness or self-defense? O course it would not be quite such a gamble if Hele were just a little more like this and a little less lik that; but, as I am quick to remind myself-imag ining that I am taking the mature position—that is not how we are bestowed upon each other in th world this side of dreams. Besides, what I call he "vanity" and her "lack of depth" is just what make her so interesting! So, then, I can only hope that mere difference of "opinion" (which, I readily admi -if that will help-I am often the first to point u and to dramatize) will come to be altogether besid the point of the passionate attachment that has, s far, remained undiminished in spite of our abrasive rather evangelical dialogues. I can only hope that just as I have been mistaken about her motives be fore, I am wrong again when I suspect that wha she secretly hopes to gain by marriage is an end t her love affair with that unpathetic Karenin in Hon Kong. I can only hope that it is in fact I whom sh will marry and not the barrier I may seem to b against the past whose loss had very nearly kille her. I can only hope (for I can never know) that i is I with whom she goes to bed, and not with memo ries of the mouth and the hands and the membe of that most romantic of all lovers, he who would murder his wife in order to make his mistress hi

OUBTING AND HOPING, then, wantng and fearing (anticipating the pleasantest sort of ively future one moment, the worst in the next), marry Helen Baird-after, that is, nearly three ull years devoted to doubting-hoping-wanting-andearing. There are some, like my own father, who ave only to see a woman standing over a piano inging "Amapola" to decide in a flash, "There-here is my wife," and there are others who say, Yes, it is she," only after an interminable drana of vacillation that has led them to the ineluctble conclusion that they ought never to see the voman again. I marry Helen when the weight of xperience required to reach the monumental deciion to give her up for good turns out to be so enornous and so moving that I cannot possibly imagine ife without her. Only when I finally know for sure hat this must end now do I discover how deeply ved I already am by my thousand days of indeciion, by all the scrutinizing appraisal of possibilities hat has somehow made an affair of three years' duation seem as dense with human event as a marriage alf a century long. I marry Helen then—and she narries me-at the moment of impasse and exhausion that must finally come to all those who spend rears and years and years in these clearly demarcated and mazelike arrangements that involve separate partments and joint vacations, assumptions of devoion and designated nights apart, affairs terminated with relief every five or six months, and happily forotten for seventy-two hours, and then resumed, oftentimes with a delicious, if effervescent, sexual renzy, following a half-fortuitous meeting at the ocal supermarket; or begun anew after an evening hone call intended solely to apprise the relinguished companion of a noteworthy documentary to be rerun in television at ten; or following attendance at a diner party to which the couple had committed themelves so long ago it would have been unseemly not o go ahead and meet this last mutual social obligaion. To be sure, one or the other might have anwered the obligation by going off to the party alone, out alone there would have been no accomplice ecross the table with whom to exchange signs of boredom and amusement, nor afterward, driving home, would there have been anyone of like mind with whom to review the charms and deficiencies of the other guests; nor, undressing for bed, would there have been an eager friend waiting beneath the sheet, to whom one would allow that the only truly engaging person present at the table happened to have been one's own previously underrated mate

manqué.

We marry, and, as I should have known and couldn't have known and probably always knew, mutual criticism and disapproval continue to poison our lives, evidence not only of the deep temperamental divide that has been there from the start. but also of the sense I continue to have that another man still holds the claim upon her deepest feelings, and that, however she may attempt to hide this sad fact and to attend to me and our life, she knows as well as I do that she is my wife only because there was no way short of homicide (or so they say) for her to be the wife of that very important and well-known lover of hers. . . . At our best, at our bravest and most sensible and most devoted, we do try very hard to hate what divides us rather than each other. If only that past of hers weren't so vivid, so grandiose, so operatic-if somehow one or the other of us could forget it! If I could close this absurd gap of trust that exists between us still! Or ignore it! Live beyond it! At our best we make resolutions, we make apologies, we make amends, we make love. But at our worst . . . well, our worst is just about as bad as anybody's, I would think.

What do we struggle over mostly? In the beginning-as anyone will have guessed who, after three years of procrastination, has thrown himself headlong and half convinced into the matrimonial flames in the beginning we struggle over the toast. Why, I wonder, can't the toast go in while the eggs are cooking, rather than before? This way we can get to eat our bread warm rather than cold. "I don't believe I am having this discussion," she says. "Life isn't toast!" she finally screams. "It is!" I hear myself maintaining. "When you sit down to eat toast, life is toast. And when you take out the garbage, life is garbage. You can't leave the garbage halfway down the stairs, Helen. It belongs in the can in the yard. Covered." "I forgot it." "How can you forget it when it's in your hand?" "Perhaps, dear, because it's garbage-and what difference does it make anyway!" She forgets to affix her signature to the checks she writes and to stamp the letters she mails, while the letters I give her to mail for me and the household turn up with a certain regularity in the pockets of raincoats and slacks months after she has gone off to deposit them in the mailbox. "What do you think about between Here and There? What makes you so forgetful, Helen? Yearnings for old Mandalay? Memories of the 'crate' and the lagoons and the elephants, of the dawn coming up like thunder—" "I can't think about your letters, damn it, every inch of the way." "But why is it you think you've gone outside with the letter in your hand to begin with, Helen?" "For some air, that's why! To see some sky! To breathe!"

Soon enough, instead of pointing out her errors and oversights, or retracing her steps, or picking up the pieces, or restraining myself (and then going off to curse her out behind the bathroom door), I make the toast, I make the eggs, I take out the garbage, I pay the bills, and I mail the letters. Even when she says, sweetly (trying, at her end, to bridge the awful gap), "I'm going out shopping, want me to drop these-" experience, if not wisdom, directs me to say, "No-no, thanks." The day she loses her wallet after making a withdrawal from the savings account, I take over the transactions at the bank. The day she leaves the fish to rot under the car's front seat after going out in the morning to get the salmon steaks for dinner, I take over the marketing. The day she has the wool shirt that was to have been dry-cleaned laundered by mistake, I take over going to the cleaners. With the result that before the year is out I am occupied—and glad of it—some sixteen hours a day with teaching my classes and rewriting into a book my thesis on the theme of romantic disillusionment in Anton Chekhov (a subject I'd chosen before even meeting my wife), and Helen has taken increasingly to drink and to dope.

Her days begin in jasmine-scented waters. With olive oil in her hair to make it glossy after washing, and her face anointed with vitamin creams, she reclines in the tub for twenty minutes each morning, eyes closed and the precious skull at rest against a small inflated pillow, moving only to rub gently with her pumice stone the rough skin on her feet. Three times a week the bath is followed by her facial sauna: in her midnight-blue silk kimono, embroidered with pink and red poppies and yellow birds never seen on land or sea, she sits at the counter of our tiny kitchenette, her turbaned head tilted over a bowl of steaming water sprinkled with rosemary and camomile and elder flower. Then, steamed and painted and coiffed, she is ready to dress for her exercise class—and wherever else it is she goes off to while I am at school: a close-fitting Chinese dress of navy-blue silk, high at the collar and slit to the thigh; the diamond stud earrings; bracelets of jade and of gold; her jade ring; her sandals; her straw bag. When she returns later in the day-after yoga she decided to go into San Francisco "to loo around": she talks (has talked for years) of plan to open a Far East antique shop there-she is a ready a little high, and by dinnertime she is a smiles: mellow, blotto, wry. "Life is toast," she of serves, sipping four fingers of rum while I seaso the lamb chops, "Life is leftovers. Life is leather soles and rubber heels. Life is carrying forward th balance into the new checkbook. Life is writing th correct amount to be paid out onto each of th stubs. And the correct day, month, and year." "Tha is all true," I say. "Ah," she says, watching me a I go about setting the table, "if only his wife didn' forget the things she puts in to broil and leave ther there to burn; if only his wife could remember that when David had dinner in Arcadia, his mother a ways put the fork on the left and the spoon on th right and never never both on the same side. Oh, i only his wife could bake and butter his potato th way Mamma did in the wintertime."

Y THE TIME WE ARE into our thirtie we have so exacerbated our antipathies that each o us has been reduced to precisely what the other had been so leery of at the outset, the professoria "smugness" and "prissiness" for which Helen de tests me with all her heart-"You've actually don it, David—you are a full-fledged young fogy"—neless in evidence than her "utter mindlessness," "idi otic wastefulness," "adolescent dreaminess," et cel era. Yet I can never leave her, nor she me, not, that is until outright disaster makes it simply ludicrous to go on waiting for the miraculous conversion of the other. As much to our wonderment as to everyon else's, we remain married nearly as long as we had been together as lovers, perhaps because of the op portunity this marriage now provides for each o us to assault head on what each takes to be his de mon. The months go by and we remain together wondering if a child would somehow resolve thi crazy deadlock . . . or an antique shop of her own for Helen . . . or a jewelry shop . . . or psychothera py for us both. Again and again we hear ourselve described as a strikingly "attractive" couple: wel dressed, traveled, intelligent, worldly (especially as young academic couples go), a combined income of \$12,000 a year... and life is simply awful.

What little spirit smolders on in me during the last months of the marriage is visible only in class: otherwise, I am so affectless and withdrawn that a rumor among the junior faculty members has me "under sedation." Ever since the approval of my dissertation I have been teaching, along with the freshman course "Introduction to Fiction," two sections of the sophomore survey in "general" literature. During the weeks near the end of the term when we study Chekhov's stories, I find, while reading aloud to my students passages which I particularly want them to take note of, that each and every sentence seems to me to allude to my own plight above all, as though by now every single syllable I think or utter must first trickle down through my troubles. And then there are my classroom daydreams, as plentiful suddenly as they are irrepressible, and so obviously inspired by longings for miraculous salvation-reentry into lives I lost long ago, reincarnation as a being wholly unlike myself-that I am even somewhat grateful to be depressed and without anything like the will power to set even the mildest fantasy in motion.

"I realized that when you love you must either, in your reasoning about that love, start from what is higher, more important than happiness or unhappiness, sin or virtue in their usual meaning, or you must not reason at all." I ask my students what's meant by these lines, and while they tell me, notice that in the far corner of the room the poised, softspoken girl who is my most intelligent, my prettiest -and my most bored and arrogant-student is finishing off a candy bar and a Coke for lunch. "Oh, don't eat junk," I say to her, silently, and see the two of us on the terrace of the Gritti, squinting through the shimmer over the Grand Canal across to the ocher façade of the perfect little palazzo where we have taken a shuttered room ... we are having our midday meal, creamy pasta followed by tender bits of lemoned veal . . . and at the very table where Birgitta and I, arrogant, nervy youngsters not much older than these boys and girls, sat down to eat on the afternoon we pooled most of our wealth to celebrate our arrival in Byron's Italy . . .

Meanwhile, another student is explaining what the landowner Alyohin means at the conclusion of "About Love" when he speaks of "what is higher ... than happiness or unhappiness, sin or virtue in their usual meaning." The student says, "He regrets that he didn't yield to his feeling and run off with the woman he fell in love with. Now that she's going

away, he's miserable for having allowed conscience and scruples, and his own timidity, to forbid him from confessing his love to her just because she is already married and a mother." I nod, but without real comprehension. Rather, I am thinking, "What are you doing, Miss Rodgers, dining on Peanut Chews? We should be sipping white wine..." And suddenly it occurs to me that, as an undergraduate at USC, Helen probably looked rather like my bored Miss Rodgers in the months before that older man—a man of about my age!—plucked her out of the classroom and into the life of romantic adventure...

Later in the hour, I look up from reading aloud out of "Lady with a Lapdog" directly into the innocent and uncorrupted gaze of the plump, earnest, tenderhearted Jewish girl from Beverly Hills who has sat in the front row all year long writing down everything I say. I read to the class the story's final paragraph, in which the adulterous couple, shaken to find how deeply they love one another, try vainly "to understand why he should have a wife and she a husband." "And it seemed to them that in only a few more minutes a solution would be found and a new, beautiful life would begin; but both of them knew very well that the end was still a long, long way away and that the most complicated and difficult part was only just beginning." I hear myself speaking of the moving transparency of the ending-no false mysteries, only the harsh facts directly stated. I speak of the amount of human history that Chekhov can incorporate in fifteen pages, of how ridicule and irony gradually give way, even within so short a space, to sorrow and pathos, of his feel for the disillusioning moment and for those processes wherein actuality seemingly pounces upon even our most harmless illusions, not to mention the grand dreams of fulfillment and adventure. I speak of his pessimism about what he calls "this business of personal happiness," and all the while I want to ask the chubby girl in the front row, who is rapidly recording my words in her notebook, to become my daughter. I want to look after her and see that she is safe and happy. I want to pay for her clothes and her doctor bills and for her to come and put her arms around me when she is feeling lonely or sad. If only it were Helen and I who had raised her to be so sweet! But how could we two raise anything?

And later that day, when I happen to run into her walking toward me on the campus, I feel impelled yet again to say to someone who is probably no more than ten or twelve years my junior that I want to adopt her, want her to forget her own parents, about whom I know nothing, and let me father

and protect her. "Hi, Mr. Kepesh," she says, with a little wave of the hand, and that affectionate gesture does it, apparently. I feel as though I am growing lighter and lighter, I sense an emotion coming my way that will pick me up and turn me over and deposit me I know not where. Am I going to have my nervous collapse right here on the walk in front of the library? I take one of her hands in mine—I am saying, through a throat clogged with feeling, "You're a good girl, Kathie." She ducks her head, her forehead colors. "Well," she says, "I'm glad somebody around here likes me." "You're a good girl," I repeat, and release the soft hand I am holding and go home to see if childless Helen is sober enough to prepare dinner for two.

BOUT THIS TIME we are visited by an English investment banker named Donald Garland, the first of Helen's Hong Kong friends ever to be invited to dine with us in our apartment. To be sure, she has on occasion made herself spectacularly beautiful so as to go into San Francisco to have lunch with somebody or other out of paradise lost, but never before have I seen her approach such a meeting in this mood of happy, almost childlike anticipation. Indeed, in the past there have been times when, having spent hours getting made up for the luncheon engagement, she would emerge from the bathroom in her drabbest robe, announcing herself unable to leave the house to see anyone. "I look hideous." "You don't at all." "I do," and with that returns to bed for the day.

Donald Garland, she tells me now, is "the kindest man" she has ever known. "I was taken to lunch at his house my first week in Hong Kong, and we were the best of friends from then on. We just adored each other. The center of the table was strewn with orchids he'd picked from his garden. In my honor, he said. There were parrots and macaws in the trees in his garden, and the patio where we ate looked out over the crescent of Repulse Bay. I was eighteen years old. He must have been about fiftyfive. My God. Donald is seventy! I could never believe he was over forty; he was always so happy, so youthful, so thrilled with everything. He lived with the most easygoing and good-natured American boy.

Chips must have been about twenty-six or -seven then. On the phone this afternoon Donald told the most terrible news—one morning two months ago Chips died of an aneurysm at breakfast; just keeled over dead. Donald took the body back to Wilmington, Delaware, and buried it, and then found he couldn't leave. He kept booking on the plane and canceling. Now, finally, he's on his way home."

Chips, Donald, Edgar, Brian, Johnny...I have

no response to make, no interrogations or cross-examination, nothing faintly resembling sympathy, curiosity, or interest. Or patience. I had long ago heard all I could stand about the doings of the wealthy Hong Kong circle of English homosexuals who had "adored" her. I exhibit only a churlish sort of surprise to find that I am to be a party to this very special reunion. She shuts her eyes tightly, as though she must obliterate me momentarily from sight just in order to survive. "Don't talk to me like that. Don't take that terrible tone. He was my dearest friend. He saved my life a hundred times." And why did you risk it a hundred times? But the interrogatory accusation, and the terrible tone that goes with it, I manage to squelch, for by now even I know that I am being diminished far more by my anger at everything she does and did than by those ways of hers I ought to have learned to disregard, or to have accepted with a certain grace, long, long ago ... Only as the evening wears on, and Garland becomes increasingly spirited in his reminiscences, do I wonder if she has invited him to the apartment so that I might learn at first hand just how very far from the apex she has fallen by insanely joining her fate to this fogy's. Whether or not that is her intention, it is something like the result. In their company I am no easygoing, goodnatured Chips, but entirely the Victorian schoolmaster whose heart stirs only to the crack of the whip and the swish of the cane. In a vain attempt to force this pious, sour, censorious little prig out of my skin, I try hard to believe that Helen is simply showing this man who has meant so much to her and been so kind to her, and who has himself just suffered a terrible blow, that all is well in her life, that she and her husband live comfortably and amicably, and that her protector hasn't to worry about her any longer. Yes, Helen is only acting as would any devoted daughter who wished to spare a doting father some harsh truth.... In short: simple as the explanation for Garland's presence might have seemed to someone else, it is wholly beyond my grasp, as though now that living with Helen has ceased to make any sense at all, I cannot discover the truth about anything.

T SEVENTY, DELICATE, small-boned Garand still does have a youthful sort of charm, and a way about him at once worldly and boyish. His fore-read is so fragile-looking it seems it could be cracked with the tap of a spoon, and his cheeks are the small, round, glazed cheeks of an alabaster Cupid. Above he open shirt a pale silk scarf is tied around his reck, and almost completely hides from view the hroat whose creases are the only strong sign of his rige. In that strangely youthful face all there is to peak of sorrow are the eyes, soft, brown, and awash with feeling, even while his crisp accent refuses to

petray the faintest hint of grief.

"Poor Derek was killed, you know." Helen did iot know. She puts her hand to her mouth. "But tow? Derek," she says, turning to me, "was an asociate in Donald's firm. A very silly man someimes, very muddled and so on, but such a good reart, really-"My dead expression sends her quicky back to Garland. "Yes," he says, "he was a very and person, and I was devoted to him. Oh, he ould talk and go on, but then you just had to tell um, 'Derek, that's enough now,' and he'd shut up. Well, two Chinese boys thought that he hadn't givin them enough money, so they kicked him down flight of stairs. Broke Derek's neck." "How terible. How awful. Poor, poor man. And what," asks Ielen, "has happened to all his animals?" "The pirds are gone. Some sort of virus wiped them out he week after he was killed. The rest Madge adopted. Madge adopted them and Patricia looks after them. Itherwise, those two won't have anything to do vith each other." "Again?" "Oh yes. She can be good bitch, that Madge, when she wants to be. Thips did her house over for her a year ago. She learly drove the poor boy crazy with her upstairs 12th." Helen tries yet again to bring me into the company of the living: she explains that Madge and atricia, who own houses down along the bay from lonald, were stars of British films in the Forties.) onald rattles off the names of the movies they nade. I nod and nod, but the smile I make a stab at resenting him does not begin to come off. The look Ielen has for me does, however, quite effectively.

"And how does Madge look?" Helen asks him. "Well, when she makes up, she still looks wonderful. She ought never to wear a bikini, of course." I say, "Why?" but no one seems to hear me. The evening ends with Garland, by now a little drunk, holding Helen's hand and telling me about a famous masquerade party held in a jungle clearing on a small island in the Gulf of Siam, half a mile out to sea from the southern finger of Thailand, and owned by a Thai friend of his. Chips, who designed Helen's costume, had put her all in white, like Prince Ivan in The Firebird. "She was ravishing. A silk cossack shirt and full silk trousers gathered into soft silver kid boots, and a silver turban with a diamond clasp. And around her waist a jeweled belt of emeralds." Emeralds? Bought by whom? Obviously by Karenin. Where is it now, I wonder. What do you have to return and what do you get to keep? You certainly get to keep the memories, that's for sure. "A little Thai princess burst into tears at the very sight of her. Poor little thing. She'd come wearing everything but the kitchen stove and expected people to swoon. But the one who looked like royalty that night was this dear girl. Oh, it was quite a to-do. Hasn't Helen ever shown you the photographs? Don't you have photographs, dear?" "No," she says, "not any more." "Oh, I wish I'd brought mine. But I never thought I'd see you-I didn't even know who I was when I left. And remember the little boys?" he says, after a long sip from his brandy glass. "Chips, of course, got all the little native boys stripped down, with just a little coconut shell around their how-deedos, and Christmas tinsel streaming down around their necks. What a sight they were when the wind blew! Well, the boat landed, and there were these little chaps to greet the guests and to lead us up a torch-lined path to the clearing where we had the banquet. Oh, my goodness, yes-Madge came in the dress that Derek wore for his fortieth birthday party. Never would spend money, if she could help it. Always angry about something, but mostly it's the money everyone's stealing from her. She said, 'You can't just go to one of these things, you have to have something wonderful to wear.' So I said to her, only as a joke, mind you, 'Why don't you come in Derek's dress? It's white chiffon covered with diamanté and with a long train. And cut very low in the back. You'll look lovely in it, darling.' And Madge said, 'How could it be cut low in the back, Donald? How in the world could Derek have worn it? What about the hair on his back, and all that disgusting rubbish? And I said, 'Oh, darling, he only shaves once every three years.' You see," Garland says to me, "Derek was rather the old Guards officer type-slim, elegant, very pink-complexioned, altogether the most extraordinarily hairless person. Oh, there's a photograph of Helen you must see, David. I must send it to you. It's Helen being led from the boat by these enchanting little native boys streaming Christmas tinsel. With her long legs and all that silk clinging to her, oh, she was absolute perfection. And her face-her face in that photograph is classic. I must send it to you; you must have it. She was the most ravishing thing. Patricia said about Helen, the first moment she laid eyes on her—that was at lunch at my house, and the darling girl still had the most ordinary little clothes-but Patricia said then she had star quality, that without a doubt she could be a film star. And she could have been. She still has it. She always will." "I know," replies the schoolmaster, silently swishing his cane.

After he leaves, Helen says, "Well, there's no need to ask what you thought of him, is there?" "It's as you said: he adores you." "Really, just what has empowered you to sit in judgment of other people's passions? Haven't you heard? It's a wide, wide world; room for everybody to do whatever he likes. Even you once did what you liked, David. Or so the story goes." "I sit in judgment of nothing. What I sit in judgment of you wouldn't believe." "Ah, yourself. Hardest on yourself. Momentarily I forgot." "I sat, Helen, and I listened and I don't remember saying anything about the passions or preferences or private parts of anybody from here to Nepal." "Donald Garland is probably the kindest man alive." "Fin with me." "He was always there when I needed a meone. There were weeks when I went to live in his nouse. He protected me from some terrible people." Why didn't you just protect yourself by staying away from them? "Good," I say; "you were lucky and that was great." "He likes to gossip and to tell tales, and of course he got a little maudlin tonight-look what he just been through. But he happens to know what people are, just how much and just how little-and he is devoted to his friends, even the fools. The loyalty of those kind of men is quite wonderful, and not to be disparaged. And don't you be misled. When he is feeling himself he can be like iron. He can be unmovable, and marvelous." "I am sure he was a wonderful friend to you." "He still is!" "Look, what are you trying to tell me? I don't always get the gist of things these days. Rumor has it my students are going to give me the final exam, to see if they've been able to get anything through my skull. What are we talking about now?" "About the fact that I am still a person of consequence to quite a

few people, even if to you and the learned professors and their peppy, dowdy little wives I am beneath contempt. It's true I'm not clever enough to bake banana bread and carrot bread and raise my own bean sprouts and 'audit' seminars and 'head up' committees to outlaw war for all time, but people still look at me wherever I go. I could have married the kind of men who run the world! I wouldn't have had to look far, either. I hate to have to say such a vulgar, trashy thing about myself, but it's what you're reduced to saying to someone who finds you repulsive." "I don't find you repulsive. I'm still awestruck that you chose me over the president of ITT. How can someone unable even to finish a little pamphlet on Anton Chekhov feel anything but gratitude to be living with the woman who turned down being queen of Tibet? I'm honored to have been chosen to be your hair shirt." "It's debatable who is the hair shirt around here. I am repugnant to you, Donald is repugnant to you-" "Helen, I neither liked the man nor disliked the man. I did my level fucking best. Look, my best friend as long ago as college was practically the only queer there. I had a queer for a friend in 1950 -before they even existed! I didn't know what one was, but I had one. I don't care who wears whose dress-oh, fuck it, forget it, I quit.'

HEN ON A SATURDAY MORNING late in the spring, just as I have sat down at my desk to begin marking final exams, I hear the front door of our apartment open and shut—and finally the end has begun. Helen is gone. Several days pass—hideous days, involving two visits to the San Francisco morgue, one with Helen's demure, bewildered mother, who insists on flying up from Pasadena and bravely coming along with me to look at the broken body of a drowned "Caucasian" woman, age thirty to thirty-five—before I learn that she is back in the Far Fast

The first telephone call informing me that Helen is in a Hong Kong jail is from the State Department. The second call is from Garland, who adds certain lurid and clarifying details: she had gone from the Hong Kong airport directly by taxi to the

well-known ex-lover's mansion in Kowloon. He is he English Onassis, I am told, son and heir of the founder of the MacDonald-Metealf Line, and king of he cargo routes from the Cape of Good Hope to Manila Bay. At Jimmy Metealf's home, she had not even been allowed past the servant posted at the loor, not after her name had been announced to Metealf's wife. And when, some hours later, she left her hotel to tell the police of the plan made some rears earlier by the president of MacDonald-Metealf to have this wife run down by a car, the officer on duty at the police station made a telephone call and subsequently a packet of cocaine was found in her manse.

"What happens now?" I ask him. "My God,

Donald, now what?"

"I get her out," says Garland.

"Can that be done?"

"It can."
"How?"

"How would you think?"

Money? Blackmail? Girls? Boys? I don't know, don't care, I won't ask again. Whatever works, do

"The question," says Garland, "is what happens when Helen is free? I can, of course, make her quite comfortable right here. I can provide her with all he needs to pull herself together again, and to go in. I want to know what you think is for the best, the cannot afford to be caught in between again." "In between what? Donald, this is all a little conusing. I have no idea what's best, frankly. Tell me,

lease, why didn't she go to you when she got here?"
"Because she got it in her head to see Jimmy. She knew that if she'd come first to me I would nev-

Thave let her go anywhere near him. I know the nan, better than she does."

"And you knew she was coming?"

"Yes, of course."

"The night you were here for dinner."

"No, no, my dear boy. Only a week ago. But she vas to have cabled. I would have been at the airport o meet her. But she did it Helen's way."

"She shouldn't have," I say dumbly.

"The question is, Does she come back to you or tay with me? I'd like you to tell me which you hink is best,"

"You're sure she's getting out of jail, you're sure

he charges will be dropped-"

"I wouldn't have phoned to say what I'm saying herwise."

"What happens then...well, it's up to Helen, sn't it? That is, I'd have to talk to her."

"But you can't. I'm lucky. I could. We're lucky she isn't in irons already and halfway to Malaysia. Our police chief is not the most charitable of men, except on his own behalf. And your rival is not Albert Schweitzer."

"That is apparent."

"She used to tell me, 'It's so difficult to go shopping with Jimmy. If I see something I like, he buys me twelve.' She used to say to him, 'But, Jimmy, I can only wear one at a time.' But Jimmy never understood, Mr. Kepesh. He does everything by twelves."

"I believe that."

"I don't want anything further to go wrong for Helen—ever," says Garland. "I want to know exactly where Helen stands, and I want to know now. She has been through years of hell. She was a marvelous, darling creature, and life has treated her hideously. I won't allow either one of you to torture her again."

But I can't tell him where she stands—I don't know where I stand. First, I say, I must reach Helen's family and calm their fears. He will hear from

me.

Will he? Why?

As though I have just reported that her daughter has been detained by a club meeting after school, Helen's mother says, politely, "And when will she be home?"

"I don't know."

But this does not appear to faze the adventuress's mother. "I do hope you'll keep me informed," she says, brightly.

"I will."

"Well, thank you for calling, David."

What else can the mother of an adventuress do but thank people for calling and keeping her informed?

And what does the husband of an adventuress do while his wife is in jail in the Far East? Well, at dinnertime I prepare an omelette, make it very carefully, at just the right heat, and serve it to myself with a little chopped parsley, a glass of wine, and a slice of buttered toast. Then I take a long hot shower. He doesn't want me to torture her; all right, I won't torture her-but best of all, I won't torture myself. After the shower I decide to get into my pajamas and to do my night's reading in bed, all by myself. No girls, not yet. That will come in its own sweet time. Everything will. Can it be? I am back where I was six years ago, the night before I ditched my sensible date and took Hong Kong Helen home from that party. Except that now I have my job, I have my book to complete, and I seem to have this comfortable apartment, so charmingly and tastefully decorated, all to myself. What is Mauriac's phrase? "To revel in the pleasures of the unshared bed."

For some four hours my happiness is complete. Have I ever heard or read of something like this happening, of a person being catapulted out of his misery directly into bliss? The common wisdom has it that it works the other way around. Well, I am here to say that on rare occasion it seems to work this way too. My God, I do feel good. I will not torture her, or myself, ever again. Fine with me.

Two hundred and forty minutes of this, more or less.

W

TITH A LOAN FROM Arthur Schonbrunn, a colleague who had been my thesis adviser, I buy a round-trip ticket and fly off to Asia the next day. (At the bank I discover that the entire balance in our savings account had been withdrawn by Helen the week before, for her one-way air ticket, and to start her new life.) On the plane there is time to think—and to think and to think and to think. It must be that I want her back, that I can't give her up, that I am in love with her whether I've known it or not, that she is my destiny—

Not one word of this stuff convinces me. Most are words I despise: Helen's kind of words, Helen's kind of thinking. I can't live without this, he can't live without that, my woman, my man, my destiny ... Kid stuff! Movie stuff! Screen Romance!

Yet if this woman is not my woman, what am I doing here? If she is not my destiny, why was I on the phone from 2:00 to 5:00 a.m.? Is it just that pride won't permit me to abdicate to her homosexual protector? No, that's not what's done it. Nor am I Acting Responsibly, or out of shame, or masochism, or vindictive glee . . .

Then that leaves love. Love! At this late date! Love! After all that's been done to destroy it! More love, suddenly, than there was anywhere along the

I spend the rest of my waking hours on that flight remembering every single charming, sweet,

beguiling word she has ever spoken.

Accompanied by Garland—grim, courteous, impeccably now the banker and businessman—a Hong Kong police detective, and the clean-cut young man from the American consulate who is also there to meet my airplane, I am taken to the jail to see my wife. As we leave the terminal for the car, I say to Garland, "I thought she was to be out by now." "The negotiations," he says, "seem to involve more interests than we had imagined." "Hong Kong," the young consulate officer informs me wryly, "is the birthplace of collective bargaining." Everybody in the car seems to know the score, except me.

I am searched and then allowed to sit with her in a tiny room whose door is dramatically locked behind us. The sound of the lock catching makes her reach wildly for my hand. Her face is blotchy, her lips are blistered, her eyes...her eyes I cannot look into without my innards crumbling. And Helen smells. And as for all that I felt for her up in the air, well, I simply cannot bring myself to love her like that down here on the ground. I have never loved her quite like that down on the ground before, and I'm not going to start in a jail. I am not that kind of an idiot. Which maybe makes me some other kind of idiot...but that I will have to determine later.

"They planted cocaine on me." "I know." "He can't get away with that," she says. "He won't. Donald is going to get you out of here." "He has to!" "He is, he's doing it. So you don't have to worry. You'll be out very soon now." "I have to tell you something terrible. All our cash is gone. The police stole it. He told them what to do to me—and they did it. They laughed at me. They touched me." "Helen, tell me the truth now. I have to know. When you get out of here, do you want to stay on with Donald, stay with him in his house? He says he will look after you, he—" "But I can't! No! Oh, don't leave me here, please! Jimmy will kill me!"

N THE RETURN FLICHT Helen drinks until the stewardess says she cannot serve her another. "I'll bet you were even faithful to me," she

ays, oddly "chatty" suddenly. "Yes, I'll bet you rere," she says, serene in a dopey sort of way, now at the whiskey has somewhat dimmed the horrors f incarceration and she is beyond the nightmare of immy Metcalf's revenge. I don't bother to answer ne way or the other. Of the two meaningless fornicaons of the last year there is nothing to say; she ould only laugh if I were to tell her who her rivals ad been. Nor could I expect much sympathy were I try to explain to her how unsatisfying it had been to eceive her with women who hadn't a hundredth of er appeal to me-who hadn't a hundredth of her haracter, let alone her loveliness-and whose faces could have spit into when I realized how much of heir satisfaction derived from putting Helen Keesh in her place. Quickly enough—almost quickrenough—I had seen that deceiving a wife as disked as Helen was by other women just wasn't bing to be possible without humiliating myself in ne process. I hadn't a Jimmy Metcalf's gift for oldly rearing back and delivering the grand and ttal blow to my opponent; no, vengeance was his yle, and contentious melancholia was mine. . . . Hela's speech is badly slurred from the liquor, and from chaustion, but now that she has had a bath, and a real, and a change of clothes, and a chance to make p her face, she intends to have a conversation, er first in days and days. She intends now to reme her place in the world, and not as the vannished, but as herself. "Well," she says, "you idn't have to be such a good boy, you know. You ould have had your affairs, if that would have ade you any happier. I could have taken it." Good to know that," I say. "It's you who wouldn't ave survived in one piece. You see, I've been faithil to you, whether you believe it or not. The only an I've been faithful to in my life." Do I believe at? Can I? And if I should? Where does that leave e? I say nothing. "You don't know yet where I sed to go sometimes after my exercise class." "No. don't." "You don't know why I went out in the orning wearing my favorite dress." "I had my leas." "Well, they were wrong. I had no lover. Nev-, never with you. Because it would have been too deous. You couldn't have taken it. You would we been crushed, you would have forgiven me, id you would never have been yourself again. You ould have gone around bleeding forever." "I went ound bleeding anyway. We both went around eeding. Where did you go all dressed up?" "I ent out to the airport." "And?" "And I sat in the an Am waiting room. I had my passport in my undbag. And my jewelry. I sat there reading the tper until somebody asked if I wanted to have a drink in the first-class lounge." "And I'll bet somebody always did." Always-that's right. And I'd go there and have a drink. We would talk ... and then they would ask me to go away with them. To South America, to Africa, everywhere. A man even asked me to come with him on a business trip to Hong Kong. But I never did it. Instead, I came back home and you started in on me about the checkbook stubs." "You did this how often?" "Often enough," she replies. "Enough for what-to see if you still had the power?" "No, you idiot, to see if you still had the power." She begins to sob. "Will it startle you," she asks, "to hear that I think we should have had that baby?" "I wouldn't have risked it, not with you." My words knock the wind out of her, what wind is left. "Oh, you shit, that was unnecessary, there are less cruel ways . . . " she says. "Oh, why didn't I let Jimmy kill her when he wanted to!" she cries. "Quiet down, Helen." "You should see her now-she stood there, ten feet inside the hallway, glaring out at me. You should see hershe looks like a whale!" That beautiful man goes to bed with a whale!" "I said quiet down." "He told them to plant cocaine on me—on me, the person he loves! He let them take my purse and steal my money! And how I loved that man! I only left him to save him from committing a murder! And now he hates me for being too decent, and you despise me for being indecent, and the truth of it is that I'm better and stronger and braver than both of you. At least I was—and I was when I was only twenty years old! You wouldn't risk a baby with me? What about someone like you? Did it ever occur to you that about a baby, it may have been the other way around? No? Yes? Answer me! Oh, I can't wait to see the little sparrow you do take the risk with. If only you had taken it into your hands long ago, years ago-at the beginning! I should have had nothing to say about it!" "Helen, you're exhausted and you're loaded and you don't know what the hell you're saying. A lot you cared about having a baby." "A lot I did, you fool, you dope! Oh, why ever did I come on this airplane with you! I could have stayed with Donald! He needs someone as much as I do. I should have stayed with him in his house, and told you to go home. Oh, why did I lose my nerve in that jail!" "You lost it because of your friend Jimmy. You thought when you got out he'd kill you." "But he wouldn't-that was crazy! He only did what he did because he loves me so, and I loved him! Oh, I waited and I waited and I waited-I've waited for you for six years! Why didn't you take me into your world like a man!""Maybe you mean why didn't I take you

out of yours. I couldn't. The only kind who could take you out is the kind who took you in. Sure, I know about my terrible tone, and the scornful looks I can give, but I never went and got a hit man in about the toast, you know. Next time you want to be saved from a tyrant, find another tyrant to do the job. I admit defeat." "Oh, God, oh, Jesus God, why must they be either brutes or choirboys? Stewardess," she says, grabbing the girl's arm as she passes in the aisle, "I don't want a drink, I've had enough. I only want to ask a question of you. Don't be frightened. Why are they either brutes or choirboys, do you know?" "Who, Madam?" "Don't you find that in your travels from one continent to the other? They're even afraid, you know, of a sweet little thing like you. That's why you have to go around grinning like that. Just look the bastards right in the eye and they're either at your knees or at your throat."

HEN AT LAST Helen has fallen asleep—her face rolling familiarly on my shoulder—I take the final exams out of my briefcase and begin where I had to leave off 100 or so hours ago. Yes, I have taken my schoolwork with me—and a good thing too. I cannot imagine how I could get through the remaining fourteen hours of the flight without these examination papers to hang on to, "Without this..." and see myself strangling Helen with the coil of her waist-long hair. Who strangles his wife with her hair? Isn't it somebody somewhere in Browning? Oh, who cares!

"The search for intimacy, not because it necessarily makes for happiness, but because it is necessary, is one of Chekhov's recurrent themes."

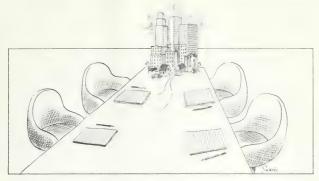
The paper I have chosen to begin with—to begin again with—is by Kathie Steiner, the girl I had dreamed of adopting. "Good," I write in the margin alongside of her opening sentence; then I reread it and after "necessary" make an insertion mark and write, "for survival(?)" And all the while I am thinking, "And miles below are the beaches of Polynesia. Well, dear, dazzling creature, a lot of

good that does us! Hong Kong! The whole damn thing could have taken place in Cincinnati! A hotel room, a police station, an airport. A vengeful megalomaniac and some crooked cops! And a would-be Cleopatra! Our savings gone on this trashy grade. B thriller! Oh, this voyage is the marriage itself traversing 4,000 miles of the exotic globe twice over, and for no good reason at all!"

Struggling to fix my attention once again on the

task at hand-and not on whether Helen and I should have had a child, or who is to blame because we didn't-refusing to charge myself yet again with all I could have done that I didn't do, and all I did that I shouldn't have-I return to Kathie Steiner's final exam. Jimmy Metcalf instructs the police, "Kick her ass a little, it'll do the whore some good," while I subdue my emotions by reading carefully through each of Kathie's pages. correcting every last comma fault, reminding her about her dangling modifier problem, and dutifully filling the margin with my commentary and questions. Me and my "finals," my marking pen and my paper clips. How the emperor Metcalf would enjoy the spectacle-likewise Donald Garland and the uncharitable chief of police. I suppose I ought to laugh a little myself; but as I am a professor and not a policeman, as I am someone who long ago squeezed out what little of the tyrant was ever in him-from the look of things, maybe squeezed out just a bit too much-instead of laughing, I come to Kathie's concluding sentence, and am undone. The hold I have had on myself since Helen's disappearance dissolves like that, and I must turn my face and press it into the darkened window of the humming airship that is carrying us back home to complete, in orderly and legal fashion, the disentanglement of our two wrecked lives. I cry for myself, I cry for Helen, and finally I seem to cry hardest of all from the realization that somehow not every last thing has been destroyed, that despite my consuming obsession with my marital unhappiness and my dreamy desire to call out to my young students for their help, I have somehow gotten a sweet, chubby, unharmed, and as yet unhorrified daughter of Beverly Hills to end her sophomore year of college by composing this grim and beautiful lament summarizing what she calls "Anton Chekhov's overall philosophy of life." But can Professor Kepesh have taught her this? How? I am only just beginning to learn it on this flight! "We are born innocent," the girl has writ ten, "we suffer terrible disillusionment before we can gain knowledge, and then we fear death-and we are granted only fragmentary happiness to offse the pain."

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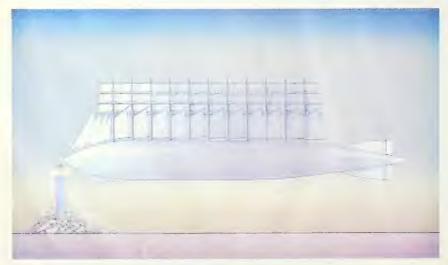
TRANSCENDING THE MACHINE

Once upon a time, long ago, people had more fun with their machines.

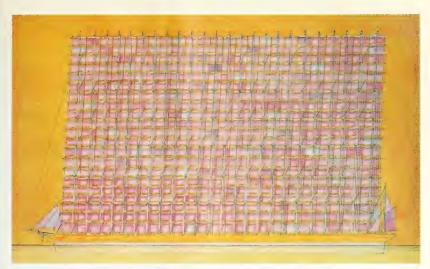
Technology was perceived as a means rather than an end, and machines did what people wanted them to do, without assuming the prerogatives of gods. So also the following sequence of prints and watercolors. William Crutchfield approaches the theme of technology with a sense of humor and proportion, even to the extent of allowing human feeling to take precedence over size, distance, and the laws of mechanical engineering.



Titanic Rising



Lightship Augustus II



Eureka III



The City of Ultramarine Passing the City of Aquamarine

THE ENERGY DEBACLE

A morality play in which a Ford Foundation study stands as a model of the prevailing confusion and in which the leading characters haggle over the division of the spoils.

by Lewis H. Lapham

But man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks
before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

---Measure for Measure

I

HE NEWS FROM Washington suggests that President Carter's energy plan, otherwise known as "the moral equivalent of war," suffers from a lack both of strategy and recruits. Witnesses testifying before the Congress point out, as politely as possible and without meaning to hurt anybody's feelings, that the plan must have been written by people who didn't know what they were talking about. Their collective testimony (about such substantive matters as oil reserves.

markets, automobiles, prices, and environme tal effects) conveys the impression that the plan was conceived either as a transcende moral vision or as a scheme to raise about \$40 billion a year in additional tax revenu Either possibility would explain the confusion about the character and extent of "the energ crisis." If it were a question of moving of and gas from one place to another, of findir new fuels or designing new machinery, then: a nation as inventive as the United States would expect that the problem could be solve without much difficulty. But the crisis unfort nately has little to do with technology, or eve with raw materials. It is a political crisis, and like most things political, resolves itself in quarrels about who has the right to do what whom, at what price and in whose interest, u der what definition of government and accor ing to which interpretation of the democrat idea.

As a demonstration of this hypothesis I pr pose to tell an exemplary tale. The characte in the story, all of them either rich, influentia or well informed, came together in 1972;

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

articipants in the Energy Policy Project, ommissioned by the Ford Foundation. For he next two years they carried forward what he foundation was pleased to call "a dialogue" 1 which their fear, prejudice, and anger freuently obscured the questions at hand. As in ne larger world of the Congressional debate, o also in the little room of the Energy Policy 'roject. People associated the advancement of peir own interests with the preservation of Vestern Civilization and The American Way f Life. Experts came and went, displaying neir maps and graphs like so many magicians' carves, conducting their discourse in the theter of hypothetical numbers, and proving hatever they were expected to prove. Their atistics provided a screen behind which the iterested parties could haggle about the diviion of the spoils.

The foundation assigned the direction of the roject to S. David Freeman, a fervent advoate of environmental reform now employed 1 the White House Office of Energy Planning. liven grants amounting to \$4 million between 971 and 1974, Freeman produced a compenium of research in twenty-one volumes and a nal report published under the title A Time > Choose. His report recommended a policy f energy conservation and suggested that the inited States could reduce its demand for enrgy by as much as 50 percent if only it would stablish a federal agency large enough and receful enough to impose rationing (on heatig fuels as well as gasoline), allocate repurces, rearrange the international oil market, t prices, raise taxes, issue energy stamps, and redistribute income. The report also asked or the manufacture of more efficient automoiles, for government subsidy of anything that ight conserve energy, for a schedule of polttion taxes, and for the raising up of a triunal that could award supplies of energy (on ie basis of need and moral worth) among ajor industries and geographic regions. As ight be guessed by Freeman's presence in e White House, many of these same propoils, together with the social doctrine implicit his report, appear in President Carter's engy plan.

A Time to Choose was published in October 374 with all the expensive ceremony that the undation attaches to announcements of grave cial significance. It was presented at press inferences convened simultaneously in New ork and Washington. At least 6,000 copies the report were given to members of Coness, the federal bureaucraey, and the press; ring the autumn of 1974 another 30,000 ppies were sold in bookstores, and the fountion arranged for the Book-of-the-Month

Club to offer an additional 300,000 copies of an abridged text to its civic-minded subscribers.

In the minds of many people on Capitol Hill at the time, the report was thought to provide the first coherent explanation of energy matters not submitted by the oil and gas lobby. Politicians spoke of the report's "filling a vacuum," of the way in which it "exploded the myth of a connection between energy growth and economic growth as a whole." The sector of the national press that notices such things received the publication of the report with thanksgiving and applause. Among more knowledgeable people the response was not so enthusiastic. A number of prominent economists characterized the report as an intellectual disgrace. Several months later, under suspicion of having sponsored the dissemination of ideological propaganda, even a hierarch at the Ford Foundation disavowed the worth of the report, describing it as inept, foolish, and of little consequence.

П

Y OWN ACQUAINTANCE with the report was the result of a conversation with William Tavoulareas, the president of the Mobil Oil Corporation. Tayoulareas had served on the advisory board to the Energy Policy Project, but on the day after the Ford Foundation held its press conference Mobil placed an advertisement in 117 newspapers denouncing the final report as the harbinger of an American police state. Recognizing this as an unusual act on the part of a man who had been a signatory to the document in question, I went to ask Tavoulareas about the reasons for his unhappiness. A red-faced and choleric man, who spoke so rapidly that it was sometimes difficult to hear what he said, Tavoulareas rocked back and forth in his chair and gestured furiously with his hands. He described the Ford Foundation as a "goddamned rip-off," as an institution afraid of debate, as a conspiracy of petty tyrants determined to wreck the country. When his anger threatened to choke him, he gripped the sides of his chair and held onto it as if to a child's rocking horse. Not only had the foundation published a work of fraudulent and subversive economic analysis, but also, he said, it had failed to honor its contractual obligations. Tavoulareas had agreed to serve on the project's advisory board only after he had received assurances that his views would be published in the final report. The foundation

Lewis H. Lapham THE ENERGY DEBACLE

The schism among the members of the advisory board to the Energy Policy Project was reflected in the comments. opinions, and further remarks that mos of them felt compelled to attach to the final report. The quotations that follow, all of them taken from the appendix to the report, suggest that the members divided along class lines. The members associated with the energy industries generally found the report to be inept, misleading, and a disservice to the nation; the members representing academia and the bureaucracy found it to be enlightening, public-

"In numerous places throughout the report, the danger of nuclear power plants has been discussed at length, with the implication being that the technology presents a grave danger to the nation. Nothing could be further from the truth.'

spirited, and a boon

to generations yet unborn

Donald C. Burnham Westinghouse Electric Corporation agreed to this condition in writing, but when Tavoulareas offered a dissenting opinion of several hundred pages the foundation refused to publish it on the grounds that it was too long.

"Who do these people think they are?" he said. "To whom are they accountable?"

As evidence of the injustice that had been done to him, Tavoulareas handed me the file of his correspondence with Freeman and various foundation officials. The correspondence opened a Pandora's box of apology and recrimination. Over the next six months, I spoke to many of the people associated with the project, and I was surprised to discover that few of them could discuss the subject without bitterness. Together with Tavoulareas the advisory board counted among its members such prominent men as Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club; John D. Harper, chairman of the Aluminum Corporation of America; Harvey Brooks, dean of the division of Engineering and Applied Physics at Harvard University; Phillip S. Hughes, assistant comptroller general, General Accounting Office; Joseph L. Fisher, formerly president of Resources for the Future and now a Democratic Congressman from Virginia; and Gilbert White, director for the Institute of Behavioral Sciences at the University of Colorado.

I had assumed that all of these gentlemen would recognize a common, even a national, interest. Without exception they belonged to the American ruling class; they enjoyed equivalent degrees of status and lived in the same well-lighted suburbs of Washington, New York, Pittsburgh, Boston, and San Francisco. Any agreement about energy policy clearly served their mutual advantage, and yet so many of them apparently had been reduced to calling each other names, as if they had been walking around in the rain with political placards instead of sitting across conference tables from

McCloskey remembered Tavoulareas as "a bully who thought that everybody should dance to his tune," a man whose "presumption and gall" reminded him of Khrushchev pounding his shoe on the table of the General Assembly in the United Nations. Tavoulareas described McCloskey as "a nut." Freeman, the director of the project, spoke contemptuously of both Tavoulareas and the Ford Foundation; Tavoulareas he characterized as "a Nixon type . . . a bad actor who played dirty pool and tried to take advantage of his monstrous corporate power"; the Ford Foundation he dismissed as "a group of nervous Nellies," crouching and timid men who feared the "cutting edge of controversy." Tavoulareas thought Freeman "a fool and a zealot."

Attempting to remain equidistant from any and all parties to a quarrel they thought un seemly, officials at the Ford Foundation de scribed Tavoulareas and Freeman as well-in tentioned but misguided advocates who, "quite frankly . . . didn't understand the rules.'

None of this made much sense until I real ized that the people associated with the proj ect didn't think of themselves as belonging to the same ruling class. They divided themselve into at least two classes, and they preferred to think of the project as a morality play in which the people they didn't like or with whon they didn't agree appeared as personification of the Evil One. The merchant class, of which Tavoulareas was representative, aligned itsel with the financial and industrial interests, with the theoretical freedoms of the marketplace and with the sanctity of money. Most of the people associated with this class endorsed the notion of an "energy crisis" because it wa good for business: if oil could be made to seen in scarce supply, then everybody could main tain a posture of innocence while selling it fo high prices.

The technocratic class, of which Freeman was representative, aligned itself with the aca demic and bureaucratic interest, with govern ment regulation in all markets, with the host o ambitious mandarins (city planners, profes sors of social science, journalists, foundation officials, and university presidents) who tall of building a New Jerusalem in the slum of capitalism. Although as self-interested as th older class, the new class is less forthrigh about its desire for political influence. Its pub licists seldom point out that a policy of "zer growth," whether computed in terms of energ or anything else, rewards people who explain categorize, and interpret things at the expens of people who make things. In a stagnant so ciety, the bureaucrat holds sway. His taxes regulations, and moralisms replace the market mechanism, and, like the grocery clerk in com mand of a limited inventory, he finds himsel invested with the wisdom of Solomon. Know ing this to be so, the bureaucrat resents the messiness of abundance. In a robust or crea tive society, too many people go around mak ing things without permission, inventing new sources of wealth and political theory. Obvi ously people cannot be trusted. They must b managed. But most people object to being managed, even for their own good, and so firs they must be frightened, which is why, in the best ideological circles, it is proper to say that the United States is cruel, ignorant, and waste ful. Thus the government's willing belief in the apparition of the energy crisis and the new that the world is coming to an end.

HEN THE FOUNDATION decided to consider the problem of energy policy in late 1971, McGeorge Bundy announced that it hoped provide "an informed and reasoned base" r the national discussion. The evidence sugsts that the report was neither reasoned or informed, but for the time being it is ough to say that the foundation had asmbled a large sum of money for a public irpose and that somebody suggested that it ight be useful to do something about energy. early the subject was one of sufficient imrtance; obviously it was complicated and erefore in need of additional research; cerinly it was the kind of thing to which the undation should address itself. Nobody quite ew how to go about it, but a program offir named Edward Ames recommended the rmation of an independent study group unr the direction of S. David Freeman.

I spoke to Ames in December of 1974, at a ne when he wanted very much to beve that he hadn't taken part in something at might be construed as a failure. He has see left the employ of the foundation, but I member him as a thoughtful man in his earforties who, with a faint but disarming sile, accepted full responsibility for the man-

ement of the Energy Policy Project.
"I'm the continuity," he said. "If anybody ces blame or credit for this, it is I."

Of the three people to whom I spoke at the indation, Ames was the only one who was ibarrassed about the intellectual inadequas of the report. Choosing his words with inful discretion, he said that he had "introced" Freeman to the foundation. Freeman s a lawyer who had come to Washington m the Tennessee Valley Authority in the dy 1960s. Appointed to the Federal Power mmission by President Kennedy and to the nite House Office of Science and Technology Presidents Johnson and Nixon, he had writ-President Nixon's energy message in the ing of 1971; shortly afterward he had bene the director of an energy study sponed by the Twentieth Century Fund. His dentials were of a kind to warrant the intment of foundation money, and, like Ames, favored the environmental line of argunt. In journals as diverse as the New York nes and the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, articles published as early as 1968, Freen had censured the energy industries and ommended a reduction in demand to conserve dwindling supply.

"It's always a problem with these things," Ames said. "If you're going to go to somebody who knows something, you find yourself

with a man who holds opinions."

The foundation took the precaution of inviting Freeman to New York to meet with its board of trustees, a procedure that Ames described as extremely unusual. During a conversation that lasted about thirty minutes, Freeman was asked if he could conduct a study with an open mind, whether he was capable of restraining his bias while constructing an objective analysis. As Ames remembered it, the trustees were very particular on this point; they hoped for a comprehensive review of the alternatives rather than a passionate declaration of principles. Ames remembered that Freeman said something to the effect that, although he had an open mind, he didn't have an empty one. And then, with a hint of apology in his voice, Ames said:

"We believed him."

For a moment we both looked out the window at the profusion of trees and flowers in the interior garden of the foundation's building on East Forty-second Street in New York City. That the foundation should have felt obliged to advance the cause of energy conservation struck me as incongruous. The gracefulness of its own building depended on the profligate waste of light and space. Laughing nervously and still talking about Freeman, Ames said: "After the fact, you can say that we were naive."

I later met Freeman in Washington, and I found it difficult to understand how anybody could have mistaken the intensity of his commitment to a cause. During the winter of 1975 he was employed by the Democratic majority in Congress, and he received me in a cluttered government office, his desk strewn with drafts of legislation and his secretary making engagements for him to speak to environmental groups in Maryland and Florida. A slender and intense man, quite obviously possessed by a utopian vision of the just society, he cast his arguments in the same mode of self-righteous Puritanism that has come to characterize the rhetoric of President Carter. Freeman spoke in a quiet and slightly Southern voice, but his speech had an edge of harshness in it, as if he thought himself chosen to draw the lines of moral geography, if necessary with the point of a knife. The conversation with the Ford Foundation trustees in New York he remembered as an empty charade. He assumed that all those present understood his support of a policy for conserving energy.

"It was clear enough," he said. "Everybody

"The general tone of the report, and certain sections in particular, reveal an unjustified bias against private business, with many statements that are misleading and some that are contrary to the facts."

—Minor S.
Jameson, Jr.
Consultant
(former executive
vice-president)
Independent Petroleum
Association of America

'I believe the report may work a disservice to the American public as a whole."

—Joseph R. Renident

President Pacific Lighting Corporation

"The basic thesis of the project becomes: The search for energy and the use of energy is bad while energy conservation is good.' On this base all else rests."

—William P.
Tavoulareas
President
Mobil Oil
Corporation



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Lewis H. Lapham THE ENERGY DEBACLE

knew what my feelings were."

The foundation had come to him, he said, and he had agreed to undertake its project on the condition that he could continue to lobby for his own ideas. The foundation could pay for the studies, but he would hire the consultants and decide what was deserving of research.

"But Bundy knew all that," he said. "The foundation knew it was buying a controversial guy. I felt that it was my mandate to educate the members of the Congress and the press."

He established the project's offices in Washington (another unusual procedure for a supposedly scholarly and nonpartisan study) and began the business of recruiting an advisory board that would invest the project with an aura of national consensus. Freeman didn't particularly care who the foundation nominated to the advisory board. He was concerned only that the members of the board represented a sufficiently broad spectrum of opinion to sustain the illusion of impartiality. He agreed to print any comments they might wish to append to the final report, but he didn't expect to pay close attention to their advice or counsel.

"I could take it or leave it," he said. "What none of them seemed to understand...probably because they were board-of-directors types used to ordering people around...was that I had the *power*. I had the *power*, and it didn't matter what any of them said."

Freeman reminded me of this point several times during the space of an hour, and I remember being taken aback by the violent emphasis that he placed on the word power. His enemies had been delivered into his hands. and he had thoroughly enjoyed the task of meting out God's vengeance. Listening to him talk about the wickedness of oil companies, I reflected that Freeman and Tavoulareas were very much alike. They shared an equivalent obsession with power, and it seemed that both of them had embarked on the project in the hope of rooting out-once and for all and without any more of this goddamn wheedling and compromise—the infamous doctrine of those people whom they imagined to be subverting the Constitution and subtracting from the sum of their civil rights. They were engaged in argument about which of them represented legitimate authority in the United States. Both of them also wanted to control the buying and selling in the company store, and neither of them seemed to know that the poor man forced to do the work of the society seldom cares whether his overlords call themselves capitalists or environmentalists.

When Freeman first went with Ames to persuade Tavoulareas to serve on the advisory

board, each must have thought that he couloutwit the other. Tavoulareas accepted place on the board despite the advice of he friends in the oil industry who warned his against trusting "any of those liberal bastare at the Ford Foundation" and despite his familiarity with Freeman's record as an implacable opponent of big business. His motives for ding so deserve a moment's speculation becaute it is possible that they reflect the inability the older class to perceive the strengths are weaknesses of the technocrats.

Tavoulareas may have thought that the Fo Foundation embodied the best of the Ame ican dream, that somehow it had managed preserve the spirit of the New England tow meeting in which free men conduct a free d bate in the name of Enlightenment. He has been born poor in the Red Hook section Brooklyn, working his way upward through the hierarchy of Mobil Oil Corporation in the tradition of Horatio Alger. If that much the American dream proved to be correct then why not the rest of it? Such an assum tion would cast Tavoulareas in the part of t quixotic idealist who agrees to lay aside h blackjack because he believes himself in the presence of gentlemen. This is an engagin possibility, but it requires a further assum tion of innocence and naiveté that doesn't c incide with Tavoulareas's reputation for ba gaining with Arabs. Neither does it coincid with the oil industry's preference for mono oly dressed up in the pieties of free enterpris

It thus becomes equally possible that I voulareas agreed to serve as a member of t advisory board because he thought he cou gain an easy victory over people whom ! imagined to be his enemies. Most of the ot er members of the board he characterized "sweet do-nothings" and "weak humdrums the kind of men appointed to ornamental cou cils and commissions precisely because the could be counted upon to exchange platitud and sign whatever statement was put in fro of them. Tavoulareas could rely on his tactic skills, on his willingness to insult people, an on a research division within his own comp ny that could provide the glut of statistics ne essary to refute the work of Freeman's co sultants.

As long as he believed that his deal we with the foundation instead of with Freema that if anything went wrong he could fix with the people who mattered (with Bunor the Board of Trustees), then Tavoulare may have had reason to think that his viewould prevail. Unfortunately, he missed the point of modern politics and failed to reconize the alliance between foundations and the soundations are soundations.

"The report moves
public thinking about
energy problems in
a sound direction and
puts forward healthily
provocative proposals."
—Gilbert F. White
Director
Institute for

Behavioral Sciences
University of
Colorado
Chairman of the
advisory board

"This report does an excellent job of identifying and illuminating energy policy issues. It is superior as a general exposition of the elements of energy policy and will elevate the stature of debate over energy policy by treating energy as an explicit policy issue, and defining and supporting a consistent and broad set of policies."

—Dean E.
Abrahamson
Professor
School of
Public Affairs
University of
Minnesota

IV

vandering moralists upon whom the foundaions lavish money and patronage. In a counry where the traditional forms of politics have become suspect (vide the antipolitical credo f such otherwise different people as Messrs. Vixon, Carter, Agnew, McGovern, Nader, and Brown), political authority comes to reside in rganizations pretending to exist in a realm eyond politics-in consumer groups, Presilential commissions, public-opinion polls, uniersities, and, most conspicuously, in foundaions. Given the loud ignorance of the media, n which strident and competing voices all laim to be the voice of truth, the foundation emains one of the few American institutions hat can validate the claim to authority. This orks to the advantage of the technocratic inerest, which abrogates to itself the prerogtives of government by purporting to reach echnological solutions without having to conront the stubbornness of human needs, intersts, or emotions. Behind the facade of imparality, the weight of money and influence hifts to people who affect to despise politics. The Ford Foundation spends as much as

100 million a year (\$200 million before the eeent reductions) for a multitude of studies, rograms, symposia, seminars, and social exeriments that seek to identify and shape the ublic interest. It would be foolish not to assume that the projectors of these visions don't ope to impose a political design on what they erceive as the careless disorder of events. No oubt this is to be expected, and probably othing can be done about it. Money is polices, and politics is money, and research studes tend to flatter the self-interest, as well as ne social conscience, of the buyer.

Anybody given to the construction of conpiracy theory could draw lines of connection etween a great many of the people beholden the Ford Foundation, between the programs apported by the Public Broadcasting System nd the books published under the aegis of ne Brookings Institution, between money spent or scientific research and the questions that oliticians identify as useful. The money disursed by the Ford Foundation since the adent of McGeorge Bundy in 1966 amounts to fore than \$2 billion. Although this does not em so large a sum when compared to the deral deficit, or even to the annual budget of ew York City, it should be remembered that mbitious metaphysicians trade at small prices, metimes for nothing more than an invitation Aspen to take part in a symposium or their ames printed on a letterhead. The credentials ualify them as oracles of the received wisom, which, if properly advertised, can be ranged into money and votes.

HE ENERGY PROJECT's advisory board held the first of its eleven meetings in Washington in July of 1972. Within a few months it became obvious to several members that Freeman was directing the study toward a predetermined conclusion. Freeman's choice of consultants, his casting of the argument along conservationist lines, his insistence on a program of social justice—all of it foretold the advent of an ideological tract. Phillip Hughes, the assistant comptroller general of the General Accounting Office and one of the two federal bureaucrats on the board, accepted the politics of the project as nothing out of the ordinary.

"Everybody knew at the beginning," he said, "that the point of view would be Free-man's."

Inclining to agree with Freeman's bias in favor of big government, Hughes found the discussions "enjoyable and educational...not nearly as rough" as the arguments with which he was familiar in Washington. Harvey Brooks, the dean of engineering at Harvard, also understood that "what Freeman wanted all along was a political document." He improved as many draft papers as he found time to edit or correct, in the meantime consoling himself with the knowledge that the final report wasn't "nearly as bad as it might have been if Freeman had been allowed to write everything he wanted to write."

The meetings moved around the country, convening in places such as Aspen or Santa Barbara. The views of the sea or the mountains apparently did little to improve the quality of the argument.

As Tavoulareas gradually recognized the weakness of his position, he began to beat his fists on tables and make strident accusations. Having underestimated the strength of his opponents, he failed to understand that the noisiness of his protest confirmed the nonaligned members in their worst suspicions. If Tavoulareas complained so much, then clearly he must be hiding something, and so Freeman must be right in his definition of the oil industry as a conspiracy of thieves. Tavoulareas also failed to anticipate the indifference of the less opinionated members toward a measurable result. What did it matter to them where the argument came out? What did it cost them? Nor could Tavoulareas intimidate them with threats of public exposure. Such a tactic might work against businessmen habitually fright"I am grateful to the Ford Foundation for giving the people of the United States a new view of what could happen so that government can be directed in deciding what ought to happen."

—Lee Botts
Executive Secretary
Lake Michigan
Federation

"I find the foregoing report of the EPP staff to be broad in scope, stimulating, and especially important because it makes a careful and respectable case for slowing down, even stopping, the growth of energy consumption."

Former president Resources for the Future, Inc.

Lewis H. Lapham THE ENERGY DEBACLE

ened of "what people might think," but the academic reputation waxes and grows fat in the soil of controversy. The more widely known a professor's name, the more valuable his opinions become, and the more often he will be invited to sit on advisory boards. Given the climate of opinion in the country in 1972 and 1973, few people could fail to gain anything but honor if they were known to be despised by the president of the Mobil Oil Corporation. Talking to several members on this point, I had the feeling that they smiled pityingly among themselves about what they came to regard as "Tay's harangues." They remembered him as "consuming more than 25 percent of the time" in rhetorical tirades, as "unreasonable," "overbearing," and "always loud." McCloskey extended the general observation into a metaphor, choosing to see in Tavoulareas the literal embodiment of the industrial interests laying waste the virgin wilderness. A year later, rocking back and forth in his chair, Tavoulareas found it almost impossible to describe his feeling of frustration and anguish.

"It was a nightmare," he said: "The whole thing was a goddamned nightmare. The monstrous presumption of those people. Everybody was an instant expert on everything; on oil, on foreign policy, on the Middle East, for Christ's sake. None of them knew a goddamned

thing.'

At the meeting in Santa Barbara in February of 1973, not only Tavoulareas but also three or four other members of the board threatened to resign. Even the moderate members mumbled about their integrity being impugned. The occasion for their distress was a speech that Freeman had delivered in January to the Consumers Federation of America. Identified in newspaper accounts as the director of the Energy Policy Project, he was quoted as making a number of political statements—about the Nixon Administration, the oil-import quota, the price structure of the energy industry. Ames remembered the speech with acute embarrassment.

"It was not the kind of speech you'd want a study director to make," he said. "Freeman was given complete freedom, but...people who receive that kind of freedom...have a responsibility to exercise it wisely."

Again he was apologetic, conceding that many people at the foundation had been disappointed in "Dave." He explained that prejudicial statements compromised Dave's credibility as an objective and open-minded researcher into the energy question. Smiling as brightly as possible, and with the familiar strain of nervous laughter in his voice, Ames said:

"It was an eye opener for all of us. We realized that Dave really was an active participant, and that gave us a real problem."

It was a problem that the foundation made little attempt to resolve. The advisory board insisted that Freeman make a public apology, which he did on February 6 by issuing a statement (largely ignored by the press) to the effect that he regretted the way in which his speech might have been interpreted. A few days later he was summoned to New York for what Ames described as "a lively and active discussion" with McGeorge Bundy. Beyond that the foundation did nothing but hope that the controversy would go away. Nobody suggested that the study be abandoned or that Freeman be replaced.

"We swallowed hard and went on with it," Ames said. He offered the usual explanations: that so much money had been spent, that there was a public purpose to be served, that the question of energy was becoming more and more important to the national interest. The explanations were those of a man who feels himself subservient to forces beyond his knowledge or control. The spectacle of the Ford Foundation pleading helplessness, as if it were a friendless salesman standing in line at a welfare office, seemed to me either difficult to believe or a testimonial to its disassociation from the political reality that the foundation so devoutly wished to shape into monuments of the

public happiness.

Having made his apologies, Freeman continued to do as he pleased. Throughout the whole of 1973, he testified before Congress on numerous occasions and maintained a market in information for newspaper reporters and Congressional staff assistants. The working papers submitted by consultants to the project he systematically leaked to interested politicians. One of his most frequent correspondents was a man named Ed Morrison, the legislative assistant to Charles Vanik, a Democratic Congressman from Ohio. Vanik is an influential member of the House Ways and Means Committee, a man known for his interest in energy and the environment, and Morrison had been his primary source of information since 1972. Freeman conferred with Morrison throughout the early phases of the Energy Project, briefing him with particular reference to automobile efficiency, tax credits for buildings with improved insulation, and a federal trust fund for the development of alternative sources of supply. Morrison acknowledged the far-reaching effect of Freeman's thinking among people on Capitol Hill.

The same point was made by Rep. Joseph L. Fisher, Democrat of Virginia, who had been

"Further, the report argues—in our view, properly—that a wise policy will be one which includes a substantial decrease in the rate of growth of energy use in the United States as an essential element."

—Carl Kaysen
Director
The Institute
for Advanced Study
Harvey Brooks
Dean
Division of
Engineering and
Applied Physics
Harvard University

member of the project's advisory board. (sher had been named to the board in his caucity as former president of Resources for e Future, Inc. (an environmental group nded in large part by the Ford Foundaton); elected to Congress in November 1974, was appointed to the Ways and Means ommittee and assigned responsibility for ormizing debate on the energy bill. As a preminary to this task he presented each of the embers with a copy of A Time to Choose. That much of Freeman's information be-

That much of Freeman's information beme outmoded as a result of the Arab-Israeli ar in October 1973 apparently didn't make uch difference, either to Freeman or his corspondents in Congress and the press. The conomic analysis in the final report estimates e price of oil in the Persian Gulf at \$7 a barl; at the time of the report's publication the ice had risen to \$11 a barrel, but Freeman dn't bother to change the numbers. When ked whether he had reached his conclusions fore embarking on the project, he dismissed e question as one of slight importance.

"I won't say that I didn't have some feel r the subject," he said. "But what matters is gether the conclusions are right... whether ey will stand the test of time and public

rutiny."

Those are not the questions that would oct to a man of scientific mind, to whom the st of time seems impossible and the value public scrutiny irrelevant, and so I think it ir to assume that Freeman approached the ady in the spirit of a political reformer, the an attitude would explain his mood of altation, as if what mattered was the vincation of a social philosophy. The death of bliath signified the birth of a new order.

"We were ahead of the issue," he said. "I ew that the country was in trouble, that we are wasting energy, that Tavoulareas's econoy had gone to pot. We are trying to put it

ck together."

V

T ITS FINAL MEETING on August 5, 1974, the project's advisory board, finding that Freeman's bias was deeply embedded in the text of the rert, required him to include a series of specic recommendations. Although originally necived as an open-minded examination of the factors relevant to an energy policy, proport quite clearly wasn't any such thing.

Any pretense to objectivity might have been cause for embarrassment.

As with so much else about the Energy Policy Project, the final difficulty was placed in its most flattering perspective by Marshall Robinson, a vice-president of the foundation who became director of its Office of Environment in 1973 and was thereby responsible for Freeman's report. By the time I went to see Robinson in early 1975, the report already had begun to come under attack in academic circles. People were talking about its poor scholarship and about the chance of the foundation being embroiled in a political scandal. Older than Ames and far more practiced in the bureaucratic arts, Robinson was a tall and handsome man who carried himself with the erect posture of a military officer. Such was the graciousness of his manner that he managed to express a number of contradictory attitudes within the compass of a single gesture. He was sorrowful and yet hopeful, embarrassed and yet forthright, wistful and yet admonishing, delighted to talk about the project and yet wondering why it couldn't be forgotten.

The controversy that had attached itself to the project, he said, was so unfortunate, so unnecessary, so obviously not the foundation's sort of thing. The rumors of recrimination distressed him.

"It would be a mistake," he said, "to place subsets of unhappiness too high in the general

assessment of a process."

So many aspects of the study seemed to Robinson cause for regret—Freeman's failure to provide a decent set of notes, what he called "the irrelevant social philosophizing" about corporate enterprise, the reluctance of the advisory board to deal with anything but procedural questions-that he found it difficult to choose among them. Even so, he was especially wistful about the matter of Tavoulareas's dissent. Of course Tavoulareas was right about that, "in a strictly literal-minded way, you understand," but nobody else had interpreted the agreement as an invitation to write a book of his own. Such a thing had never happened before, not in all of Robinson's experience with foundation affairs.

"I can't imagine why a man with Tav's sophistication and experience would get worked up over something as small as this," Robinson said, "He's used to winning or losing hundreds of millions of dollars a day in the routine of the oil business. He knows that you win some and lose some." If any fault was to be found, he said, it was probably with the advisory board's willingness to conceal its divisions from itself. The members allowed their emotions to get tangled up in everything, and

"It is a pity that the report of the Energy Policy Project was not available a couple of years ago to help guide us through the turmoil of the energy crisis."

--Michael McCloskey Executive director Sierra Club

"The failures of the report are many, but they do not detract from its substantial achievement, for they are basically failures of stopping short rather than of affirmative error."

--Joseph L. Sax Professor School of Law University of Michigan Lewis H. Lapham
THE ENERGY
DEBACLE

yet they didn't acknowledge the presence of those emotions—which was a pity, of course, but probably the result of everybody on the board being "such nice guys." He reminded me that when a group of people set forth on the "high road of energy policy," some of them must, of necessity, suffer casualties.

them must, of necessity, suffer casualties.
"A foundation study," he said, "is not a zero-sum game."

In the same way that Robinson sought to minimize the political or scholarly questions raised by the study, he spoke of both Freeman and Tavoulareas in terms of the affectionate diminutive. Referring to them as "Dave" and "Tav," he smiled tolerantly when informed of their reckless talk, as if he were being told about the harmless pranks of somebody else's children. Poor Dave. Poor Tav. Neither of them really understood the purpose of the study. Certainly they made "important contributions," but they exaggerated their own and the study's place in the scheme of things. Of Tavoulareas, he said:

"Tav didn't have what I would call an instinctive understanding of advisory committeeship."

Of Freeman, he said. "We had hoped that Dave would be more mature than that, that he would do something about his stylistic behavior."

Robinson discounted as nonsense the possibility of the report achieving a political result. It was, he said, a small and inconsequential thing, a few thousand words floated off into the void of the general confusion, a tiny voice crying out in the wilderness of the national energy debate. He conceded that much of what Freeman had written was "simply awful stuff," but he couldn't imagine how it could do any harm. It didn't matter that the foundation had arranged to distribute 300.000 copies of the abridged text through the Bookof-the-Month Club, or that the Consumers Union had chosen the final report as its January book selection.

"The intelligent reader," Robinson said, "will see through it."

So often with studies of this kind, he said, the prejudice conceals itself in the language, in inferences rather than direct statements, and so the board thought it prudent to "smoke Dave out... to get his agenda on the table."

When I mentioned this subtlety to Freeman. he permitted himself a thin smile.

"If that is what they want to think," he said, "I see no reason to contradict them."

Freeman believed that his cause and his generation had prevailed against the primordial night of capitalist superstition. If so, then he could afford a gesture of condescension toward those whom he thought he had rescue from their own stupidities. Freeman accepted it as an article of faith that "Tavoulareas's econ ony" (i.e., the notion of free enterprise and its attendant miseries) soon would be super seded by a more equitable division of wealth

"The public debate has come our way," he said. "The government has embraced our ideas."

In retrospect the statement reads like the stuff of prophecy. Freeman sent a copy of A Time to Choose to the then Governor Carte in late 1974, and he had heard that the gov ernor carried the volume around with him a if it were as precious to him as the writings o Reinhold Niebuhr. In the summer of 1976 Freeman went to Georgia to help Mr. Carte with policy. He stayed to become a membe of the team that wrote the energy plan. Ac counts published in the newspapers sugges that the plan was brought forth in an atmos phere of secrecy and mistrust. It was written by government functionaries, by lawyers an academics, almost all of them, like Jame Schlesinger (President Carter's nominee a chief of the new energy agency), representa tives of the technocratic interest. As the sub sequent debate has made plain, the planner apparently didn't find it necessary to talk t people unlike themselves-not to politicians not to officials in the Departments of Transport tation and the Treasury, not to oil-compan executives, not to anybody who might violat the purity of their moral vision. As might hav been expected, they assigned the task of allo cating the national resources to a government bureaucracy employing 20,000 people and re quiring an annual budget of \$10.5 billion. This bureaucracy presumably would fall to the d rection of officials possessing a sufficiently hig degree of conscience to adjudicate the nois and competing claims of citizens less fortu nate. The plan endorsed, almost as an articl of religious faith, the principle of energy cor servation and reserved the government's right to restrain all forms of unauthorized develop ment and to demand equal sacrifices from a social classes and interest groups.

V

President Carter's plan I have n
way of knowing, but somethin
very much like it clearly was fore
seen by John Harper, the president of ALCOA
Another of the members of the advisory board

IBM Reports

Information: a resource that's helping us manage our other resources better.

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IBM will continue to advance technology in many areas to develop better ways to help people use the vital and productive resource called information.



THE ENERGY DEBACLE

voulareas, he had made no complaint about the limits of his dissent. Within the space allowed he said plainly that "the premise of government control... is abhorrent to me and. I am sure, to most of the people in this nation." The assumptions underlying the report seemed to him consistent with a totalitarian definition of the state, and this he also mentioned in his intentioned they may be, could cost Americans their economic freedom of choice, and—in-

Harper brooded on the matter throughout the autumn of 1974: when the chance offered itself in December, he willingly raised money for a scholarly repudiation of Freeman's report. Subsequently entitled No Time to Confuse, this counter-study was published in March 1975 by the Institute for Contemporary Studies in San Francisco. It consisted of ten academic commentaries from, among others. Morris A. Adelman, professor of industrial management at MIT and a well-known critic of the oil industry: Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute: and Walter J. Mead, professor of economics at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Mead had been a consultant to the Ford Foundation project, but his unhappiness with Freeman's interpretations of his work prompted him to resign. The introductory essay to No Time to Confuse describes Freeman's report as an all but worthless ideological tract-"arrogant and paternalist" in its assertions of what comprises the public welfare, deserving of makes a "content of Fall of Fall Records for the most errors of economic fact and analysis" in one volume. The subsequent articles become both more specific and more derisive. Several contributors cannot refrain from observing that the report shows little understanding either of the working of the free tel. Other contributors remark on the report's failure to note a connection between sup-

ply and demand.

The conception of the counter-study appears to have derived from a fairly extensive feeling of revulsion within the community of professional economists. During the summer of 1974

I. Clayburn LaForce, the chairman of the Department of French of Freedom about the shoddiness of Freeman's report. Economists employed to do consulting work for Freeman spoke to LaForce of the way in which their findings had been declared unacceptable because they failed to conform to the ideological specifications. People said that the report was so badly done

that it constituted an insult to the profession.
"But the thing itself," LaForce said, "was

much worse than the worst rumors."

LaForce approached the Institute of Contemporary Studies with the notion of publishing a rebuttal because he was convinced that Freeman's report was "likely to become an influential handbook for people running around Washington." He was further convinced that much of the trouble in the country followed from the bad legislation written by eager but misinformed politicians. The academic unhappiness with Freeman's economic analysis coincided with Harper's uneasiness about Free man's political vision. The institute took advantage of the common discontent to raise the \$30,000 necessary for the publication of No Time to Confuse. A. Lawrence Chickering. the executive director of the institute, approached a number of sizable corporations with the information that it was in the interest of the business community to repudiate the Ford Foundation attack on its traditional free doms. He went to corporations that had as lit tle as possible to do with the production of energy (in order to avoid the appearance of too parochial a complaint), and in response to his political hypothesis (presumably confirmed by the discreet witness of John Harper . the institute received about \$3.000 each from the ALCOA Foundation, American Tele phone and Telegraph. Continental Can, the John Deere Foundation. E. I. duPont de Ne mours. IBM. International Harvester. Deering Milliken. Monsanto. Proctor and Gamble Sears Roebuck. Southern Pacific. and the Union Carbide Corporation.

All of these are corporations of great wealth and influence in national affairs, and all of them are presumably administered by men of intelligence and public acumen. And vet with its habitual inability to understand the politics of the media. the older class bungled the announcement of its bad news. Chickering went to Washington and convened a press conference, but the publication of No Time to Contuse passed almost without notice in the press. His friends in the profession later explained he should have "orchestrated" the release of his information, that he should have leaked it in bits and pieces of salacious gossip to the Style section of the Washington Post or to the important columnists in town. Having though that "the ideas made a difference." Chicker ing was alarmed by what he described as "the theatricality of journalists." He neglected to mention the names of the corporations that had put up money for the counter-study, and by so doing he lost the chance of presenting

the Ford Foundation as a villain.

Too to be a design of the control of

Morro A Adelman

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the Hower Institution

Frank R. R. Ker Frank Frank Harden Erreich H. Franker

VII

IN APRIL OF 1975 I went to see McGeorge Bundy. So many aspects of the Energy Policy Project seemed so unusual-the possibility of a political motive, the puboutcry of an oil-company president, the abarrassment of Robinson and Ames, Freean's exaltation and glee, the publication of foundation study for the express purpose of screditing another foundation study—that I oked to Bundy as to a light in the darkness. received me in the Roman manner, recling on a low couch and smiling the enigmatic ile of a man who knows much but tells lit-. I never know what to make of men who opt that pose; sometimes it signifies benign miscience; at other times it tempts the foolinto the abyss of error. With regard to ndy, I had read testimony on both sides of : interpretation. His admirers described him a political bureaucrat of incomparable subty. In support of their praise they mentioned ndy's success in the world, pointing out that had been born to a Boston family of high ellectual attainment, that he had become an of Harvard College at the age of thirtye, that he was the most brilliant of the aders to the late President Kennedy, and that could read Herodotus in Greek. His critics ntioned the effect of his success on other ople. They spoke of his enthusiasm for pocal assassination and the Vietnam war, of committing the Ford Foundation's investnt portfolio to a policy of adventurous exusion at precisely the point, in late 1968, en the stock market began to collapse.

Probably it is unfair to form impressions of nan on the basis of circumstantial evidence. t the day on which Bundy granted me an lience was not a favorable one from the .nt of view of his admirers. The papers that rning published accounts of the retreat m Danang. The news was of people mov-; south, of Americans departing on helicops, of Vietnamese killing each other as they wed at the gunwales of the last boats. Aner article on an inside page of the New rk Times explained that a loss of assets had iged the Ford Foundation to dismiss 300 ployees and reduce by one-half the budget its philanthropy. None of this news was reted in Bundy's thin and distant smiling. e Marshall Robinson he sought to minze, diminish, and make small, but, unlike binson, he offered no apology. He did what could to conduct a cordial conversation.

but he left the distinct impression that we were talking about an animal left dead in the street. Of Tavoulareas and his incessant complaint, Bundy said:

"People employed in private enterprise are always surprised that other people have opinions. They haven't had the tempering that results from government service."

His tone of voice implied that the narrowmindedness of businessmen could be ascribed to their parochial interest in money and trade. As for the possibility of a political motive on the part of the Ford Foundation, Bundy laughed at the childishness of such an idea.

"If you mean lobbying for a particular point of view," he said, "certainly not. If you mean drawing attention to issues of great national interest, obviously yes."

As a general statement of principle, this satisfactorily answers the question. The difficulty with it arises from a specific application to S. David Freeman and the Energy Policy Project. Freeman's commitment to "a particular point of view" should have been apparent since 1968. By assigning him responsibility for the project, the foundation indirectly constituted itself as a lobbyist. Bundy understood that Freeman would leak the draft studies and consulting papers to members of Congress and the press. Reminding me that the foundation was accountable to the appropriate committees of Congress, to the Treasury, and to its own trustees, he quoted the 1968 legislation (which he described as "the language of art") that obliges foundations to "make available non-partisan research" to almost anybody who asks for it. With what I took to be a glint of sly humor in the corners of his eyes, Bundy

"If I know Freeman, he would make his findings available to anybody who would listen to him...at any hour of the day or night."

Together with the other people who defended the integrity of the project, Bundy advised me against placing "an undue emphasis" on the final report. The entire project consisted of twenty-one volumes at a price of \$220 in cloth and \$80 in paper editions. This body of research would provide the context for "a continuing dialogue," Bundy said. He implied that it would be a mistake to assign significance to a report which, from a scientific point of view, might be construed as nothing more than an elaborate press release. Given Freeman's political objectives and the foundation's policy of extending what it likes to call "the outreach," that argument also seemed slightly disingenuous. Only a few people would take the trouble to read the complete text. It was the final report that the foundation

Lewis H. Lapham THE ENERGY DEBACLE

sought to advertise with drums and flourishes, and it was the final report that Congressman Fisher presented to the members of the Ways and Means Committee. Bundy had been informed of the publication of No Time to Confuse, but he hadn't found time to read it. The rumor of what he called its "polemical intent" did nothing but raise unpleasant questions in his mind about the people who paid for it.

"At the foundation," he said, "we do our business on the top of the desk.'

VIII

F IT ACCOMPLISHED nothing else, the inadequacy of the Energy Policy Project testified to the lack of leadership in the country and to the collapse of an idea of legitimate authority. Confronted with a problem of great complexity, a problem important not only to themselves but also to their children and everybody else in the world, the interested parties fell to arguing about who would corner the markets in heat and light. Instead of inspiring a debate about the ways in which the world's natural and technological resources might be put to the best use for all mankind, the Energy Policy Project offered a melancholy lesson in the narrowness of competing interests. Few people on any side of the argument could agree to a common system of values; neither could they refrain from describing one another with the empty slogans ("the interests," "police state," et cetera) characteristic of people who fear unseen abstractions moving around in the shadows beyond their experience or understanding. The recognition of their own weakness prompted them to affect an air of exaggerated certainty and inclined them to pursue their objectives by means of indirection.

The foundation deemed it necessary to hire Freeman as its agent in the cause of energy conservation; Freeman seemed to think of himself as a man working behind enemy lines, and the presidents of both ALCOA and Mobil appealed to the guerrilla theater of the national press. Probably the worst of the confusion had to do with the way in which the old and the new class preferred to conceive of the other as malevolent conspiracies. Freeman expressed the traditional suspicions of New York industrialists in the manner of a drawing by Thomas Nast, as if they were evil and cynical old men who could fix prices, buy governments, rig markets, and declare foreign wars. He persisted in this idea despite the chapter in his own report that could find no proof of monopoly or cabal among the major oil companies and despite his direction of the Ford Founda-

tion Energy Policy Project to his own use Both Harper and Tavoulareas apparently che ished equivalent fantasies about the terrib and irresponsible power of the new class. The envisioned zealous bureaucrats (intelliger pious, underpaid) dictating changes in the la from within the strongholds of the SEC, the IRS, and the Department of Justice. Like mar other members of the merchant class, they ha come to think of Washington as the seat socialist heresy. Together with Freeman, the insisted on the truth of their vision, despite the evidence to the contrary. The energy bill draft ed by the Ways and Means Committee in 197 never had a chance of even reaching a vo in Congress, and the present evidence sugges that, except in severely modified form, Pres dent Carter's plan has equally little chance of becoming law.

It promises so many things to so many di ferent and irreconcilable interests that obviou ly it satisfies nobody. Economists of the Righ referred to the plan as a "bureaucrat's d light"; economists on the Left suggested that the plan would provide government subsid and a protection of markets for the major o companies. A critic as astute as Barry Con moner goes so far as to say that the effects of the plan would betray its rhetoric: that it would save little energy, favor the rich over the poor stimulate the development of nuclear energy place unbearable demands on the nation's dwir dling supply of investment capital, encourag both unemployment and inflation, and genera ly make possible the catastrophe that it seek

Although I hold no brief for the merchan class and its habit of blind rapacity, I cannot see how a policy of "zero growth" can do any thing but lead to even more savage result. Pee ple want what they want, and they will pa whatever prices they must, and so it is no us trying to tell them what's good for them. Lik Prohibition and other governmental attempt to justify man's ways to God, the National En ergy Plan presumably would accomplish a pu pose contrary to the one intended. Given limited supply of goods, people compete mor fiercely for the smaller number of jobs, free doms, and opportunities. They would place a even heavier reliance on money because mor ey would provide them with the only defens against the officiousness of government. In a open and expanding society, people will pa their taxes, study the odds, and try to improve their lot; within a closed society, they have n choice but to kill each other. This also can h construed as an equivalent of war, but I doul whether it is one that Mr. Carter would smi ingly describe as moral.

HARPER'S AUGUST 1977

UNDER PALLADIO'S SPELL

by Garry Wills

Fabbriche e i Disegni di Andrea dladio, raccolti ed illustrati da tavio Bertotti Scamozzi. Facsim-reprint of the first edition (1776-83), four volumes bound in two. La ccia (Trento) under the sponsorship the Andrea Palladio International nter of Architectural Studies in Vizza, distributed in America by the tiversity of Virginia; 999 hand-num-red copies, \$400.

HEN RUSKIN BEGAN his second art course at Oxford, he took a plough with him into the lece hall. He introduced it as an exple of perfect architecture—of conuction that resists wear by tactically dding to it. The boat and the bridge re his next examples of architecture

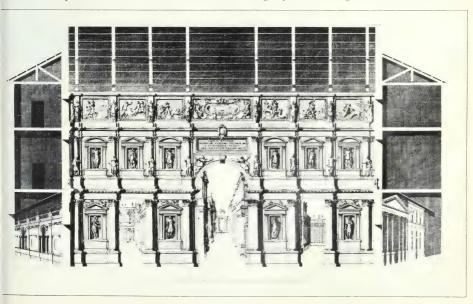
as a wedge the mind inserts into the flow and chaos of nature. He also, in his system of symbols, used the plough as a type of sculpture's "furrowing" principle: the plough carves earth, submitting wild nature to the mind's arrangement.

Thomas Jefferson's greatest invention was the "mouldboard of least resistance" (the afterpart of a wooden plough). Jefferson thought of this as a scientific work, not as "art" in any narrow sense. It was a problem in the solid geometry of moving objects, where one surface must perform three wedging actions in overlapping sequence. There is no evidence he ever set his hand to a plough, not even to one of his own. He solved the problem in his study, by the numbers.

But he built his buildings by the

numbers too. When he criticized early American architecture because no one in the colonies could "draw an order," he meant that the colonists did not have Palladio's numbers by heart. Given the width of a column in any order, one should know of necessity its height, along with the proportion of base to column and column to capital. Jefferson praised his own plough because its structural principles could be stated mathematically-and therefore put to use anywhere in the world, by people who had never even seen a plough before. In the same way, he advanced his weights-and-measures plan for America with the argument that it appealed to no mere physical exemplar but to an experiment in pendulum mathematics

Garry Wills, a journalist, is the author of Nixon Agonistes and Bare Ruined Choirs.



that could be reenacted anywhere, at any time.

Jefferson never saw a building constructed by the sixteenth-century stone-carver and scholar, Andrea de Pietro della Gondola (later known as Palladio). But the clear line-drawings in Palladio's famous Four Books of Architecture dictated the first plan of Monticello and the entire structure of Jefferson's second home, Poplar Forest. When he came to build the University of Virginia, Jefferson lined up the pavilions on its Lawn like so many pages from Palladio, each illustrating a different order or style.

EFFERSON WAS just one of many architects to fall under the spell of Palladio. It was study of Palladio's buildings and books that turned Inigo Jones from a scene designer into an architect. No other theorist, not even Vitruvius, has had a wider or more lasting impact than Palladio —because, among other things, Palladio subsumed and extended the Vitruvian canons. His influence is oddly pervasive because elusive. When large wood models of his principal buildings were put on display at Vicenza in 1973, they became the subject of heated controversy. Some models had the measurements of Palladio's actual constructions. Others followed the figures in the Four Books. And some adopted the version presented in Bertotti Scamozzi's Buildings and Designs of Andrea Palladio, published two centuries after the master's own work.

The Vicenza models toured America during the Bicentennial, staying a long time at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, where they could be viewed from the balconies as if from an airplane. At the same time, a stunning Italian facsimile of Bertotti Scamozzi's four volumes was released through the University of Virginia Press. The first of those volumes had appeared in 1776, and was enjoying its own bicentennial. Any serious library should try to own this limited reprint of the four original volumes bound together as two-for studies in the Renaissance, in the eighteenth century, in the history of engraving techniques, as well as for architectural studies proper. I say this despite the imposing size (19½ inches by 13½ inches), weight (twenty-five pounds), and cost (\$400) of the package. Many illustrations fold out twenty-five inches across the table, displaying exquisitely shaded copper etchings of the buildings, with projection and shadows, inner moldings and ornament, as well as the plans and elevations to be found in Palladio's own work. The books are themselves a work of art, as well as one of the great landmarks of eighteenth-century scholarship. Unfortunately the Fabbriche is accompanied by a small volume containing a stilted, ungrammatical, and frequently misprinted English translation by Howard Burns.

Ottavio Bertotti came to this work as a vocation, called across the years by quiet fellowship with Palladio's own disciple, Vincenzo Scamozzi, who left a grant of money to be bestowed on some worthy follower of Palladio. A condition of accepting the bequest was the adoption of Scamozzi's name. The sense of an art priesthood handed down is further emphasized when we consider that Palladio took his own adopted name ("Blessed of Pallas [Athena]") from a character in the epic poem by his patron, the Count Giangiorgio Trissino.

The new Scamozzi, armed with his name and the means to live up to it, submitted Palladio's own villas and town houses, churches and convents, to the meticulous measuring process that Palladio had followed in his study of Roman ruins. Scamozzi was puzzledas Inigo Jones had been before himby frequent disagreement between the buildings Palladio erected and the plans for them he put in his books. At first, he thought this the result of accident or interference-Palladio had not been able to complete a design, or had been thwarted by his patrons. Yet by his third volume he had guessed at the solution modern scholars accept: Palladio "corrected" his own buildings toward a mathematical ideal in the Four Books. This is what Rudolf Wittkower has called Palladio's "fugal" approach to architecture, the arranging of all dimensions according to Renaissance theories of harmony. Others had seen that Palladio loosened the dogmatism of fixed orders: but he did this to serve a more inclusive and stringent mathematics of spatial harmonization.

Bertotti Scamozzi, in trying to reconcile the buildings as raised and the buildings as drawn, was forced to detective work of the highest order, using methods that set new standards of it vestigation and analysis, and workir himself into Palladio's mind "on the spot" as well as in the study. So the was a very good case to be made for those models based more on Scamo zi's eighteenth-century volumes than of the sixteenth-century books of Pallad himself.

OR IN TRUTH there is no sing best version of most Pallad buildings. Each has claims its own kind of authenticit Palladio often reverses the normal expected procedure: his real building becomes a preliminary "sketch" fe the completed theory embodied in h books. He lived with buildings of tl mind, toward which his actual buil ing was often just one step in a pro ess. We cannot think of the design we have as prior to the buildings; y they can never totally replace the buil ings, either. They stand somewhat the relationship of a composer's co rected musical score and his own r cording of the uncorrected score. Fu thermore, Scamozzi's fine engraving not only "flesh out" the drawings wi added detail, texture, and shading, bu in a sense, replant the theoretical buil ing on the site. They are one importa part of that process by which Pallad continues to move in and out of tim Palladio thought, after all, that he w reinventing antiquity, correcting time corruptions by going deeper into tim drawing on ancient ideas to form style that could never be old. He trie to resurrect the crumbled remains Roman monuments by breathing Ne platonic number into their shells. It w an artistic endeavor of the most incl sive kind, a program that would share lives by the symmetry of those stru tures that channel human activity.

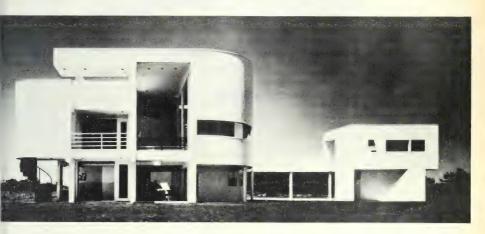
A villa by Palladio was a kosm-meant to unite many forms of activit Dovecotes flank pediments. Anim quarters, workers' rooms, library, ba room are hierarchically knit togethe Vergil was linked with Vitruvius, He iod with Plato, farm seasons with syr posia, making nature teach man whi man subdued it. Even error and a cident served Palladio's purpose. I thought Rome's villas had temple pc ticos, and thus made Jefferson's 'c namented farm' lift white colum toward the mountains. Palladio thoug

mples grew from such porticoed vils; so he made temple pediments slide lescopically out from larger and brom pediments in his churches. He hught law in accident, making his acdent become law for later generations. is compass ruled life into severe comurtments, arranging human orbits on ewtonian rules of attraction and sep-

His patrons largely abetted his degn. Venetians, escaping that city's coulation of buildings amid the water, anted solidity and limit in their villas a terra firma. Inclusiveness and selffficiency of form were encouraged ough the Venetians could not help at bring their trompe l'oeil painters at to fill the mathematically arranged rooms with billowing limbs and glowing robes, so that Palladio's formulas enclose Veronese's feigned vistas—fires banked within ice.

Merrill Peterson, the great Jefferson scholar, has called Monticello a riddle because its classical pediments front the wilderness, its practical tools are enclosed in an aesthete's dream. But Jefferson would not have seen any elements to puzzle men in this. For him antiquity and nature, when they were not identical, were mutually correcting. Number ruled wise pleasure as well as work, his pillars as much as his plough. Palladio, after all, had carved villa landscapes, among other things, to accommodate the plough. And Palladio, too, had to struggle with difficulties of the

site, of means, of changing plans. When Jefferson changed the design of Monticello, he introduced many "errors" he was always striving to "correct," never quite successfully. This gives Monticello its reluctant "romanticism." But out of that kind of struggle some of Palladio's own "unintended" beauties arosewhich is why the buildings themselves cannot be superseded by the drawings. The Palladian vision is always imperfectly captured, precisely because it is a vision of perfection. Though it is an ideal, it is an ideal of finding practical ways to govern man's life. That is why Palladio must, in the heaven of the mind, admire Jefferson's plough almost as much as Jefferson worships the Villa Rotonda.



THE HOUSE THAT MODERNISM BUILT

by Nathan Silver

ve Architects, by Peter Eisenman, ichael Graves, Charles Gwathmey, hn Hejduk, and Richard Meier. Oxdu University Press, \$25; paper, .95.

HE ACE OF blue denim and ostentatious simplicity may be waning, but there will always be a need for deliberate "artsness," just as there will always be a sed for artifice—preferably both at same time, played off against each

other. The authenticity of our contemporary casual style can best be measured against the rectitude, the highwire performance of rigorous style, and not any old style either. So today the need for uninherited palaces is being met, in some affluent quarters, by a Corbusian revival.

Le Corbusier's daring villas of the early Twenties provide the palette, or, in linguistic terms, the vocabulary: Vathan Silver is the author of Lost New York and the coauthor of Adhocism.

walls cut from what seems to be white cardboard, without reference to weight, span, or weather; as if only light, air, and space mattered, and those as found in the ravishing landscape a few miles above the Mediterranean. In America the revival is visible in Princeton, Fort Wayne, Amagansett, and Darien, where the mistrals tend to blow at 130 miles per hour, with sleet. The buildings are largely the work of a small, self-defining group called the New York Five (to distinguish themselves from other ar-

Opel makes news.



The results of the Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown are in!

Opel finishes...uh...2nd.

A lot of car makers compare their car to other cars.

We compared our car with other cars. In a daring, fender-to-fender competition called The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In it, we pitted our Opel against four better known competitors in point-by-point, side-by-side, independently supervised tests of acceleration, cornering flatness, parking-lot maneuverability, pulling power, gradability, and a few other areas. In short, some of the things you'd like to know when you go out to shop for a car.

It was a bold move. After all, what if we didn't win?

Well, to make a long story short—we didn't. When all the tests were completed and all the figures tallied up, Opel finished second, right behind VW Rabbit. You can imagine how thrilled we were. But look at it this way: in order to finish second overall, we had to beat Toyota Corolla, Datsun B-210, and Subaru DL in a number of instances. (And in some areas, we beat VW, too, as you'll see.)

Which is a victory. And not just a moral one

You see, we know Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently no one else did. Because it seemed that whenever anyone went out looking for a practical little import, they looked real hard at the other cars in the Showdown. But hardly ever at ours.

So we wanted to show that Opel could hold its own against its famous

competitors. That it should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop.

In other words, we were confident Opel was good enough to take on this competition.

Opel announces 4-doors.

Then we went one step further. And made Opel good enough to take on your family. By offering you our new, just-introduced-in-this-country Opel 4-door Sedan.

After all, if you've got a family (or maybe some friends you like taking along on spirited spins around the countryside), you need to carefully examine a car's ins and outs. So we gave you two more.

Easy come. Easy go.

Final Test Results	VW Rabbit (Sh	Opel	Toyota Corolla on Point	DL
Interior Noise EPA Interior Room Estimates	5 5	5 3	5 4	5 2
EPA Trunk Capacity Estimates Pulling Power (30mph 3rd gear) .55mph 4th gear Parking Lot Maneuverability	5 3	3 5	2 4	2
EPA Mileage Estimates Estimated Range Maintenance Stops' (Recommended)	3 2 5	2 3 3	4 5 4	4 5 2
Acceleration -0.55mph 20.55mph (30-70mph) Gradability***	5	4	3	3
(30mph 3rd gear) (55mph 4th gear) Cornering Flatness** Steering Quickness	4 5	5 5	3 5	4 4
Grand Total	50	47	46	39

"The less frequent the number of visits over 27 500 normal driving, the higher the score. The number an inspections, adjustments and replacements would vary "Based upon opinion that less lean is preferable to mittellight

in California. Opei placed second on an oseral itakis. I test results vary from those shown above. See your Brusk Onel dealer for complete details.



Opel makes sense.

ou can learn a lot om a test drive.

Or even a test-sit.
That will let you experience our dy-contoured vinyl seats. Seats taided for comfort and good lateral uport. With seatbacks that adjust.



It'll show you—in one quick glance veasy it is to read Opel's well ught-out instrument panel, and ch Opel's well-placed controls. And it will reveal (most abundantly) all's thick, standard pile carpeting more way this small car lives up s Buick name). Perhaps even startle with an amazing sight in small cars se days: a real glove compartment...

What you will most certainly notice; though—if you happen to be sitting te driver's seat of an Opel Deluxe the pe—is that you're not just looking bunch of warning lights. But gauges. In the speed-ster. An oil-pressure gauge. An neter. An electric clock with a and hand. All standard. To let the fusiast in you keep a close eye on kind of response you're getting from gutsy 1.8 litre dynamo under the

but to really feel how Opel goes on road, you should really feel it. the road.

and, oh, what a feeling.

Opel performs.

Indeed it does. As the 5-Car Show-down will testify. First of all, in tests of cornering flatness and steering quickness, none of the competitors out-ran Opel. And in tests of acceleration and gradability, only the VM Rabbit (a car much-ballyhooed for its fuel-injected engine) was able to nose out our Opel for top honors.

Opel's strong showing in these areas isn't surprising when you consider its own accourtements. Like the dynamic overhead-cam, 4-cylinder hemi engine. Four-coil-spring-suspension. Front stabilizer bar. Rear track bar. Floor-mounted, full-synchronized, short-throw, 4-speed manual transmission (with 5-speed and automatic available). Rack-and-pinion steering. And lots more.

Nevertheless, it still may surprise you. But then, up to this point, maybe you haven't considered Opel.

Maybe you should.

More than just mileage: range.

When you do consider Opel, you'll find it quite considerate of you. With EPA mileage estimates of 36 mpg on the highway and 23 mpg in the city. (The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California.) But don't stop there.



You won't have to. Because with Opel's 13.7-gallon gas tank (largest of any of the cars in the Showdown, by the way), its estimated range is about 350 miles

(By the way, this range estimate is a function of both gas tank capacity and miles per gallon, and is based on multiplying the EPA combined estimate, which is 27 mpg, by gas tank capacity. Actual range may vary.)

The best news of all.

If by now our intrepid little Opel is beginning to sound like an intriguing proposition, let us suggest you hurry to your Buick Opel dealer for further consultation.

Not only will he give you a brochure with complete details on the 5-Car Showdown, he'il be happy to provide you with one of those revealing test-drives we mentioned.

And, of course, he'll show you how very affordable Opel is to buy.

Come on, now. Any car with this much going for it is at least worth considering, isn't it?



BUKK OPEL

VERSE

by Larry Woiwode

QUAIL

Are there quail in the state where you are now, In that barren state you've traveled to To move from the shadow my stone love Cast, are there quail there?

They drum from the brush as I walk at night And I can see with their sound the way You'd undo and let your hair fall As it would ("It falls like a quail That's hit," you wrote for me)
From the unmoving mastery of your face.

Now, at night, it settles for me into the most Venal of thoughts; this one I tricked, You I could have loved, perhaps, A half-dozen laid. Forgive me.

Forgive me.

I do, with light breaking in on your map.

Forgive me.

HOW IT CAME

You expect these lines to come easy?
Or be chaste? This isn't prose, milady,
Not for me, but from me. The wind stills,
Snow hangs in crystals from the tree limb,
Repeating that individual sun overhead,
And I have to reconstruct our way
Through glints
Of semaphore
With lines and
Seismographs,
When actually it overcame us so easily.

THE RIB

Clouds rib the air of memory, Dreams invade the sky; Your arrival, rain.

Tilted from sheaves, Water leans into the dream And flows through a hole to me.

Bound in this caricature, lady, You reach to me and paper tears, Planes of light eclipse your arm,

Rapids scatter over the day's edge, Bringing me nearer that redundant sea, And your good red blood, knocked from its hold

A week ahead, spots the floor as you walk away from me.

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BOOKS

chitectural stylists found, for examp in Philadelphia, or "Team Ten," mostly European group of architects a few years ago), and the book of t movement is Five Architects, first pu lished in 1972 for the Museum of Mo ern Art, New York. Well. I missed t movement, but I've read the book, a I think that discussing architectu from photographs is forgivable wh the architecture in question is form rhetorical, iconic. Here, anyway, I a less concerned with criticizing Corbu an revival architecture for its probab practical, and experiential shortcomin than with considering its theoretic social, and dramatic values. For th the photos will do.

ETER EISENMAN, first of the fi in the book, shows two hous with complex manipulations walls and other surfaces. The complexities are, as he admits, example admits, example and admits, example and admits are admits. ples of form for form's sake "as o posed to the relationship of form function, or of form to meaning." N chael Graves's two houses bear clo stylistic resemblances to those of I senman-rectilinear explosions of ho ering planes, cylinders, rectangul openings, and steps (with characterist Corbusian pipe railings) -all surfa and cutouts, over more surface and cu outs. Both Eisenman and Graves ha much in common with Richard Meie whose work, as shown in Five Arch tects, predates theirs. The Meier hous seem very costly, but the book does n actually give the figures. A famous la er work of his, not in the book, is house on a wooded hill in Harb Springs, Michigan-the pristine Co busian forms explicitly in contrast wi rugged nature.

John Hejduk, who is dean of tl Department of Architecture at Coo er Union, shows three unbuilt hou designs, one for Mamaroneck, Ne York, where it may by now have been built (it's a characteristic of this boo that drawings are given the same state as buildings in use). Using the fam iar Corbusian vocabulary, one house an attenuated form of three building elements along a very lengthy passag way; another is intended to be painted in primary colors outside (mostly ye low); the third combines half-cylinde half-cube, and half-cube on the ske for living spaces. Charles Gwathme rould be an interesting architect no natter what his preoccupations, since e is so clearly inventive and talented. he book shows two of his house comlexes: first, three small studio houses ith attached tennis court, for a single amily wishing occasional individual olitude; and, second, a pair of houses or father and son. The forms of the wathmey houses are rectilinear with ntervening cylinders, and have a fauliar architectural intervention of bold iagonals (very Corbusian, these). Vindows and other wall openings are risp horizontal bands. Gwathmey's ouses, unlike others, are clad with ongue-and-groove boards, against which a few white forms are set.

hat should we make of these Twenties-revival buildings? Despite plate glass and steel tubing, hey have nothing to do with function-lism. Le Corbusier, now largely disredited as a planner, builder of mass ousing, and machine-age technologist, fill remains the most fecund source of esthetic modernism. Revivalists right, see his work as classic. Decrying orbusian revival on purely function-

alistic grounds (that the buildings are hard to clean and maintain, unsuitable for the climate) would be dismissed no doubt by the architects as irrelevant, for their clients-all owner-occupiers -would have known about the difficulties and disregarded them. Anyway, it's a trap for architectural critics these days to suppose that purely functionalistic criticism is adequate. If people want maintenance problems and high heating bills in their houses, there is as yet no law against that in America, and criticism of the ethics of a life conspicuously consumed in the privacy of one's home would surely be unlibertarian-what else could "the pursuit of happiness" mean? The best reason of all for ignoring utilitarian cavils is this: the persistence of badly functioning buildings has never been a problem. If houses by the New York Five aren't owned by the same people in years to come, they will be owned by others, and in either case—especially the latter -they will change over time, having pitched roofs added to enclose windy decks, and strip windows subdivided and curtained separately (the curtains following new casual differences between rooms, rather than overall formal and rhetorical principles). Indeed, these changes took place in most of the great Corbusian originals of the Twenties. Others were razed or fell down.

The best way to consider the work of the New York Five, therefore, is to see it as a temporary and so far local foray into academicism; harmless, minor, and mildly talented, although their self-promotion in the published work is slightly disreputable. For all the book's reticence about costs, clients' names, and specific details of their building needs, the occupants of the houses, too, manage, through architectural expression visible even in photos, to tell us a lot about themselves. They have enough money not to concern themselves with impracticalities; they live in communities where aesthetic assessments of living style are crucial; and-I'd bet a whole set of stainless steel welded pipe railings on this-they lounge around those stark, artistic, modern-classical interiors in jeans most of the time. So their architects did what was required of them, expressing the informality of modern decorum by resisting informal decor. When, on the other hand, people start wearing suits or dressing up for dinner at home, that's when we will see a reemergence of cottage styles among the rich.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Jeffrey Burke

he Broken Heart: The Medical Insequences of Loneliness in nerica, by James J. Lynch, M.D. sic Books, \$10.95.

Dr. Lynch's thesis, that loneliness rts and companionship helps one's alth, may not surprise any readernat should surprise, and delight, is eloquence and feeling with which writes in support of that thesis. The trive chapters of statistics, graphs, study results, which focus on the et of human interaction on the token heart" of cardiovascular dise, are a bit wearing, but they have ir place in this serious work, proing the objective foundation from the Dr. Lynch develops his closing ument for "a medicine beyond sci-

ence," a recognition of the human element in sickness and in health. Read it in your doctor's waiting room, then do both yourself and him a favor, and leave it behind.

Inside Las Vegas, by Mario Puzo. Grosset & Dunlap, \$14.95.

Puzo on Vegas reaffirms one's belief that coffee-table books should be seen and not read. His unmercifully long commentary apotheosizes gambling as an institution fundamentally no worse than business, politics, or religion. His style is rambling, repetitive, and vulgar; and if he does know enough about the "inside" of Las Vegas to offer a few good anecdotes, this is more than Jeffrey Burke is staff editor of Harper's.

offset by his barstool pomposity and dimestore psychology. As for the photographs, they should satisfy a curiosity or taste that runs to arty postcards of neon signs, casino paraphernalia, and G-strings. It's a shame that the Puzo name may convince many people to throw good money after a bad book.

Dim Memories of a Polish Jew Born in France, by Pierre Goldman. Translated by Joan Pinkham. Viking, \$10.

Sentenced in 1970 to life imprisonment for a double murder, Pierre Goldman sat in his French prison cell and wrote this self-vindication, half autobiography and half a careful analysis of everything the police, witnesses, and judges mistakenly said or did or thought. The book was published in France in 1975; Goldman won a retrial, and left prison last October. In addition to achieving what the Reuben Carter media machine could not, Goldman, the accused become accuser, has some interesting insights on those fundamental frailties which have always lurked under the blindfold of Justice. Such nuggets, however, are but small compensation for the confrontational writing of a former urban guerrilla, career anarchist, fan of Camus and Hegel, and all-round radical whose contempt for authority combines with his love of self to produce an unbroken, almost unbearable tone of disdain. Cruel and unusual homework for the first-year law student.

Child of the Morning, by Pauline Gedge. Dial, \$8.95.

Thirty-five hundred years ago, in the royal court of Egypt, where gods were animals and pharaohs were gods, the only female pharaoh—this book's heroine—considered herself both a god and a man, wearing a strap-on beard for state occasions. Hatshepsut had beauty, athletic ability, and all the popularity that monuments could buy. She ruled for twenty years, until she beat her stepson at spearthrowing; he sulked and skulked, then took over the country and had her poisoned. Pauline Gedge wrote this book under the deadline pressure of entering a Canadian contest for first novels-and it shows. Presumably the judges who awarded her first prize were dazzled by the local color, but facts alone do not good fiction make. They simply add to the clutter of another historical romance whose plot is just a shade more engaging than a prerecorded museum tour.

The Ivankiad, by Vladimir Voinovich. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$10; paper, \$3.95.

Perhaps the worst thing Vladimir Voinovich has done to annoy the Soviet authorities, who have persecuted and poisoned him, is maintain his sense of humor. In a novel published earlier this year, The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin, he pitted a Schweik-like sage buffoon against the Red Army, and the latter lost. The nonfictional Ivankiad records

Voinovich's personal campaign again one Sergei Sergeevich Ivanko, an is fluential figure in Soviet publishin with whom the author is competing for the only two-room apartment availab in his Moscow writers' cooperativ Voinovich has the law and a pregnat wife on his side: Ivanko has clout ar a new American toilet bowl. Arbitr tion is handled by the cooperative housing committee, a group of write whose inability to decide against Ivako is directly proportionate to the desire to be published through his goo graces. By eventually winning a favo able decision, Voinovich proves th it's not who you know in the Comm nist bureaucracy that counts, but ho long you can put up with its incor petence and hypocrisy. There is a ideological message here, but Voin vich delivers it lightly, sparingly, pr ferring to chronicle the comedy of th situation while the absurdity speaks for itself.

Cristina: Portraits of a Princes by Beth Archer Brombert. Alfred A Knopf, \$15.

For half of this earnest and scho arly biography, Beth Archer Brombe traces the achievements of an extrao dinary and largely forgotten woma Princess Cristina Belgiojoso (180 1871), born of Italian nobility, foug for her country's independence ar presided over one of the most fas ionable salons in Paris; founded, e ited, and contributed to several new papers, wrote a four-volume study Catholic dogma, and translated Vico Scienza Nuova; directed hospital se vices in Rome and a school for peasa girls on her estate; and much, much more. Mrs. Brombert has served histor and perhaps feminism, well in bringing this distinguished life out of obscurit

But, having unveiled the statue, Mr Brombert is determined to supply pedestal as well. The second half the book details Cristina's role as mu and object of unconsummated passic for Heine, Musset, Balzac, and List The tribute paid her in letters, poem novels, music is remarkable, but to much praise has the effect of discreding the praiser and boring the reade One may avoid this annoyance by it tegrating the second half of the boo a chapter at a time, into the first.

Solution to the July Puzzle

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Notes for "Appropriate Moves"

The "Extra Clues" led to answers which included four "kings" (Lear, Henry, Cole, Martin Luther), four "queens" (Anne, Mary, Mab, Ellery), four "bishops" (Pike, Shen, Hazel, Joey), four "knights" (Shirley, Evelyn, Lancelot, Galahad), and four "castles" (Windsor, Balmoral, Vernon, Irene). Each answer was then to be entered according to the appropriate chess moves, i.e., on a diagonal for a bishop, with Leshaped jumps for a knight, etc.

Across: Î. s(tomach)-ym(reversal)-ptom(aine); 11. (y)ears; 13. et(t)u-l; 19. anagram; 21. anagram; 22. (f)lutes; 24. to(we)r; 26. (ch) ancestor(est); 27. real(i)ty; 28. nicet-y; 34. anagram of "army" around "O"; 37. hidden; 39. R(achmaninoff)-are; 45. anagram; 46. con-Duce; 51. a-res(ponse); 52. anagram. Down: 1. sales (anagram)-man; 2. m¹l-as-m¹l-c; 4. two meanings; 6. overtur(e); 7. D.(E-E¹)D.S; 8. anagram; 9. Irish, stew; 16. anagram; 17. E.(meets-reversal)S. 18. su(R.R.)ey; 22. anagram; 23. Psycho-log-Y.; 29. c(horus)-ham-bre(eds); 30. in(j)ects; 35. arc (reversal)-dle(anagram); 38. hidden; 41. a-lob(reversal); 43. so-Oz(reversal). Extra clues: 3. Pike (two meanings); 5. Martin Luther(anagram); 10. winds-or; 12. Eart (homonym); 14. Irene (hidden); 15. Evelyn (anagram); 20. Shirley (homonym); 25. she-en; 31. Eller-Y.; 32. victor-A-1(reversal); 33. haze-l.; 36. hen-ry(e); 40. 10(E.)y; 42. Mab (hidden); 44. Mary (anagram); 45. 1(ancel)ot; 47. balm-oral; 48. Vernon (hidden); 49. cole (homonym); 50. gala-had.

HARPER'S/AUGUST 19

VANITY FAIR

The invasion of mindless chic

by Peter McCabe

NTENDING TO DINE at my favorite local Chinese restaurant the other evening, I was surprised to find on reaching its customary location that it was no longer there. In its place stood an establishment which coyly advertised itself as "That Special Place." I stepped inside and noticed a lot of kites and candles, but nothing that seemed remotely special, and certainly nothing as useful and edible as moo shu pork. I was informed by a young woman in pink chiffon and glass beads, and by a young man wearing a T-shirt which displayed the name of the store, that the restaurant had moved to the suburb of Forest Hills.

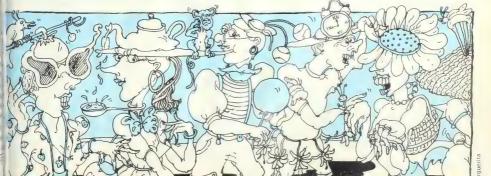
These days, as I walk through what was once, in the old sense of the word, my neighborhood (the Upper West Side of Manhattan), I notice this sort of thing happening frequently. In place of Art's Hardware Store now stands The Sensuous Bean. Where formerly here was a reasonably priced beauty alon, one now finds Better Nature azaleas for \$8.95). Sal's Cigar Store, where recognition was as good as cash, as made way for Pandemonium. The Jpper West Side is one part of town hat has resisted the homogeneity that ager architects and planners are leased to impose. Where the planners lave failed, however, these new stores ave succeeded. They have brought bout a sense of dislocation such as one xperiences in high-rise buildings or on ntering the lobby of a Holiday Inn. he feeling will be familiar to older esidents of Greenwich Village, New York, and Berkeley, California. It is the malaise of mindless chic, whose most visible manifestation is the proliferation of those garish little shopping outlets known as boutiques. No matter what kind of knickknacks they carry—and these do seem to vary from week to week depending on the prevailing fad—they have one thing in common: they provide a large segment of the young, affluent middle class with what has become its preoccupation—the assembling of the superfluous.

O LIVE IN America today is to be constantly impressed by the ability of the superfluous to displace the useful, and by the ease with which the gratuitous can triumph over the imperative. Witness the growth of the so-called leisure-time industries, most of which exist to fill the emptiness left by a diminishing sense of purpose. Our media afford some familiar examples: our TV news is presented to us as a sideshow of irrelevancies, and what news there is comes presoftened; the richness of the real world eludes our major novelists, so circumscribed are they by an illusory circle of their own making. Our public demonstrations were once aimed at such self-evident evils as hunger, racism, and war. Now we object to the "potential" harm (and presumably to the potential benefit) that may be caused by the nuclear-power industry. Peter McCabe is the managing editor of Harper's.

We call for an end to the potential dangers of recombinant DNA research, which recently gave us unlimited supplies of insulin. At the same time we accept without fuss the auto industry's abolition of that lifesaving device, the serviceable car bumper.

But nowhere is the displacement of the useful more apparent than in what now pass for stores in a number of cities. Whole towns and neighborhoods have succumbed to the onset of boutiquefication (certainly this has happened in much of the Bay Area, Seattle, the North Side of Chicago, and in entire towns, such as Woodstock, New York, and Provincetown, Massachusetts) where the stores that sell what is practical move out, and those that sell adornment move in. Like massage parlors the boutiques appear overnight, and like antisocial cells they spread. Their impact is felt immediately. Families take note of the trend. Mindful of the Greenwich Village experience, they don't wait for the influx of guitarists, deadbeats, hustlers, and panhandlers; they move out. Community life recedes. The boutiques bring with them a new uncertainty (how long will it be before The Sensuous Bean gives way to The Dour Enchilada?), a feeling of anonymity, a sense of what guardians of provincial cities call "Manhattanization." In my district it is hard to characterize the boutique sprawl as anything other than the latest form of urban blight. It subverts the neighborhood into a state of permanent transition.

This is not to say that a social up-



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NEXT MONTH IN HARPER'S

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED FIFTH BOOK OF T.H. WHITE'S "THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING."

In September, Harper's will publish passages from The Book of Merlyn, the final novel in T.H. White's telling of the Arthurian legend. The Merlyn manuscript was turned up by an editor who was doing research in The University of Texas Humanities Research Center. It will be published this fall by The University of Texas Press. The first four novels of "The Once and Future King" were made into a musical, Camelot, which played 873 performances on Broadway from 1960 to 1963.

White had submitted the manu-script of the fifth novel to his publisher in 1941, and he had requested that the pentalogy be published as a whole. The publisher refused, citing as his reason the wartime paper shortage but presumably bearing in mind the patriotic sentiment then prevalent in England. In Book Five, Merlyn argues strenuously against the folly of war. He takes Arthur underground, where the animals of Book One are waiting to talk to him so he may discover what can be learned from animals about the abolition of war. It is this discourse that Harper's publishes in its September issue.

VANITY FAIR

heaval has taken place, for what the boutiques sell is scarcely more than what is offered in the mail-order pages of Rolling Stone. Perusing the store windows on a nearby main street, where once stood pizza parlors, mom-and-pop delis, cheap Chinese laundries, and hardware stores, I now find Chinese folding scissors priced at \$15 (I recently bought a good pair of regular scissors made in Sheffield for \$4.98); Hanafuda cards, whose purpose I don't care to know; a lot of posters of rock stars which the record companies give away free and for which the boutiques charge from \$3 to \$10; kites are a hot item this summer, so are flavored massage oils; camomile shampoo costs three times as much as the Herbal Essence I buy in Discount Drugs, and I cannot imagine what extra benefit one derives; the custom-designed T-shirts run roughly \$10 compared to \$3.98 for Fruit of the Loom, which has the added advantage of being 100 percent cotton. The boutiques carry lots of pet rocks, mood rings, sunflower seeds, decorative clothes pegs, and candles, not exactly a solid economic base for any functional household I know; in short, an array of icons dedicated to the worship of the cute. I am reminded of Socrates watching a procession of gold and silver and observing, "How much there is I do not need.'

Most of us do not need papaya juice and stuffed animals. Most of us do not want lessons in yoga or Oriental dancing. Most of us prefer not to wear aviator glasses, turquoise jewelry, or plastic chokers. On my own street I now feel like the Dickens character in Sketches by Boz. "What does he want? Money? Meat? Drink? He has come to the wrong shop for that." What I need, and what I suspect some others who live in my vicinity need, are places to pick up my morning paper, get my shoes repaired, laundry washed, and groceries purchased at a fair price. Of course, for the last I must go to the supermarket, where the economies of scale mean that I will not have to pay boutique prices. Small may be beautiful, but it is not necessarily useful or economic or efficient.

Emerson said the secret of ugliness consists not in irregularity, but in being uninteresting. I find the boutiques about as interesting as traffic lights. What do they offer that is original or stimulating, if not useful? What is the reward for their being so cute an small? If they cannot provide the wher withal to clothe a child, feed a ca clean an apartment, or add to the stor of knowledge, what do they exhib that will excite the imagination? Pe haps their names. If I may borrow phrase from Joe McCarthy, I have he the names: Parentheses, Soap 'n' Sud Handmaids, The Cultured Seed, Slippe Discs, Jezebel, Kiln Concepts, Harm nium, Just Pants, ReCollections, A Time Goes By. They are the san names one finds in every Boutign America.

Who are the people running the stores that sell beads to the natives They are not the immigrants or sons immigrants, traditional minders of t store, who have now moved on up t socioeconomic ladder, and out, pr sumably, to Forest Hills. The new stor owners constitute a new class of me chants. Many of them are young, si gle, narcissistic, semi-affluent, vagu and rootless. They lean to affectation and seem preoccupied with their var ty. I have yet to see one boutique ow er wearing clothes that could not described as costume. Often they a better dressed (at least on their term than their customers, and they ado an attitude of scorn to those less va than themselves, those who might ha need of something. Everything in the shops is arrayed just so, it seems a p to spoil them with customers. The stores can be seen as the extension the narcissism of their owners.

The owners, I suspect, are the re nants of an age that beseeched ever one to get into art and express the selves, no matter how inconsequent or unoriginal that expression. The are missionaries of the gospel of cr satisfaction, the residue of a moveme returned from its jaunt in the base woods, where it propounded the cre of the counterculture, and now finds self, paradoxically, behind the count Whatever the boutique is now, I belie it was originally conceived of, a hailed as, a movement to counter treme growth and the prevailing san ness that flourished with the age of t franchise. Boutiquing was a politiprotest of sorts, a response to the mada of McDonalds, Safeways, a Woolcos that proclaimed "one for al It would offer goods and services or more personal, more intimate sca goods tailored to suit, well, the in vidual. The boutiques were forerunners to the notion, still gaining support in this land, that as long as we can get things down to a manageable scale again, everything will once more be fine, and we will return to a more ennobling set of values. Didn't the boutique herald, at a most fundamental economic level, that of commercial transaction, the small-is-beautiful (though not necessarily poor) philosophy, and defy everything crass and unwieldy?

The franchise may be vulgar, as most things are when quality is sacrificed for cheapness and convenience, but the boutiques are vulgarity with pretension. The boutique vulgarity sells because it is accompanied by browbeating. A lot of so-called style is marketed this way. Whatever the faults of the franchises, they cannot be criticized on the grounds of service and price. The same can scarcely be said of the boutiques. But then, this is all part of the game. The arrogance of the boutique owners brings out the masochist in those who need to be roughed up by gouging prices and nonexistent service. No need for any simple demonstrations in these stores. Criticism and grading are irrelevant because no measure can be applied to these goods. The beauty of selling the nonutilitarian is that it only has to pass the subjective test of being admired. Admiration is about the only item in the boutiques that comes cheap.

HAT PRAISE IS implied by the simple epithet useful. What reproach to the contrary. Who does use all these candles, wooden toys and copper pots, all this boutique paraphernalia? There is enough of it to raise questions about the validity of the laws of supply and demand. Yet, given the inflated prices of the stuff, the boutique owners are evidently making a profit. Their customer needs this particular adornment supplied by the boutiques, and so he hacks off, at considerable cost, a piece of someone else's narcissism, to assure himself he has the "right things." These people are not going to these stores to buy milk and butter, but to be part of a transcendental experience. Their objective is to acquire a new persona, or at least one that will meet with their own approval, and carry them through the next few

months. They surround themselves with these artifacts, as children surround themselves with their toys, and, like children, they soon grow bored with them. The toys must be forever replaced with new toys, and the old ones become superfluous and are banished to the attic.

It is easy, of course, to ascribe the blame for the epidemic of the superfluous to the usual rogues' gallery -advertising, magazines, televisionand to the perverted sense of purpose that now motivates what Emerson so proudly called a nation of inventors. More applicable, however, may be the fact that in the age of mass consumerism, necessity's maternal role is being called into question. Still, there are champions of the unnecessary, which predictably champion the boutique "culture," and have done much to alter our buying habits in the last ten years. Among them is the new breed of city magazines, the slew of Bloomingdale's catalogues that from time to time masquerade as journalism.

In New York magazine recently. Gael Greene, a writer who is magnetized by the world of the dispensable. exulted over the "indubitable greening" that was going on in my neighborhood north of Sixty-fifth Street. Miss Greene reported that frontage that once rented for \$200 to \$300 a foot now cost \$500 to \$1,000. "Shoemakers, upholsterers and glaziers," she wrote (note the utilitarian nature of these enterprises) "couldn't handle the soaring rents and fled to make way for flea-market chic -taffeta half slips and marabou and camisoles from the golden forties; stripped oak, plastic, junk and jungue." Miss Greene is correct, though I doubt she would admit that this is part of the syndrome that sends families fleeing to the suburbs. She is correct in one respect: the inevitable consequence of this trend is to drive the merchants of the necessary further uptown, and to escalate the price of what few useful commodities are left to a level only the rich can afford. The remaining middle class spends its time sorting through the phony and the evanescent.

I see a lot of the phony when I enter the apartments of those who evidently spend a lot of time boutique-browsing. The accumulations I see are the consequence of rising affluence intersecting with a general lowering of standards. Most of the owners of this

material jargon have long passed the point where they can even recognize the real. They are at the mercy of the merchants of the "would-be" and the nostalgic, who con them with all kinds of imitative artifacts from so-called Tiffany glass to "real" Buck Wheats, where the bite goes into the dollar rather than into any whole grain. Their apartments, full of tinsel and what they think they ought to own to please their peers, remind me of the office of a show-business executive I heard about, who, faced with the impending visit of a celebrated author, decided that his place of business needed cultural fortification. He sent his secretary out to buy hardbound copies of the current bestsellers and displayed them prominently on a shelf. These apartments bespeak no mental continuity, no conscious consideration is reflected in the decor, no sense of accumulation over a period of time, or within any consistent frame of reference. They are transplanted miniboutiques in themselves, stunning only in their utter lack of originality, the paraphernalia of those obsessively concerned with "lifestyle" rather than life. These are not apartments to be lived in, apartments designed to further accomplishment. They are part of a stage set. They exist principally to be admired.

The nature of the enterprise often offers a clue to sense of purpose. It seems the children of the counterculture have gone into business, though I wonder also how much of the boutique business is buying and selling to each other. As usual, their enterprises are marked by misguided notions, vagueness, and a singular determination to avoid any end result. The boutique owners and their customers are caught in the spiral of their own vanity and self-obsession, constantly looking for new costumes, perhaps becoming a little desperate in the search for new masks that hide the process of aging. Their marketing of nonutilitarian chic is really a forlorn effort to reproduce the American mainstream in miniature by playing at buying and selling, and to avoid having to realize that their lives may never achieve anything that amounts to accomplishment. The boutiques exist for the children who cannot give up their toys, because to do so would be to admit that their childhood has receded into the past.

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AUGUST 1977

PUZZLE

10

12

38

40

TWO IN ONE

by E.R. Galli and Richard Malthy, Jr.

This month's instructions: This puzzle features a great number of long words. Since the diagram is only the usual size, however, the only recourse is to put two letters in many of the squares. This means, of course, that whenever two words cross on a two-letter square, both letters appear in both words-but not necessarily in the same order, i.e., if 1 Across were ABSURD and 1 Down BALLYHOO, AB or BA might fill the upper left-hand-corner square.

Or, to put it in another way, in order to indulge in 38 Across, you will have to apply the process of 15 Across to determine which squares have 1 Across.

Incidentally, in the interest of complete fairness, all unchecked squares contain only one letter. There are two proper names among the clued answers; 18D and 28D are uncommon. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 82.

CLUES

ACROSS

- 1. See Instructions (6, 9)
- 10. Kind of bass fiddle with rough metal (5-5)
- 11. Jumper shows damage to organ after a penetrating knockout (8)
- 12. Ski some tricky connection-that's
- one kind of exercise (9) 14. Being playful, move the swine
- around right and wrong (7) 15. See Instructions (12, 8)
- 19. Make hostile sergeant upset (8)
- 20. Lump left in fish (4)
- 22. Spoke to God aloud, then attacked the helpless (6)
- 23. Separate Henry's head and Edward's-with one arm tied behind
- your back? (6-6) "Need a place to speak," I shout incompletely, without spirit (13)
- 30. England's queen pursues the two together, causing trouble (6)
- 31. Two males with love inside, i.e., literally indecent (8)
- 33. From thousand one hundred take away one hundred-this relates to a germ (8)
- 34. Prisoner has change of character-

is this why he's in? (8)

32

- 36. Times for "Hands up"? On to the west, on to the east and south (5) 38. See Instructions (17)
- 39. Yankee neighborhood contains NH
- college (5) 40. Steer off speakers about weight
- Are they roadrunners who've slowed down? (13)
- 41. Stop Senator Kennedy returning to embrace Eunice (considering her relationship) (6)

DOWN

- 1. The sheik's choice Old English houses—squalid, dilapidated (9)
- 2. In small-town circle, get the best of European mayor (11) Any elm tree could be basic (10)
- 4. Cheap hint about prostitute on the rise (3-4)
- 5. E.g., Valentino's spoken style (4) 6. Beg for face and name (9)
- 7. Fearing openness in a brooch, a pig is crafted (11)
- 8. Resembling grain of an English county? (7)
- 9. Hindu ascetics and half of your soldiers (5)

13. Live subject to great odds and in (6)

28

36

- 16. Touch the middle of the wast weapon (5)
- 17. Five suicides, moving around, re upon accidents of fortune (12)
- 18. In O. Henry, plastic spastic h delusions of becoming a wolf (1:
- 21. Drugs taken without using her can with small price become prec
- caments (11) 22. Devils in faintest sulfur reus
- parchments (11) 24. See bird foul hats (7)
- 26. Army officer and Army cop lo certain peace of mind (9)
- 27. Tonsil surgeon's bonus requires a sistance (poorly done internally
- 28. Image-worshiper's incompetent c relation (10)
- 29. People who give men solar deve opment (8)
- 32. When alarm comes, Democrat silent (8)
- 35. Joyous event of December 5, 193 Ring the bells again? (6)
- 37. Kneads hides, made like a boa, pe haps (6)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Two in One, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by August 10. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to Harper's. The solution will be

printed in the September issue. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Title Search," are Evelyn Kidwell, Custer, South Dakota; Oscar Maurer, Austin, Texas; and Shirley Miller, Lee, Massachusetts.

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LETTERS

Liberty v. safety

Beginning with the term of Chief Justice Burger, it has become extremely chic in legal circles to question the continued wisdom of the Warren Court's exclusionary rule. "A Legal House of Cards" in the July Harper's is presented in such a framework. Naturally, the continued reevaluation of our legal institutions and procedures is always valuable, but to suggest repeal of the exclusionary rule on the basis of the Rosenblatts' examples is merely a brickbat polemic.

Consider a plausible situation aris-

ing from the author's example involving murder and robbery committed by persons escaping in a light-colored, latemodel car. Every such car is stopped, and every person in the car is thoroughly searched. Naturally, the vast majority are only detained temporarily; it is that temporary detention and search, however, upon which the Fourth Amendment functions. We have an exclusionary rule for the prevention of such occurrences. If citizens are not upset by this situation or willing to accept it as a sacrifice of a little liberty for a little safety, then they deserve, as Benjamin Franklin said, "neither liberty nor safety."

It is easy to say that the person wronged in such situations could su the police. But it has been demor strated, particularly in our cities, that this would become an exercise in futility as the lack of demonstrable morey damages would preclude even the filing of such a lawsuit. In most case it is also impossible to use police in tention as a yardstick to determine whether or not an exclusionary rules should apply, since proof of malice is so rare and abuse by police is so blatant.

The real value of the exclusionar rule is not often expressed: cour should not stoop to accept evidence



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that was gathered illegally. If courts are to be the paragons of legality, what comes before them should be subject to the same high standard of legality.

When there is an appropriate means by which the intent of the Fourth Amendment can be enforced, discussion of replacing the exclusionary rule will be most cogent. At the present time, however, it remains the only viable means of protecting our fundamental liberties.

NED J. LEVINE

Assistant Defender Defender Association of Philadelphia Philadelphia, Pa.

Perhaps my head is not high enough in the perfumed atmosphere of the heights of abstract legal philosophy, but on reading "A Legal House of Cards" I was convinced of one compelling truth. That is that there is something intrinsically wrong with a system of "justice" that throws out of court a freely made confession of guilt of a crime along with incontrovertible physical evidence of that crime, however the evidence was come by. Any truth arrived at, even if somehow by faulty methods, should not be denied. Indeed, how can truth be denied?

I dread the concept of a police state as much as any. But I still want my police officers to push forward—as coolly as the circumstances permit—when they have probable cause (as seen by that legal fiction, the "reasonable and prudent man") to believe that a crime has been committed or that one is in progress. Humanity will always be in debt to perfection, but knowingly allowing the perpetrator of a crime to go free is a little too imperfect to accept, whatever the legal reasoning that supports it.

Edwin B. Barker Torrance, Calif.

Communications problem

Kevin Phillips's "Busting the Media Trusts" (July) is a comprehensive and thought-provoking analysis of a problem which will grow worse unless remedial measures are taken.

Many Americans can still remember a time when the issues that tended to generate public controversy were presented in a more objective and less biased manner because competitive points of view were generally sufficient to maintain a more rational balance. Unfortunately the pendulum has swung too far in the wrong direction, with the result that the most powerful and influential organs of our major communications apparatus are now controlled and directed by a handful of government-oriented zealots bent upon foisting their often questionable views upon a disenchanted and increasingly alienated public. Their voices grow stronger with each passing day, while the voices of a more rational point of view grow weaker and less influential.

Keen observers have long since concluded that a proper adversary relationship no longer exists between our government and the monopolistic national media. Indeed, there appears to be a great deal of collusion between these two powerful institutions, to the extent that meaningful opposition from less influential elements of our society is effectively stifled.

On the surface it would appear that divestiture under the appropriate antitrust laws is perhaps the only means by which the problem can be effectively resolved without infringing on First Amendment guarantees. This procedure could effectively dilute the political and economic clout now enjoyed by these conglomerates and put our media back on a more competitive basis, thereby restoring a more viable adversary relationship between government and the press.

NORMAN L. SHELTON

Kevin Phillips, in his contention that the government should bring antitrust action against communications conglomerates because they are too powerful, is overlooking some important points.

Columbus, Ga.



Rather than hit them with suits, phaps Uncle Sam should give some them medals for rescuing falterismall-town papers that would have di long ago because of increasing pub reliance on radio and TV for news, lack of response to changing read ship, mismanagement, uncreative culation campaigns, and unions the stand in the way of cost-saving temology.

Conglomerates, as Mr. Phillips hi self points out, do not necessarily st competition. Rupert Murdoch's en into New York journalism may have creased the possibility of media com tition there.

Conglomerates often have the finitial resources to pursue stories the smaller enterprises cannot afford. We ness the Washington Post's covera of the Washington Post's covera of the Vatergate affair and the Pridence Journal's breaking of the Nistax story. The Journal Company over both morning and afternoon dail (there is no competition) as well as tradio stations,

Rep. Morris Udall, according Mr. Phillips, dreads the day when newspapers will look alike. Perh. Mr. Udall should look around. T day is here. I recently completed 8,000-mile trek around the West states and found little difference newspapers at each of my stops. I that matter, they resemble the ne papers in the East. I blame this not press monopolies, but on unimaginal and cost-cutting publishers and edit who rely too strongly on wire servisyndicates, and "trendy" typograph

In rewriting the Communicati Act, Congress might well be advised extend First Amendment protection the news departments of radio and stations by removing the electronews gatherers from FCC cont Would not this action help prevent electronic media from being forced cooperate with the government? major reason for keeping powerful c glomerates in herd, according to Phillips.)

I favor less government regulat and interference in American journ ism of all kinds, not more. We m protect the First Amendment at costs, even if this means enduring bad for the sake of the good.

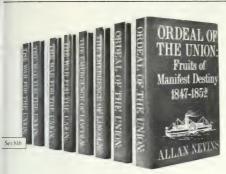
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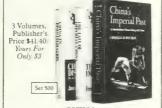
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RUMORS OF WAR

No news is bad news

by Lewis H. Laph

ROM TIME TO TIME during the past few months I have found myself wondering about the chance of war. Not being a close student of economics I have no idea where it might be convenient for a war to take place; nor can I guess the year in which a fairly trivial incident might provide a reason for sending troops. Obviously it would need to be perceived as a just war, at least by the American combatants, and preferably it would be fought in a temperate climate with conventional weapons.

Leaving aside the questions of strategy, of which not even military historians seem to make much sense until a war has ended, I attribute my uneasiness to a general mood of discontent that drifts over the political landscape like a pall of smoke. In New York the intellectuals, listless and dispirited in the heat, complain about the self-indulgence of American art, comparing it unfavorably to the art that flourishes in opposition to totalitarian states. At the highest levels of official criticism, people say that only the Russians and the Latin-Americans know how to write novels anymore, possibly because of their association with dictators and secret police. In Washington President Carter pursues his distracted search for a redeeming cause, picking up policies and putting them down again as if they were magical objects that might (if only he could find the right one) arouse the electorate to noble sacrifice. Sometimes he reminds me of a man listening for the sound of distant marching bands, at other times of a systems engineer frustrated in the task of putting so many different pieces of paper in logical order. In the space of six months he has held up a succession of placards-human rights, energy crisis, welfare reform, ethics, taxes, disarmament. But as yet he has heard no answering shout of triumph, and the silence seems to make him restless.

Y REFLECTIONS along military lines were prompted by Mr. Carter's declaration of "the moral equivalent of war." His choice of words seemed to imply that war was itself moral. Mr. Carter borrowed the phrase from William James, from a lecture entitled "The Value of Saintliness" that James delivered in 1902 at the University of Edinburgh. Although it is impossible to know whether Presidents read anything other than state papers, Mr. Carter has frequently made reference to his study of Reinhold Niebuhr, and so I think it conceivable that he might have read James. If so, then the lecture in which the phrase first appears deserves a few words of explication. Like Mr. Carter, at least in his persona as Baptist preacher and believer in the purity of the spirit, James feels repugnance for "the worship of material luxury and wealth, which constitutes so large a portion of the spirit of our age and which makes somewhat for effeminacy and unmanliness." Examining the spiritual aspects of militarism, he admires the man willing to risk death, still more if such a man "suffers death heroically" and if he shows so little regard for his life that he can "fling it away like a flower." James also approves the accessory hardships imposed by the discipline of war ("discomfort and annoyance, hunger and wet, pain and cold, squalor and filth") because these small mortifications of the flesh serve as correctives to the sins of sloth and pride. The routine encounter with death James interprets as a more or less happy event that releases men from their inhibitions (in the metaphysical rather than the carnal sense), casts them onto a higher plane of power, and allows them to enter "the theatre of heroism" in which the moral sensibility attains its supreme reality.

Even so, and despite its many vir-Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's. tues, James turns reluctantly away f what he calls "the beauty of war." understands that war changes men beasts. This is unfortunate because provides the "only school yet unive ly available" in which men can acq the habit of heroism, the "only wark" (although admittedly a buly sustained by the wholesale organiza of barbarism and crime) against feminacy. As a substitute for the ri of the battlefield, James proposes cetic religion, which is his moral eq alent of war. He suggests that the monkish poverty-worship," like wa self, presents a man with the opport ty for "the strenuous life." Poy avoids the hypocrisy and brutalit war, but it retains the useful indign (squalor, pain, filth, etc.) and courages the transformation of mili courage into the spiritual reform which our time stands in need."

O ALSO DOES our own time s have all other times of where a record, and there remains a record, and reading James it occurred to me the enthusiasm for war, like the thusiasm for religion, arises when life becomes unmanageable. When mechanisms of government colla when rioters run loose in the str and even money isn't safe, then the warrior and the prophet find th selves in popular demand. Not that country hasn't tried other equival of war. During the past decade var statesmen have proposed the war poverty, wars on hunger and disc the war against racial discriminate the war against the Nixon Admini tion, even a small war against v were thought to be toy soldiers in ' nam. All to no avail. None of the thetics captivated the popular imag tion, none carried people to the transcendent heights from which

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od and pay the rent.

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I think you might do what I'm doing that is to write a simple open letter to the type of people who share similiar goals as mine asking them to try the formulas for themselves, to see if they work as well as the claims described. Because, I know, as you would know if you were in my shoes, that if I can just convince you to test my formulas and methods, you will see for yourself that they will work as easily for you as they did for me

It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince



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2R.12 WSJ @ Mark O Haroldsen 1977

could postpone, at least for the time being, the bitter awakening from the dreams of Eden.

In his campaign speeches Mr. Carter promised to restore the republic of innocence. But now that he finds himself in office, the promises whispered into outdoor microphones prove difficult to keep. The majestic unity of the American people divides and separates into a more or less stable anarchy, and the well-known vested interests turn out to be people not much different from anybody else. If Mr. Carter cannot restore the sense of lost magnificence by pitting one interest against another, then perhaps he can join them together in a heroic pageant overseas. The inward antagonisms can be set to work in foreign fields, which perhaps is why, like the three Presidents before him, Mr. Carter sought an early refuge in foreign policy. Distance lends simplicity.

Assuming that a suitable war could be found, customarily by accident and in a place that nobody had thought likely, it no doubt would receive the dutiful support of both the press and the intelligentsia. The popular trust in an "antimilitarist" attitude among the keepers of the nation's conscience always has seemed to me misplaced. As a newspaper and magazine correspondent I spent too much time watching other correspondents admiring the aircraft and asking awestruck questions about the calibers of the guns. In 1972 I attended a briefing in the Time-Life Building at which Adm. Stansfield Turner, currently the director of the CIA but in those days a deputy chief of naval operations, presented the latest fashions in naval strategy. At the time it was generally believed that the press was hostile to the profession of arms, and so the officer who introduced Admiral Turner, together with another admiral whose name I have forgotten, explained that between them the two admirals had written seventeen books. accumulated fourteen advanced degrees, and attended Harvard, Amherst, and Oxford. The admirals accepted the polite applause with becoming modesty, the assurance of their manner implying both the lack of self-doubt and the goodness of heart that distinguishes the successful American military officer.

The world, they said, was no longer "bipolar." It had become a pentagon, a five-sided figure bounded by China, the United States, Western Europe, Ja-

pan, and the U.S.S.R. This rearrangement of forces imposed restrictions on the old bipolar powers (the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.) and obliged the United States to always maintain alliances with two of the lesser powers (presumably; although the admirals remained silent on the point, Western Europe and Japan). When it came to what Admiral Turner referred to as "the big moves," the United States would join in "the traditional blocking play known as three against two." As the admirals developed their geometry lesson, they shifted from the conditional ("If the Soviets try to straighten the border in northern Norway . . . ") to the declarative ("When the Soviets..."), and I remember being struck by their confident expectation of another war. Having their plans and strategies in order, they worried only about civilian permission to put them into effect. The trouble in Vietnam was very much on people's minds in 1972, and Admiral Turner had noticed a falling off of the "enthusiasm for military adventure."

N THIS ASSESSMENT of American public opinion I thought the admiral wrong, and I made a note to myself about the undue pessimism of the officer class and its habitual failure to appreciate the national fondness for warrior heroes. Military heroes of the romantic school, men like Generals Patton and MacArthur, conform to the specifications of detective fiction and television police drama. If the story doesn't end in gunfire, then it isn't a true story. It lacks the proper finality. and the disillusioned marchman cannot go searching for the meaning of life among the dead and dving on a deserted battlefield. To civilian enthusiasts, the rumors of war promise an escape from their own disappointments, a way out, an excuse, surcease from the urban maladies of anxiety, ambiguity, and ennui. From the point of view of a rising journalist, the outbreak of war, like the outbreak of plague, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. During the late 1960s, when the press was so much at odds with the Pentagon about the conduct of the war in Vietnam, I thought it surprising that so few journalists would concede a common interest with the generals. I find it less surprising that so many of the same journalists, who so recently and so indignantly condemned "the obscenit war," now tend to regard that notio slightly behind the times, like a d by Mary Quant.

Given the support of the media war would confer inestimable ben on a nation otherwise unable to hea wounds. War is easy, and peace hard. The transcendent call to a makes nonsense of all prior agreeme The difficult questions of race, pove crime, and inflation once again car indefinitely postponed. The war we be good for business, for theat agents as well as for the makers munitions. The increased levels of duction, together with the draft stored to its rightful place as the g metaphor of democracy), would the burden of unemployment. The e gy crisis would vanish as mysterio as it came, and the outstanding that so terrifies the central banker New York could be cancelled ei by inflation or by heavy bomb ment. The simplified theater of m operations would guarantee an ea of the civil strife between men women. The scourge of feminism in cent years has done terrible damag masculine self-esteem. As combat in the sexual arenas, men too o have shown themselves as cowa with the result that women have come confused and restive. The forms and military displays might n the men appear worthy of respect opposition. Clothed in their newfo manliness, they could go off on ac service under the impression that t feeling of relief had something to with their patriotic duty.

MENTION THE possibility of ano war because I hope that the co try would resist the temptation welcome it as if it were a bor ful friend. War is sometimes necess but it is seldom fun, and never, liam James notwithstanding, moral. wrong people get killed, and the wi people get rich. The brilliant per mance in the theater of heroism acts a heavy price, usually as muc the life and hope of a generation. the morning after the victory not is any easier than it was on the n before the invasion. When the have passed by, not much will l changed for the better, and a great will have changed for the worse.

The romance of war represents a lure of imagination. The more literninded citizens require a show of plosions to make visible the reality v otherwise cannot see. They fail to ognize the heroic in the commonce event, as much a part of people's s as waiting for a bus. People so orary as to be indistinguishable from rybody else fight the war every day, selessly and unremittingly, on an nite number of shifting fronts-in pital rooms, in alleys, across kitchtables, in the space between the teleion set and the bedroom door. The is the same as it always was, and so the opposing camps. On one side nd the freedom of the spirit and n's courage to look for the truth. the other side stands the oppression material force, which goes by as ny names as men have given to the rld, the flesh, the state, and the devil. e newspapers bring word of the dets-of looting in Brooklyn and murin California. The victories seldom ke the late editions. The papers say hing about the woman who lives h an incurable disease and bears the den of her own death as lightly as t were a ticket to the circus; nor do papers say much about children ed, debts paid, marriages sustained, Ils learned, bleeding stopped. War ds no equivalent. It rages through earth, in the cells as well as in the nds of men, as violent a chronicle could be wished for by a retired

eral. nstead of glorious triumphs and cer-tape parades, the rumors of war me in mind of recruits herded incolumns of march. They surrender only their will but also their imagiion to the great military idea, which also the great ecclesiastical idea, that at deeds can be done only when ough people can be assembled into a antic force. But this seems to me a lish idea, a way of building pyrads instead of making songs. People cover their own minds when given freedom to do so, when the pomps I shows of war break down into ged bands, when what happens ms to happen by mistake. If human cure is not to be trusted (as the Puris among us would have us believe) n the voice within us the least deving of trust is the voice that plans r or its moral equivalent.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1977



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CALCUTTAS BOUNTY

Acol the squalor, a sense of manute possibility

by T. D. Allma

Crowds of slender, dark-

To demonstrate fact there are ballet pursuits of the day of the best common place in the sclenges of Caratinaway from the gutters, which serve as beta marking or and large, policyle in the lee of one of those old. decaving British East India buildings, with a terror pluggered from Whitefull prorace; all above from the low reacher below the own photodorpuls of Limits have not only caused the billboard to be erected: they have had the median strip of the airport road planted with flowers, and the flowers protected from the cows and goats and vagrant people of Calcutta by a chain-link fence.

The problems of Bengal, however,

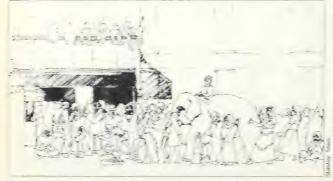
rice fields, and wide, silt-filled rivers. Already the flowers in the median strip have ceased to be a municipal embellishment, and have begun to reproduce had una's descentible misfortune hore to altere or With the first rains, the flowers have transformed themselves from a garden into a weedy jungle, a poster of per small beauty pressing against the chain-link fence as if trying to escape. Here on the road to Calcutta, the clustered thickets of roses, with their woody stalks and tiny. insect-eaten petals, afford a sad contrast to those immense blooms, nourished on multivitamins and synthetic nitrates, that win prizes for stout ladies in Physics

Compare yourself, twenty minutes off the airplane, still savoring the taste the child wearing black rouge under his eyes, a black cord around his waist, and nothing else, who presses his nose to the car window as it pauses at the first intersection. I give him ten nave paise, just over one American cent. He holds it in his palm and studies it.

T.D. Allman is a contributing editor of Pacific at the University of California at Berkeley. as you or I might examine a rhinestor in his series is a liam of Tree to his hand in a salute, at the liam is hand in a salute, at the liam is hand one receives, like what or gives, is prescribed by caste and fa and never by choice, there is no expression for "thank you." Instead I salutes my wealth, his poverty, the givens of the universe. The light change and the car moves on.

It is a road of many associations, a of them sour and pungent as lime cha nev. this Indian approximation of a American-style freeway, where the tra fic jams are made up of half-nake laborers manhandling through floods intersections the loads beasts of burde or machines usually carry elsewher At the next light, the ricksha "boy who pulls alongside the car has gra hair, and his stubbly face is streaming with sweat. He is very thin, except for ... of leg below the knee, who is all phantiasis has made thick as the tru of a tree. The traffic moves. He ha stumbles, half-jogs ahead, pulling comely, very fat Indian woman. As the ricksha begins to move, she reach into the shawl of her sari. extracts sweet, which she carefully unwrap and eats. In Calcutta, the relationsh between rich and poor always has be as obvious as that.

the teeming cities of the Ea as capitals of civilization as of as time, settlements spawn by some human principles different from those that created Birmingham of Philadelphia. In fact Calcutta is the younger brother of Boston. In bot cases, the genesis was the same: in perial design, commercial greed, E glishmen who were less troubleson abroad than at home. Smoke a litt Calcutta hemp one evening, and was



er from Chowringhee, the Park Street

Calcutta, across the Maidan, its oston Common, toward the Victoria emorial, a great pile as gaudy as the aj Mahal, but modeled on St. Paul's athedral. It all becomes clear-the mmon design of empire in the unvept gravel walks, the rusting lampists, the stagnant ponds, and the ununed trees. Whenever I hear the nate English of an Indian student deating at the Oxford Union, I think William Makepeace Thackeray, who as born here in Calcutta in 1811, but, ce all the others whom Calcutta favors, ent his money elsewhere. A kind of mittance man in reverse, Thackeray ved in Cambridge and Paris and Lonon, closing his mind to all the rich nagery of the East in order to invent ecky Sharp. Or I think of Elihu Yale, ho in 1718 realized 562 pounds, 12 tillings from a shipment of the finest ast India goods, and endowed a colge in Connecticut with the profits. alcutta had to wait another 139 years or its own university to be founded.

Having divided and ruled, the Brith partitioned and left, but Calcutta as not changed. It goes on enriching thers, never itself. Nearly 300 years fter the first big fortunes were made ere, in jute and muslin, Calcutta is ill more a "factory," more a tranents' work camp, than a community. here are only forty women for every ixty men in Calcutta. Every payday ne workers form long, patient lines, aiting to send their postal orders to illages a thousand miles away. The ich send their money even further: to long Kong or Switzerland. So while alcutta enriches the few, and gives the nany that tiny surplus that someday rill buy a bride or a cow, ten or twenstill sleep in a room. In the bustees, he slums of Calcutta, there is a latrine. n the average, for every twenty-three ersons, a water tap for every thirty.

Yet it is wrong to say-as every isitor always does-that Calcutta is oor, shockingly poor. If it were poor, by would Calcutta have more millionires than any other city in India? Why would the emigrants from thouands of villages pack every third-class ompartment of every train that pulls nto Howrah Station? Every year more nan 40 percent of India's exports, nore than a quarter of its imports pass arough Calcutta. The wealth of the ndies still clogs Calcutta's potholed streets, and its air is polluted with the stench of 10,000 factories.

In a brown puddle where a water main has broken, a family wash themselves without soap. One begins again to see all those economic oxymorons, those Dickensian cameos that once also made up the Industrial Revolution in nineteenth-century Manchester: the barefoot cobblers, the unshaven barbers, the toothless dentists with their pliers and jars of secondhand fillings. It all is as cost efficient, as economically rational as the computerized diversification plans of the multinational corporations. In a land with so many people, with so little capital, would it be more efficient, would it be more moral, to install an air conditioner if it puts the punka-wallah, the man who feeds his family of six by fanning his employer, out of a job? Calcutta is the only city in India where the ricksha boys do not pedal a bicycle to which the carriage is attached. Instead, to the distress of the egalitarian, man pulls man through the streets of Calcutta. Once, in the early days of Indian democracy, there was a plebiscite among the ricksha pullers of Calcutta. They voted against bicycle rickshas.

Unlike machines, men require no capital investment. Unlike cows, there is no obligation to care for them once their productive life ends. When the poorest of the poor are used up in Calcutta, they are not cremated like Hindus or buried like Moslems. In this labor-intensive economy, they are tossed into the Hooghly River the way capital-intensive factories disgorge industrial waste into Lake Erie. And there, in the river, these dark, emaciated souls undergo the metamorphosis always denied them in life by the laws of supply and demand. After a few days, the cadavers not only swell, they lighten in color. Then, fat and fair as Brahmin industrialists at a Rotary Club luncheon, they bob downstream under the Howrah Bridge.

I am reminded of all this by my Bengali friend Tommy, because Tommy has met me at Dum Dum Airport in the Daimler, explaining that daddy has taken the Rolls to the Sundarbans to shoot tiger, and that mummy and sissy will be desolate, just desolate, when they learn they missed me. Only the day before my telegram arrived, they leftfor Cannes. Tommy is as plump as the bulging gunnysacks that fill his warehouses. When he smiles his teeth sparkle like the Georgian silver tea service over which granmummy presides every afternoon at 4:30 sharp. Tommy uses English words such as tiffin and dacoit, and Tommy believes revolution is the only answer. Closing the glass partition between the back seat of the Daimler and the chauffeur, Tommy confides that he found himself involved in rather an unpleasant fracas at the club only last week, when he took Tony Bannerjee and Bixie Mukherjee and all those other Fabian rotters to task for their support of the Campaign to Beautify Greater Calcutta.

Better to let the bloody cows eat the bloody flowers, Tommy exclaims, than waste good money putting up damn signs in English about not living by bread alone when your average bloody man in the street can't even read Bengali, and eats rice to boot. The vital thing, he emphasizes, as the Daimler pulls up in front of the Great Eastern Hotel and is surrounded by braying lepers and beseeching beggars and halfa-dozen uniformed porters stumbling and struggling with my two pieces of luggage, is not to diminish the contradictions. Diminishing the contradictions, he reiterates, will only delay the revolution, and, before I forget, shall I tell granmummy you'll be coming

"Hamare pas paise nahin hai," I reply in Hindustani to the beggars, who are the elite of their profession, having worked their way up from the railroad station to the pavement outside the Great Eastern Hotel the way corporate vice-presidents work their way from Des Moines to Park Avenue. And then, gesturing to the Daimler: "Why not take what you want, instead of begging for it?"

But it is the dharma of a beggar to beg, not steal hubcaps. This public incitement to violent revolution goes as unheeded as the manifestos of the Communist parties of India, which in the last elections were bested even here in West Bengal by the liberal democrats of the Janata party and the Congress for Democracy, Instead, a small refrain begins. It spreads through the crowd like a mantra, like a ritual incantation that will fulfill every aspiration if only it is repeated often enough.

"The sahib speaks Hindustani."

The refrain radiates outward, losing veracity as it gains velocity. "The sahib speaks Bengali." "The sahib speaks Oriya." "The sahib speaks Tamil," until a score of figures is shambling forward, palms outstretched, saying they have no mother and no father, that they are hungry, saying it in all the dialects of all the villages from which they once set forth, Dick Whittingtons without a cat, to that metropolis of infinite possibility, the city that nurtured Thackeray, that impressed Macaulay, where Noel Coward, in 1943, first sang "I Wonder What Happened to Him."

O Calcutta! You are the bright lights of Times Square to a nation of mudhut Peorias. To you come the cleverest boys from the village school, wearing fountain pens in their shirt pockets like merit badges of literacy, to sleep on the sidewalk, to dream of becoming telephone-repairmen. To you are beckned the girls too pretty to waste themselves in the rice fields, too poor to have a dowry.

Finally a girl with an infant at her breast elbows aside an armless child, and steps over an old man wearing nothing from the waist down who is propelling himself toward me on a device resembling a skateboard. She begins a long wailing plaint in Telegu, while the unwashed crowd swirls around the polished Daimler, and the porters argue among themselves over who will carry my two pieces of baggage, and I pick them up, and carry them myself into the lobby of the Great Eastern Hotel, and register in a Dickensian ledger by candlelight.

The electricity will be back in forty minutes, the desk clerk says, and then the ceiling fans will revolve again, the lift will function, and I can go to my room. In the meantime, would I like to change my money, to read a back issue of the Illustrated London News? Perhaps the sahib would like a club sandwich, after his journey?

HE FILMS OF Satyajit Ray, Calcutta's—and India's—most revered director, are unpopular and always lose money in Calcutta. They earn back their investment in the art houses of Europe and the United States. Occidentals praise Ray for the honesty with which he records Calcutta's poverty. But realism is no more a part of the Bengali artistic tradition than the Romanesque facade

of the Writers' Building in Dalhousie Square, where the West Bengal state government still shuffles its papers.

Films about poverty do well only where the audiences are rich. The movies that pack them in in Calcutta have production numbers of the kind Busby Berkeley used to choreograph in depression America, only the chorus girls wear saris. The locales are not the sweaty bustees of Calcutta, but the cool hill stations of the Himalayas. And the heroines are not the thin, harried women of courage one sees fending for their children in the streets, or carrying hods among the bamboo latticeworks at the construction sites. The movie heroines the people of Calcutta pay to see are fat. Their plump fingers are covered with many rings, with large jewels on them. Their houses are decorated with many exotic and imported objets d'art, like lavender linoleum and plastic lampshades and hand-tinted photographs of the Eiffel Tower. Their boyfriends wear Terylene sport shirts, and drive Italian sports cars, because this is what the audiences would like to do, and what they will pay a few rupees to see.

Much sentiment and expository prose have always been spent on the poor, lamenting their suffering, but also rejoicing in their simple incapacity for vulgarity. But to the people who fill the Calcutta movie houses to see Indian films with titles like Midnight in Paris and Evening in London and Adventure in Hong Kong, all that is as tedious and incomprehensible as Ray's Apu trilogy. What such artistic sensibilities always miss is that if the poor could be anything they wanted, they would be rich. They would be driven around in Daimlers, and send their mothers to the Côte d'Azur.

For most visitors. Calcutta is India. and when they speak of the filth and poverty of India, as well as of the art and philosophy of India, they really mean Calcutta, not only the city of beggars who deliberately main themselves to increase their profits, but the city of Ray and Rabindranath Tagore, too. In fact almost nothing "Indian" is highly regarded in Calcutta. This is where Indians come to get away from sacred cows and the strictures of caste, to escape plowing the same old furrow with the same wooden plow over and over again. The two most conspicuous public monuments in Calcutta honor Queen Victoria and Lenin. I have never

noticed a statue of Gandhi. At Trinka's a fashionable Calcutta night spot, the doorman does not care what the cast of his customer is, so long as he can pay the bill.

A confession becomes necessary a this point. The confession is that Calcutta fails to elicit the acceptable reaction in me. It does not appall me. have revisited Calcutta a number o times, and I am not, as I should be frightened by the poverty, offended by the filth, or depressed by its endles panoply of humanity stripped down to bare essentials. Instead Calcutta is forme a city of infinite possibilities, good and bad, ugly and beautiful, rational and insane.

Though I have never seen it, I woul not be surprised to see the whore of Babylon some afternoon float dow Chowringhee after a particularly heav monsoon rain, or a man arrive unit vited at a Hindu wedding feast an turn the wine into water. One night on Red Road, where the fashion an rank of Calcutta once promenaded, was accosted by Mr. Mulla, as he intro duced himself. Mr. Mulla was dresse in a sheet of white muslin. He had very long gray beard. His teeth wer stained red from chewing pan. In spir of his Hindu caste name, he introduce himself as the lost heir to the last Mo gul emperor.

"I can see, sir," he announced in h musical Bengali-Welsh English, "the you are a person of quality, a gentleman of refinement, an amateur of the finest Urdu poetry."

For half the night he recited coplets of his own invention in a high sure voice, oblivious to the passir crowds. As he took his leave, he anounced. "Even after the restoration I shall not be so foolish as to move magnital to Delhi, as the British did in the state of the state o

"If you're tired of Calcutta," M Mulla explained, "you're tired of life. Then he left for the patch of sidewal where he has slept every night since 1947.

T HOWRAH STATION, where poters in rags and red scarweluster around each arrivir train the way the beggars was outside the Great Eastern Hotel, far ilies camp on the platforms, the childregathering cinders from the locomotive

cook the daily handful of rice. Beath the nearby Howrah Bridge, those o cannot even find a place on the ewalks live on mud flats that are bewater when the tidal bore rushes stream from the Bay of Bengal. Like ibs one sees on the beach at low tide, w measure their lives by the com-; and going of the water. All the n have to wear is a single yard of ton wrapped around their waists, I the women have no blouses for ir saris. Once I saw a boy of about teen come up the riverbank from e of these hovels, and hitch a ride on e of the buses of Calcutta the way ise too poor to pay the fare always , by jumping on the back fender and lding on to the spare tire. He missed, d caught his balance as he fell.

While he waited for another bus, I sed him why he did not go back to native village.

"Why, that was way out in the counside," he answered. "Here in Calcutthere are all sorts of interesting uces to go, like the zoo." One afteron I myself went to the zoo, where my of the animals have more spans living quarters, and better food, in the people who come to inspect m. There must have been 500 perns gathered around one cage, ignory the tigers and pandas and iguanas. It there is nothing in the cage," I d.

"Precisely," replied a Bengali barter in a bowler hat. "That is what is extremely curious about it." It ben to rain. He unfurled his black umella. The crowd reluctantly dispersed, scussing among themselves the cusity of the empty cage.

In fact, any vacant space is worthy remark in Calcutta, and almost evithing attracts a crowd. A game of liards is watched by fifty people. In predicting eclipses of the moon he heard by hundreds. At political liles, half a million people hear policians call for the immediate overtow of the existing order, then form derly queues at the trolley stops.

In the houses of the rich, one trips er retainers taking their siestas in e hallways. The old British mansions we been subdivided so many times at a whole family will sign a lease r the space under the staircase. Mrs. nes, an Anglo-Indian lady, lives in the tonce was one of those large walk-closets with monsoon lamps on the



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floors to fight the mildew. Each time I come to Calcutta, she serves me tea and little squares of toast spread with Marmite on chipped Eastern Railway crockery, the last memento of the late Mr. Jones, who once presided over the first-class dining car on the Howrah-Madras run. As she pours more water through the same tea leaves, Mrs. Jones frets about the economic situation back "home"-that is, in England, which she has never seen, and which to her is a land of constant coming-out parties at the Dorchester, where debutantes who all look like Vivien Leigh are presented by their fathers, who all resemble King George V.

"The poor dears," says Mrs. Jones, as she considers the extravagance of a slice of lemon for her tea. "I feel so sorry for them every time I hear the pound has gone down a little more against the rupee." On good days she goes out, and sits in the shade in the British cemetery, where lieutenant governors and blonde children who were carried away by the plague of 1908 sleep forever in mausoleums modeled on the Brighton Pavilion and now covered with green moss.

HE PERSON I HAVE known longest in Calcutta-longer than Mrs. Jones or Mr. Mulla or Tommy-is Aziz. Even in a land with 2,500 castes and subcastes, Aziz is an ethnic curiosity. His father was a Nepalese Muslim, a lone follower of the Prophet in those endless hills full of Hindu and Buddhist infidels. His mother was a Yemeni Jewish girl whose father came from Aden to work in the Bata shoe factory. That, Aziz explains, is why he takes such a keen interest in world affairs. "Whenever there is fighting in the Middle East," Aziz says, "I feel like I am at war with myself.'

Aziz first polished my shoes on New Road in Katmandu in August 1967, though I did not know it at the time. One reads a newspaper while having one's shoes polished, so I was unaware of him until December 1968, when I was once again having my shoes polished, 1,300 miles away, in Goa. In Goa, one expects shoeshine boys to speak Konkani, not Nepalese. So when Aziz started telling me in Nepalese that we had met before, that he remembered the shoes, I put down my newspaper,

and asked him how he had gotten there from Nepal. It was then that Aziz told me how maharajahs and Englishmen once had followed the seasons around India in their private railway cars, visiting the Himalayas in the hot season, and the palm-fringed beaches of the south in winter, and the great cities like Bombay and Calcutta in the spring and autumn, and how he, Aziz, whose shoeshine box was ornamented with highly polished brass studs and contained all sorts of rare lotions and precious brushes and cloths, did the same thing, only sleeping on the floors of third-class railway carriages.

Aziz speaks Nepalese, Urdu, Hindi, Bengali, Maharashtri, Konkani, and Tamil, but, being uneducated, cannot read or write in any of them. That day in Goa he invited me to write down his touring schedule, where he was during which months, on what streets and park benches and railway platforms he slept, so that we could keep in touch.

In Calcutta, Aziz stays near the bird market, where for a few rupees one can buy a wild parakeet, or, for much more, an ibis as tall as a man and much wiser in appearance. In Calcutta only the rich can afford the expense of buying an entire packet of cigarettes. So when I appear, after six months or three years, Aziz takes a few naye paise from his shoeshine box, and he returns after a moment, having purchased two cigarettes.

We light them from one of those slowly burning ropes that hang everywhere in Calcutta, to save people the expense of matches. While we smoke the cigarettes, Aziz asks why the monarchy was abolished in Afghanistan, and if I have met the Indian in America who won the Nobel Prize. Aziz's peace plan for the Middle East is that neither Jew nor Arab should occupy the disputed territories. Instead, they should be peopled with members of other ethnic groups, who will act as a buffer. Aziz himself is willing to polish shoes on the Golan Heights if that will help.

I suppose the reason that I am not appalled by Calcutta is that it makes abstraction so difficult. We live in a world of general principles, the ones which are so easily discernible as one eats breakfast on an airplane. A few days before I left on the last trip that took me through Calcutta I attended a meeting in New York where men wearing \$40 ties discussed the problems of

that two-thirds of humanity that clir to the fenders of buses, that does a sleep in beds. All these people, all the nations, at that meeting, were constally called "LDCs," for "less develop countries." An economist told us about the economic problems of the LD A demographer explained what a demographically wrong with the LD "The problem with the LDCs," a socientist informed us, "is that they have the developed stable representative stitutions."

This was a few months before voters of India, some of whom shoes and others of whom ride Daimlers, and still others of whom in rooms the size of closets or hor rooms at all, went to the polls a created the most amazing political set in the history of democracy.

For a few weeks, the outside we saw the Indians as individual hun beings again. For a few weeks, world praised the plucky individua of the Indian voter. But that alrest has ended. Now, once again, the itorials and official spokesmen sp not of people, but of the populat problem, not of hunger and pove but of production shortfalls and underutilization of resources.

In Calcutta it is impossible to that way. In Calcutta one must see just the face at the end of the stretched arm; one must see that every maimed beggar there are 100, people who are not so different fr you and me. Just as we know that are wasteful, that our consumption sons the air and clogs our own a ries, so they know they are poor : ignorant, that they are "underde oped." Just as we know that our al ence someday may leave the wo without a clump of coal to burn, they know it is the official orthod that it would have been better had t never been born.

They know all these things the saway we know about them. They habout it on the radio and in the litical speeches, and they read about those of them who can read, in newspapers.

But they no more believe all t than we do. Even when they know th grave will be the Hooghly, they kn their lives are worth living, that morrow is another day they want see.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1

THE ABSENT LEFT

e belief in prosperity forces the radical impulse into distorted forms

by Jeff Greenfield

OES AMERICA have a political Left? Does it matter?

Of course we can distinguish a "left wing" in the nocratic party; after all, any poal party has extremes. And we cerly have a government which spends reat deal of money (about 30 pert of the gross national product) and es a substantial percentage of our omes. We transfer more than \$150 ion in tax revenues a year through ernment programs. We have a regury web covering virtually every intry in the country. And our domiit political party, now in effective trol of the Legislative and Execu-: Branches of the federal governnt, is at least nominally committed such "socialistic" enterprises as naial health insurance, governmentated full employment, and stronger asures to combat corporate concenion in the economy.

These programs, however, do not nonstrate that there is a political Left America, at least as that term would understood in just about any other ion in the world. In fact, judged by ir effects, rather than by what their porters and foes hoped or feared y would accomplish, these governnt interventions prove not the prese of an American Left, but its abce. Most of the money the U.S. govment spends on transfer payments Social Security and government penn payments—does not represent a listribution of wealth or income. Inad, these programs in general take ney from middle-income workers so t middle-income retirees may preve their standard of living (the same be said of Medicare). Across the ge of social programs-urban reval, aid to education, day care, Medid-tax money has been "redistribd" to such oppressed societal victims real-estate speculators, consulting ns, teachers and school administras, landlords, pharmacists, physicians, I nursing-home owners.

At times, even the idea of real redisbution of wealth, from the very rich to the average citizen, strikes a chord of resistance, even among the presumed beneficiaries of this redistribution. Gordon Weil, one of George McGovern's top 1972 campaign aides, testifies to this resistance in a story he tells about McGovern's idea to tax away all inheritances above \$500,000.

"I remember sitting one day in the Lafayette Club in Nashua [New Hampshire] with a group of workmen who opposed the idea," Weil writes in The Long Shot. "Although none of them stood to be penalized by it, they argued that it was unfair to take away all that a man had received. McGovern was receiving similar reactions in the plants he had visited, and believed all men nourished the hope of receiving a large inheritance or of winning a lottery."

This opposition to government redistribution of the resources of the very wealthy runs deep in our society. It helps to explain why the liberal, reformist schemes for social justice are ardently opposed to the concept of total public control. Medicare is run not by a public-health service but by an elaborate insurance scheme involving private physicians; and the state-operated Medicaid programs have spawned new private industries of laboratories and medical-care suppliers. Our poverty programs are in large measure contract operations between government and private entrepreneurs. And in the midst of an energy shortage which put America's oil companies marginally higher than pornographers in public esteem, the one public policy alternative never to gain serious political support was public control of our scarce fuel resources. Taxes on windfall profits, antitrust action to break up major oil companies, excoriations before Senate committees-all of these followed from the 1973-74 shortage. But there is no political reference point in American politics from which to consider public control. (There was one proposal by Sen. Adlai Stevenson III to establish a public energy com-Jeff Greenfield, a free-lance writer, was an aide to John Lindsay and Robert F. Kennedy, pany that would act as a "yardstick" on private performance in the manner of the TVA.) Whether public control would be wise or foolish is not at issue here; what is informative is the lack of such pressure in our system. If a "leftist" idea could gain so little currency in the face of enormous political provocation, it suggests how unwilling Americans are to look to radical remedies as the source of a redress of grievances.

HIS IS WHY the absence of a real Left in America does matter. There are deep cultural and social currents in American life that have made it impossible to argue openly for the kind of government, the kind of economy, the kind of diffusion of power that can fairly be called radical. And because this kind of radicalism has become in our country the love that dare not speak its name, it has forced the radical impulse into distorted forms-into comfortablesounding, familiar demands for more regulations and prohibitions, into public-private "wars" on injustice which are doomed to failure, and whose proponents offer them out of conditioned reflex rather than from conviction. We are in a time now when the diversions of war and cultural conflict have moved off the political stage, and when questions of economic and political power have returned. If we do not understand how the absence of an American Left has distorted the political agenda, we will continue to ignore one set of possibilities when we make political decisions.

Historians have suggested a welter of reasons for the fact that socialism has been a failure in America: the mainstream of American labor saw radicalism as a threat, not an ally; the large Catholic bloc in America's immigrant working class regarded radicalism as a breach of religious faith; the government made periodic repressive moves against radicals—the strikebreaking troops in 1877, the Palmer raids of

1919, the jailing of Communists after World War II, the harassing of radicals with Congressional investigations. There are simpler explanations as well: the endless sectarian battles on the Left, the repellent subservience of too many radicals to the Soviet Union, the adaptability of the two-party system in America, the high standard of living available to most Americans.

These explanations do not answer the question. There has been far more repression in Europe, where radicalism is strong; Catholics form far more of the working class in France and Italy, where the Communist party thrives; Scandinavian nations with high living standards have Social Democratic parties in power or as the major opposition parties. What accounts for the difference is what America has unto itself, a dominant self-image of sheer abundance. From the promise of an endless frontier, to treasures of gold and silver, to boundless industrial might, the image of America-and the reality for many-is a land where affluence is there for the taking. However much this obscures the darker side of our

history, it has remained a central organizing principle in everything from the portions in our restaurants to the "richis-godly" theology of Dwight Moody and Billy Graham. A nation believing itself limitlessly rich has no need of collective or communal enterprise, much less government nurturing of scarce resources.

"Here in America," Carl Schurz wrote a century ago, "you can see every day how little a people needs to be governed... Here you witness the productiveness of freedom." Where socialism saw the state as the tool to eradicate scarcity and provide abundance, America was itself abundant.

If the American presumption of abundance and private sources of satisfaction have undermined the existence of a real political Left, what do we have in America? With one significant exception, the Left is a random collection of attitudes which can be harnessed to the cause of different political movements. There are in America substantial numbers of people ready—one might almost say eager—to enlist against injustice on an ad hoc basis.

Without a coherent political base "tendency" takes on what can app as a "cause of the month" quality, i organizing to protest segregation Woolworth's, now fighting to ban clear testing, now boycotting gra (At demonstrations, one often he speakers explaining that "the caus one." The Vietnamese being bombe death are the same as blacks der decent jobs, who are the same as w en denied equal credit, who are same as gays subject to public sc This is a testament to wishful think not political analysis.) Many self scribed leftists search almost desper ly for signs of some emerging rad force. And because so many in group tend to be well educated well off (at the McGovern conven in 1972, the percentage of deleg with graduate degrees was roughly times that of the general population this has produced the easily ridic habit of enlisting in other peop causes. Perhaps the Negroes are new proletariat, or perhaps it is migrant workers, or the disaffe young. Perhaps it will be represe

DEWAR'S PROFILE

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



the occasional labor leader who can und like a radical, someone like the selworkers' Ed Sadlowski. Perhaps it Il arise from the peace movement, women's movement, the gay-rights exement. Perhaps it will be created a politically eccentric governor of diffornia who puts public-interested wyers in his administration.

TT IS TOO EASY, really, to scorn this "radical chic" approach to politics. It is hard to see why it should be L more offensive for the rich to prode bail money and lawyers for dislent political figures than to buy a w wardrobe or a seven-foot-high telesion set. Funds from the affluent fuel portant political enterprises, from vil-rights protests to antiwar camigns to the farmworkers' organizing forts. The sight of a mariachi band the estate of an East Hampton arviste is not that high a price to pay help very poor farm workers orgaze for higher wages.

It is also true, however, that no one ho has sat in the dining room of a Park Avenue duplex, listening to the host bemoan George McGovern's insufficient radicalism as the butler pours wine from the host's French vineyard, can see in this kind of politics a source of emerging radicalism. One can only remember that such personal quirkiness is not an American phenomenon. George Orwell wrote forty years ago, in The Road to Wigan Pier, that "the worst advertisement for Socialism is its adherents.... One sometimes gets the impression that the mere words 'Socialism' and 'Communism' draw toward them with magnetic force every fruitjuice drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex maniac, Quaker, 'Nature Cure' quack, pacifist and feminist in England."

A more important political element in America is the free-floating anti-elitism which is called populism. With its origins in rural America's late-nineteenth-century anger at the depredations of Eastern banks and railroads, populism is a term that has been applied to any movement aimed at centers of money, political power, or social status. It can describe Huey Long's Louisiana political power, or social status and the status and the status and the status and the status are status and the status are status and the status are status as a status and the status are status as a status are status as a status are status are status as a status are status are status are status are status are status as a status are status are status are status as a status are s

tics-a blend of public works, attacks on the utilities, and astonishing political thuggery; it is applied to George Wallace's assaults on foundations, bureaucrats, and the liberal press; and it applies to Fred Harris's efforts to break up big corporations. The persistence of the populist strain in America suggests an unfocused suspicion of great power, whether in the hands of private entrepreneur or public official. We see this sensibility in the films we like: in the movies of Frank Capra, the hero is invariably an ordinary Joe trying to get a fair shake from a corporate or political power bloc. In the remake of King Kong, the explorer was changed from a courageous filmmaker to a greedy oil-company executive out to rape the environment. We see it in the kind of investigative reporting done by Drew Pearson and his heir, Jack Anderson, with their focus on the imperial privileges of the powerful. (When Anderson, in Washington Exposé, described the gifts corporate executives made to President Eisenhower, he lingered lovingly over the details of those gifts: "A huge, walk-in freezer ... a

IIM SIMON

IOME: North Hollywood, California

GE: 30

ROFESSION: Film animation producer, director nd designer

IOBBIES: Music, painting, handball.

OST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Hobbit" y J.R.R. Tolkien

ATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Winning the U.S.A. film Festival Award for "The Strike," a five-minute nimated film produced for the Black Psychiatrists f America.

CUOTE: "Animation is a great deal more than funny haracters. Because of its unique ability to bridge the ap between fantasy and reality, its potential is, in many ways, almost limitless."

PROFILE: Outgoing and genuinely friendly. Has an afectious enthusiasm for being alive, which he injects ato the outrageous characters he creates.

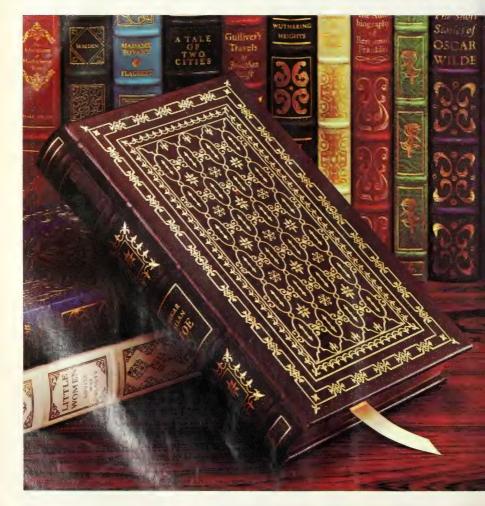
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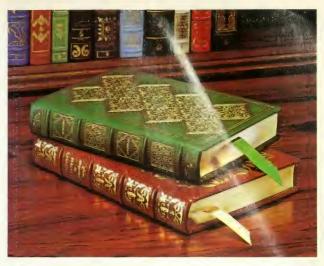
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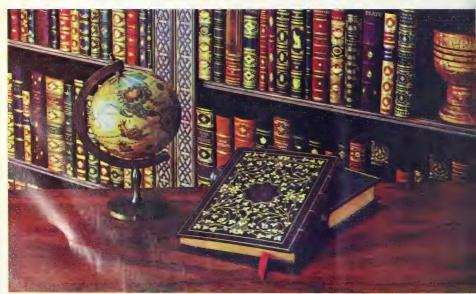
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\$4,000 Black Hawk tractor which... was equipped with push-buttons, a cigarette lighter, and power steering.")

And we can see it in the appeal of a Ralph Nader, whose movement took fire when a small lawyer, attacking the biggest automobile company in the world, found himself the fortuitous victim of an attempt by General Motors to probe his private life. As a movement, the Nader philosophy is a mixture of liberal proposals to limit corporate power, shareholder campaigns to check the policies of companies, improved federal regulation by yet another attempt to repair the shabby performance of independent agencies, aggressive antitrust efforts to break up oligopolies, and an effort to get the concept of "citizenship" to mean more than voting. Beyond the agenda-and more important than any element of it -Nader's following shows that the absence of an American Left has not eliminated a strong, deeply ingrained suspicion of privilege. The question is where this suspicion leads.

One effect of this vague movement has been apparent for some time with the emergence of a kind of "guerrilla" Left, an Establishment-trained underground of high-ranking, politically active law-school graduates who quickly enter politics through staff positions with candidates, officeholders, and Congressional committees, with a stopover at a high federal court for a clerkship. (With the election of Jimmy Carter, many of these men and women now hold policy-making jobs in the Executive Branch. It will be interesting to see if their proposals run up against the self-proclaimed fiscal conservatism of Budget Director Bert Lance-and Mr. Carter himself.) With no firm radical political current to follow, a Congress without a single self-identified socialist, and perhaps only two or three members who would not sue at being labeled radical, these staff members are forced into a bizarre pattern of behavior. As a former political worker, I can remember frequent discussions with colleagues who alternately exulted and despaired at how far they could prod their principals into adopting relatively radical postures. In 1972, a young staff member on Edmund Muskie's Presidential campaign excitedly sent me a speech Muskie had delivered that raised questions about corporate power. I had a similar experience with

a worker for former Sen. Charles Goodell, who told me how far Goodell had been prodded into expressing sympathy with black militants. A similar kind of game is often played by Congressional-committee and Presidential-commission staffs, to see how "radical" they can make staff and, ultimately, committee reports.

This is, to put it mildly, not a source of radicalism, but a substitute for it. Lacking any coherent tradition, or movement, or party, save the tradition of balancing private power with countervailing government power, these documents-as with the social policies of our most left-leaning mainstream politicians-fuse an often trenchant attack on past programmatic failures with what is essentially more of the same. Insightful attacks on the performance of regulatory agencies bring about calls for more regulation. Disclosures of Medicaid scandals and failures lead to proposals for national health insurance. Exposés of the muddled mistakes of government bureaucracies that attempt to provide full employment are followed by a demand for the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, whose planning section sounds like an Ayn Rand parody of bureaucracy. And, at times, proposals to help the consumer in the marketplace can reach absurd lengths-such as Nader's proposal for government-paid helpers to guide consumers through the aisles of supermarkets.

HIS IS ONE possible future for what passes for the American Left: a series of attitudes and postures reflecting a dissatisfaction with excessive power and wealth in private hands, connected to no remedial program worthy of the term radical. In another possible future, the chord touched by Nader, the inherent suspicion of corporate power, may prove to be the most important element in the emergence of an American Left. I have argued that strong cultural influences have produced a belief in America that we do not need the kind of collective power represented by government in order to gain social justice or material comfort. Where Europeans saw collective control over production and distribution as the tool for turning scarcity into abundance, America stood the premise of socialism on its head; abundance was already here. There was already enough to go around.

Now the question is, as W. H. Auder said, whether the United States wil have to experience the requirement o living together, the requirement im posed by relative scarcity. If in fact w are approaching the end of unlimited material abundance, if resources ar going to grow scarcer, or at least fa more expensive, then some kind of allo cation will be necessary. What the Nader movement has shown is that the American people, however little the trust government, put no more trust it the marketplace, or in the beneficence of the corporate and governmental epi centers of power. We do not accept the assurances of "countervailing power" or "pluralist" forces that the end-of ideology theorists used to celebrate the lack of radical alternatives.

Should we begin to confront a rea shortage of resources-most immedi ately energy, but possibly extending to some raw materials and foodstuffs-w are going to have to alter or abandon the last vestige of the frontier vision of America as a limitless source o plenty. Confronted by past threats Americans have often put aside thei traditional distrust of government, i for no other reason than that we dis trust each other more when there doe not appear to be enough to go around The farmer who attacks big govern ment has long demanded price support and low-interest (government-subsi dized) loans. The construction worke wants public-works projects; the Cham ber of Commerce conservative want import quotas. And our most seriou flirtation with public control cam when we faced the most widespread depression in our history.

Should we face a new version of th belief that there is not enough to g around, the Nader version of America radicalism-a variety of sometime contradictory remedies rooted in a ba sic distrust of private power-ma prove to be the source of a reluctar beckoning of private power to allocat resources fairly, even to the extent o controlling them. To a society so ar chored in a vision of plenty, so at odd with a vision of justice imposed b scarcity, it may require nothing les than a clearly perceived danger to the plenty to spread a vision inspired by never having enough.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 197

What is Ms. magazine and why is it saying all these terrible things?

- 66If men could get pregnant, abortion would be a sacrament. 99
 Flo Kennedy talks "verbal karate" in Ms.
- Black family life will be a disaster if it copies white family life.
- **Mhen the female leaves the house to work for wages, she finds that she carries her inferior and servile status with her. ***

 Andrea Dworkin, "Why Economic Recovery Will Not Work for Us" in Ms.
- Our pre-occupation with 'good-bad' sex threatens to turn us into a nation of emotional zombies.
- Just as men victimize the weak member of the group, women victimize the strong one. 99

 Gloria Steinem on "Trashing" in Ms.
- *Rape signifies that any woman...can be reduced by force or intimidation to the lowest common denominator—a free piece of ass. *9
- Men, with all their bravado, seldom have the courage to stick a flower on their desks.

Alan Alda, "The ERA: Why Should Men Care?" in Ms.

First, because they're true—women's lives are as sad, funky, outrageous, exhilarating, creative, angry, funny, wasted, vulnerable and strong as these quotes, and thousands more like them.

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AN ALASKAN TRACEDY

The promise of oil wealth has impoverished the Eskimo

by Barry Lop

BARRON

LASKA IS SO REMOTE most of us cannot begin to comprehend it. You can fly 500 miles in a straight line up here and see nothing of man on the earth below. The residents of Fairbanks go to work on winter mornings in minus-forty-degree darkness; thousands of wolves roam the forests and tundra.

It is a timeless land, yet an immediacy persists, as if the dust from a stampede were still hanging in the air. Hustlers with a hundred different shell games have come up after oil, gas, timber, minerals, whatever they could find. The desire for wealth is rampant, the sums of money exchanged for goods and services are exorbitant, and the impact of industrialization—the pipeline, mainly—has been swift and decisive. A war has been fought, against land and against old ways of living.

What is unusual in Alaska is that the natives, the original owners, are supposed to get rich on the present boom. Laws to protect their aboriginal title to thousands of square miles of oil- and mineral-bearing lands have been promulgated by Congress; big money, nearly \$1 billion, has been paid out in cash. But, after a few weeks in Alaska, it seems to me the war was lost. finished before the Eskimo, who had no weapons to begin with, knew it had even been declared.

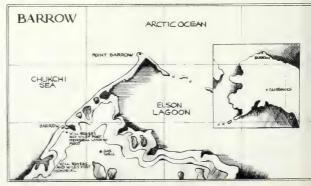
ROM THE AIR, in the winter twilight, this northernmost village in North America looks like a military encampment: boxy, prefabricated buildings painted in pastels, blazing blue-white streetlamps hung on isolated poles, wisps of vapor drifting from the tailpipes of vehicles left idling against the cold, spent fuel drums scattered over the snow, abandoned like oxygen bottles on Mount Everest.

An FAA administrator on the flight told me that more than half the employed in Alaska now work for government. The one hotel, the Top of the World, is owned by Eskimos and built with Eskimo money but it is run by whites, mostly for whites. A room is \$68.50. The hallway smells of sewage from the building's treatment plant. (Barrow is without a safe source of potable water.) Outside my window it is seventeen below zero, and the wind is blowing across the tundra at twenty knots. On this January afternoon two Eskimo families are mourning deaths. A woman, drunk, fell off a snowmobile and impacted into a telephone pole. A girl has just died of a drug overdose.

ARROW is the largest Eskimo village in the world; 2,300 people live here. The sun is not seen in Barrow for fifty-six days in winter. There is little precipitation-about four inches a year. It is a northern desert. Winter temperatures are warmer than those in the interior but still remain below minus fifteen degrees for months. The winds are harsh and incessant. The warmest it's ever been here is seventy-eight degrees, in July 1927. Wildlife is not abundant, except seasonally, when migrating birds, whales, and caribou abound. The tundra blooms with wild roses, asters, anemones, blueberries, and salmonberries in spring. The diet base of the people is caribou and whale meat but, with a growing interest in store-bought convenience foods, use of these anifoods has become of increasing a gious importance, a way to hold to the old values.

In December 1971, under the te of the Native Claims Settlement twelve regional native corporati were set up in Alaska. The Arctic Sl-Regional Corporation, headquarte in Barrow, received in partial set ment of aboriginal claims 5.6 mill acres of land and \$52 million. A tive-owned corporation, the ASRO engaged primarily in negotiating lea and oil exploration on its lands. 7 North Slope Borough, a political s division of the state with the power tax, also has its seat here. When threatened oil companies with an nual equipment tax of \$100 milli the state legislature limited its tax power to a ceiling of \$4.2 million nually. At 88,281 square miles, borough is roughly the size of Min sota but there are fewer than 4,0 native inhabitants. The assessed va of land and personal property in borough is \$1.7 billion.

ARROW HAS traditionally be a whaling village. In abor inal times residents hunt bowhead whales on the seal and walrus, and, when it was p sible, caribou on the tundra. Not un



ate 1800s did whaling ships begin ng in at the village to trade, so Inupiak were among the last napeople in North America to meet white man. Barrow was named in by a Capt. F. W. Beechey for his rior officer when Beechey's ship, .S. Blossom, was stranded there in earch for a northwest passage.

the fall of 1912 the whalebone ket collapsed and a score of whalships was abandoned off Point Bar-

They were subsequently crushed reen the ice packs of the Beaufort Chukchi Seas and wooden planks ribs taken from them began to ree Barrow's traditional dwellingslra sod stacked against whalebone driftwood frames.

he Navy built a base there in 1946, when DEW Line stations were ted in the Fifties, Barrow supplied bor force. In 1967 the first snowpiles arrived in the village. The next : Atlantic Richfield struck oil near dhoe Bay, 200 miles to the east. Tothere is an airport here that hansmall jets; the travel budget of the 1-school basketball team is \$40,000; you can hail a cab.

7ith sudden wealth, subsistence hunthas begun to give way to hunting fishing for profit. The cost of maining a comfortable life in the dark cold is a cash economy: everything st be flown in or, in the summer, ught in on barges (if the ice breaks . Ironically, however, there are few s-28 percent of Barrow's oil-rich sulation lives below the poverty lev-Eskimos can go to work for the oil apanies or for one of the governnts-borough, state, or federal-or y can carve ivory, weave baleen bass, or make native clothing to sell. these skills, too, are disappearing. ly two old men in Barrow still carve, I the women don't especially want to w skins for clothing. As an Eskimo id at the hotel said, "Why should ? We have oil now.'

A state planner, in Barrow for a conence, said there is no longer any son for the village to exist-too isoed, no work, bad water. An environentalist, he also tells me the Inupiak ould be moved out simply to save at is left of the Western Arctic cariu herd and other local wildlife. The ople of a hunter culture, he explains, rry Lopez is a contributing editor of North

perican Review

On cultivating the vineyard for better wines.



Cultivating-which is simply the turning or loosening of the soil by mechanical means in order to control weeds and aerate the soil-might seem to some to be the most prosaic of all vineyard operations.

Yet, the truth is, we find its contribution to the production of fine wines far more complex than one might expect

Weeds, to be sure, are undesirable. They compete with our vines for valuable nourishment and moisture in the

But that is only one reason we take great care to manage an efficient and extensive cultivation program.

Frost Protection

Our experience shows that a moist, clean vineyard—one without weeds also offers our vines measurable protection against morning frost dur-ing March, April, and early May

Normally, during the day, the soil is warmed by the sun's rays. Then in the early hours before the following dawn. the heat that has been absorbed by the soil is released in the form of radiation. thus warming the vines above.

However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees. and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, both above the soil and just beneath its

In the Gallo vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal simply because we prefer not to use herbicides when we can avoid

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control an obnoxious weed called puncture vines, we used

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that go into our wines.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance the effectiveness of our fertilization

Fertilizers—except for nitrogen and boron-tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines: and stronger vines make better grapes.

Why We Do It All

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation -as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture - that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Which is, simply, to provide you with the finest wines we, or anyone else, can possibly produce.

Gallo Vinevards, Modesto, California

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The market bashes make were found floating on an ice floe in the the late of pethilps (1000) cumis of meat dumped for the 400 s of two In 1970 the Western Are a close to 212.000 animals. Now it is down to Fish and Game has killed wolves and the state of the state of the herd. The annual native take was cut more, see that the ADERG does not made. The region is former this region to duct spring whale hunts in such a haphazard wav that last year forty and the second of Feature belonder Services. one they killed and brought in. In adwere too large to get to shore and use efficiently, so that much of the meatthe factor and the Eskimos shrug, saving that the meat is and he becomes and on the Kurst Start L.

Today young Eskimos target pracoff nesting jaegers, snowy owls, and The Hallest in the Ulber and the second s to some residents, anything that drifts ty to a laborate laboration and the second of the body come north, round the point, and head east. For days there is a deafening barrage of shot our fire along the shore. water look like exploded cereal packare Political to an and timber the Marine Mammals Protection Act. are " re fruntes" enpelar bear hides. like the walrus ivory Prince are furned to the Atlanta meeting in Point Hope, native leaders were asked what they would do when there were no more caribou to kill.

"Beef." they said. "We want beef."

"What it is at series."

"We don't hunt seals. We are caribou people."

Traditionally they are a people who have hunted ringed seals, harbor seals, and bearded seals when there were no caribou. Now most have forgotten or never learned the much harder skill of

In Fairbanks an Alaska Fish and Game officer went over the statistics documenting the collapse of the Western Arctic caribou herd with me. When I asked why his department hadn't done something about the excessive hunting sooner he looked at his hands in silence. I have seen the same response in other Alaskan officials. He thinks that if he speaks out about what Eskimos are doing to wildlife in the North plant of the Louise in the North plant of the Louise in the Same plant of the Louise in the North plant of the Louise in the North plant of the Kindness to Eskimos. The says after a while.

N SUMMER thousands of tourists flock to Barrow, accessible by \$1.2 \text{ flock}\$ to Barrow, accessible by \$1.2 \text{ flock}\$ to Barrow, accessible by \$1.2 \text{ flock}\$ in the south. Tour buses take them around to Borough Headquarters, a modern building that looks like something from Marin County, California, and to Shontz's general store on Agyik (bowhead whale) Street, where they can buy nain Fairbanks), wonder what the display of chain saws is for in a treeless land (driftwood), and eve the racks of the will have been some will be a summary of the stone monument that marks the place where will Rogers and Wiley Post died in an airplane crash in 1935.

Tourists are fascinated by the pickup trucks. Aside from gravel streets in the village there is only one road. It goes out four miles to the naval base, and then vaguely another six miles to Point Barrow. But there are scores of brandnew pickups, which cost about \$3,000 in Fairbanks and another \$500 to ship north. They collapse under the strain of severe cold in a few years. They are stolen by youngsters who smash them up or leave them out on the tundra. Gas in the winter of 1976 went up to \$2,36 a gallon: but each year there are more trucks. The detritus of

machinery is scattered around Barrethe way newspapers are scattered or the streets of big cities.

A former manager of the hotel (left, he said, because of rampant inf. tious hepatitis) says hatred for wha tourists ran so high last summer the rocks were routinely thrown through the hotel restaurant windows. A tyear-old boy ran into the hotel loh one day and dumped a bucket of a mal brains on the front desk. A st. official leading a tour of dignitar through Barrow told them to listen : the children saving "welcome" in Irpiatun as they passed. Moments lat in the clearest English, the children shouted "Honky bastards! Turkey Go home!"

The native, even with a sense wealth and political power that allo him to jeer at whites, is subtly oploited too, of course, as he tries imitate the whites he openly despis. At Shontz's, Eskimo women sit on pabenches smoking cigarettes and drining Cokes while their children play modern swings and a jungle gym. The wear nylon parkas with flowery tricotton print dresses, and rubber boo That evening their relatives spray-pai "Fucking Honkies" on the walls the \$10 million store.

One longtime white observer sathe trouble here is simple: the Ir piaks' soul is gone. The spirit has be sucked out of them; they are being destroyed by their sense of finance power and spiritual powerlessness. I deed, sudden wealth would seem most as destructive as alcohol on was, except that much of the mon has been channeled into social service and home improvements. But even they gain the comforts of life Eskim remain angry. It is the sort of any that comes when you are less sure ear morning that what you are going to that day is what you want to do.

UTSIDE BARROW, tethered to like a balloon in the wind, the Naval Arctic Resear Laboratory. Scientists the mostly civilian, are studying the moment of polar ice, the habits of arc mammals, and microorganisms in Artic waters.

Midway between the village and t naval site sits a multimillion-dollar i cinerator that was designed by nav

neers to burn sewage at Port Hue-, in Southern California. (Sewage not drain into the permafrost here, the cold ruptures conventional ge systems.) The incinerator 't work from the beginning. The was barely big enough to accept 'honey buckets" from the toilets; 1 it was fired up, the pressure at wellhead fell so sharply that no could keep his gas furnace going. incinerator, an enormous, windowbuilding, now sits unused. Biols and Eskimos laugh about it.

mong the many stories of official s to the naval station is the folng: A few years ago then Secretary Defense James Schlesinger visited ow to inspect the facilities. An birdwatcher, he spent most of a day weekend touring the tundra in licopter (at a taxpayer expense of it \$200 per hour), looking for s for his life list. Told there was ough-legged hawk nesting on the Ira less than 100 yards from his bilhe waved off the information. "Ally on my list," he said.

HE PLANE IS ready to leave at about 11:00 A.M. The sun has just come up. There are about twenty of us standing in the ey Post-Will Rogers Memorial Air-:. Eskimos going south on business, ank of America representative from Francisco, mining engineers from ky Oil. A man wants to talk with about building roads across the tic because that will get tourists inhe villages and boost seasonal emyment. There is a young woman in form shoes and tight pants and blue shadow. (The rumor is that federal cotics agents are sending hookers to north slope as informants.)

t is hard to see the village through blowing snow as we walk out to the ne. The dog teams have been sold, stly to whites. The old men do not w how to dodge the snowmobiles t hurtle down the village streets. iong the courses being taught at the Igling Inupiat University of the Arcat Barrow are Fascinating Womanod and, for the men, Man of Steel I Velvet. As the plane warms up the n next to me explains you'd have be a fool to come up here and not

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1977

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A STATUS QUO ECONOMY

Carter's economic policy accepts a reserve army of the unemployed

by Michael Harringt

IMMY CARTER'S victory last November, it is widely and rightly said, was achieved by a New Deal-type coalition of workers, minorities, the liberal middle class, and the South. It is not so widely recognized, however, that this coalition has brought to power an administration opposed to the principles of the New Deal itself.

The exhaustion of that ideology began in the Sixties, when a Texan who had belonged to Franklin Roosevelt's National Youth Administration became President of the United States and set out to fulfill his mentor's vision. Keynesian strategies would not simply meet with crisis; they would do so joyously and without the bitter class conflicts of the depression. In the euphoria of the "new economics," boom and bust were supposed to vanish forever, and increasing your personal consumption became an act of civic virtue.

Less than ten years ago the New Economists discussed how to deal with a dangerous problem called "fiscal drag." The economy, they thought, was going to grow so steadily that it would generate more and more tax revenues. If those federal monies were not spent, they would bring about deflation and impede even greater growth. So in the name of efficiency the government would have to ingeniously contrive ways to lavish billions on social programs. As Daniel Patrick Moynihan described this "situation without parallel," it meant that Washington "must be constantly on the lookout for new ways to expend public funds in the public interest."

In this spirit, Walter Heller introduced a 1968 Brookings Institution survey, Perspectives on Economic Growth, by worrying over the problems of fine-tuning "an economy that will more consistently be operating in the neighborhood of its productive potential." That book, not so incidentally, had no entry for "Inflation" in its index, and only a brief, untroubled reference to prices. At the same time, Charles Schultze, now chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, explained that the economy was likely to generate a "fiscal dividend" of around \$40 billion in government revenues by Michael Harrington is the chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee.

1974. In 1972 Schultze edited anoth Brookings survey, one which contain a plaintive chapter entitled "What H pened to the Fiscal Dividend?" It h disappeared, Schultze and his coal thors answered, for two main reason government spending, most notably Social Security and highways, and cuts, which, by 1963 standards, h reduced 1973 revenues by \$45 billid In the context of an end to the Na Deal philosophy, it should be noted th that \$45 billion (equal to around \$ billion in 1977 dollars) went displ portionately to the middle and upp classes.

As we all know, worse was yet come. A chastened Walter Heller sa last year, "What couldn't happen he did." The worst recession since t Thirties, accompanied by inflation, vi lated the conventional Keynesian w dom. Not only had the classic busine cycle survived the New Economics, t political business cycle was now piled top of it. In August 1971, Richard N on had put in effect controls, devalu tion of the dollar, and rapid budg stimulus, policies designed to ensure l reelection in 1972. Then, almost soon as the ballots were counted, Nix ended these policies as abruptly as had begun them. The inherent pro lems of the economy were thus exac bated by "stop-go" electoral politi The optimistic assumptions of the S ties were in a shambles.

By 1976, many of Jimmy Carte economic advisers were sounding li conservative Republicans. In June that year, Charles Schultze managed turn several Democratic Congressm against the Humphrey-Hawkins full-e ployment bill even though their par platform committee had just una mously endorsed its principles. In t same month, he surveyed the econor for Brookings and found that the would be no monies for expansion innovation in federal programs for t next five years. Schultze could not sol the problem of unemployment, but could redefine it. The "full-employme unemployment rate" had been set at



ent by Kennedy, 4 percent by son. Schultze in effect proposed a 1g it at 5 percent, a move which d rewrite the problems of almost llion people out of existence.

e labor market, Schultze and his agues argued, had become two difit labor markets. When the general aployment rate reached 5.5 peradult white males were in short ly, and the competition for their ces bid up wages; corporations, ncreasing prices, then passed that along to the consumer. At the same there would be an abundance of ass women and youths (and, I ld add, minorities). If one used itional fiscal measures to help the cers in that second group, then the of those in the first group would arough the ceiling, and prices along it. The females, the young, and nonwhite, they claimed, would have e helped by special training prons, not by Keynesian macroecoic policies. How that could be done an unemployment level twice as 1 as that of the Sixties-when such grams were shown to have ambiguresults-was not explained. It looks much like several million people isproportionately recruited from most vulnerable citizens in the na--are being assigned to a human use heap.

LL THIS clearly involves a major revision of fundamental New Deal hopes as they were expressed by Roosevelt, ıman, Kennedy, and Johnson, Some y see these tactics as a strategic reat rather than a portent of the end the New Deal, but Gerald Ford's 1e-duck economic report in January 77 belies such an optimistic interpreion. In it, his Council of Economic visers made one point with illumiing candor. "Although an explicit inition is difficult," it said, "the fullployment unemployment rate is genilly understood to mean the lowest e of unemployment attainable, unr the existing institutional structures, it will not result in accelerated intion" (my emphasis).

The New Deal was in fact built upon exceedingly conservative premise: the undation of the economy is sound.

government would not allocate reurces, or even intervene too much in

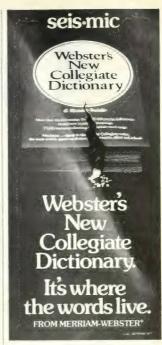
redistributing wealth. Rather, it would simply use fiscal and monetary policy to influence savings, investment, and demand in a way that would permit corporate capitalism to work on its own. The resultant economic growth would increase the size of the pie and make battles over the relative size of the slices irrelevant. In the ideological optimism of the Sixties-which, more often than not, masqueraded as antiideology-economics was no longer a zero-sum game, in which the winners take from the losers. Now perpetual growth, stable prices, and effortless fiscal dividends would make everyone happy, and the class struggle would be forgotten.

The Carter Administration has utterly abandoned this idvll. Its theorists, like Schultze, have come up with a disillusioned liberal version of the Marxist thesis that capitalism requires a reserve army of the unemployed. That means, as they themselves sometimes acknowledge, that there are no monies to revive the dving cities of the Northeast and the industrial Midwest, to wage war on poverty, to aid the wretched of the Third World. It also means that Franklin Delano Roosevelt's last campaign promise, made in 1944, that every American has a right to a job, cannot be redeemed.

These liberals in retreat from New Deal liberalism are right—if the "existing institutional structure" is sacred. One way of resolving this situation is to give up any attempt to achieve the New Deal goals, and blur that lack of will by juggling statistics. Another way is to adopt a redistributionist tax program. The cities could be restored by imaginative national economic planning including democratic control of investment.

The problem is, such measures are a direct challenge to the corporate domination of the economy. Thus far the Carter Administration has avoided the merest hint of such a tactic. Schultze. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, and Budget Director Thomas Lance have been designing all programs to "win the confidence" of business. The zero-sum game is, in short, back with a vengeance, with the youth, women, and minorities the losers. The political idealism of the last generation is being sacrificed to "existing institutional structures."

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1977



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Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
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Brand K Monthol	1.7	1.4

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	tar mg cigarette	n cotine mig digarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
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Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
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Brand V	10	0.7
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Harper's

THE TRAFFIC (LEGAL AND ILLEGAL) IN GUNS

How an unregulated industry profits at the expense of public safety

by Steven Brill

VERY TWO-AND-A-HALF minutes someone in the United States is robbed at gunpoint, and every forty minutes someone else is murdered with a gun. weapons find their way into the hands of criminals in a manner that almost nobody erstands. Made in factories owned and rated by the most secretive industry in the ntry, the guns move through various marand delivery systems, all of them obscure. h year police seize about 250,000 handis and long guns (rifles and shotguns) from ple they arrest. Given the number of guns t the manufacturers produce each year (2.5) lion long guns and 4 million handguns) the ply-and-demand equation works against hope of an orderly society. The police pick one handgun every two minutes, while the tories send out replacements at the rate of ter than four a minute.

The figures of 2.5 million long guns and 4

million handguns represent nothing more than informed guesses. Nobody knows how many guns are being made, imported, or sold each year. The gun companies don't publish the figures, and despite the obvious effect of guns on American life the government remains content to let the firearms industry conduct its business in secret. In a country that keeps public count of almost everything else-from the sales of candy bars to the returns on paperback books-the absence of statistics about guns constitutes what might be called a violent anomaly. The general ignorance about the number of guns being sold is compounded by the specific ignorance about what kinds of guns are being sold, who makes the profits, how the guns get shipped, how many get stolen, how and where they go, and to whom.

Recently I directed a study of this subject for the Police Foundation in Washington. By examining a sample of guns seized by police Steven Brill, a former contributing editor of New York magazine, recently completed a study on frearms abuse for the Police Foundation. He is now writing a book on the Teamsters union.

Steven Brill THE TRAFFIC (LEGAL AND ILLEGAL) IN GUAS

from criminals in nine major cities, the study challenged one of the cherished articles of faith about crime in the U.S. For years, the gospel according to legislators proposing "reasonable gun control" has been that "Saturday-night specials"-cheap, small handguns-are the typical guns used in crime. It has always been accepted that "good guns," like "nice girls," "didn't do that sort of thing." But in the nine cities of the study, Smith and Wesson-a maker of high-quality handguns-produced the weapon used in crimes more often than any other brand. Its guns accounted for 11.3 percent of the sample. Colt, another maker of high-quality weapons, was second, with 11.2 percent. And RG Industries—a Saturday-nightspecial company—was third, with 8.8 percent.

By tracing the history of many of these guns, the Police Foundation study also emphasized the need to control two kinds of gun black markets. First, there is the black market in stolen guns, which, the study estimated, accounts for 20 to 30 percent of all guns now used in crime. Whether stolen by postal workers or truck pilferers who grab a dozen at a time, or by the burglar who walks off with the gun a family keeps on a night table, the guns usually make their way to street dealers. These may typically be heroin dealers who sell guns on the side, or operators of bars or after-hours clubs (mostly in ghettos) who will sell anything on the side. The second black market offers handguns purchased in states, often Southern states, that have no restrictions on who can buy them. The guns are then brought to states that do have restrictions and are sold underground by the same street dealers.

Collecting information about the gun industry is more than a matter of morbid curiosity. It becomes impossible to make laws about guns if nobody knows what types of people are buying or using what types of guns, or where they get them. Specific information is a prerequisite to any effective law-enforcement attempt to turn off the spigot now so efficiently supplying the nation's criminals, lunatics, and domestic quarrelers. We can't turn the gun spigot off if the only parts of the pipeline we can see are the branches at the very end. We have to look at the front end-at the reservoirs and at the

arteries that supply the guns.

The secret numbers

NDER FEDERAL LAW, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms is supposed to monitor and regulate the gunmakers. ATF has the authority to require, and make public, any and all information having to do with their sales. This kind of information would be a godsend to ATF agents and local police trying to break up gun running operations and keep criminals fron getting guns. The current federal law is weak but it does forbid the sale of stolen guns or the black-market movement of guns across state lines; and it could be at least partially enforced if ATF got better information from the indus try, and used it effectively.

The Police Foundation study of ATF last year found an agency so underfunded, undermanned, and undermined by a Nixon-Ford White House reluctant to offend gun owners or gunmakers that it had neither the inclination nor the capacity to do any aggressive work in this area. In the words of Rex Davis, director of ATF, "We just haven't had the resources to do these things." This is true, but an industry-oriented perspective hasn't helped either. ATF has been so lax about its job that until 1973, it didn't even ask the gunmakers to report how many guns they were making Then, when ATF decided it wanted the information, the companies were allowed to volunteer it rather than being required to provide it according to the law. The trick here was that, in return for volunteering the numbers the companies won a promise that ATF would keep the information secret. Four years later ATF has yielded only to the extent of providing the Police Foundation with a rank order ing of the top ten firearms manufacturers by sales volume, still leaving out the actual numbers.

So, the way things stand, anyone who wants to get the most basic information about any of the gun companies faces a stone wall. For this article and for others in the past I have called every one of the major handgun and long-gun companies, some of which are subsidiaries of such major publicly held conglomerates as Du Pont (Remington Arms), Olin (Winchester), and Colt Industries (Colt Firearms). I have never received anything more than a "no comment" on any question. Other reporters have had the same experience.

Nor has Congress fared much better. In June of 1975, the House Judiciary Committee Subcommittee on Crime attempted to gather rudimentary information on the gun industry, John Convers, the subcommittee chairman, sent the president of each handgun company (just manufacturers of handguns, not of rifles or shotguns) a letter asking for basic production and sales data and any available information about thefts. According to a subcommittee report, many of the companies didn't respond at all, and only twelve of thirty-two manufact turers "responded satisfactorily." To get ever

ose twelve to respond, Conyers had to prome that the responses would be kept secret. onyers played this game rather than simply ibpoena the information because he knew e gun companies were powerful enough to event his committee the same group that ought down a sitting President-from voting give him the subpoena power.

Inside a gun factory

G INDUSTRIES, the nation's major producer of Saturday-night specials and the third-largest-volume handgun company in the country, according to hat ATF told the Police Foundation, has its ctory and headquarters in Miami. Report-'s who have tried to find out about RG have en notoriously unsuccessful. When they call, ey are not even given a polite—or even an apolite—"no comment." The phone simply icks dead as soon as they identify themselves. G's response in 1975 to Congressman Coners was not much different: it replied to s letter two months later through Peter Clouet, 1 "administrative assistant," who informed onvers that his request would be reviewed at our upcoming management meeting." The bcommittee never heard from RG again.

One rainy morning last March, I decided to "Nobody knows try a different approach. I drove through the warehouse section of northwest Miami near the airport, turned onto Northwest Twentieth Street, and kept going till I reached the white stucco building at number 2485. RG Industries is not the sprawling munitions factory one might expect from the nation's numberthree handgun company—just the opposite. It looks forbidding because it is so small, so underground, so fly-by-night-looking. The entire building is about 100 feet square, and not more than one story high, except in one side area. The two street sides of the factory are windowless cement walls, marked only by a discreet sign, "Rohm Tool Company-RG Industries," and by red-stenciled "Keep Out," "Employees Only," and "No Admittance" notices every ten or fifteen feet.

Around back, a barbed-wire fence encloses what seems to be the plant's only entrance. Inside that fence, another fence-also barbed wire-encircles the white cement walls of the main building and the shorter walls of a tiny, one-window bungalow off to the side. The only gap in the barbed wire is filled by an electric

The gate was ajar. I walked into the bungalow. As I opened the door, a woman working at an adding machine looked up. "Yes, how many guns are being made. imported, or sold each year. The gun companies don't publish the figures, and the government remains content to let them conduct their business in secret."



Steven Brill THE TRAFFIC (LEGAL AND ILLEGAL) IN GIVE

I'd like to see Mr. Malekoffs," I said, referring to the man who the switchboard operator had sid the day before was the company president. She pointed to a door behind me leading to the main building.

There, another woman at another adding machine in a room with three desks and three adding machines listened to my story. It went something like this: "My name is Steve Brill. I'm from New York, and I just inherited a rather large sporting-goods store up there in Nassau County about a month ago. It belonged to my father-in-law, but, unfortunately, he passed away. The store has never carried handguns before, but we've been thinking about taking them in." "Yes," she broke in. seeming uninterested. "And," I continued, "I happened to be down here on vacation, and I remembered that I'd heard that RG was a major manufacturer of self-protection products. So I thought, with the rain and all, I'd stop by just to get some information." She took three or four very long seconds to respond. Her face softened into a smile. "I am very sorry to hear about your father-in-law. Sit down over here, and someone will be with you in a moment." Before she finished her third word, the one thing that registered was that she was speaking with a thick German accent.

I sat down at a small round table off to the side. As I waited, I studied the black-andwhite pictures along the walls-photos of some kind of factory assembly line. Ten minutes later, a tanned, pleasant-looking man in a pink rayon, half-open shirt came down the stairway at the back of the room. He smiled and introduced himself. No German in his accent, just some newly acquired Florida South. "Hi, I'm Bruce Savane, the head salesman here at RG. How can I help you?"

I repeated the story. For the next forty-five minutes Savane could not have been more cooperative. First he pulled out an RG price list. "Our most popular model," he began, "is this RG Fourteen. The listed wholesale price. your cost, is \$21.80. The suggested retail price is \$30.50. So you can do pretty well on these." "Not bad," I noted. Then began the fishing expedition: "Seems like a real good price. Easily affordable. I bet you sell a lot of them. Are they popular?" "Well," Savane answered casually, not aware he was spilling the beans on one of his company's most carefully guarded secrets, "we sold 190,000 Model Fourteens last year. They're a popular nightstand model." he added, and then explained that a "nightstand model is something you'd keep near your bed at night." He also noted one of the gun's special attributes: "If your store is anywhere near a ghetto area, these ought to sell real wel This is most assuredly a ghetto gun."

He proceeded with an offhand résumé of the special qualities of most of the dozen mod els on the list. He could have been discussin the pros and cons of toasters. Then he cam to the RG .25 automatic, a two-and-a-half-inc pistol. He shook his head and said: "Thi sells real well, but, between you and me, it such a piece of crap I'd be afraid to fire th

I shifted the discussion to the question of whether "all the talk about laws banning Sa urday-night specials" might affect my invest ment if I bought RG's products. "Well, it's in teresting you mention that," Savane began "Right after the Carter election our sale dropped off because Carter had talked about gun control. You know, our dealers were afrai they'd be stuck with guns they wouldn't be a lowed to sell. But now that he's been in fo a few months, and hasn't said anything, an doesn't look like he's going to do anythin about it, our sales have picked right up. S we're back to where we were last year-whic is that we really can't make enough guns t meet our demand."*

We talked for a while more about problem with gun-control legislation, Savane express ing the view that although "my wife won let me have a gun in the house," he does no feel uncomfortable about his job because h knows that "for every gun we make that's use in a crime, hundreds more are made that ar used for self-protection."

Soon I began to fidget around as if I ha to leave. I played it well enough to make th next question seem like an afterthought. " hate to take any more of your time," I sai as I stood up. "Oh no, that's okay. I'm gla to be helpful. Is there anything else I can do? "Well, actually, there is one thing I woul love. Do you think I might have a quick loo at the factory? I've never seen one." "C course. I'd be glad to show it to you."

E STEPPED THROUGH a solid me al door into a high-ceilinged windowless, gray room, mayb twenty-five by sixty feet. Four men and two women, one of them happil singing to herself, sat at separate tables, eac adding a different part to a gun frame an passing it down to the next person.

Federal law in 1968 outlawed the importa

^{*} Savane may be wrong. The word at the Justic Department is that President Carter will soon follow up on his campaign pledge by proposing legislatio to ban most handguns, including all RG products.

tion of cheap, low-quality handguns. To get around the law, places like RG simply import the low-grade metal parts and put the guns ogether here. The entire left wall of the factory, alongside the workmen's-compensation totice printed in Spanish for the apparently ill-Cuban assembly line, was lined with bins of gun parts—barrels, cylinders, grips, firing pins, nuts, and bolts.

"Today, we're making RG Fourteens," Sazane explained, picking up a dark-blue metal product still glistening with the grease that had been used to ease the parts together. I took he gun. It bore the serial number L607016. In the box where it was about to be placed a ittle green slip from RG read in part: "This rearm is surrendered by us with the express inderstanding that we assume no responsibility for its sale or use under local laws or regulations. We assume no liability for physical inury or property damage which may result from its use."

I used a compliment to fish for more information: "This is quite an efficient little operaion you have. How many guns do you put out every day?" "Oh, we can put out 400 or 500 a day here." After estimating that RG and "about thirty employees," he went on to provide the company's overall sales figures: 'I'd guess RG sold in the neighborhood of 350,000 guns last year. But that includes a nigh percentage of guns that come over complete from our German factory [under the name of Rohm] and are, therefore, not made here but just distributed from here. We're a subsidiary of a German tool company called Rohm," he explained. "They make guns and tools. The pictures you saw on the walls inside were taken at their factory in Germany."

(A few weeks later I learned from ATF that RG had told ATF that it had sold only about 100,000 guns in 1976. I called Savane, using the pretext of thanking him for all his help, to find out whether he was just boasting with his 350,000 estimate, "because it seems so good." He confirmed his numbers. Asked to comment on the discrepancy, an ATF spokesman said, "We'll investigate it if you print it.")

Completing his survey, Savane pointed to a room full of wide metal shelves off to the side at the far end of the factory room. "That's our inventory room," he explained. "Looks as if you have a lot of guns there," I commented. "Oh yeah, we usually have about 50,000 guns on hand. But we're down to almost 28,000 because sales have been so good." He pointed out a United Parcel Service truck that was backed onto a loading dock that apparently opened from the storeroom out to the street. "We try to ship by UPS whenever possible. If

you send guns through the U.S. mail, they get stolen. UPS is a little better." The truck pulled away, and I noticed that the door was still up and that no one seemed to be watching the five or six large boxes holding a dozen or more guns each—well within arm's reach of the opening to the street. "What about thefts?" I asked. "Yeah, that's a real problem. But we try to keep it to a minimum."

As he walked me to the gate, he laughed, shook his head, and pointed out another security problem. "The reason we don't have the gate locked is that the girl who sits at the window [in the bungalow] buzzes everyone in anyway. Why, last week this really scruffy, bearded black guy came to the gate holding a gun. She buzzed him right in. Well, it turned out he only wanted his gun fixed, but he could have been here to knock over the place and take all the guns." With that, we said our good-byes, and I drove off.

AVANE HAD EXPLAINED that because RG did not sell directly to dealers, I'd have to buy my guns through a distributor. He recommended Valor Imports, just a few blocks away. There, after hearing the story, a Mrs. Goldstein explained, "We have the cheapest prices anywhere." Indeed, Valor was offering, among other things (including Mace, knives, and CB radios), the RG Fourteen for only \$17.50, well below RG's wholesale list price of \$21.80 and the retail list of \$30.50.

Although less talkative than Savane, Mrs. Goldstein did note that the Southern United States was the region where most of her guns went, but that "we really don't keep track of that." I asked about delivery. "Just mail us an order with a certified copy of your dealer license, and you'll have your guns in about five days," she responded cheerfully. "You'll be surprised how many you'll sell. And good luck in your new business."

Śavane had mentioned Rohm Tool Company's oversight of its American subsidiary ("Mr. Rohm was here just yesterday," he noted nervously), so I tried to find out something about the German toolmaker. Through German banking and brokerage firms in New York, I learned that Rohm is headquartered in southern Germany. It has factories in Germany, Brazil, and Indonesia, and export customers in many countries, including the United States. Worldwide sales last year were about \$270 million. Three brothers own the company. Heinrich Rohm is the corporate president, as well as president of the RG subsidiary, Helmut and Gunther Rohm are the tech-

"Federal law outlaws the importation of cheap, low-quality handguns. To get around the law, places like RG simply import the parts and put the guns together here."

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nical managers and corporate vice-presidents. None of the brothers responded to my phone calls. Since the company is privately owned, it does not have to reveal profits or any other information.

If we assume that the samples used in the Police Foundation study roughly approximate the criminal arsenal, we can estimate that RG guns are used in about 8.8 percent of the crimes committed with guns in the United States each year. This would mean that products shipped from the white stucco factory in Miami were used to kill, assault, or rob about 30,000 Americans in 1975. More than three people an hour.

Breakfast at the Carlyle

T 8:30 ONE MORNING last spring, David Wallace-six foot six, with perfectly trimmed white hair, and wearing a three-piece black suit—walked through the elegant lobby of the Carlyle hotel as if he belonged there. Which he does. Trained at Yale College and Harvard Law School, he is a member of the Yale Club, the Greenwich (Connecticut) Country Club, the Greenwich Skating Club, and the Pinnacle Club. He is the chairman of the board of Greenwich Academy. He is also chairman of the board and president of Bangor Punta Corporation, a conglomerate that owns an airplane company (Piper), a boat company (Starcraft), an agribusiness (Producers Cotton Oil Company), and the nation's largest cement manufacturer (Lone Star). Bangor Punta also owns, and Wallace runs, a gun company called Smith and Wesson.

If RG Industries is the seamy side of the gun business, Smith and Wesson and David Wallace are the class of the field. Smith and Wesson was founded in 1852 by D.B. Wesson, and one Wesson or another ran the company for its first ninety-four years. Smith and Wesson handguns are some of the best made. Bangor Punta's glossy annual reports boast that Smith and Wessons were used by the Union Army in the Civil War; that today they're the official sidearm of forty-nine of fifty state police departments; and that the company operates two training academies, at no profit, to teach police from around the country how to use its products.

Since Bangor Punta, an old sugar company turned conglomerate, bought Smith and Wesson in 1965, the gun company has diversified into Mace, tear gas, blood-alcohol analyzers (to detect drunk drivers), holsters, ammunition, and other related products. There are now 2,300 Smith and Wesson employees; la year they produced \$74 million in sales, which returned a hefty 21.7 percent profit of \$1 million—up nearly 17 percent over 1975. The Wessons can rest easy. Under the direction of David Wallace—a no-nonsense captain of industry and World War II hero—their company is in good hands.

You don't have to lie your way into Davi Wallace's factory to talk to someone at Smit and Wesson for a magazine article. Wallach himself will talk to you over sausages and ego

at the Carlyle.

We began with pleasantries—prep school the weather, the differences between living New York and the suburbs. Then we got dow to guns. Wallace refused to be quoted direct! I accepted the condition. At least he was taling to a reporter, which is, to my knowledg something no other gun-company executivhas ever agreed to do. Smith and Wesson wone of the twelve companies that had responed to Congressman Conyers of the Subcommittee on Crime; it had answered his questionfully. Like all the others, however, it had is sisted that its replies be kept secret. No Wallace was about to tell me much of whis company had told Conyers.

He explained that Smith and Wesson make about 450,000 handguns a year for domest use. Of these, about 30 percent are sold to lar enforcement agencies and individual policofficers. As with RG, domestic civilian domand for Smith and Wesson products exceed the company's capacity to make themmuch so, in fact, that many dealers sell the guns for higher than the suggested retained.

The discussion shifted from volume to pro its. If the listed price of a gun is \$175, Wallac explained, the dealer probably paid \$150 ft it, the Smith and Wesson distributor probabpaid \$135 for it, and it cost Smith and Wesso \$100 to make and market.

Wallace described the security system Smith and Wesson uses to prevent theft. As I explained, and as I later confirmed with police and ATF officials, employees at the company Springfield, Massachusetts, factory—the city largest employer-are checked by metal d tectors as they come and go. Anyone wh doesn't work there does not get beyond the first of two fences at the factory. The are between the fences and the factory is flood when the sun goes down, and is patrolled I guards twenty-four hours a day. Wallace al maintained that the company has an efficie record-keeping system for keeping track where its guns are shipped so that police ca trace one if they need to. And he said that the mpany is eager, as a matter of highest iority, to respond to any police request for formation.

AVID WALLACE DRESSES, walks, talks, and administers like the proud keeper of old-line American values that he is. But there is also a tough streak of lependence in him. And lately that has gotten n into trouble with America's gun lovers, :luding some at his own company.

Wallace's philosophy on guns, as he exfined it for the remainder of our breakfast, that the commonsense approach to gun conil is for the government to treat guns like rs, or like the Piper airplanes his company ikes: require a license for those who want own them. It's not a terribly radical ideatainly nothing close to what those who would n civilian gun ownership altogether want to . But Wallace's unabashed public advocacy the idea has driven many gun owners and the gun companies to near hysterics.

Wallace and Bangor Punta have been on cord for several years as favoring licensing. it it first became a major controversy in the n world last year, when, ironically enough, nith and Wesson led an effort to defeat a n-control proposal in Massachusetts. When n-control advocates in that state got a refendum banning all civilian ownership of ndguns onto the 1976 Election Day ballot, allace paid for advertisements arguing for s licensing system as a realistic alternative. s campaign probably did more than anying else to defeat the ban.

The gun lobby and the gun companies, hower, didn't appreciate his work at all. First, allace had got into the fight so openly; the her companies simply gave quietly to a dumy opposition organization, while he identid Smith and Wesson in every ad he paid r. Then he had actually suggested an altertive that gave some ground to the gun-con-

ol people. This was treason.

At our breakfast, Wallace refused to discuss any way what happened subsequently, beuse, as he explained, he doesn't want to em like a hero or a crusader. What did hapn was that the National Rifle Associationat king of the anti-gun-control groupsged its several million members to boycott nith and Wesson products. Gun dealers took irt, telling customers of Smith and Wesson's t of treachery. To hurt the company on anothflank, the gun lobby also urged sportsmen of to buy the parent company's Piper planes Starcraft boats. Letters were written to outde members of Bangor Punta's board of

directors saying that the companies they "Many gun worked for would be boycotted unless they had Wallace fired. And the other gun companies-many of whose top executives had told Wallace in private meetings that they admired his stand but couldn't go along just yet -publicly attacked him and privately urged their sales forces to exploit Smith and Wesson's new vulnerability by stressing the company's "anti-gun" stand.

Sales on Smith and Wesson guns were not noticeably affected, since demand always exceeds the supply to the civilian market. But the company began to fear that the boycott might hurt its other products: holsters, ammunition, Mace. So Wallace has recently pulled back a little, saying that while Bangor Punta still favors licensing, it won't lobby or do

anything else to achieve it.

Another aspect of Wallace's troubles is the gulf between Smith and Wesson in Springfield and Wallace's Bangor Punta parent company, headquartered in Greenwich. The Smith and Wesson people at the decades-old complex in Springfield reflect the hard-line attitude of all the other gun companies. As one source at the Greenwich headquarters put it, "Dave is dragging them along kicking and screaming into the twentieth century." When I tried to confirm the sales volume and cost figures Wallace had given me, I was told by the Greenwich office that the Springfield people didn't want to give them out and that I'd have to settle for whatever Wallace had estimated so casually on a scrap of paper over breakfast. Nor could I obtain a copy of Smith and Wesson's reply to Congressman Convers's questionnaire, which contained the same basic information, but formally and more exactly, in writing. Wallace simply isn't in a position to push his people even that far.

Indeed, whatever Wallace's intentions, Smith and Wesson is not at all a model of corporate responsibility. For example, the Police Foundation found that many gun thefts each year from Smith and Wesson and its shippers and distributors never get reported. Smith and Wesson might try harder than RG, but the Police Foundation study found that recordkeeping, even there, is bad enough that 10 to 15 percent of all federal or local police attempts to trace Smith and Wesson guns used in crimes back to whoever might have purchased them never get beyond the factory, where Smith and Wesson employees report that the records are missing. In the gun business, not being as bad as everyone else does

not mean you are good.

There is a horrible bottom-line irony in Smith and Wesson's being the least irrespon-

thefts each year from Smith and Wesson and its shippers and distributors never get reported."

Steven Brill THE TRAFFIC (LEGAL AND ILLEGAL) IN GUNS sible of the gunmakers. Police records show that Smith and Wesson guns are used in more crimes than any other brand. If the Police Foundation's sample is accurate, in 1975 products shipped from the Springfield factory murdered, assaulted, or robbed some 38,000 people. About four an hour.

In 1968 Bangor Punta moved its corporate headquarters from New York City to Greenwich, Connecticut. Among the reasons for the move was that the employees were concerned about urban crime.

Commonsense suggestions

AVID WALLACE MAY BE the model of corporate rectitude and responsibility. But his company isn't, It's not doing enough on its own to cope with the danger its products pose, nor is the government requiring it to do enough. And all the other companies, from Colt down to RG, are doing less, while trying to pull Wallace back down to their level.

It is sheer suicide that our police, our legislators, and the rest of us know nothing about how guns are being marketed: who's selling them and who's buying them, where and for how much.

Information and cooperation from the gun companies could really help the police. Rather than wait forever for federal laws to be changed so that all states will screen purchasers of guns, ATF could, under current law, make the gun companies give us back something for the \$600 million in sales and \$100 million in profits they probably took in last year. (Of course, that, too, is just a rough estimate; no one knows for sure.) We need, above all, an absolutely reliable count of how many guns each manufacturer is producing and selling. Without it, we're left in the dark about how many guns are out there and what kinds-cheap, expensive, large, small-they are. If we don't know anything about the guns that are being sold, we can't decide rationally on any new legislation that would curb the sale of certain kinds of them.

Federal proposals for licensing or for a ban on handguns include provisions to buy back all handguns at their market value. Yet we have no idea how much this will cost since we don't know how many are out there, or what they sold for. We can't make up for past years' ignorance, but we ought to be able to start counting now.

Beyond that, manufacturers should be forced HARPER'S to provide a state-by-state sales breakdown, and AFT should be given the computer and planning resources necessary to use it. Wil this information, ATF could develop a r tional strategy for enforcing the 1968 feder law's prohibition of interstate black market ing: it could concentrate resources where t most guns are being sold. If we knew ti sales patterns of manufacturers like RG ar distributors like Valor, we could discove for example, those places in the South or Mi west where retail sales are so out of propo tion with population that they must be t center for gunrunning operations to place where local controls on retail sales are stron

Similarly, common sense dictates that AT should require manufacturers, their shipper their distributors, and their dealers to repo thefts. Police should be given a crack at sol ing such thefts and the chance to learn abo the patterns and methods involved in the

Thefts now supply 20 to 30 percent of a guns used in crimes. No one is doing anything about that. Forcing manufacturers, shipper and dealers to take security precautions wou be another effective way of riding herd on t gun business.

One day a detective I was with in a ballisti room punched his own gun's serial numb into the FBI nationwide computer that kee track of stolen, wanted, or confiscated pro erty. He got back a report that his gun w being held by another policeman in anoth city in a robbery case. His point was simpl the serial-numbering system for guns and t effort to keep track of stolen or wanted gu on the FBI computer is a shambles. This because many manufacturers have duplica numbers, and none has a consistent syste of numbering. To change that, ATF show force manufacturers to adopt a standard s tem of serial numbering, as is now done wi automobiles.

We could even begin to force the gun co panies to make other, more sophisticated effor to help the police. For example, we mig consider making them develop some kind chemical with which they can "seed" the guns or their ammunition so that guns can easily and reliably detected in public place

All these small steps toward sanity are p sible if we force the people who profit fro America's freewheeling gun traffic to be ope accountable, and fully responsive to lawforcement needs. If we're going to contin to allow the RGs or the Smith and Wessons make guns at all for civilian use, we ought at least demand that they become partners the effort to curb the carnage their weapo cause. When we think of people murdered robbed at gunpoint, we have to start thinki of brand names.

SEPTEMBER 1977



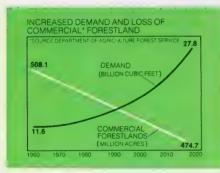
A report on how the forest industry is working to get twice as much wood from America's commercial forests. Year after year. Forever.

Wood is one of the world's most valuable resources.

It's America's busiest building material. It's also the basic ingredient in pulp, packaging and a thousand other products—right down to the paper this ad is printed on.

More Wood From Less Land.

But while world demand for wood is increasing, the amount of land available for commercial forests* is shrinking. Some of it has been set aside for parks and wilderness areas. Much of it has been turned into farms, freeways and new developments.



The chart above shows that U.S. consumption of all wood and paper products will double in less than 50 years. Thus the reason behind Operation Double Tree—the forest industry's name for intensive forest management that can double the amount of wood grown on a given piece of land. And do it in such a way that the forest remains a valuable part of the ecosystem.

*Commercial forest is described as that portion of the total forest which is capable of, and available for, growing trees for harvest. Parks, wilderness and primitive areas are not included.

The two Douglas firs to the right grew in the forests of the Cascade Mountains of Washington State. Both were harvested when they were 25 years old. The difference is, the larger one grew in an Operation Double Tree area, while the smaller one did not.

Double Tree is ambitious and is already working.

All across the U.S., forest product companies are working to double forest yield. In Oregon and Washington, forest product companies are predicting





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T.H. WHITE

THE PASSING OF CAMELOT

The Book of Merlyn, written in 1941 and only now published by the University of Texas Press, is the fifth and final volume of The Once and Future King, T.H. White's retelling of the Arthurian legend. The manuscript was discovered a few years ago in the University of Texas Humanities Research Center in Austin, which had acquired White's

private library. In The Book of Merlyn White presents a sequence of strenuous arguments against the folly of war, which perhaps explains the reluctance of his publisher to bring out the book in the midst of the Battle of Britain. At the time the publisher explained that the paper shortage induced by the war prevented the production of so long a book.

Most of The Book of Merlyn consists of a discourse on war, conducted by Arthur and the old magician on the night before the battle of Salisbury Plain and Arthur's last encounter with his bastard son, Mordred. In the hope of finding a solution to the problem of man's aggression, Arthur speaks not only with Merlyn but also with the animals among whom, as a child in Book I of the novel, he had served his apprenticeship as a future king. The conversation takes place in Badger's Combination Room, a den furnished with stately chairs and mahogany fans.

Thousands of books of all descriptions ("Thierry and Pinnow and Gibbon and Sismondi and Duruy and Prescott and Parkman and Jusserand and d'Alton and Tacitus and Smith and Trevelyan and Herodotus and Dean Milman and MacAllister and Geoffrey of Monmouth and Wells and Clausewitz and Giraldus Cambrensis...") are scat-

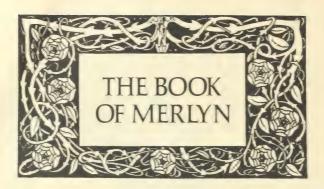
tered on the floor and tables, lying open to mark significant passages and all covered with a fine layer of dust. Present during the long night of talk are Merlyn, Badger. Archimedes the owl.

Badger, Archimedes the owl,
T. natrix the grass snake,
the merlin hawk Balin,
Goat, Hedgehog the urchin,
and Cavall the hound. This
"Committee on Might in Man"
begins by attempting to define
man (Part I in the following text).
After that preliminary discussion.

Merlyn changes Arthur into an ant among ants (in order that he may understand the totalitarian state) and then into a goose among geese (to bear witness to the pacific life of anarchy). When Arthur returns from these transformations the argument reaches its climax (Part II of the following text).

The closing passages of the book describe Arthur's death in battle with Mordred and, with his death, the passing of Camelot.

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PART I



ELL ME," said King Arthur happily, for these high matters seemed to be taking him far from Mordred and Lancelot, "what conclusions the committee has come to, for I am sure you have been discussing it, about the human animal?"

"We have found ourselves in difficulty about the name."

"What name?"

"Homo sapiens," explained the grass snake. "It became obvious that sapiens was hopeless as an adjective, but

the trouble was to find another.'

Archimedes said: "Do you remember that Merlyn once told you why the chaffinch was called coelebs? A good adjective for a species has to be appropriate to some peculiarity of it. like that."

"The first suggestion," said Merlyn, "was naturally ferox, since man is the most ferocious of the animals.

"It is strange that you should mention ferox. I was thinking that very word an hour ago. But you are exaggerating, of course, when you say that he is more ferocious than a tiger.'

"I have always found that men were decent on the whole . . .

Merlyn took off his spectacles, sighed deeply, polished them, put them on again, and examined his disciple with curiosity: as if he might at any moment begin to grow some long, soft, furry ears.

"Try to remember the last time you went for a walk," he suggested mildly.

"A walk?

"Yes, a walk in the English country lanes. Here come Homo sapiens, taking his pleasure in the cool of the eve ning. Picture the scene. Here is a blackbird singing is the bush. Does it fall silent and fly away with a curse? Not a bit of it. It sings all the louder and perches on his shoulder. Here is a rabbit nibbling the short grass. Does it rush in terror towards its burrow? Not at all. It hope towards him. Here are field mouse, grass snake, fox, hedge hog, badger. Do they conceal themselves, or accept his presence?

"Why," cried the old fellow suddenly, flaming out with a peculiar, ancient indignation, "there is not a humble an imal in England that does not flee from the shadow of man as a burnt soul from purgatory. Not a mammal, not a fish not a bird. Extend your walk so that it passes by a river bank, and the very fish will dart away. It takes something believe me, to be dreaded in all the elements there are.

"And do not," he added quickly, laving his hand or Arthur's knee, "do not imagine that they fly from the presence of one another. If a fox walked down the lane perhaps the rabbit would scuttle: but the bird in the tree and the rest of them would agree to his being. If a hawk swung by, perhaps the blackbird would cower: but the fox and the others would allow its arrival. Only man, only the earnest member of the Society for the Invention of Cruelty to Animals, only he is dreaded by every living thing."

"But these animals are not what you could really call

wild. A tiger, for instance . . .

Merlyn stopped him with his hand again.

"Let the walk be in the Darkest Indies," he said, "if you like. There is not a tiger, not a cobra, not an elephant in the Afric jungle, but what he flies from man. A few tigers who have gone mad from toothache will attack him, and the cobra, if hard pressed, will fight in self-defense. But if a sane man meets a sane tiger on a jungle path, it is the tiger who will turn aside. The only animals which do not run from man are those which have never seen him, the seals, penguins, dodos, or whales of the Arctic seas, and these, in consequence, are immediately reduced to the verge of extinction. Even the few creatures which prey on man, the mosquito and the parasitic flea: even these are terrified of their host, and keep a

sharp lookout to be beyond his fingers.

"Homo ferox," continued Merlyn, shaking his head, "that rarity in nature, an animal which will kill for pleasure! There is not a beast in this room who would not scorn to kill, except for a meal. Man affects to feel indignation at the shrike, who keeps a small larder of snails etc. speared on thorns: yet his own well-stocked larder is surrounded by herds of charming creatures like the mooning bullock, and the sheep with its intelligent and sensitive face, who are kept solely in order to be slaughtered on the verge of maturity and devoured by their carnivorous herder, whose teeth are not even designed for those of a carnivore. You should read Lamb's letter to Southey. about baking moles alive, and sport with cockchafers, and cats in bladders, and crimping skates, and anglers, those 'meek inflictors of pangs intolerable.' Homo ferox, the Inventor of Cruelty to Animals, who will rear pheasants at enormous expense for the pleasure of killing them: who will go to the trouble of training other animals to kill: who will burn living rats, as I have seen done in Eriu, in order that their shrieks may intimidate the local rodents: who will forcibly degenerate the livers of domestic geese, in order to make himself a tasty food: who will saw the growing horns off cattle, for convenience in transport: who will blind goldfinches with a needle, to make them sing: who will boil lobsters and shrimps alive, although he hears their piping screams: who will turn on his own species in war, and kill nineteen million every hundred years: who will publicly murder his fellow men when he has adjudged them to be criminals: and who has invented a way of torturing his own children with a stick. or of exporting them to concentration camps called Schools, where the torture can be applied by proxy . . . Yes, you are right to ask whether man can properly be described as ferox, for certainly the word in its natural meaning of wild life among decent animals ought never to be applied to such a creature."

"Goodness," said the king. "You seem to lay it on."
But the old magician would not be appeared.

"The reason," he said, "why we felt doubts about us-

ing ferox was that Archimedes suggested that stultus would be more appropriate."

"Stultus? I thought we were intelligent?"

"In one of the miserable wars when I was a younger man," said the magician, taking a deep breath, "it was found necessary to issue to the people of England a set of printed cards which entitled them to food. These cards had to be filled in by hand, before the food could be bought. Each individual had to write a number in one part of the card, his name in another part, and the name of the food-supplier in a third. He had to perform these three intellectual feats—one number and two names—or else he would get no food and starve to death. His life depended on the operation. It was found in the upshot, so far as I recollect, that two-thirds of the population were unable to perform the sequence without mistake. And these people, we are told by the Catholic Church, are to be trusted with immortal souls!"

"Are you sure of the facts?" asked the badger doubtfully.

The old man had the grace to blush.

"I did not note them down," he said, "but they are true in substance, if not in detail. I clearly remember, for instance, that a woman was found standing in a queue for birdseed in the same war, who, upon interrogation, was discovered to possess no birds."

Arthur objected.

"It does not prove very much, even if they were unable to write their three things properly. If they had been any of the other animals, they would not have been able to write at all."

"The short answer to that," replied the philosopher, "is that not a single human being can bore a hole in an acorn with his nose."

"I do not understand."

Well, the insect called Balaninus elephas is able to bore acorns in the way I mention, but it cannot write. Man can write, but cannot bore acorns. These are their own specializations. The important difference is, however, that while Balaninus bores his holes with the greatest efficiency, man, as I have shown you, does not write with any efficiency at all. That is why I say that, species for species, man is more inefficient, more stultus, than his fellow beasts. Indeed, no sensible observer would expect the contrary. Man has been so short a time upon our globe that he can scarcely be expected to have mastered much."

The king had found that he was beginning to feel depressed.

"Did you think of many other names?" he asked.

"There was a third suggestion, made by Badger."
At this the happy badger shuffled his feet with satisfaction, peeped sideways at the company round the corner of his spectacles, and examined his long nails.

"Impoliticus," said Merlyn. "Homo impoliticus. You remember that Aristotle defined us as political animals. Badger suggested examining this, and, after we had looked at his politics, impoliticus seemed to be the only word to use."

"Go on, if you must."

"We found that the political ideas of Homo ferox were

of two kinds: either that problems could be solved by force, or that they could be solved by argument. The antmen of the future, who believe in force, consider that you can determine whether twice two is four by knocking people down who disagree with you. The democrats, who believe in argument, consider that all men are entitled to an opinion, because all are born equal—'I am as good a man as you are,' the first instinctive ejaculation of the man who is not."

"If neither force nor argument can be relied on," said the king, "I do not see what can be done."

"Neither force, nor argument, nor opinion," said Merlyn with the deepest sincerity, "is thinking. Argument is only a display of mental force, a sort of fencing with points in order to gain a victory, not for truth. Opinions are the blind alleys of lazy or of stupid men, who are unable to think. If ever a true politician really thinks a subject out dispassionately, even Homo stultus will be compelled to accept his findings in the end. Opinion can never stand beside truth. At present, however, Homo impoliticus is content either to argue with opinions or to fight with his fists, instead of waiting for the truth in his head. It will take a million years before the mass of men can be called political animals."

"What are we, then, at present?"

"We find that at present the human race is divided politically into one wise man, nine knaves, and ninety fools out of every hundred. That is, by an optimistic observer. The nine knaves assemble themselves under the banner of the most knavish among them, and become 'politicians': the wise man stands out, because he knows himself to be hopelessly outnumbered, and devotes himself to poetry, mathematics, or philosophy; while the ninety fools plod off behind the banners of the nine villains, according to fancy, into the labyrinths of chicanery, malice, and warfare. It is pleasant to have command, observes Sancho Panza, even over a flock of sheep, and that is why the

politicians raise their banners. It is, moreover, the same thing for the sheep whatever the banner. If it is democracy, then the nine knaves will become members of parliament; if fascism, they will become party leaders; if communism, commissars. Nothing will be different, except the name. The fools will be still fools, the knaves still leaders, the result still exploitation. As for the wise man, his lot will be much the same under any ideology. Under democracy he will be encouraged to starve to death in a garret, under fascism he will be put in a concentration camp, under communism he will be liquidated. This is an optimistic but on the whole a scientific statement of the habits of Homo impoliticus."

The king said grimly: "Well, I am sorry. I suppose I had better go away and drown myself. I am cheeky, insignificant, ferocious, stupid, and impolitic. It hardly seems

to be worth our going on."

But at this the animals seemed much upset. They rose in a body, stood round him, fanned him, and offered him drink.

"No," they said. "Really, we were not trying to be rude. Honestly, we were trying to help. There, do not take it to heart. We are sure there must be plenty of humans who are sapiens, and not a bit ferocious. We were telling you these things as a sort of foundation, so as to make it easier to solve your puzzle later. Come now, have a glass of Madeira and think no more about it. Truly, we think that man is the most marvelous creature anywhere, quite the best there is."

And they turned upon Merlyn crossly, saying: "Now look what you have done! This is the result of all your jibber and jabber! The poor king is perfectly miserable, and all because you throw your weight about, and exaggerate, and prattle like a poop!"

Merlyn only replied: "Even the Greek definition anthropos, He Who Looks Up, is inaccurate. Man seldom

looks above his own height after adolescence."



PART II



ow," cried the magician, almost before the king had returned. "Now we can begin to forge ahead with the main idea. We are beginning to see the light at last."

"Give him a chance." said the goat. "He is looking unhappy."

Merlyn swept the sugges-

tion away.

"Unhappy? Nonsense. He is perfectly well. I was saying we could begin to forge

ahead . . ."

"Communism," began the badger, who was shortsighted and wrapped up in the

"No, no. We are finished with the bolsheviks. We can begin to deal with Might. But he must be allowed to think for himself. King, will you choose any animals you please, and I will explain to you why they do or do not go to war?

"There is no deception," he added, leaning forward as if to press the animals upon his hopeless victim, like sweetmeats, with a fascinating smile. "You can have any animals you fancy. Adders, amoebae, antelopes, apes, asses, axolotls . . .

"Suppose he has ants and geese," suggested the badger

nervously. "No, no. Not geese. Geese are too easy. We must be fair, and let him choose what he pleases. Suppose we say

rooks?" "Very well," said the badger. "Rooks."

Merlyn leaned back in his chair, put his fingertips to-

gether, and cleared his throat.

"The first thing," he said, "which we must do before considering examples, is to define the subject. What is war? War, I take it, may be defined as an aggressive use of might between collections of the same species. It must be between collections, for otherwise it is mere assault and battery. An attack of one mad wolf upon a pack of wolves would not be war. And then again, it must be between members of the same species. Birds preying on locusts, cats preying on mice, or even tunny preying on herrings -that is, fish of one species preying upon fish of another-none of these are true examples of war. Thus we see that there are two essentials: that the combatants should be of the one family, and that they should be of a gregarious family. We can therefore begin by dismissing all animals which are not gregarious, before we search for examples of warfare in nature. Having done that, we find ourselves left with large numbers of animals such as starlings, minnows, rabbits, bees, and thousands of others. Upon beginning our search for warfare among these, however, we find a dearth of examples. How many animals can you think of which take concerted aggressive action against groups of their own species?"

Merlyn waited two seconds for the old man to answer,

and continued with his lecture.

"Exactly. You were about to mention a few insects, man, various microbes or blood corpuscles-if these can be said to be of the same species—and then you would have been at a loss. The gross immorality of warfare is, as I mentioned before, an oddity in nature. We sit down, therefore, relieved by this fortunate coincidence of a bundle of data which might have proved too bulky, and we examine the special peculiarities of those species which do engage in hostilities. What do we find? Do we find, as Badger's famous communists would postulate, that it is the species which owns individual property that fights? On the contrary, we find that the warfaring animals are the very ones which tend to limit or to banish individual possessions. It is the ants and bees, with their communal stomachs and territories, and the men, with their national property, who slit each other's throats; while it is the birds, with their private wives, nests, and hunting grounds, the rabbits with their own burrows and stomachs, the minnows with their individual homesteads, and the lyrebirds with their personal treasure houses and ornamental pleasure grounds, who remain at peace. You must not despise mere nests and hunting grounds as forms of property: they are as much a form of property to the animals as a home and business is to man. And the important thing is that they are private property. The owners of private property in nature are pacific, while those who have invented public property go to war. This, you will observe, is exactly the opposite of the totalist doctrine.

"Of course, the owners of private property in nature are sometimes forced to defend their holdings against piracy by other individuals. This rarely results in bloodshed, and men themselves need not fear it, because our king has already persuaded them to adopt the principle of a police

"But you want to object that perhaps the link which binds the warfaring animals together is not the link of nationalism: perhaps they go to war for other reasons—because they are all manufacturers, or all owners of domestic animals, or all agriculturalists like some of the ants, or because they all have stores of food. I need not trouble you with a discussion of possibilities, for you must examine them for yourself. Spiders are the greatest of manufacturers, yet do no battle: bees have no domestic animals or agriculture, yet go to war: many ants who are belligerent have no stores of food. By some such mental process as this, as in finding out the Highest Common Factor in mathematics, you will end with the explanation I have offered: an explanation which is, indeed, self-evident when you come to look at it. War is due to communal property, the very thing advocated by nearly all the demagogues who peddle what they call a New Order.

"I have outrun my examples. We must return to the concrete instances, to examine the case. Let us look at a

rookery

"Here is a gregarious animal like the ant, which lives together with its comrades in airy communities. The rookery is conscious of its nationalism to the extent that it will molest other rooks, from distant congeries, if they attempt to build in its own trees. The rook is not only gregarious but also faintly nationalistic. But the important thing is that it does not make any claim to national property in its feeding grounds. Any adjacent field that is rich

in seed or worms will be frequented not only by the rooks of this community but also by those of all nearby communities, and, indeed, by the jackdaws and pigeons of the neighborhood, without the outbreak of hostilities. The rooks, in fact, do not claim national property except to the minor extent of their nesting site, and the result is that they are free from the scourge of war. They agree to the obvious natural truth.

that access to raw materials must be free to private enterprise.

Then turn to the geese: one of the oldest races, one of the most cultured, one of the best supplied with language. Admirable musicians and poets, masters of the air for millions of years without ever having dropped a bomb, monogamous, disciplined, intelligent, gregarious, moral, responsible, we find them adamant in their belief that the natural resources of the world cannot be claimed by any particular sect or family of their tribe. If there is a good bed of Zostera marina or a good field of stubble. there may be two hundred geese on it today, ten thousand tomorrow. In one skein of geese which is moving from feeding ground to nesting place, we may find white-fronts mingled with pink-feet or greylags or even with the bernicles. The world is free to all. Yet do not suppose that they are communists. Each individual goose is prepared to assault his neighbor for the possession of a rotten potato, while their wives and nests are strictly private. They have no communal home or stomach, like the ants. And these beautiful creatures, who migrate freely over the whole surface of the globe without making claim to any part of it, have never fought a war.

"It is nationalism, the claims of small communities to

parts of the indifferent earth as communal property, which is the curse of man. The petty and driveling advocates of Irish or Polish nationalism: these are the enemies of man. Yes, and the English, who will fight a major war ostensibly for 'the rights of small nations,' while erecting a monument to a woman who was martyred for the remark that patriotism was not good enough, these people can only be regarded as a collection of benevolent imbeciles conducted by bemused crooks. Nor is it fair to pick on the English or the Irish or the Poles. All of us are in it. It is the general idiocy of Homo impoliticus. Aye, and when I speak rudely of the English in this particular, I would like to add at once that I have lived among them during several centuries. Even if they are a collection of imbecile crooks, they are at least bemused and benevolent about it, which I cannot help thinking is preferable to the tyrannous and cynical stupidity of the Huns who fight against them. Make no mistake about that."

"And what," asked the badger politely, "is the practical

solution?"

"The simplest and easiest in the world. You must abolish such things as tariff barriers, passports, and immigration laws, converting mankind into a federation of individuals. In fact, you must abolish nations, and not only nations but states also; indeed, you must tolerate no unit larger than the family. Perhaps it will be necessary to lim-

it private incomes on a generous scale, for fear that very rich people might become a kind of nation in themselves. That the in dividuals should be turned into communists or anything else is quite unnecessary, however, and it is against the laws of nature. Ir the course of a thousand years we should hope to have a common language if we were lucky, but the main thing is that we must make it possible for a man living at Stone

henge to pack up his traps overnight and to seek his fortune without hindrance in Timbuktu...

"Man might become migratory," he added as an afterthought, with some surprise.

"But this would spell disaster!" exclaimed the badger

"Japanese labor.... Trade would be undercut!"

"Fiddlesticks. All men have the same physical structure and need of nourishment. If a coolie can ruin you by living on a bowl of rice in Japan, you had better go to Japan and buy a bowl of rice. Then you can ruin the coolie, who will by then, I suppose be sporting it in London in your Rolls-Royce."

"But it would be the deathblow of civilization! It would

lower the standard of living . . .'

"Fudge. It would raise the coolie's standard of living. If he is as good a man as you are in open competition. or a better one, good luck to him. He is the man we want. As for civilization, look at it."

"It would mean an economic revolution!"

"Would you rather have a series of Armageddons? Nothing of value was ever yet got in this world, my badger, without being paid for."

"Certainly," agreed the badger suddenly, "it seems the

thing to do."

"So there you have it. Leave man to his petty tragedy, if he prefers to embrace it, and look about you at two hundred and fifty thousand other animals. They, at any rate, with a few trifling exceptions, have political sense. It is a straight choice between the ant and the goose, and all our king will need to do, when he returns home, will be to make their situation obvious."

The badger, who was a faithful opponent to all kinds

of exaggeration, objected strongly.

"Surely," he said, "this is a piece of muddled thinking, to say that man may choose between the ants and the geese? In the first place man can be neither, and secondly, as we know, the ants are not unhappy as themselves."

Merlyn covered his argument at once.

"I should not have said so. It was a manner of speaking. Actually there are never more than two choices open to a species: either to evolve along its own lines of evolution, or else to be liquidated. The ants had to choose between being ants or being extinct, and the geese had to choose between extinction and being geese. It is not that the ants are wrong while the geese are right. Antism is right for ants and goosyness is right for geese. In the same way, man will have to choose between being liquidated and being manly. And a great part of being manly lies in the intelligent solution of these very problems of force, which we have been examining through the eyes of other creatures. That is what the king must try to make them see."

Archimedes coughed and said, "Excuse me, Master, but is your backsight clear enough today, to tell us if he will succeed?"

Merlyn scratched his head and wiped his spectacles. "He will succeed in the end," he said eventually. "That I am certain of. Otherwise the race must perish like the American wood-pigeons, who, I may add, were considerably more numerous than the human family, yet became extinct in the course of a dozen years at the end of the nineteenth century. But whether it is to be this time or another is still obscure to me. The difficulty of living backwards and thinking forwards is that you become confused about the present. It is also the reason why one prefers to escape into the abstract."

The old gentleman folded his hands upon his stomach. toasted his feet at the fire, and, reflecting upon his own predicament in Time, began to recite from one of his fa-

vorite authors.

"'I saw,'" he quoted, "'the histories of mortal men of many different races being enacted before my eyes . . . kings and queens and emperors and republicans and patricians and plebeians swept in reverse order across my view ... Time rushed backward in tremendous panoramas. Great men died before they won their fame. Kings were deposed before they were crowned. Nero and the Borgias and Cromwell and Asquith and the Jesuits enjoyed eternal infamy and then began to earn it. My motherland ... melted into barbaric Britain; Byzantion melted into Rome; Venice into Henetian Altino; Hellas into innumerable migrations. Blows fell; and then were struck."

In the silence which succeeded this impressive picture,

the goat returned to an earlier topic.

"He is looking unhappy," said he, "whatever you may

So they looked at the king for the first time since his return, and all fell silent.



E WAS watching them with a feather from Lyó-lyok, his mate while among the geese, in his hand. He held it out unconsciously, his fragment of beauty. He kept them off with it, as if it were a weapon to hold them back.

"I am not going," he said. "You must find another ox to draw for you. Why have you brought me away? Why should I die for man when you speak of him contemptuously yourselves? For it would be death. It is all too

true that people are ferocious and stupid. They have given me every sorrow but death. Do you suppose that they will listen to wisdom, that the dullard will understand and throw down his arms? No, he will kill me for it: kill

me as the ants would have killed an albino.

"And Merlyn," he cried, "I am afraid to die, because I have never had a chance to live! I never had a life of my own, nor time for beauty, and I had just begun to find it. You shew me beauty, and snatch it from me. You move me like a piece at chess. Have you the right to take my soul and twist it into shapes, to rob a mind of its mind?

"Oh, animals, I have failed you, I know. I have betrayed your trust. But I cannot face the collar again, because you have driven me into it too long. Why should I leave Lyó-lyok? I was never clever, but I was patient, and even patience goes. Nobody can bear it all his life."

They did not dare to answer, could think of nothing

to sav.

His feeling of guilt and of love frustrated had made him wretched, so that now he had to rage in self-defense.

"Yes, you are clever. You know the long words and how to juggle with them. If the sentence is a pretty one, you laugh and make it. But these are human souls you are cackling about, and it is my soul, the only one I have, which you have put in the index. And Lyó-lyok had a soul. Who made you into gods to meddle with destiny, or set you over hearts to bid them come and go? I will do this filthy work no longer; I will trouble with your filthy plans no further; I will go away into some quiet place with the goose-people, where I can die in peace.

His voice broke down into that of an old and miserable beggar, as he threw himself back in the chair, covering

his eves with his hands.

The urchin was found to be standing in the middle of

the floor. With his little, purplish fingers clenched into tight fists, with a truculent nose questing for opposition, breathing heavily, bristling with dead twigs, small, indignant, vulgar, and flea-bitten, the hedgehog confronted the committee and faced them down.

"Leave off, wullee?" he demanded. "Stand back.

carnt 'ee? Give ter lad fair play.'

And he placed his body sturdily between them and his hero, prepared to knock the first man down who interfered.

"Ar," he said sarcastically. "A fine parcel of bougers, us do say. A fine picking o' Bumtious Pilates, for to depose of Man. Gibble-gabble, gibble-gabble. But ding the mun as stirs is finger or us busts un's bloudie neck."

Merlyn protested miserably: "Nobody would have wished him to do anything that he did not want..."

The hedgehog walked up to him, put his twitching nose to within an inch of the magician's spectacles, so that he drew back in alarm, and blew in his face.

"Ar," he said. "Nobody wished nuthink never. Excepting for to remember as 'ee mighter wished suthink for

'isself.''

Then he returned to the broken-hearted king, halting at a distance with tact and dignity, because of his fleas.

"Nay, Mëaster," he said. "Tha hast been within too long. Let thee come art along of a nugly hurchin, that tha mayest sniff God's air to thy nostrils, an lay thy head to the boozum o' the earth. Let thee smell a peck of air wi' ter humble mun, an have thy pleasure of the sky."

Arthur held out his hand for the urchin's, who gave it reluctantly, after wiping it on the prickles of his back.



HERE is nothing so wonderful as to be out on a spring night in the country: but really in the latest part of night, and, best of all, if you can be alone. Then, when you can hear the wild world scamper, and the cows chewing just before you tumble over them. and the leaves living secretly. and the nibblings and grass pluckings and the blood's tide in your own veins: when you can see the loom of trees and hills in deeper darkness and the stars twirling in their

oiled grooves for yourself: when there is one light in one cottage far away, marking a sickness or an early riser upon a mysterious errand: when the horse hoofs with squeaking cart behind plod to an unknown market, draging their bundled man, in sacks, asleep: when the dogs chains rattle at the farms, and the vixen yelps once, and the owls have fallen silent: then is a grand time to be alive

and vastly conscious, when all else human is unconscious homebound, bed-sprawled, at the mercy of the midnight mind.

The wind had dropped to rest. The powdery stars ex panded and contracted in the serene, making a sight which would have jingled, if it had been a sound. The great hil which they were climbing rose against the sky, a mirk of majesty, like a horizon which aspired.

The little hedgehog, toiling from tussock to tussock, fel into the marshy puddles with grunts, panted as he strug gled with the miniature cliffs. The weary king gave him a hand at the worst places, hoisting him into a better foot hold or giving him a shove behind, noticing how pathetic and defenseless his bare legs looked from the back.

"Thank 'ee," he said. "Much obliged, us 'm sure."
When they had reached the top, he sat down puff

When they had reached the top, he sat down puffing and the old man sat beside him to admire the view.

It was England that came out slowly, as the late moor rose: his royal realm of Gramarye. Stretched at his feet she spread herself away into the remotest north, leaning towards the imagined Hebrides. She was his homely land. The moon made her trees more important for their shad ows than for themselves, picked out the silent rivers in quicksilver, smoothed the toy pasture fields, laid a soft haz on everything. But he felt that he would have known the country, even without the light. He knew that there mus be the Severn, there the Downs, and there the Peak: all invisible to him, but inherent in his home. In this field a white horse must be grazing, in that some washing mus be hanging on a hedge. It had a necessity to be itself.

He suddenly felt the intense sad loveliness of being a being, apart from right or wrong: that, indeed, the mere fact of being was the ultimate right. He began to love the land under him with a fierce longing, not because it was good or bad, but because it was: because of the shad ows of the corn stooks on a golden evening; because the sheep's tails would rattle when they ran, and the lambs sucking, would revolve their tails in little eddies; because the clouds in daylight would surge it into light and shade because the squadrons of green and golden plover, worm ing in pasture fields, would advance in short, unanimou charges, head to wind: because the smoke from home steads was a blue beard straying into heaven: because the stars were brighter in puddles than in the sky; because there were puddles, and leaky gutters, and dunghills with poppies on them; because the salmon in the rivers sud denly leaped and fell; because the chestnut buds, in the balmy wind of spring, would jump out of their twigs like jacks-in-boxes, or like little spectres holding up green hands to scare him; because the jackdaws, building, would hang in the air with branches in their mouths, more beau tiful than any ark-returning dove: because, in the moon light there below, God's greatest blessing to the world wa stretched, the silver gift of sleep.

He found that he loved it—more than Guenever. more than Lancelot, more than Lyó-lyok. It was his mother and his daughter. He knew the speech of its people, would have felt it change beneath him, if he could have sho across it like the goose which once he was, from Zumerze to Och-aye. He could tell how the common people would

feel about things, about all sorts of things, before he asked them. He was their king.

And they were his people, his own responsibility of stultus or ferox. They were not ferocious now, because

they were asleep.

England was at the old man's feet, like a sleeping manchild. When it was awake it would stump about, grabbing things and breaking them, killing butterflies, pulling the cat's tail, nourishing its ego with amoral and relentless mastery. But in sleep its masculine force was abdicated. The man-child sprawled undefended now, vulnerable, a baby trusting the world to let it sleep in peace.

All the beauty of his humans came upon him, instead of their horribleness. He saw the vast army of martyrs who were his witnesses: young men who had gone out even in the first joy of marriage, to be killed on dirty battlefields like Bedegraine for other men's beliefs: but who had gone out voluntarily: but who had gone because they thought it was right: but who had gone although they hated it. They had been ignorant young men perhaps, and the things which they had died for had been useless. But their ignorance had been innocent. They had done something horribly difficult in their ignorant innocence, which was not for themselves.

He saw suddenly all the people who had accepted sacrifice: learned men who had starved for truth, poets who had refused to compound in order to achieve success, parents who had swallowed their own love in order to let their children live, doctors and holy men who had died to help, millions of crusaders, generally stupid, who had been butchered for their stupidity—but who had meant well.

That was it, to mean well! He caught a glimpse of that extraordinary faculty in man, that strange, altruistic; rare, and obstinate decency which will make writers or scientists maintain their truths at the risk of death. Eppur si muove, Galileo was to say; it moves all the same. They were to be in a position to burn him if he would go on with it, with his preposterous nonsense about the earth moving round the sun, but he was to continue with the sublime assertion because there was something which he valued more than himself. The truth. To recognize and to acknowledge What Is. That was the thing which man could do, which his English could do, his beloved, his sleeping, his now defenseless English. They might be stupid, ferocious, unpolitical, almost hopeless. But here and there, oh so seldom, oh so rare, oh so glorious, there were those all the same who would face the rack, the executioner, and even utter extinction, in the cause of something greater than themselves. Truth, that strange thing, the jest of Pilate's. Many stupid young men had thought they were dying for it, and many would continue to die for it, perhaps for a thousand years. They did not have to be right about their truth, as Galileo was to be. It was enough that they, the few and martyred, should establish a greatness, a thing above the sum of all they ignorantly had.

But then again there came the wave of sorrow over him, the thought of the man-child when he woke: the thought of that cruel and brutish majority, to whom the martyrs were such rare exceptions. It moves, for all that. How few and pitifully few the ones who would be ready to maintain it!



HE pale faces of the committee, hunched round the fire, turned towards the door in a single movement, and six pairs of guilty eyes were fastened on the king. But it was England who came in.

There was no need to say anything, no need to explain: they could see it in his face.

Then they were rising up, and coming towards him, and standing round him humbly. Merlyn, to his surprise, was an old man with hands which shook like leaves. He was

blowing his nose very much indeed on his own skullcap, from which there was falling a perfect shower of mice and frogs. The badger was weeping bitterly, and absent-mindedly swatting each tear as it appeared on the end of his nose. Archimedes had turned his head completely back to front, to hide his shame. Cavall's expression was of torment. T. natrix had laid his head on the royal foot, with one clear tear in each nostril. And Balin's nictitating membrane was going with the speed of the Morse code.

"God save the king," they said.

"You may be seated."

So they sat down deferentially, after he had taken the first seat: a Privy Council.

"We will be returning soon," he said, "to our bright realm. Before we go, there are questions we must ask. In the first place, it has been said that there will be a man like John Ball, who is said to be a bad naturalist because he claims that men should live like ants. What is the objection to his claim?"

Merlyn stood up and took off his hat.

"It is a matter of natural morality, Sir. The committee suggests that it is moral for a species to specialize in its own specialty. An elephant must attend to its trunk, a giraffe or camelopard to its neck. It would be immoral for an elephant to fly, because it has no wings. The specialty of man, as much developed in him as the neck is in the camelopard, is his neopallium. This is the part of the brain which, instead of being devoted to instinct, is concerned with memory, deduction, and the forms of thought which result in recognition by the individual of his personality. Man's topknot makes him conscious of himself as a separate being, which does not often happen in animals and savages, so that any form of pronounced collectivism in politics is contrary to the specialization of man.

"This, by the way," continued the old gentleman slowly, drawing a film over his eyes as if he were a weary, second-sighted vulture, "is why I have, during a lifetime extending backwards over several tiresome centuries, waged my little war against might under all its forms, and it is why I have rightly or wrongly seduced others into waging it. It is why I once persuaded you, Sir, to regard the Games-Maniac with contempt: to oppose your wisdom against the baron of Fort Mayne: to believe in justice rather than in power: and to investigate with mental in-

tegrity, as we have tried to do this long-drawn evening, the causes of the battle we are waging: for war is force unbridled, at a gallop. I have not engaged in this crusade because the fact of force can be considered wrong, in an abstract sense. For the boa constrictor, who is practically one enormous muscle, it would be literally true to say that Might is Right: for the ant, whose brain is not constituted like the human brain, it is literally true that the State is more important than the Individual. But for man, whose specialty lies in the personality-recognizing creases of his neopallium—as much developed in him as the muscles are in the boa constrictor-it is equally true to say that mental truth, not force, is right; and that the Individual is more important than the State. He is so much more important that he should abolish it. We must leave the boa constrictors to admire themselves for being muscular athletes. We must leave the ants to assert the glory of the state: totalitarianism is their line of country, no doubt. But for man, and not on an abstract definition of right and wrong, but on nature's concrete definition that a species must specialize in its own specialty, the committee suggests that might was never right: that the state never excelled the individual: and that the future lies with the personal soul.'

"Perhaps you ought to speak about the brain."

"Sir, there are a great many things going on in this old brain-box; but for the purposes of our investigation we

confine ourselves to two compartments, the neopallium and the corpus striatum. In the latter, to put it simply, my instinctive and mechanical actions are determined: in the former I keep that reason in honor of which our race has curiously been nicknamed sapiens. Perhaps I can explain it with one of those dangerous and often misleading similes. The corpus striatum is like a single mirror, which reflects instinctive ac-

tions outwards, in return for the stimuli which come in. In the neopallium, however, there are two mirrors. They can see each other, and for that reason they know that they exist. Man, know thyself, said somebody or other: or, as another philosopher had put it, the proper study of mankind is man. This is because he has specialized in the neopallium. In brainy animals other than man, the emphasis is not on the double-mirrored room, but on the single one. Few animals, except man, are conscious of their own personality. Even in primitive races of the human family there still exists a confusion between the individual and his surroundings-for the savage Indian, as you may know, distinguishes so little between himself and the outside world that he himself will spit, if he wants the clouds to rain. The ant's nervous system may be said to be a single mirror like the savage's, and that is why it suits the ant to be a communist, to lose himself in a crowd. But it is because civilized man's brain is a double mirror that he will always have to specialize in individuality, in recognition of himself, or whatever you may like to call it: it is because of the two mirrors reflecting each other that he can never wholly succeed as an unselfish member of the proletariat. He must have a self and all that goes with a

self so highly developed—including selfishness and property. Pray forgive my simile, if I have seemed to use it unfairly."

"Has the goose a neopallium?"

Merlyn stood up again.

"Yes, a fairly good one for a bird. The ants have a different form of nervous system, on the lines of the corpora striata."

"The second question deals with War. It has been suggested that we ought to abolish it, in one way or another, but nobody has given it the chance to speak for itself. Perhaps there is something to be said in favor of war. We would like to be told."

Merlyn put his hat on the floor and whispered to the badger, who, after scuttling off to his pile of agenda, returned, to the wonder of all, with the proper piece of paper.

"Sir, this question has been before the attention of the committee, who have ventured to draw up a list of Pros and Cons, which we are ready to recite."

Merlyn cleared his throat, and announced in a loud voice: "PRO."

"In favor of war," explained the badger.

"Number One," said Merlyn. "War is one of the mainsprings of romance. Without war, there would be no Rolands, Maccabees, Lawrences, or Hodsons of Hodson's Horse. There would be no Victoria Crosses. It is a stim-

ulant to so-called virtues, such as courage and cooperation. In fact, war has moments of glory. It should also be noted that, without war, we should lose at least one half of our literature. Shakespeare is packed with it.

"Number Two. War is a way of keeping down the population, though it is a hideous and inefficient one. The same Shakespeare, who seems on the subject of war to have been in agreement with the Germans and

with their raving apologist Nietzsche, says, in a scene which he is supposed to have written for Beaumont and Fletcher, that it heals with blood the earth when it is sick and cures the world of the pleurisy of people. Perhaps I may mention in parentheses, without irreverence, that the Bard seems to have been curiously insensitive on the subject of warfare. King Henry V is the most revolting play I know, as Henry himself is the most revolting character.

"Number Three. War does provide a vent for the pentup ferocity of man, and, while man remains a savage, something of the sort seems to be needed. The committee finds from an examination of history that human cruelty will vent itself in one way, if it is denied another. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when war was a limited exercise confined to professional armies recruited from the criminal classes, the general mass of the population resorted to public executions, dental operations without anesthetics, brutal sports, and flogging their children. In the twentieth century, when war was extended to embrace the masses, hanging, hacking, cockfighting, and spanking went out of fashion.

"Number Four. The committee is at present occupied about a complicated investigation into the physical or psy-

chological necessity. We do not feel that a report can be nade at this stage with profit, but we think we have observed that war does answer a real need in man, perhaps connected with the ferocity mentioned in Article Three, out perhaps not. It has come to our notice that man becomes restless or dejected after a generation of Peace. The mmortal if not omniscient Swan of Avon remarks that Peace seems to breed a disease, which, coming to a head m a sort of ulcer, bursts out into war. 'War,' he says, 'is he imposthume of much wealth and peace, which only reaks, shewing no outward cause why the man dies.' Unler this interpretation, it is the peace which is regarded as slow disease, while the bursting of the imposthume, the war, must be assumed to be beneficial rather than the reverse. The committee has suggested two ways in which Wealth and Peace might destroy the race, if war were prevented: by emasculating it, or by rendering it comaose through glandular troubles. On the subject of emasrulation, it should be noted that wars double the birthate. The reason why women tolerate war is because it promotes virility in men.

"Number Five. Finally, there is the suggestion which would probably be made by every other animal on the acc of this earth, except man, namely that war is an instimable boon to creation as a whole, because it does of er some faint hope of exterminating the human race.

"CON," announced the magician; but the king prevent-

ed him.

"We know the objections," he said. "The dea that it is useful might be considered a little more. If there is some necessity for Might, why is the committee ready to stop t?"

"Sir, the committee is attempting to trace he physiological basis, possibly for a pitutary or adrenal origin. Possibly the human system requires periodical doses of adren-

uline in order to remain healthy. (The Japanese, as an nstance of glandular activity, are said to eat large quanities of fish, which, by charging their bodies with iodine, expands their thyroids and makes them touchy.) Until his matter has been properly investigated the subject renains vague, but the committee desires to point out that he physiological need could be supplied by other means. War, it has already been observed, is an inefficient way of ceeping down the population: it may also be an inefficient way of stimulating the adrenal glands through fear."

"What other ways?"

"Under the Roman Empire, the experiment of offering bloody spectacles in the circus was attempted as a substitute. They provided the Purgation which Aristotle talks bout, and some such alternative might be found efficient. Science, however, would suggest more radical cures. Eiher the glandular deficiency might be supplied by periodical injections of the whole population with adrenaline—or with whatever the deficiency may prove to be—or lese some form of surgery might be found effective. Perhaps the root of war is removable, like the appendix."

"We were told that war is caused by National Property: now we are told that it is due to a gland."

"Sir, the two things may be related, though they may not be consequent upon one another. For instance, if wars were solely due to national property, we should expect them to continue without intermission so long as national property continued: that is, all the time. We find, however, that they are interrupted by frequent lulls, called Peace. It seems as if the human race becomes more and more comatose during these periods of truce, until, when what you may call the saturation point of adrenaline deficiency has been reached, it seizes upon the first handy excuse for a good shot of fear-stimulant. The handy excuse is national property. Even if the wars are dolled up as religious ones, such as crusades against Saladin or Montezuma, the basis remains the same. Nobody would have troubled to extend the benefits of Christianity to Montezuma if his sandals had not been made of gold, and nobody would have thought the gold itself a sufficient temptation if they had not been needing a dose of adrenaline.

"You suggest an alternative like the circus, pending the investigation of your gland. Have you considered it?"

Archimedes giggled unexpectedly.

"Merlyn wants to have an international fair, Sir. He wants to have a lot of flip-flaps and giant wheels and scenic railways in a reservation, and they are all to be slightly dangerous, so as to kill perhaps one man in a hundred. Entrance is to be voluntary, for he says that the one unutterably wicked thing about a war is conscription. He

says that people will go to the fair of their own free will, through boredom or through adrenaline deficiency or whatever it is, and that they are likely to feel the need for it during their twenty-fifth, thirtieth, and forty-fifth years. It is to be made fashionable and glorious to go. Every visitor will get a commemorative medal, while those who go fifty times will get what he calls the DSO or the VC for a hundred visits."

The magician looked ashamed and cracked his fingers. "The suggestion," he said humbly, "was more to provoke thought, than to be thought of."

"Certainly it does not seem a practical suggestion for the present year of grace. Are there no panaceas for war which could be used in the meantime?"

"The committee has suggested an antidote which might have a temporary effect, like soda for an acid stomach. It would be of no use as a cure for the malady, though it might alleviate it. It might save a few million lives in a century."

"What is this antidote?"

"Sir, you will have noticed that the people who are responsible for the declaration and the higher conduct of wars do not tend to be the people who endure their extremes. At the battle of Bedegraine, Your Majesty dealt with something of the same sort. The kings and the generals and the leaders of battles have a peculiar aptitude for not being killed in them. The committee has suggested that, after every war, all the officials on the losing side who held a higher rank than colonel ought to be executed out of hand, irrespective of their war guilt. No doubt there would be a certain amount of injustice in this measure,

but the consciousness that death was the certain result of losing a war would have a deterrent effect on those who help to promote and to regulate such engagements, and it might, by preventing a few wars, save millions of lives among the lower classes. Even a Führer like Mordred might think twice about heading hostilities, if he knew that his own execution would be the result of being unlucky in them."

"It seems reasonable."

"It is less reasonable than it seems, partly because the responsibility for warfare does not lie wholly with the leaders. After all, a leader has to be chosen or accepted by those whom he leads. The Hydra-headed multitudes are not so innocent as they like to pretend. They have given a mandate to their generals, and they must abide by the moral responsibility."

"Still, it would have the effect of making the leaders reluctant to be pushed into warfare by their followers,

and even that would help."

"It would help. The difficulty would lie in persuading the leading classes to agree to such a convention in the first place. Also, I am afraid that you will find there is always a type of maniac, anxious for notoriety at any price, or even for martyrdom, who would accept the pomp of leadership with even greater alacrity because it was enhanced by melodramatic penalties. The kings of Irish mythology were compelled by their station to march in

the forefront of the battle, which occasioned a frightful mortality among them, yet there never seems to have been a lack of kings or battles in the history of the Green Isle."

"What about this newfangled Law," asked the goat suddenly, "which our king has been inventing? If individuals can be deterred from murder by fear of a death penalty, why cannot there be an international law, under which nations can be de-

terred from war by similar means? An aggressive nation might be kept at peace by the knowledge that, if it began a war, some international police force would sentence it to dispersal, by mass transportation to other countries, for instance."

"There are two objections to that. First, you would be trying to cure the disease, not to prevent it. Second, we know from experience that the existence of a death penalty does not in fact abolish murder. It might, however, prove to be a temporary step in the right direction."

The old man folded his hands in his sleeves. like a Chinaman, and looked round the council table, doggedly, waiting for further questions. His eyes had begun to dis-

charge their watch.

"He has been writing a book called the Libellus Merlini, the Prophecies of Merlyn," continued Archimedes wickedly, when he saw that this subject had been concluded, "which he had intended to read aloud to Your Majesty, as soon as you arrived."

"We will hear a reading." Merlyn wrung his hands.

"Sir," he said. "It is mere fortune-telling, only gypsy tricks. It had to be written because there was a good deal

of fuss about it in the twelfth century, after which we are to lose sight of it until the twentieth. But, oh Sir, it is merely a parlor game—not worth Your Majesty's attention at present."

"Read me some part of it, nonetheless."

So the humiliated scientist, all of whose quips and quiddities had been knocked out of him in the last hour, fetched his burnt manuscript from the fender and handed round a collection of such slips as were still legible, as if it had been a parlor game in earnest. The animals read them out in turn, like mottos from crackers, and this is what they said:

"God will provide, the Dodo will remark."

"The Bear will cure his headache by cutting off his head—but it will leave him with a sore behind."

"The Lion will lie down with the Eagle, saying, At last all the animals are united! But the Devil will see the joke."

"The Stars which taught the Sun to rise must agree with him at noon—or vanish."

"A child standing in Broadway will cry, Look mother, there is a man!"

"How long it takes to build Jerusalem, the spider will say, pausing exhausted at his web on the ground floor of the Empire State Building."

"Living space leads to space for the coffin, observed the Beetle."

eette.

"Force makes force."

"Wars of community, county, country, creed, continent, color. After that the hand of God, if not before."

"Imitation (μίμησις) before action will save mankind."

"The Elk died because it grew its horns too big."

"No collision with the moon was required to exterminate the Mammoth."

"The destiny of all species is extinction

as such, fortunately for them."

There was a pause after the last motto, while the listeners thought them over.

"What is the meaning of the one with the Greek word?"
"Sir, a part of its meaning, but only a small part, is

that the one hope for our human race must lie in education without coercion. As Confucius has it, In order to propagate virtue to the world, one must first

rule one's country.

In order to rule one's country, one must first rule one's

family.

In order to rule one's family, one must first regulate one's body by moral training.

In order to regulate one's body, one must first regulate

one's mind.

In order to regulate the mind, one must first be sincere

in one's intentions. In order to be sincere in one's intentions, one must first

increase one's knowledge."

"I see."

"Have the rest any relevant meaning?" added the king. "None whatever."

"One further question before we rise. You have said

at politics are out of order, but they seem so closely tied the question of warfare that they must be faced to some tent. At an earlier stage you claimed to be a capitalist.

re you sure of these views?"

"If I said so, Your Majesty, I did not mean it. Badger as talking at me like a communist of the nineteenenties, which made me talk like a capitalist in self-dense. I am an anarchist, like any other sensible person. point of fact the race will find that capitalists and comunists modify themselves so much during the ages that ev end by being indistinguishable as democrats: and so Il the fascists modify themselves, for that matter. But natever may be the contortions adopted by these three ands of collectivism, and however many the centuries tring which they butcher each other out of childish ill mper, the fact remains that all forms of collectivism are istaken, according to the human skull. The destiny of an is an individualistic destiny, and it is in that sense at I may have implied a qualified approval of capitaln, if I imply it. The despised Victorian capitalist, who d at least allow a good deal of play to the individual, as probably more truly futuristic in his politics than all e New Orders shrieked for in the twentieth century. He as of the future, because individualism lies in the future the human brain. He was not so old-fashioned as the mmunists. But of course he was considerably old-fashned for all that, and that is why I prefer myself to be an

archist: that is, to be a little up-to-date.

ne geese are anarchists, you remember.

ney realize that the moral sense must come

om inside, not from outside."

"I thought," said the badger plaintively, hat communism was supposed to be a up towards anarchy. I thought that when mmunism had been properly achieved e state would wither away."

"People have told me so, but I doubt it.

cannot see how you may emancipate an individual by st creating an omnipotent state. There are no states in iture, except among monstrosities like the ants. It seems me that people who go creating states, as Mordred is ying to do with his Thrashers, must tend to become inlved in them, and so unable to escape. But perhaps what nu say is true. I hope it is. In any case let us leave these ibious questions of politics to the dingy tyrants who look ter them. Ten thousand years from now it may be time r the educated to concern themselves with such things, it meanwhile they must wait for the race to grow up. e for our part have offered a solution this evening to e special problem of force as an arbiter: the obvious atitude that war is due to national property, with the der that it is stimulated by certain glands. Let us leave at that for the present, in God's name.'

The old magician swept his notes away with a treming hand. He had been deeply wounded by the hedgeg's earlier criticisms, because, in the secrecy of his art, he loved his student dearly. He knew now, since the yal hero had returned victorious in his choice, that his vn wisdom was not the end. He knew that he had finded his tutorship. Once he had told the king that he

would never be the Wart again: but it had been an encouraging thing to say: he had not meant it. Now he did mean it, now knew that he himself had yielded place, had stepped down from the authority to lead or to direct. The abdication had cost him his gaiety. He would not be able to rant anymore, or to twinkle and mystify with the flashing folds of his magic cloak. The condescension of learning was pricked in him. He was feeling ancient and ashamed.

The old king, whose childhood had vanished also, toyed with a slip left on the table. He was at his trick of watching his hands, when in abstraction. He folded the paper this way, that way, carefully, and unfolded it. It was one of Merlyn's notes, a quotation from a historian called Friar Clynn, who had died in 1348. This friar, employed as the annalist of his abbey to keep the historical records, had seen the Black Death coming to fetch him-possibly to fetch the whole world, for it had killed a third of the population of Europe already. Carefully leaving some pieces of blank parchment with the book in which he was to write no longer, he had concluded with the following message, which had once awakened Merlyn's strange respect. "Seeing these many ills," he had written in Latin, "and as it were the whole world thrust into malignancy, waiting among the deal for death to come to me, I have put into writing what I have truthfully heard and examined. And, lest the writing should perish with the writer

or the work fail with the workman, I am now leaving some paper for the continuation of it—in case by any chance a man may remain alive in the future, or any person of the race of Adam may escape this pestilence, to carry on the labor once begun by me."

The king folded it neatly, measured it on the table. They watched him, knowing he was about to rise and ready to follow his example.

"Very good," he said. "We understand the puzzle."

He tapped the table with the paper, then got to his feet. "We must return before the morning."

The animals were rising too. They were conducting him to the door, crowding round him to kiss his hand and bid farewell. "Good success to Your Majesty, a speedy and successful issue."

He smiled gravely, saying: "We hope it will be speedy." But he was referring to his death, as one of them knew.

"It is only for this time, Majesty," said T. natrix. "You remember the story of St. George, and Homo sapiens is like that still. You will fail because it is the nature of man to slay, in ignorance if not in wrath. But failure builds success and nature changes. A good man's example always does instruct the ignorant and lessens their rage, little by little through the ages, until the spirit of the waters is content: and so, strong courage to Your Majesty, and a tranquil heart."

He inclined his head to the one who knew, and turned

At the last moment a hand was tugging at his sleeve, reminding him of the friend he had forgotten. He lifted the hedgehog with both hands under its armpits, and held it at arm's length, face to face.

"Ah, tiggy," he said. "Us have thee to thank for royalty. Farewell, tiggy, and a merry life to thee and thy

sweet songs."

But the hedgehog paddled its feet as if it were bicycling, because it wanted to be put down. It tugged the sleeve again, when it was safe upon the floor, and the old man lowered his ear to hear the whisper.

"Nay, nay," it mentioned hoarsely, clutching his hand, looking earnestly in his face. "Say not Farewell."

It tugged again, dropping its voice to the brink of si-

"Orryvoyer," whispered the urchin. "Orryvoyer."



ELL, we have reached it at last, the end of our winding story.

Arthur of England went back to the world, to do his duty as well as he could. He called a truce with Mordred, having made up his mind that he must offer half his kingdom for the sake of peace. To tell the truth, he was prepared to yield it all if necessary. As a possession it had long ceased to be of value to him, and he had come to know for sure that peace

was more important than a kingdom. But he felt it was his duty to retain a half if he could, and it was for this reason: that if he had even half a world to work on, he might be able still to introduce, in it, the germs of that good sense which he had learned from geese and animals.

The truce was made, the armies drawn up in their battles, face to face. Each had a standard made from a ship's mast set on wheels, at the top of which a small box held the consecrated Host, while, from the masts, there flew the banners of the Dragon and the Thistle. The knights of Mordred's party were dressed in sable armor, their plumes were sable also, and, on their arms, the scarlet whip of Mordred's badge glared with the sinister tint of blood. Perhaps they looked more terrible than they felt. It was explained to the waiting ranks that none of them must make a hostile demonstration, but all must keep their swords in sheath. Only, for fear of treachery, it was told that they might charge to rescue, if any sword was seen unharnessed at the parley.

Arthur went forward to the space between the armies with his staff. and Mordred, with his own staff in their black accountements, came out to meet him. They encountered, and the old king saw his son's face once again.

It was taut and haggard. He too, poor man, had strayed beyond Sorrow and Solitude to the country of Kennaquhair; but he had gone without a guide and lost his way.

The treaty was agreed on, to the surprise of all, more easily than had been hoped. The king was left with half his realm. For a moment joy and peace were in the balance.

But, at that knife-edge of a moment, the old Adam reared itself in a different form. The feudal war, baronial oppression, individual might, even ideological rebellion: he had settled them all in one way or another, only to be beaten on the last lap now, by the episodic fact that man

was a slaver by instinct.

A grass snake moved in the meadow near their feet, close to an officer of Mordred's staff. This officer stepped back instinctively and swung his hand across his body, his armlet with the whip shewing for a second's flash. The bright sword flamed into being, to destroy the so-called viper. The waiting armies, taking it for treachery, raised their shout of rage. The lances on both sides bowed to rest. And, as King Arthur ran towards his own array, an old man with white hair trying to stem the endless tide, holding out the knuckled hands in a gesture of pressing them back, struggling to the last against the flood of Might which had burst out all his life at a new place whenever he had dammed it, so the tumult rose, the warvell sounded, and the meeting waters closed above his head.

Lancelot arrived too late. He had made his best speed, but it had been in vain. All he could do was to pacify the country and give burial to the dead. Then, when a semblance of order had been restored he hurried to Guenever. She was supposed to be in the Tower of London still, for Mordred's siege had failed.

But Guenever had gone.

In those days the rules of convents were not so strict as they are now. Often they were more like hostelries for their well-born patrons. Guenever had taken the veil at Amesbury.

She felt that they had suffered enough, and had caused enough suffering to others. She refused to see her ancient lover or to talk it over. She said, which was patently untrue, that she wished to make her peace with God.

Guenever never cared for God. She was a good theologian, but that was all. The truth was that she was old and wise: she knew that Lancelot did care for God most passionately, that it was essential he should turn in that direction. So, for his sake, to make it easier for him, the great queen now renounced what she had fought for all her life, now set the example, and stood to her choice. She had stepped out of the picture.

Lancelot guessed a good deal of this, and, when she refused to see him, he climbed the convent wall with Gallic aging gallantry. He waylaid her to expostulate, but she was adamant and brave. Something about Mordred seemed to have broken her lust for life. They parted, never to

meet on earth.

Guenever became a worldly abbess. She ruled her convent efficiently, royally, with a sort of grand contempt. The little pupils of the school were brought up in the great tradition of nobility. They saw her walking in the

nds, upright, rigid, her fingers flashing with hard s, her linen clean and fine and scented against the s of her order. The novices worshipped her unant sly, with schoolgirl passions, and whispered about past. She became a Grand Old Lady. When she died st, her Lancelot came for the body, with his snower hair and wrinkled cheeks, to carry it to her hust's grave. There, in the reputed grave, she was buried: Im and regal face, nailed down and hidden in the

s for Lancelot, he became a hermit in earnest. With a of his own knights as companions he entered a satery near Glastonbury, and devoted his life to wor. Arthur, Guenever, and Elaine were gone, but his tly love remained. He prayed for all of them twice a with all his never-beaten might, and lived in glad arities apart from man. He even learned to distinhings which had been denied to him by Uncle Dapbecame an excellent gardener, and a reputed saint. pse," says a medieval poem about another old crur, a great lord like Lancelot in his day, and one who retired from the world:

se post militiae cursum temporalis, Illustratus gratia doni spiritualis, Esse Christi cupiens miles specialis, In hac domo monachus factus est claustralis.

e, after the bustle of temporal warfare, Enlightened with the grace of a spiritual gift, Covetous to be the special soldier of Christ, In this house was made a cloistered monk.

'ore than usually placid, gentle and benign, As white as a swan on account of his old age, Bland and affable and lovable, He possessed in himself the grace of the Holy Spirit.

or he often frequented Holy Church, Joyfully listened to the mysteries of the Mass, Proclaimed such praises as he was able, And mentally ruminated the heavenly glory.

is gentle and jocose conversation, Highly commendable and religious, Was thus pleasing to the whole fraternity, Because it was neither stuffy nor squeamish.

fere, as often as he rambled across the cloister, He bowed from side to side to the monks, And he saluted with a bob of his head, thus, The ones whom he loved most intimately.

fic per claustrum quotiens transiens meavit, Hinc et hinc ad monachos caput inclinavit, Et sic nutu capitis eos salutavit, Quos affectu intimo plurimum amavit. When his own death-hour came, it was accompanied by visions in the monastery. The old abbot dreamed of bells sounding most beautifully, and of angels, with happy laughter; hauling Lancelot to Heaven. They found him dead in his cell, in the act of accomplishing the third and last of his miracles. For he had died in what was called the Odor of Sanctity. When saints die, their bodies fill the room with lovely scent: perhaps of new hay, or of blossom in the spring, or of the clean seashore.

Ector pronounced his brother's keen, one of the most touching pieces of prose in the language. He said: "Ah, Lancelot, thou wert head of all Christian knights. And now I dare say, thou Sir Lancelot there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courtliest knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend of thy lover that ever bestrode horse. And thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword. And thou were the godliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou were the meekest man and gentlest that ever are in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

The Round Table had been smashed at Salisbury, its few survivors thinning out as the years went by. At last there were only four of them left: Bors the misogynist, Bleoberis, Ector, and Demaris. These old men made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, for the repose of the souls of all their comrades, and there they died upon a Good Friday for God's sake, the last of the Round Table. Now there are none of them left: only knights of the Bath and

of other orders degraded by comparison. About King Arthur of England, that gentle heart and center of it all, there remains a mystery to this day. Some think that he and Mordred perished on each other's swords. Robert of Thornton mentions that he was attended by a surgeon of Salerno who found by examination of his wounds that he could never be whole again, so "he said In manus* boldly on the place where he lay . . . and spake no more." Those who adhere to this account claim that he was buried at Glastonbury, under a stone which said: HIC JACET ARTURUS REX QUONDAM REX QUE FU-TURUS** and that his body was exhumed by Henry II as a counterblast to Welsh nationalism-for the Cymry were claiming even then that the great king had never perished. They believed that he would come again to lead them, and they also mendaciously asserted, as usual, his British nationality. Adam of Domerham tells us, on the other hand, that the exhumation took place in April 1278, under Edward I, and that he himself was a witness of the proceedings; while it is known that a third search took place in vain under Edward III-who, by the way, revived the Round Table in 1344 as a serious order of knighthood like the Garter. Whatever the real date may have been, tradition has it that the bones when exhumed were of gigantic stature, and Guenever's had golden hair.

^{* &}quot;Into Thy hands." The entire phrase, from the death of Jesus (Luke 23:46), is "into Thy hands, I commend my spirit."

^{** &}quot;Here lies Arthur, the Once and Future King."

Then there is another tale, widely supported, that our hero was carried away to the Vale of Affalach by a collection of queens in a magic boat. These are believed to have ferried him across the Severn to their own coun-

try, there to heal him of his wounds.

The Italians have got hold of an idea about a certain Arturo Magno who was translated to Mount Etna, where he can still be seen occasionally, they say. Don Quixote the Spaniard, a very learned gentleman, indeed he went mad on account of it, maintains that he became a raven—an assertion which may not seem so wholly ridiculous to those who have read our little story. Then there are the Irish, who have muddled him up with one of the FitzGeralds and declare that he rides round a rath, with sword upraised, to the "Londonderry Air." The Scots, who have a legend about

Arthur Knyght
Wha raid on nycht
Wi' gilten spur
And candel lycht,

still swear to him in Edinburgh, where they believe that he presides from Arthur's Seat. The Bretons claim to have heard his horn and to have seen his armor, and they also believe he will return. A book called The High History of the Holy Grail, which was translated by an irascible scholar called Dr. Sebastian Evans, says, on the contrary, that he was safely buried in a house of religion "that standeth at the head of the Moors Adventurous." A Miss Jessie L. Weston mentions a manuscript which she pleases to call 1533, supported by Le Morte d'Arthur, in which it is stated that the queen who came to carry him away was none other than the aged enchantress Morgan, his half sister, and that she took him to a magic island. Dr. Sommer regards the entire account as absurd. A lot of people called Wolfram von Eschenbach, Ulrich von Zatzikhoven, Dr. Wechssler, Professor Zimmer, Mr. Nutt, and so forth, either scout the question wholly, or remain in learned confusion. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and a number of other reliable witnesses agree that he is still on earth: Milton inclining to the view that he is underneath it (Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem*), while Tennyson is of the opinion that he will come again to visit us "like a modern Gentleman of stateliest port," possibly like the Prince Consort. Shakespeare's contribution is to place the beloved Falstaff, at his death, not in Abraham's but in Arthur's bosom.

The legends of the common people are beautiful, strange, and positive. Gervase of Tilbury, writing in 1212, says

* "And Arthur too, stirring up wars beneath the earth."

that, in the woods of Britain, "the foresters tell that of alternate days, about noon, or at midnight when the moon is full and shiny, they often see an array of hunt men who, in answer to enquirers, say they are of the household and fellowship of Arthur." These, howeve were probably real bands of Saxon poachers, like the followers of Robin Hood, who had named their gang : honor of the ancient king. The men of Devon are a customed to point out "the chair and oven" of Arthu among the rocks of their coast. In Somersetshire the are some villages called East and West Camel(ot), me tioned by Leland, which are beset with legends of a kir still sitting in a golden crown. It is to be noted that the river Ivel, whence, according to Drayton, our "knight deeds and brave achievements sprong," is in the san county. So is South Cadbury, whose rector reports he parishioners as relating how "folks do say that in the night of the full moon King Arthur and his men ric round the hill, and their horses are shod with silver, and silver shoe has been found in the track where they do rid and when they have ridden round the hill they do ste to water their horses at the wishing well." Finally the is the little village of Bodmin in Cornwall, whose inha itants are certain that the king inhabits a local tumult In 1113 they even assaulted, within the sanctuary, a pa ty of monks from Brittany-an unheard-of thing to dobecause they had thrown doubts upon the legend. It h to be admitted that some of these dates scarcely fit in wi the thorny subject of Arthurian chronology, and Malor that great man who is the noblest source of all this h tory, maintains a discreet reserve.

As for myself, I cannot forget the hedgehog's last far well, coupled with Quixote's hint about the animals as Milton's subterranean dream. It is little more than a the ry, but perhaps the inhabitants of Bodmin will look their tumulus, and, if it is like an enormous molehill wi a dark opening in its side, particularly if there are sor badger tracks in the vicinity, we can draw our own co clusions. For I am inclined to believe that my belov Arthur of the future is sitting at this very moment amount his learned friends, in the Combination Room of the Co lege of Life, and that they are thinking away in there f all they are worth, about the best means to help our of rious species; and I for one hope that some day, wh not only England but the World has need of them, as when it is ready to listen to reason, if it ever is, they w issue from their rath in joy and power; and then, perhap they will give us happiness in the world once more as chivalry, and the old medieval blessing of certain simp people-who tried, at any rate, in their own small way, still the ancient brutal dream of Attila the Hun.



VERSE

by Wendell Berry

CONVERSE

What the clover says: We can make it new. We can make it new again.

THE WIND TOO

The wind too has its destination, but in the opposite direction.

ANNIVERSE

The freckled lilies
of the woods. They've come again.
And I have met them.

THE HIDDEN SINGER

The gods are less for their love of praise. Above and below them all is a spirit that needs nothing but its own wholeness. its health and ours. It has made all things by dividing itself. It will be whole again. To its joy we come together-the seer and the seen, the eater and the eaten, the lover and the loved. In our joining it knows itself. It is with us then, not as the gods whose names crest upon them in unearthly fire. but as a little bird hidden in the leaves who sings quietly and waits and sings.

THE WATCHERS

The horses graze the winter slope and then go to the high ground and stand, watching the traffic along the road, the slow river, the trees leaning and straightening in the wind. The day's time is their time. They do not move toward it or away. Their minds are at home in this world, diminished by no question.

NOW

I used to wish for a breakthrough. Now I worry about what into.

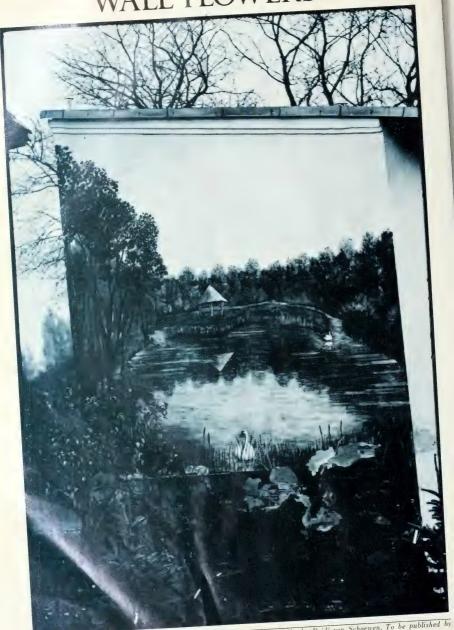
A MEETING

In a dream I meet my dead friend. He has, I know, gone long and far, and yet he is the same for the dead are changeless. They grow no older. It is I who have changed, grown strange to what I was. Yet I, the changed one, ask: "How've you been?" He grins and looks at me. "I been eating peaches off some mighty fine trees."

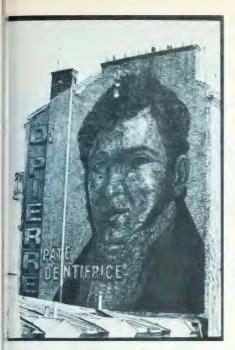
THE FIRST

The first man who whistled thought he had a wren in his menuli. He went around all day with his lips puckered, afraid to swallow.

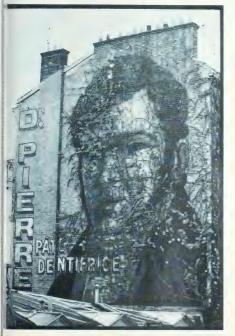
WALL FLOWERS



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There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We

call it "filter feedback".

Ordinary Recessed for no filter feedback

As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter

feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar buildup flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.



10 mg. Kings 12 mg.

More than just a low-tar number. Parliament.

C Philip Morris Inc.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg('tar,'' 0.6 mg, nicotine— 100's: 12 mg('tar,'' 0.7 mg, nicotine av, per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr.'77.

IS DINU LIPATTI BEYOND REPROACH?

etting the meanings take care of themselves

by Joel Agee

ASKED MY FRIEND BOB, who is also a character in the story I'm about to tell, how he thought I should write it. "I think you should write it the way Dinu Lipatti plays Jach," he said. We both laughed, because that ad to do with the whole point of the story, to he extent that one can speak of its having any oint at all, and also because it was so much asier said than done.

USIE AND I and our daughter Gina had gone to stay with some friends upstate over the Christmas week, and Bob had offered to stay in our place, water the slants, and feed and walk our two dogs; he also planned to get some reading and writing lone. It was extremely cold that week, and our riends were unable to heat their house to a comfortable temperature. Bob was quite disappointed when we called after just three days o let him know we were coming back. He said the hadn't done any reading or writing, but had spent all his time listening to records and geting to know and trying to educate the dogs.

We arrived in the evening—just in time, 3ob said at the door, to watch Julie Harris olaying Emily Dickinson on TV. We took off our coats, placated the ecstatic dogs, heated up some soup, and sat down in the living room n front of the TV, with the soup bowls on our iaps. Gina had withdrawn to her room to play with her dolls. We could see the heads of the audience and, on the stage, Emily Dickinson's iving room. Julie Harris stepped in wearing a long white dress, and greeted the audience—apologetically, as if we were guests she had

kept waiting. From what I thought I knew about Emily Dickinson, she was a shy and reclusive person who fled from guests and did not confide openly in more than a few individuals, and then usually by mail. Clearly she was making an exception for us. She was letting us know that she was shrewd, self-reliant, and content. She radiated a confident charm. Her feet were solidly planted on the ground at an un-Victorian distance from one another. Here was a modern independent woman, comfortably at home with her abilities and even, although at a distance, with the world that had failed to recognize them. The bridal outfit, the cake recipes she proffered, the girlish affectations were just masks she wore with ironic self-consciousness; we, the elect, were being let in on it.

I didn't quite believe her, and I didn't trust Julie Harris for trying to persuade me to believe it. She is a competent actress, however, and kept up a continual patter that led from Emily Dickinson's recipes to her neighbors and relatives to her past, and from cheerful confabulation to pain. She conveyed this emotion with visceral intensity, and for a moment my own viscera and tear ducts stirred sympathetically. The question of veracity kept nagging, though. Was this loud, passionate, sturdy, heartbroken, generous, terrified, compulsively talkative woman the real Emily Dickinson, exhumed from her letters by myth-defying scholars, resuscitated by a mimetic genius? I didn't believe it, and neither, it seemed, did Bob, who was muttering and shaking his head and looking at the rug.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

Joel Agee is at work on a reminiscence of his boyhood in East Germany. Joel Agee
IS DINU
LIPATTI
BEYOND
REPROACH?

"She should have come down by now." He looked pained and worried.

"How do you mean?"

"From that pitch-her timing's way off." A technical objection, Bob has had some experience as an actor, so perhaps, I thought, he's in a position to judge that. I had no idea. Still, it seemed premature and too peremptory to say that so soon. My guess was that Julie Harris had no intention of returning to the shallows of light conversation, not now that she'd entered those emotional rapids. She was clearly headed for some kind of Niagara. After ten minutes or so, it was obvious that I was right. But neither was Bob mistaken. She should have come down. Long ago. If I were this woman's guest, I'd be cringing before such a torrent of feeling. She cried out, she laughed full-throatedly, wept, belted out her pain and outrage for all the world to hear. Who was doing this, and where? Surely this wasn't Emily Dickinson in the cloistered privacy of her house in Amherst? Of course not, it was Julie Harris on Broadway and in a million TV sets.

But not just that either, since she was impersonating . . . well, whom? But of coursethe inner Emily Dickinson. And the place was not Amherst, but Here. Obviously. I should have known. And we weren't really flesh-andblood guests at her house, but the ghostly posthumous audience to whom she entrusted her poems. That was why she was baring her soul. We would understand. As for the character of that soul, I would have to accept this representation of it on faith, since all I knew about Dickinson were some poems and the image, possibly mythical, of the wan, retiring, morbidly timid belle of Amherst. If only she weren't so . . . theatrical. So insistently expressive. So unquiet.

I remembered something I'd read while

leafing through a book Susie had given me for Christmas, a study called Transcendental Style in Film—something about emotionalism in acting. I resolved to look it up during the intermission, maybe show it to Bob. But the intermission lasted only a minute or two, just enough time to put Gina to bed, and I forgot about the book. I recall suggesting that Julie Harris was doing an impressive job of whatever it was she was doing, even if one mistrusted the way she conceived the character. Bob disagreed: in his view, what we had here was a ghastly failure of nerves, not a reasoned interpretation. He could not understand how an actress of such professional acumen could lose

control over her performance like that. Then Susie, I believe, suggested that we withhold

judgment until the end of the show, and that

seemed a good idea.

Emily briskly walked in, waited out the applause, and, with the seasoned charm of the professional hostess, initiated the second par of the evening's entertainment with some hu morous anecdotes, followed by some acutely sad ones, and then once again we were rushing downstream toward Niagara, her voice becom ing louder and more and more shrill, hurled into space from a full chest with almost oper atic bravura, and tears, real tears, flowed down her cheeks, poems, deaths, disappointment were recited, all at the same extreme tragiintensity and with scarcely a moment's inter val, all distinctions blurred at the edge of the chasm, and then without a moment's break o shift in tone, "Because I could not stop fo Death," which I remembered as a strange darkly luminous flower of a poem, like fros on a window at night, something that could only have taken shape in the depths of th shadow-side of life, in near-unutterable silence and here she was shouting it at the top of he lungs and with a pain-twisted and terror stricken expression on her face. The word flew over the brink, most of them flattene out by the sheer force of their delivery, an perhaps by my own resistance to it: "Car riage! . . . Ourselves! . . . Immortality! . . Quivering and chill! . . . A swelling of th ground! . . . Centuries! . . . The horses' head were toward Eternity!"

"She shouldn't be shouting like that," said. Bob and Susie said nothing. With the crisis passed, Emily gradually quieted. She read us some more poems, a little less stridently, and one could tell that they were beautiful and some of them were funny. Now she was smiling again, she was remembering us, he guests, and just as if nothing much had transpired, she gave us another cake recipe, and with a charming apology (she had to take car of some domestic business), she bade us good day and left the room. The audience responded with a standing ovation and should be the critical source of the said of the country of the country of the country of the critical standard of the country of the critical standard of the criti

of "Brava!"

HE DOGS BY NOW were whining an pacing before the front door, askin to be taken out, so there wasn't much time to discuss the show, except the establish that Susie was the least critical and the most affected of the three of us. "I'll talt to you tomorrow," she said. "I've got to that out and get some sleep."

It was very cold outside. We pulled the hoods of our parkas over our heads, jamme our fists into our pockets, and skipped aroun with our shoulders hunched up, steaming like

200-choo trains. One of the dogs walked past s slowly with his nose on the ground, urinatat the same time, lifting one hind leg and en the other just enough to direct the jet gainst his front legs, and Bob said that was ne of the stranger pisses he had seen in his fe. We talked about the dogs a little, their liosyncrasies, their interactions with us and ith each other, all of which Bob had observed ery carefully during his stay. And then Bob aggested delicately, but with the authority of our days spent in close and, I'm tempted to ly, personal contact with them (as opposed three years of mere friendly coexistence), iat perhaps we were not conscious enough of reir vulnerable and complicated dispositions.

On the way home we talked about the records Bob had listened to. Yes, he must have bent fifteen or twenty hours listening to them, ome of them over and over. He told me what is favorites were: a recording of Argentine olk music played on the guitar, Bach's Second and Sixth Cello Suites played by Antonio anigro, the Jupiter Symphony conducted by asals, the Telemann Concertos for Flute and ontinuo, Phoebe Snow and Bob Dylan when

started getting too heavy.

"But you nearly had me in tears a couple f times with some of those records."

"I had you in tears? Or the records?"

"Well... both. The damage that was done them, the scratches, candle wax spilled on tem...."

I explained that it wasn't my fault. It's true, or the most part. These records have passed tom household to household, from country occuntry in some cases, from owner to own. Some, of course, I damaged myself.

"Did you by any chance listen to a recording of Bach's First Partita?" I asked then.

Bob's face darkened, as it will when he's eminded of something particularly grievous. Ih-oh, had that record got scratched too?

"Yes, I did hear it," he said.

"Played by whom?"

"Gould, Isn't that the one you have? Glenn bould?"

"Oh. I actually have two recordings, one by bould and one by Dinu Lipatti. I'm glad you idn't hear both, because I was looking forward to listening to them with you and comaring them."

AVING RETURNED to the house, Bob brewed some tea and I fed the dogs, and then we settled down on the rug in front of the speakers, and I put on the Glenn Gould. Just by selecting this verion first, I realized, I was betraying my pref-

erence for Lipatti's. But, no matter, Bob would "For the first form his own judgment regardless of mine. time I notice

I closed my eyes and listened.

It had occurred to me before, and was especially apparent now, that, by comparing Gould and Lipatti against one another, I was diminishing myself, that it was like comparing an elm and a birch, or a winter morning and a summer afternoon: if one enchanted me, why should that preclude my enjoying the other? For the first time, I noticed that throughout most of the partita, faintly in the background, Gould was humming the tune. Why hadn't I ever heard it? How much had I in fact heard through the screen of prejudice? His style lacked the lyrical sweetness of Lipatti's, it was true, his touch was altogether harder and more crisp. But so what? Hearing it without comparison: how energetic and full it was, and how impeccably exact at the same time, without ever being rigid.

By the third or fourth movement, I had entered the music fully enough so that no thinking intervened between me and what it was, and not until the last movement, the giga, did memory and the habit of judging come in to draw up a tally again. Wasn't there something lacking here, something that was present in Dinu Lipatti's playing of it? Something. What was it? I couldn't name it. I knew what it wasn't, though, and noted it with irritation: what it wasn't was this apotheosis of picky exactitude, these mechanical crickets chipping away, all clockwork and no song (though faintly, in the background, Glenn Gould was

still singing).

When it was over, I asked Bob what his feelings were after hearing it a second time (I'd already surmised that he hadn't listened to it more than once).

"It was very painful," he said.

"What about it?"

"The way he plays it, the way it sounds. It shouldn't be played on a piano in the first place. And half the time he seems to be trying to make the piano sound like a harpsichord, which doesn't help."

"Did you ever hear it played on a harpsi-

chord?"

"Yes! That's what makes this so painful to listen to."

"What's the difference?"

"You can't even compare it. It's like silk and corduroy. It's that transparent a piece, and this sounds so goddamn thick and heavy."

"I don't mind it that much, except for the last movement. I guess I accept—"

His finger shot up to admonish me: "No, you can't just 'accept."

"I can't?"

For the first time I noticed that Gould was humming the tune. Why hadn't I ever heard it? How much had I in fact heard through the screen of prejudice?"



Joel Agee
IS DINU
LIPATTI
BEYOND
REPROJEH?

......

We laughed. Then I drew the Dinu Lipatti record out of its sheath. "Do you mind hearing this? It's played on the piano, too."

"No, go ahead, it'll be interesting."

I put on the record, sat down on the rug, and closed my eyes.

T BEGINS WITH a wash of cordial applause as Lipatti enters the stage. (Almost no one in the audience knew that he was dying, that he was in pain, that he hardly had the strength to sit upright, that this was to be his last recital.) Then he plays a soft, tentative arpeggio in the key the partita is written in, maybe to tune himself to it (at which point Bob performed an audible double take, and when I opened my eyes to look at him, he was leaning away from the speakers as if alarmed, and scowling at me, and that made us both laugh). Then there's a long stillness pregnant with expectation, and then the music begins.

Somewhere during the third movement, I opened my eyes and saw Bob nodding with the beat in an exaggerated manner, and then shaking his head—disapprovingly, it seemed.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'll tell you later; let's hear it first."

Well, if he doesn't like it by the end of the giga, too bad for him. I closed my eyes again.

Since it was I who had set the terms of the comparison—"transcendence," for want of a better word. versus the lack of it—and since these terms favored Dinu Lipatti decidedly, I had no difficulty going to the heart of the music this time, or maybe I should say: letting it go to my heart. Listening to Gould had been like watching a splendid kaleidoscope. But Lipatti seemed a different order of beauty. It was like watching the bud of a blossom unfold petal by petal. The separate movements, instead of succeeding one another mechanically, seemed to evolve from a common stem, toward some luminous, airy center.

It's in the second minuet, the next to the last movement, that this final efflorescence begins. There's a brightness, a transparency, and a kind of solemn gaiety, that were hinted at through the previous movements, without ever being quite released. It's here that Lipatit's technical virtuosity seems to work wonders—his ability, described so graphically in the album notes, to wield each finger independently of the others "like a fantastic ballet of ten elephant trunks, each obeying the commands of its own mahout," to give to each note a clear individuality of tone, of intensity, of nuance; and I think it's this ringing singleness of each and all the notes that makes their con-

cordance and harmony so beautiful and s perpetually surprising.

Then comes the last movement. Somewher I have read that Gluck, when he wrote th aria "Je t'implore" for one of his operas, wa haunted by this particular melody. I don' know the aria, but I find its title more suggestive of the mood of this giga than the word "gracefully rocking" I read elsewhere, in som musicologist's description of it. It's too pas sionate to be merely graceful, though implor is perhaps too pathetic a word for this tende urgency, this petitioning, which, after all, i answered, or answers itself, with such constancy and such benign and emphatic assurance.

There is a moment when a mechanicall reiterated phrase takes the place of this sweet conversation, descending the scale in seemin irresolution. Then from the lower register, ful heartedly, the answering voice repeats its mesage, and the upper voice joyfully resumes it questioning; and thus they continue; arrivin again at the moment of doubt and descension recovering one another again (though at time the two are very clearly one when, instead question and answer, a phrase begun in thupper register is completed in the lower); an concluding with a bright, upward-sweepin arreggio.

The tone arm clicked back into place. opened my eyes. Bob was sitting with his eye closed, utterly collapsed into himself, burie in his beard. After a few moments he took deep breath and straightened up.

"What did you think of it?" I asked.

"Outrageous."

"What?"

"That was outrageous."

"Outrageously what? Good or bad?" He rejected both, shaking his head.

"The way he played that...the way he managed to produce voices inside of mbody...."

"Oh good, good! I heard the same thing How in hell does he do it?"

"I don't know. I don't know. It's somethin unbelievable. Actual... I prefer to think them as human voices...actual voices...

"What were you saying during the piece there was something you didn't like?"

"Oh. That third movement. Jesus, I though he was playing it much too literally. I coul almost hear the goddamn metronome tickin away."

"I wonder," I said. "Maybe he's delibe ately restrained the music there, so he can le it go in the end."

"That's possible," Bob said.

"My question," I said, "is, How does h



it?" I wasn't quite sure what I meant by at question, and maybe Bob wasn't either, r he said nothing.

"Maybe if we listened to it again . . . ," I said.

"How about a few dozen times?"

Just then my glance fell on the book I'd en looking for earlier in the evening: Tranendental Style in Film, by Paul Schrader. It is behind the record player. I got up to get it. "Here's something I wanted to show you, b, something about acting. Wait a minute. ght here. It's Bresson, the filmmaker, talkg about Carl Dreyer's use of actors. He says: understand that at the time this film was a sall revolution, but now I only see all the tors' horrible buffooneries, terror-stricken imaces which make me want to flee.' That's

I thought there was more to it."

Bob looked deeply sunk in thought. But I uld tell he was listening and curious.

"I remember reading other statements by resson about acting," I said. "In some film agazine. Oh, well. Maybe it's quoted somehere in this book ... wait ha. There's mething: 'Bresson's treatment of actors is markably similar to Ozu's and for the same asons.' Let's see, now, there's a footnote: 'It's very easy," Ozu said, "to show emons in drama: the actors cry or laugh and is conveys sad or happy feelings to the auence. But this is mere explanation. Can we ally portray a man's personality and dignity appealing to his emotions? I want to make cople feel what life is like without delineated dramatic ups and downs."' How about att'"

Bob made an appreciative "Mmmmm," like 1 Ozu character.

"Okay, then it goes back to Bresson and zu, comparing them: 'Both strove to elimate any expression from the actor's perforance. Neither would give the actor "hints": explain the emotions that the actor should provey, but would give only precise, physical structions: at what angle to hold the head, hen and how far to turn the wrist, and so orth. Both used repeated rehearsals to "wear own" any ingrained or intractable self-excession, gradually transforming fresh movement into rote action, expressive intonation in-bland monotone."

"Mmmmm."

"I'm trying to imagine Julie Harris directed Robert Bresson."

"Mmm. In a silent movie."

"I'w telling you, she lost control."

I didn't believe that. After all, she's been erforming that show for weeks on Broadway nd what we'd seen was probably a tape of a particularly successful night. She must have planned it that way. But it didn't seem a point worth debating. I continued to read out loud.

"Bresson's instructions to Roland Monod, the pastor in "A Man Escaped," explain both the method and rationale behind this theory of acting: "Forget about time and meaning. Don't think about what you're saying; just speak the words automatically. When someone talks, he isn't thinking about the words he uses, or even about what he wants to say. Only concerned with what he is saying, he just lets the words come out, simply and directly!""

"Hm-hm!"

"When you are reading, your eye just strings together black words on white paper, set out quite neutrally on the page. It's only after you have read the words that you begin to dress up the simple sense of the phrases with intonation and meaning—that you interpret them. The film actor should content himself with saying his lines. He should not allow himself to show that he already understands them."

I had begun to adjust my reading to Bresson's specifications by delivering word for word with a flat affectless voice, letting the meanings take care of themselves.

"'Play nothing, explain nothing."

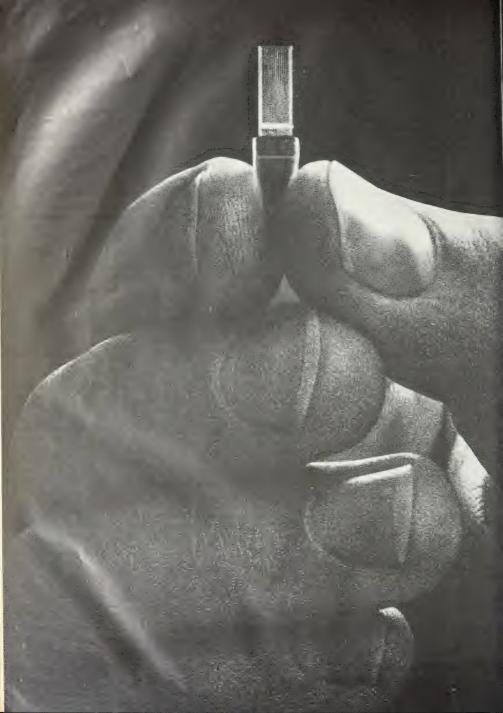
Just then my eyes skipped inadvertently ahead, and having caught a glimpse of the future, and surprised by it, the rhythm of my reading slowed down and my voice rose to an emphatically significant pitch as I read the sentence that followed: "'A text should be spoken as Dinu Lipatti plays Bach. His wonderful technique simply releases the notes; understanding and emotion come later.'"

After recovering from the strangeness of what had happened, we had, or it seemed that we had, a choice as to how to conclude this story in which we had figured. That some sort of conclusion had been reached seemed evident. It occurred to me that I could get up and leave the room without a word, and go to bed. I think some corrupted remnant of readings in Zen literature contributed to the idea. In any case, it was too artificial to impel me to action, though it might have been effective. Probably I would have lain laughing through a good part of the night, and heard Bob doing the same in the other room, and kept Susie awake in the bargain. The second possibility, the one that was actually carried out, was to talk, not about what had happened-that would have been to "manhandle" it (Bob's word for all kinds of indelicacy)-but about many other things, one subject leading to another, until our brains got tired, around the break of dawn.

"It's in the second minuet that the final efflorescence begins. There's a brightness, a transparency, and a kind of solemn gaiety, that were hinted at through the previous movements, without ever being quite released."



HARPER'S SEPTEMBER 1977



The Chicago Connection.

With it, the phone system of tomorrow is in Chicago today.

A while ago, we told you lightvave communications was just round the corner. Today, it's in the treets of Chicago.

For the first time, the human oice, business data and even video ignals are being carried by light-vaves traveling over hair-thin glass ibers. Instead of electric current raveling over copper wire.

But without that little link you ee on the opposite page, lightwave ommunications for such a wide ange of services might still be an xperiment in a lab. And without Vestern Electric technology, the link night still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an date from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major omponents of the lightwave system ogether, they had to find a way to plice the glass fibers and get the ght across the splice, without pilling any.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was eceptively simple. A coupling evice made up of tiny grooved chips, maller than the tip of your finger, hat would guide the ends of the air-thin fibers and butt them up

in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch.
Making one chip was easy. But there
was no machinery that could mass
produce all the identical chips that
would be needed for a lightwave
system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center (ERC) comes in. Turning ideas into technological innovations is nothing new at Western Electric's ERC.

In its 13 years of existence, the ERC has piled up an impressive list of innovations that have become manufacturing standards.

manufacturing standards.

Western Electric was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor.

It was the first to put the laser to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for Chicago's lightwave system.

Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal

planes etch faster than its perpendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why

innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

Western Electric



Fell I not nor failed at Fierce words, but my piercing Blade mouth gave forth bloody Bane speech, its harsh teaching.

Catch the kennings? That's the secret of this skaldic verse—make it esoteric and shoot it full of kennings. Anyway, it's a living.

But I'm not here to carp about a skald's life, I'm here to make art. Spin a tale for posterity. Weave a web of mystery.

HAT YEAR the winter ran at us like a sword, October to May. You know the sort of thing: permafrosting winds, record cold. The hot springs crusted over, birds stiffened on the wing and dropped to the earth like stones, Thorkell the Old froze to the crossbar in the privy. Even worse: thinribbed wolves yabbered on our doorstep, chewed up our coats and boots, and then, one snowy night, made off with Thorkell the Young. It was impossible. We crouched round the fire, thatch leaking, days short, the mead barrel deep. We drank, shivered, roasted a joint, told tales. The fire played off our faces, red-gold and amber, and we fastened on the narrator's voice, entranced, falling in on ourselves, the soft cadences pulling us through the waves, illuminating shorelines, battlefields, mountains of plunder. Unfortunately, the voice was most often mine. Believe me, in a winter like that a skald really earns his keep-eight months, seven days a week, and an audience of hard-bitten critics with frost in their beards. The nights dragged on

One bleak morning we saw that yellow shoots had begun to stab through the cattle droppings in the yard. We stretched, yawned, and filled our boat with harrying material. We took our battle-axes, our throwing axes, our hewing axes, our massive stroke-dealing swords, our disemboweling spears, a strip of jerky, and a jug of water. As I said, we were tough. Some of us wore our twin-horned battle helmets, the sight of which interrupts the vital functions of our victims and inspires high-keyed vibrato. Others of us, in view of fifteen-degree temperatures and a stiff breeze whitening the peaks of the waves, felt that the virtue of toughness had its limits. I decided on a lynx hat that gave elaborate consideration to the

There were thirteen of us: Thorkell Son of Thorkell the Misaligned, Thorkell the Short, Thorkell Thorkellsson, Thorkell Cat, Thorkell Flat-Nose, Thorkell-neb, Thorkell Ale-Lover, Thorkell the Old, Thorkell the Deep-Minded,

We were hardy. We were bold.

We fought over the gravel brake to launch our terrible swift ships. The wind shrieked of graves robbed, the sky was a hearth gone cold. An icy froth soaked us to the waist. Then we were off, manning the oars in smooth Nordic sync, the ship lurching through rocky breakers, heaving up, slapping down. The spray shot needles into our eyes, the oars lifted and dipped. An hour later the mainland winked into oblivion behind the dark lids of sea and sky. The Coraghessan Boyle is an editor of The Iowa Review. His stories have appeared in several national magazines.

Ofeig, Skeggi, Grim, and me. We were tough.

AYS ROSE UP out of the water and sank before us. Intrepid Norsemen, we rode the currents, the salt breeze tickling our nostrils and bellying the sail. Thorkell Flat-Nose was our navigator. He kept two ravens on a cord. The sea whispered at the prow, the tiller hissed behind us, and the weeks sloshed by like flecks of foam. Then one morning, before dawn, Thorkell Ale-Lover snuffed the breeze and cried, "Land-ho!" We were fell and grim and ravenous. We looked up at the black ribbon of the Irish coast and grinned like wolves. Our shoulders dug at the oars, the sea sliced by. An hour later we landed.

Ofeig, the berserker, was for sniffing out habitations, freebooting, and laying waste. But dawn was creeping on apace, and Thorkell Son of Thorkell the Misaligned reminded him that we Norsemen attack only under cover of darkness, swift and silent as a nightmare. Ofeig did not take it well: the berserker's rage came on him, and he began to froth and chew at his tongue and howl like a skinned beast. It was a tense moment. We backed off as he grabbed for his battle-axe and whirred it about his head. Fortunately he stumbled over a root and attacked the earth, gibbering and slavering, sparks slashing out from buried stones as if the ground had suddenly caught fire.

Our reaction to all this was swift and uncomplicated: we moved up the beach about 200 yards and settled down to get some rest. The Thorkells slept on their feet. I stretched out in a patch of wildflowers and watched the sky, Ofeig's howls riding the breeze like a celestial aria, waves washing the shore.

WOKE TO THE SOUND of whetstone on axe: we were polishing the blades of our fearsome battle weapons. It was late afternoon. We hadn't eaten in days. Thorkell-neb and Skeggi stood naked on the beach, basting one another with black mud scooped from a nearby marsh, I joined them. We darkened our flaxen hair, drew grim black lines under our eyes, chanted fight songs. The sun hit the water like a halved fruit, then vanished. A horned owl shot out across the dunes. Crickets skreeked in the bushes. The time had come. We drummed one another about the neck and shoulders for a while ("Yeah!" we yelled, "Yeah!"), fastened our helmets, and then raced our serpentheaded ship into the waves.

A few miles down the coast we came upon a light flickering out over the dark corrugations of the sea. As we drew closer it became apparent that the source of light was detached from the coast itself—could it be an island? Our blood quickened, our lips drew back in

"In a winter like that a skald really earns his keep—eight months, seven days a week, and an audience of hard-bitten critics with frost in their heards."

T. Coraghessan
Boyle
WE ARE
NORSEMEN

anticipation. Ravin and rapine at last! There would be no escape from our pure silent fury, and bruce of secreting treasures, no hope of

inforcements hastily roused from bumpkin beds in the surrounding countryside. Ha!

An island it was—a tiny point of land, slick with ghostly cliffs and crowned with the walls of a monastery. We circled it, shadows on the dark swell. The light seemed to emanate from a stone structure atop the highest crag—some bookish monk with his nose to the paper, no doubt, copying by the last of the firelight. He was in for a surprise. We rode the bosom of the sea and waited for the light to fail. Suddenly Thorkell the Old began to cackle. "That'll be Inishmurray," he wheezed. "Fattest monastery on the west coast." Our eyes glowed as the light died and the world became night.

We watched the bookish monk in our minds' eyes: kissing the text and laying it on a shelf, scattering the fire, plodding wearily to his cell and the cold gray pallet. I recited an incen-

diary verse:

Eye-bleed monk, Night his bane. Darkness masks The sea-wound, Mickle fell, Mickle stark.

I finished the recitation with a flourish, rolling the mickles like thunder. Then we struck.

T WAS CHILD'S PLAY. The slick ghostly cliffs were like rolling meadows, the outer wall a branch in our path. There was no sentry, no watchdog, no alarm. We dropped down into the courtyard, naked, our bodies basted black, our doughty death-dealing weapons in hand. We were shadows, fears, fragments of a bad dream.

Thorkell Son of Thorkell the Misaligned stole into a little stone chapel and emerged with a glowing brand. Then he set fire to two or three of the wickerwork cells and a pile of driftwood. From that point on it was pandemonium—Ofeig tumbling stone crosses, the Thorkells murdering monks in their beds, Skeggi and Thorkell the Old chasing women, Thorkell Ale-Lover waving joints of mutton and horns of beer. The Irish defended themselves as best they could, two or three monks coming at us with barbed spears and pilgrim's staffs, but we made short work of them. After all, we were Norsemen.

For my own part, I darted here and there

through the smoke and rubble, seized with a destructive frenzy, frightening women and sheep with my hideous blackened features. I even cut down a doddering crone for the sake of a gold brooch, my sweetheart Thorkella in mind. Still, despite the lust and chaos and the sweet smell of anarchy, I kept my head and my poet's eye. I observed each of the principal Thorkells, noting each valorous swipe and thrust, the hot skaldic verses already forming on my lips. But then suddenly I was distracted: the light had reappeared in the little cell atop the crag. I counted Thorkells (no mean feat when you consider the congeries of legs and arms, sounds and odors, the panicked flocks of sheep, pigs, and chickens, the jagged flames, the furious womanizing, gourmandising, and sodomizing carried on by the crew). As I say, I counted Thorkells. We were all in sight. Up above, the light grew in intensity, flaming like a planet against the night sky. I thought of the bookish monk and started up the hill.

The night murmured around me: crickets, katydids, cicadas, and far below the rush of waves on the rocks. The glare from the fires behind me gave way to blackness, rich and star-filled. I hurried toward the cell, lashed by malice aforethought and evil intent-bookish monk, bookish monk-and burst through the door. I was black and terrible, right down to the tip of my foreskin. "Arrrrr!" I growled. The monk sat at a table, hands clenched, head bent over a massive tome. He was just as I'd pictured him: pale as milk, a fringe of dark hair around his tonsure, puny and frail. He did not look up. I growled again, and when I got no response I began to slash at candles and pitchers and icons and all the other superstitious trappings of the place. Pottery splashed to the floor, shelves tumbled. Still he bent over the book.

The book. What in Frigg's name was a book anyway? Scratchings on a sheet of cowhide. Could you fasten a cloak with it, carry mead in it, impress women with it, wear it in your hair? There was gold and silver scattered round the room, and yet he sat over the book as if it could glow or talk or something. The idiot. The pale, puny, unhardy, unbold idiot. A rage came over me. I shoved him aside and snatched up the book, thick pages, dark characters, the mystery and magic. Snatched it up, me, a poet, a Norseman, an annihilator. Snatched it up and watched the old monk's suffering features as I fed it, page by filthy page, into the fire. Ha!

E ARE NORSEMEN, hardy and bold. We mount the black waves in our doughty ships and we go a-raiding. We are Norsemen, tough as stone. We are Norsemen.

IBM Reports

Information: key to better service for you as a consumer.

Shoppers in a supermarket near Baltimore now spend nearly 30 percent less time in the checkout line. Guests of an Atlanta hotel can register in just seconds after their arrival. And at a Nebraska savings and loan association, customers can make deposits and withdrawals 40 percent faster than before.

The reason that customers of the supermarket, the hotel and the savings and loan association enjoy better, faster service is the same: computer-based systems provide these businesses with the information they need when they need it—current information about food prices, about available rooms, about account balances.

Minimizing delays is only one of the ways in which modern information technology—from computers to office systems—can be used to benefit the consumer.

For example, with timely, accurate information businesses can reduce the number of out-of-stock items, promptly answer customer inquiries, provide more personalized service and plan better to meet future consumer needs. Information technology is IBM's business—providing the tools for recording, processing, communicating, storing and retrieving information.

Clearly, such information tools are increasingly important in serving the consumer today. They will become even more essential in the future as the economy continues to grow in size and complexity. For instance, today the average supermarket stocks 50 percent more products on its shelves than it did 20 years ago. And, counting various sizes and colors, a large department store now offers a choice of more than a guarter of a million items.

When consumer choices expand in this way, so do the problems of business management. Fortunately, advances over the years have made it more and more economical for businesses to improve customer service through the use of information technology. For example, the cost of computer processing has come down at the rate of about 18 percent compounded annually during the past 20 years.

We at IBM are committed to developing a wide range of innovative new products using information technology—products that help put information to work for people.



HAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!

On the role of the novel

by Richard Condon

HE NOVEL HAS never been healthier nor more entertaining, containing, as it always has, the Complete Emotional Records in all their minutiae of every demonstrated or secret glory or shabbiness experienced by mankind. For no other artifacts can that claim be made. The novel is the most satisfyingly complex of all artifacts designed by human need.

The first, Aethiopica, by Bishop Heliodorus, was written in 398 A.D. in Thessaly. It told the story of a wild love affair in which Theagenes did not say to Chariclea, "Being in love means never having to say you're sorry." That was 1,579 years ago. Since then, the novel has survived with expanding good health, not because it is art (because now and then it is art) but because it has always understood the reason for its own existence: to entertain. Anything else which, among billions of pages in thousands of languages, came to be viewed as art, was the by-product of a passing genius.

Despite what the elaborately mannered literary establishment regularly tries to tell us, the American novel is not in peril of disappearing. It changes with the daydreams of its readers and keeps pace with their acceptance of, or withdrawal from, reality-but unless the reader's sanity itself is in danger, the novel cannot be in danger either. It is being transformed by its source, the people, as it always has been, and into something more schizophrenic than merely insular. The Great American Novel is still writing itself deep within the burgeoning fiction factory which has become the modern American psyche, that psyche which is under pressure from a mass yearning of more bewildering complexity than it has ever faced because everything-politics, crime, sports, welfare, Richard Condon's most recent novel is The Abandoned Woman.

religion, and statistics—has become a matter of emotions endlessly reflected in an infinity of mirrors.

EADERS RIGHTLY TAKE the word fiction literally, particularly in the case of satirical fiction, which makes a direct comment on life and which is enjoyed because the readers know this is about somebody else. Until the mighty laser, on which all future technology shall be blamed, causes the invention of a printing system whereby the hero/ heroine's name in every novel is the name of the reader and the names of all the other characters the names of his friends (as has happened with some children's books), readers will continue to believe that fiction is fictional, and the novel will remain unable to change anything.

For no work of fiction has ever changed anything, any more than flashlights have. Traditionally, novels are read in the United States by 1.7 percent of the population—which somewhat reduces their clout—although the hundreds of millions of paperbacks which are read are as grains of sand on the bottom of a birdcage. It was economics that altered the condition of slavery, not *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The force of the newspaper accounts following upon *The Jungle*, rather than the novel itself, pushed politicians to enact (illusory) Pure Food legislation in 1906.

Book reviewers, often called "critics," and teachers of "creative writing" urge that the novel "hold the mirror up to nature," which is typical of the kind of advice given by all outsiders. The insiders are those people who read novels for pleasure or pain, and the people who write them with or without reasons. In that enormous mass of boredom and lust, one finds as many different fancies in the reading as there are in the writing, which is why there are "disappointing" novels: i.e., a reader with one set of fantasies chose a novel which embodied different ones. "Every girl to her own taste," said the soubrette as she kissed Charles de Gaulle. But not all soubrettes could feel that passion. Even the passion may vary if tempered by thrift—as, for example, when the woman at the booklaunching cocktail party tells the author, "I cannot wait until it comes out in paperback."

Yet neither reader nor writer (and there aren't many symbioses like this left in nature) has much interest in "the mirror held up"—too limiting. The reader is interested in how many permutations of guilt, love, pain, virtue, justice, and place can be unfolded. The writer is interested in saying only what he or she wants to say about such things. Mirrors, after all, are repetitious; the novel is more than

a mirror.

NOVEL IS a codification of reality-of emotion, people, and places. Joseph Heller codifies the realities for our times as Mark Twain codified them for his. But other media do this, too, in their way. There exists a vast literature to certify to the reality of clothing fashions (on a flight to Acapulco recently, all 119 passengers of both sexes and including first class wore blue jeans, in the manner of rich convicts in search of some sunshine); to the reality of multimillion-dollar games (or "sports"), wherein grown men toss variously shaped balls at each other-or hit them with sticks or kick them or roll them -and the rest of the country then spends the ensuing week, until the next set of games, talking about it; and to the day-to-day realities of other significant activities celebrated by our people.

There are also newspaper writers

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called "political analysts" and "commentators" who turn out millions of words daily from the capitals of the world to reassure their readers of the reality of their governments. And this is difficult work. For example, a defecting Soviet pilot, Mr. Viktor Belenko, has blurted that the Soviet Army has gone underground (as in The Hobbit) to avoid detection by American satellite cameras, and, because the cameras can detect heat signals, has had to permanently refrigerate Russian soil above the 317,288 acres of key military installations to a depth of twentytwo feet. Naturally, the Pentagon analysts who read this, using their own reality decodifiers called "the debriefing process," will see at once that we must permanently refrigerate down to thirty-six feet over the 709,231 acres of our key military installations. The direct taxpayer cost of this will need to be translated into reader reality by such journalists as James Reston, Rod Mac-Leish, and the staff of Newsday. They will each disagree with the others' opinthis is why many readers prefer the know about it and will fight to the

novel to newspapers and television.

All codifiers of reality, particularly the novel, are explanations that exploit the preconceived prejudices of the reader. All changes are rung. Where the novel differs from the other media in the glutted world of communications is in the subjective viewpoint it must represent. This viewpoint must be unique to the reader because it is original with the author, because it forms the author's reality.

Imagine the novel as a fat lady leaning on a second-story windowsill in a large house. We are able to see onethird of her. We must imagine twothirds of her. Add one novel to four readers and-lo!-we have five novels. Everything we read, feel, ignore, taste, see, hear, and resist is filtered through the reflexes of our individual lifetimes of conditioning.

In other words, the novel exists on various levels. The first level corresponds to the perspective of the author. Because he thinks he invented all of his book's internal components, he ions until the issue is forgotten-and thinks he knows everything there is to

death for this inside position on any talk show. But he is limited by his lifetime of conditioning. Most of the symbols and signals he has planted in his book he does not understand at all. When he reads the same novel many years later, he frequently finds in it things he had not known he had put

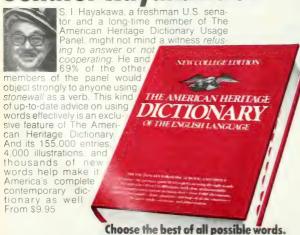
The next level is in the view of the reader. This rare creature (one exists on the map of the United States side by side with 1,333 nonreaders) may argue hotly, or with indifference, with other readers of the same book as to what it was about or what it meant. Readers, because of their own conditioning, often differ sharply with the "reality" which the author imagined he had written because, when things live only in the mind, we are allowed to find what we seek; and what we seek are shapes from the only past we know as individuals.

The third and final level is in the view of the professional reader/reviewer/critic-a hired opinion eager to be accepted by his reviewing peers not for his perceptions but for his grasp of literary trends, who is paid to "articulate" what he has read rather than experience it, as do normal readers, judging it by whatever emotions he suspects he currently shares with his reviewer colleagues.

HE LITERARY "CRITIC," if that word may be used when not more than seven exist in our country, as a mercenary will defend a position on what he believes reality should be at the moment when he reads any one novel-a droplet in his annual river of novels-and, consciously or unconsciously, he attempts the impossible task of reflecting on the emotional responses of thousands of other readers and nonreaders, the readers who read only the review and not the book he discusses therein. While only the past of this book is in the hands of reviewers, however, its future rests with the reader, who, having chosen one novel out of many for his own reasons, has the power to bring to it his own new layers of meaning.

That reader also brings symbols to the novel, a new set for each one he or she reads, transmuting what the novelist has written at will and creating as many meanings as there are seekers

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of meanings. It is from the craters between these meanings that the truth begins to ooze which forms itself into three distinct kinds of novels:

There is the rare, rarer, rarest kind, which contains such truth as might be shared by the greatest number of readers from the greatest number of cultures for the greatest lengths of time. (Standard references here could be War and Peace and Huckleberry Finn.) There is the more accessible novel, which contains truths-in-plural, informational more than inspirational transcendence; which is about the difficulties, ecstasies, satisfactions, and approvals of the immediate world at the present, and lacks the reach to grasp truths for all time. Would you believe the novels of W. Somerset Maugham, Charles McCarry, and Max Beerbohm, ineluctable masters? This second category is the reason the novel bothered to invent itself at all. It may not be art, but it is entertainment. Any reader with sore feet or a sorer soul knows that literary entertainment is a high calling, and no matter that Graham Greene denigrated the word by imprisoning it within quotation marks.

Leastly, there is the novel which rehashes other people's truths, telling thrice-told tales again. This is called popular fiction because frequently this is the reader's favorite category, as the sales figures show us. It exists to keep readers from thinking, to keep publishers from worrying. No one need sit alone inside his skull and remember what he did at 2:07 last Saturday morning and why he keeps lying about it to his analyst. Popular fiction provides protecting walls as thick as bank vaults.

No one should suppose that the first designation, art, is more valuable than the third, self-hypnosis. Quality and quantity are both currencies. Myths are immortal. Each of the three designations of the novel exists in a separate dream compartment; the three are mutually exclusive because they serve separate needs of readers.

Seven novels by Mickey (Kiss Me, Deadly) Spillane are among the thirty best-selling novels of all time (along with Gone With the Wind, Peyton Place, Lady Chatterley's Lover, and In His Steps, by Charles Monroe Sheldon, 1897). A novel like Spillane's I, the Jury, which is the most obvious sort of rehash of old hate-violence fantasies

and yet which is read and reread by 100 million people, many of them habitual nonreaders, must be valued as a novel of immense significance in light of the agglomerations of American culture—a culture of assassinations, corruptions, group sex, bribery, child abuse, chemical foods, the extension of wars through the colossal sales of weapons, the use of narcotics, and the failure of cities. When our civilization comes under the study of future historians of ancient history, Spillane may tell them more about us than many of the novels of the other two categories.

O THE LARGEST extent, popular novels derive their strengths from television, because their shared storytelling is like a game of saluchi, in which the same set of bean bags is tossed back and forth between them, with each storytelling medium reinforcing the other, through imitation and repetition. In earlier times the same condition existed, to a lesser degree, between the popular novel and the cinema. Now finally established, television is the glue, cement, and embalming fluid of modern American culture, and what a viewer watches on television is a conditioned action, not a voluntary one. When 100 million people read a Mickey Spillane novel, however, it is a voluntary action which requires a choice from a vast selection of other novels, the expenditure of money, a journey to make the purchase or the library loan, and enough reading time to match perhaps two days of television-watching.

On the other hand, it may take about three generations before an individual novel can be evaluated as literature, before any work may be safely pronounced to be a lasting work of art. There are so many gigantic tidal waves of individually conditioned reflexes in so many cultures to be overcome. That, surely, is the big, wet kiss of consolation for those who sit at their typewriters in anguish, determined to tear up a day's work if it doesn't come out as art. They can cling pathetically to the knowledge that, on its publication in 1876, The Adventures of Tom Sawver was assaulted, its author excoriated. by the reviewer for the New York Times. The writer who shouts from the rooftops that he produces 100 words

a day or who boasts his need for twelve years to complete a novel may well be seeking art-insurance for it, or, of course, he may merely be a Martinidrinker.

Reviewers who hardly know sin from syntax cry out—O Lord!—for the production of instant art. Its production is insisted upon in many creative-writing classes. There are clones of Ouida who state with a straight face that about the lowest thing that exists in writing is a "professional" rather than an "artist." Even the late Mr. Ernest Hemingway, of all people, went into uncontrollable rages when he was referred to as "a money writer."

Novels which are toasted as works of art at the time of publication almost always drown in the wine (vide the winners of the National Book Awards, Pulitzer Prizes). Novelists whose voices seem to sing like angels in June get laryngitis by January. Therefore, to be accepted by the reader, who is intently committed to the novel he has acquired as being entertaining, as a writer who heals and diverts hundreds of thousands or dozens of readers who wish to be turned away from a few of the unbearable moments of their lives -this is not a bad model of work for anyone with art on his or her mind. "It ain't easy," as H. W. Fowler, author of Modern English Usage, never said. Would you fault Nicholas Meyer, Evelyn Waugh, Lawrence Sanders, Chester Himes, Nancy Mitford, Thomas Berger, Anthony Powell, or W. R. Burnett?

There is always the chance that if one is able to entertain while seated at the typewriter one may be vaulted upward sixty-eight years hence into a perfectly marvelous celebration of self. But it's not for novelists, although maybe for reviewers unable to digest their awe at the sight of large works of enchained syntax and biblical vision, to detect and separate Art from contemporary literary chaff. The year 2045 must be awaited patiently. One of these twentysecond immortalists must be permitted to hang around to see if the people are still reading, as entertainment and surcease, the works he had enthroned as

While it doesn't seem that the current reviewers' favorites, Solzhenitsyn and Joyce, will make it, for a lack of people who can prove they got all the way through to the end—who knows as yet? James Joyce, as God in Dublin

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ince Oswald was known to be right-handed, ow come his gun had a left-handed scope? Thy does an FBI report claim that separate nots hit the President and ex-Governor Conally... when the Warren Commission insists was a single bullet? And how do you account or the 17 different witnesses—all with evience contrary to the Warren Commission's nclusions—who were found dead or murered within three years of that sad traumatic ay in Dallas?

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knows, has millions of admirers, but his few readers are too busy writing appreciations of him to take the time to help imbue the rest of us with what he is all about. If he survives the sixtyeight years, one can always say one didn't know the canon was loaded.

We would all like to believe in the daily production of art in all of its forms, but we must settle for much less. The writer sweats as he shoves the furniture of his memory across the vast rooms of the palace or the tenement rooms or the hovels of his life. Then, in the very next book, he has to move and shift all of it all over again, until he achieves precisely the self-healing effect he requires, seeking always to see the world and the myth from a perspective unlike that seen from any other person's hillock.

This experience has been a prodigious one ever since storytelling began -when a reader, by free exercise of choice, walks to one book among thousands, then takes it home, to be able to turn to it with more nakedness than he or she could expose to any lover and know that this will transport for the measure of time that the novel can hold. Exactly for how long a time is precisely for as long as that reader has expanded his own life into other lives. The novel, whatever it is beyond a conscious attempt at the deliverance of truths and the transcendence of death, is ectoplasm we are able to enter and so be given passage to anywhere in time, place, or experience. No one goes to a bookshop to scoop up this week's special in art-in-literature, but when a novel lands inside the head and heart, all time and sensation stretch out before the reader. If we want to fight a ship of the line with Nelson, we go to the novel. If we feel we need to lie with a (live) Nefertiti, we go to the novel. When we want to understand grief beyond grief, or the eternal confrontation of man and woman, man and God, man and himself, we go to the novel.

History texts are about statistical people. Novels are about people who itch, weep, murder, chuckle, corrupt, and go fishing. Taken altogether, the assured production of such truths is more vital to their sanity—reader and author—and to their sweetest survival, than the rare, rarer, rarest production of the mutant. Art.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1977

BOOKS

END GAME

by Stephen Koch

Players, by Don DeLillo. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.95.

layers is Don DeLillo's fourth novel, appearing five years after End Zone, which in the general view was a best-seller celebrated in its day for what are called "extraliterary" reasons: to wit, it was bought and read by people who loved not literature but football. Speaking as somebody who loathes and despises football, I found End Zone a well-written and extremely amusing novel.

DeLillo's next two books, Great Jones Street and Ratner's Star, were less satisfactory, and this latest is not, I'm afraid, very good at all. I hasten to add that there is nothing inexorable in this descent, no steady exhaustion of a subject, for example, no overmining of a given manner or style. It is hard to guess exactly what has gone wrong. Haste? Just a bad year? Possibly there is something about the subject. Football is a sport whose charms, such as they are, DeLillo has at his fingertips, whereas more digging is needed in Players; the very subject of the novel is unclear. It is a slack, shapeless work trying to tell a tale about a transformation in the lives of a stockbroker and his wife when a man they barely know is quite pointlessly assassinated by some entirely unconvincing "terrorists" in the New York Stock Exchange. I think (but am not sure) that all the characters work in the financial district so we will clearly see the dehumanized nature of their lives. But this suggests that the "lives" in question have some imaginative reality. Not so. There are no stockbrokers, terrorists, or wives-dehumanized or not-in Players. There are only words, inky squiggles on a page, telling us things that we do not believe.

Such as that after the shooting Wall Street, Lyle the stockbroker quite without the tiniest shred of mo vation-drifts away from his sexy mi of a wife, Pammy (Pammy?), to jo up with the uniquely dull coterie noncharacters who pulled the trigg and whom DeLillo keeps calling "t terrorists." Politics leads Lyle do the primrose path: his fate worse th death is only slyly hinted at, but it (we are given to understand) both se ual and dicey, involving a girl with dildo. So much for "politics." Mea while, the estimable Pammy development new interests of her own, entertaini herself by watching the auto-da-fé o homosexual friend and sometime lov sniffing the reek of gasoline in smoky air, looking in bland affectle horror at the lump of charred fle Why-you may well ask-do Pami and Lyle, until recently such a couof sweeties, respond with such ve strange violence to a shooting that the page is so dull that the reader of barely remember it from paragraph paragraph? Well, that-as the ma used to say in Thurber's storiesdon't know.

To be the Last to insist that now include characters who act throu intelligible motives. I wouldn't sist they include characters at a Though most novels have been account of intelligibly motivated characters, good many of them have been nothing the kind, several of the great among them. It does seem fair, how er, to ask that the imaginative transtion that replaces such things on the page have something about it that the reader can find believable and interest the stephen Koch, author of Night Watch Stargaget, is at work on a new novel.

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Kings & 100's

ing. I am afraid that this cannot be said of most of the writing in Players.

There are two exceptions. Every fifteen pages or so, some character decides to knock off a piece of intelligible motivation (it is usually the mercurial Lyle), whereupon he drops his pants and climbs into the sack with somebody—and we are treated to a brief, refreshing sex scene. Though none of these passages can hope for ultimate inclusion in the great erotic anthology in the sky, they do perk up an otherwise dreary landscape.

Some of DeLillo's passages about New York are likewise exempt from dreariness. New York is much on De-Lillo's mind, and I gather the distortions of life in the behavioral sink are part of his point. Strangely enough, though he does his best writing about the city, he is not (in this book) a particularly good observer of it. For example, Pammy and Lyle venture out to dinner in SoHo one fine evening. There is nothing even slightly like SoHo in the passage. We could be in downtown Omaha. Still, accuracy is not the whole art of evocation, and a rather Baudelairean vision of the swarming city and its ever more frenetic sordidness keeps recurring, usually quite dissociated from the wooden characters and their tiresome nonadventures, but occasionally invested with a certain low-temperature prose poetry,

Lyle stood in a phone booth in Grand Central...watching people heading for their trains, skidding along, their shoulders collapsed—a day's work, a drink or two causing subtle destruction, a rumpling beyond the physical, all moving through constant sourceless noise, mouths slightly open, the fish of cities.

This isn't bad, and near the end of the book (after her homosexual boyfriend has inexplicably burned himself to death) the bewildered Pammy is slipped into the arc-lit, teeming, blackand-blue landscape of Greenwich Village on a summer night in what are by far the book's best pages.

The city and sex: dissociation is De-Lillo's theme. Ever since Blake saw the soldier's sigh run in blood down palace walls, the city (the summer city especially) has provided a vision of the dissociative hell, if for no other reason than that pounding the pavement within touching distance of thousands of strangers can easily create a spectacle of pullulating life that is at once intense and unintelligible, vibrant and cut off.

I gather DeLillo's characters are i tended to be pulled apart by an anal gous imbalance between feeling ar expression, between emotion and a tion. Apparently it is zombie time old New York. But insofar as this add up to anything but the oldest and mo fraudulent cliché in the shop-Moder Life is Empty and Unfeeling-DeLil has flubbed his point. Plain bad writing is partly the cause (I cannot resist the editorial, rather than genuinely critical point that the book cries out for least another draft), as is DeLillo's r fusal to confront or explore the h spots that are the obvious sources for the energy to which the book neve connects: homosexuality, left-wing pol tics, and forms of sexual perversity.

DeLillo seems to justify these failure by suggesting that, after all, dissociate behavior is unmotivated. This is really very limp thinking, and of cours quite the opposite is true. Dissociate behavior is usually motivated to the point of compulsion—and there lies it artist's theme. The compulsion may be bizarre and unattractive, and it may be the sort of thing that would be wilde and appall Louisa May Alcott. But is not dead, not unreal, and not uniteresting. The same cannot be said for Players.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Michael Malone

The Consul's File, by Paul Theroux. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95.

When "Inspector Hawthorne" came upon a file in the dusty Custom House, he read there the passionate tragedy of Hester Prynne's scarlet letter. When Theroux's consul opens his secret file in the cobwebbed boxroom of the American embassy in a Malaysian backwater, he finds only ant-chewed papers, mostly blank. It is as if Theroux were trying to tell us that there are no more tragedies, no more romances, no more secrets worth telling.

Since his runaway Railway Bazaar

success, one rarely opens a magazine without finding one of Paul Theroux's short stories inside. This new collection, a narrative, makes a skillful, though not a stirring, book. Like Somerset Maugham's clean, clear tales of Europeans in Far Eastern settings, Theroux's writing is deft and uncluttered. He is a master carpenter of plots with the precision of dovetail joints, and he disappoints only in those few stories which rely too heavily on O. Henry mechanics: the neat, final twist to ghost

Michael Malone is the author of two novels, Painting the Roses Red and The Delectable Mountains. stories, or suspense, or comic episode But, the consul tells us, Maugham re manticized his expatriates, and romand is the last thing our narrator discover among the superstitious natives or th unattractive white "club" members wit whom he drinks away the humid to dium of existence. There is no Sadi Thompson, much less a Lord Jim, this jungle outpost. Theroux's charaters are insular, bored, bigoted, foolisl cynical, and emotionally stagnant. Ur like that other tale-teller, Conrad's Ma low, who acknowledges that the falle Lord Jim is "one of us," Theroux consul exposes the petty lives of ind

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gents abroad while making it clear that he does not consider himself one of them. He hasn't the passion either to love or to hate profoundly; indeed, he ultimately cares so little that we tend to share his indifference.

The Dark Lady, by Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95.

The Dark Lady is Mr. Auchincloss's twenty-seventh book. Like its heroine, stylish and well-behaved, it lives in a world whose "supreme accomplishment is the evening meal." Among Fragonard oils and Cellini filigree, guests chat about the finer things-which, even in 1937, do not appear to be free. Into this dining-room tragedy of manners moves the "handsome" Elesina Dart (of the Old New York Darts), a much-married sometime actress with a drinking problem. By her wit, her profile, and her agile ethics, she seduces away from his proper Old New York wife a New New York millionaire, Judge Stein. Later, as his grande-dame widow. Elesina defeats a celibate homosexual to become Republican Congresswoman from Rye. Along the way there is an appropriate number of catastrophes. Even when they are committing incestuous adultery or leaping out the windows of charming apartments, Mr. Auchincloss's characters seem as flat and formal as mannequins at Bonwit Teller. They speak quite well, but not at all well of one another: "Be assured that I have the temerity to anticipate that I shall continue to make your father an excellent wife," angrily remarks the young Mrs. Stein to her new stepson. Have we heard such dialogue since Isabel Archer did not tell Madame Merle exactly what she thought of her? Finally, what Mr. Auchincloss says of one of his characters must be said of his book: it has only "a faith in the form and appearances which survived the substance." Still, despite its lack of human heat, the life of The Dark Lady is caught in crystal, and it rings elegantly enough.

Enemies of Society, by Paul Johnson. Atheneum, \$10.

Johnson offers us here an analysis in toto of civilization from the Neolithic to the Nixonian, from Carolingian stirrups to current sulfur-dioxide concentrations in urban areas. A British

historian, formerly editor of the New Statesman, and author of six books in the past five years, he is a man of farflung erudition, and he does not hesitate to fling it at those he considers "enemies of society." These include Marx, Freud, Teilhard de Chardin, Lévi-Strauss, Bertrand Russell, Wittgenstein, Marcuse, and McLuhan-all "mountebank witch doctors." Other enemies are pseudosciences like psychology and sociology; also pseudoreligions like existentialism, ecumenicalism, and Christianity without Christ, which "accepts sexual promiscuity (and aberration) and individual acts of terrorism." Also euphemistic language, the New Fascist student Left, nonrepresentational art, atonal music, most of modern literature, and the ecological lobby, those "middle-class cranks" on whom he places the blame for the recent oil panic which "brought to a bitter end the thirty-year Keynesian boom." Also, new translations of the Bible.

Johnson does not argue presuppositions in this beautifully written and therefore very readable, if not agreeable, assault on the assaulters of the status-quo laissez-faire free enterprise in which he believes. Like Trevelvan. whose elegant exposition Johnson's resembles, he believes in "the British middle class, that leading creator and custodian of Western civilization" who "enshrined property rights in a body of impersonal law" and thereby created the Industrial Revolution. He believes that the horrors of industrial poverty, like the child laborers in Manchester whom Engels described, have been exaggerated ("It was not capitalism which produced these children"); that "tropical countries did not do too badly under colonial rule"; that "when the status and power of the middle class is eroded or destroyed, political and economic freedom is lost. and civilization is in consequence diminished.'

He does not, on the other hand, believe in corporatism, by which he means trade unions (he does not mention interlocking business conglomerates), for a union "curbs the elitist urge in man, the very essence of civilization." Nor has he any use for the U.N. or any sympathy for the power movements of minorities or oppressed peoples: Frantz Fanon, "a savage" and the "architect of colored racism." wrote "the Mein Kampj of the campaign of the Third

World against the West" after study ing Sartre, whose "professed pursui of freedom" does not "coincide with that of a sensible and civilized Anglo Saxon."

A lot of knowledge is a dangerouthing when it is used to construct a fortress of social status and economic security in which a secure middle class may live protected from the problem of those less advantaged. Strengthened by the persuasive eloquence of arden certainty, Mr. Johnson's book make materialistic selfishness look like thonly friend society has. His true sou mate, Cicero, also an appealingly with crank, has of course long predeceases him. O tempora, o mores.

Sicilian Carousel, by Lawrence Durrell. Viking, \$10.95.

On the Carousel bus with a randon gathering of fellow tourists and a na tive guide, Durrell journeys through the island of Sicily in nostalgic fulfill ment of a promise made to a now dear friend whose letters he rereads when visiting those places she had mos wished to share with him. Simply that For many years, Durrell has known and loved the islands of the Mediterra nean; he seems to respond to ther with that nearly tactile comprehension that we always suppose we would hav for our surroundings if told to expect imminent death, and his sensitivit shows no evidence of becoming dulled

Neither monumental nor momentous Sicilian Carousel is the personal per ception of a place and a people by a artist who has the selectivity to se and the style to describe what he see as well as any prosodist currently writ ing. Landscape, cathedrals, café cor versations, ancient ruins, and reminis cences are latticed together with th bright clarity of cloissoné. Of his topo graphical trilogy on Corfu, Rhodes and Cyprus, Sicilian Carousel is closes in spirit to the lyricism and humor of Prospero's Cell; what sadness there is i his tone here is no longer the anger a human brutality that fired the prose of Bitter Lemons, only a quiet resigna tion toward loss and age and deathtruths, he tells us, which "must be ac cepted with good nature, good grace good humor." Durrell makes us fee that he has, that he has learned, thes qualities.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 197

TOM SEAVER'S FAREWELL

tere is no joy in Gotham

by A.B. Giamatti

HEA STADIUM is not Eden, and the picture of Tom and Nancy Seaver leaving its graceless precincts in tears did not immetely remind me of the Expulsion of am and Eve in the Brancacci Chapel. I yet, absorbing the feelings gener-I by Seaver's departure from New k led me to the kind of inflated itation that links Masaccio and the s, if only because the feelings were outsized and anguished and intense. er all, Brad Parks had gone to Bosand Namath to Los Angeles, and us Erving to, if you will, Philadel-1. Clearly evil had entered the world, mortality had fixed us with its g. If Seaver is different, and evitly he is, the reasons must be sought ewhere other than in the columns of daily press. In fact, the reasons for ver's effect on us have to do with nature of baseball, a sport that hes on what is most important in erican life. Where Parks, Namath, Erving are only superb at playing r sports, Seaver seems to embody



EORGE THOMAS SEAVER almost did not become a Met. In February of 1966, the Atlanta Braves signed the University of Southern California undergraduate to a contract and assigned him to Richmond, At that point, Commissioner William Eckert stated that the signing violated the college rule. The contract was scrapped. USC, however, declared Seaver ineligible. The commissioner announced that any team, except Atlanta, matching the Richmond contract could enter a drawing for rights to negotiate. The Indians, the Phillies, and the Mets submitted to the wheel of fortune, the Mets were favored, and Seaver, signed in early April, went to Jacksonville of the International League. He was twenty-one and would spend one year in the minor leagues.

Seaver pitched .500 ball for Jacksonville, 12-12, with an earned-run average of 3.13. He would not have as weak a season again until 1974, when he would go 11-11, with an ERA of 3.20. Yet even at Jacksonville he struck out 188 batters, thus foreshadowing his extraordinary performance with the Mets, with whom, from 1968 to 1976, he would never strike out fewer than 200 batters a season-a major-league record. And from the beginning Seaver pitched as much with his head as with his legs and right arm, a remarkably compact, concentrated pitcher, brilliantly blending control and speed, those twin capacities for restraint and release that are the indispensable possessions of the great artist. There is no need to rehearse the achievements of Seaver with the Mets: three Cv Young awards: Rookie of the Year with a lastplace ball club in 1967; the leading pitcher in the league at 25-7 (ERA 2.21) in 1969, the same year he took the Mets to their first World Series (and, in the process, reelected John Lindsay as mayor of New York-a cause for the trade no one has yet explored). In 1970 and 1971, he led the A.B. Giamatti teaches English at Yale.

league in strikeouts (283; 289—a league season record for right-handers) and in ERA (2.81; 1.76—which is like having an IQ of 175, though the ERA is easier to document and vastly more useful). On one April day in 1970, Seaver struck out ten Padres in a row, nineteen in all—an auto-da-fé that has never been bettered. One could go on.

The late Sixties and early Seventies were celebrated or execrated for many things besides someone being able to throw a baseball consistently at ninetyfive miles per hour. These were the days of the Movement, the Counterculture, the Student Revolution; of civil-rights activism, antiwar battles, student "unrest." Yippies vipped, flower children blossomed and withered. America was being greened, by grass and by rock and by people who peddled them. This was a pastoral time, and it would, like all pastorals, turn sere, but for three or four years, while Seaver was gaining control over a block of space approximately three feet high, eighteen inches wide, and sixty feet six inches long, many other of America's "young" were



breaking loose. That great wave against structure and restraint—whatever its legitimacy—begun publicly by people like Mario Savio at Berkeley in 1964, was now rolling East, catching up in its powerful eddies and its froth everyone in the country. In 1964 Tom Seaver, Californian, was moving on from Fresno City College to USC, his move East to come two years later. Here are, I think, the origins of the Seaver mystique in New York, in the young Californian who brought control, in the "youth" who came East bearing—indeed, embodying—tradition.

OST AMERICANS do not distinguish among Californians at all, and if they do, it is certainly not with the passionate self-absorption of the natives. Yet we should, for there are real differences among them, differences far more interesting than those implied by the contrast most favored by Californians themselves, the one between the self-conscious sophisticates of San Francisco and the self-conscious zanies of Los Angeles. There are, for instance, all those Californians, North and South, who are not self-conscious at all. Such is Seaver, who is from Fresno.

Fresno-the name means "ash tree," that is, something tangible, durable; not the name of a difficult saint, with all its implications about egotism and insecurity, nor a mass of heavenly spirits, with its notions of indistinct sprawl, but "ash tree"-Fresno is inland, about the middle of the state, the dominant city in San Joaquin Valley, that fertile scar that runs parallel to the ocean between the Coastal Ranges and the Sierra Nevada. Fresno is the kingdom sung by Saroyan-flat, green, hot, and fertile; the land of hardworking Armenians, Chicanos, Germans; the cradle of cotton, alfalfa, raisin grapes, melons, peaches, figs, wine. Fresno is not chic, but it is secure. You do not work that hard and reap so many of the earth's goods without knowing who you are and how you got that way. This is the California Seaver came from, and in many ways it accounts for his balance as a man as well as a pitcher, for his sense of self-worth and for his conviction that you work by the rules and that you are rewarded, therefore, according to the rule of merit.

All this Seaver brought East, along

with his fastball and his luminous wife. Nancy. They were perceived as a couple long before this became a journalistic convenience or public-relations necessity. They were Golden West, but not Gilded, nor long-haired, nor "political," nor opinionated. They were attractive, articulate, photogenic. He was Tom Terrific, the nickname a tribute to his all-American quality, a recognition, ironic but affectionate, that only in comic strips and myth did characters like Seaver exist. I have no idea what opinions Seaver held then on race, politics, war, marijuana, and the other ERA, but whatever they were, or are, they are beside the point. The point is the way Seaver was perceived-as clean-cut, larger than life, a fastballer, "straight," all at a time when many young people, getting lots of newspaper coverage, were none of the above. And then there was something else, a quality

he exuded. I encountered this quality the only time I ever met Seaver. One evening in the winter of 1971 I spent several hours with the Seavers and their friends and neighbors the Schaaps (he is the NBC-TV broadcaster) in the apartment of Erich Segal, then at the height of his fame as the author of Love Story. The talk was light, easy, and bright, and was produced almost entirely by the Schaaps, Nancy Seaver, and Segal. Because I was about the only member of the gathering who was a household name only in my own household, I was content to listen, and to watch Seaver. He sat somewhat apart, not, I thought, by design, not, surely, because he was aloof, but because it seemed natural to him. He was watchful, though in no sense wary, and had that attitude I have seen in the finest athletes and actors (similar breeds), of being relaxed but not in repose, the body being completely at ease but, because of thousands of hours of practice, always poised, ready at any instant to gather itself together and move. Candid in his gaze, there was a formality in his manner, a gravity, something autumnal in the man who played hard all summer. He sat as other men who work with their hands sit, the hands clasped chest high or folded in front of him, often in motion, omnipresent hands that, like favored children, are the objects of constant if unconscious attention and repositories of complete confidence.

Seaver had, to be brief, dignitas, all

the more for never thinking for a me ment that he had it at all. A dignit that manifested itself in an air of utte self-possession without any self-regard it was a quality born of a radical equ librium. Seaver could never be off ba ance because he knew what he wa doing and why it was valuable. H contrasted completely with the part of the country he was known to com from and with the larger society the he was seen as surrounded by. Wit consummate effortlessness, his was th talent that summed up baseball trad tion; his was the respect for the rule that embodied baseball's craving for law; his was the personality, intense competitive, basically decent, with the artisan's dignity, that amidst the brav but feckless Mets, in a boom time leisure soured by divisions and drug seemed to recall a cluster of virtue seemingly no longer valued.

And Seaver held up. His charact proved as durable and strong as h arm. He was authentic; neither a good two-shoes nor a flash in the pan, I matured into the best pitcher in bas ball. Character and talent on this sca equaled a unique charisma. He was national symbol, nowhere more ho ored than in New York, and in Ne York never more loved than by tl guy who seemed in every other respe Seaver's antithesis, the guy who wou never give a sucker an even break, wh knew how corrupt they all were, wh knew it was who you knew that counte who knew how rotten it all really wa -this guy loved Seaver because Seav was a beautiful pitcher, a working gr who got rewarded; Seaver was som one who went by the rules and made it; Seaver carried the whole lousy tear God love 'em, on his back, and nev shot his mouth off, and never gave i and did it right. The guy loved Seav because Seaver did not have to street-wise.

In bars in Queens, in clubs in the Bronx, in living rooms in front of Channel Nine in Suffolk and Nassa out on Staten Island, everywhere, by particularly in the tattered reaches a Shea Stadium, they loved him for mar things, but above all because he new thought he had to throw at anybody head. From the Columbia riots to the brink of fiscal disaster, there was som one in New York who did not throat anybody. They loved it in him, are in that act sought for it in themselves.

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None of this reasoning, if such it is, would appeal to the dominant New York baseball writers, who have used the Seaver trade as a casus belli; nor to M. (for. think, Moralistic) Donald Grant, chairman of the board of the Mets, who would quickly tell us that wanted too much money, meanthat something he would never say aloud but would certainly formulate within himself-that Tom wanted too much. Tom wanted, somehow, to cross the line between employee and equal, hired hand and golf partner, "boy" and man. What M. Donald Grant could not abide-after all, could he, Grant, ever become a Payson? Of course not. Everything is ordered. Doesn't anyone understand anything anymore? -Tom Seaver thought was his due. He believed in the rules, in this game governed by law; if you were the best pitcher in baseball, you ought to get the best salary of any pitcher in baseball; and money-yes, money-ought to be spent so baseball's best pitcher would not have to work on baseball's worst-hitting team.

Of course Tom Seaver wanted money, and wanted money spent; he wanted it for itself, but he wanted it because, finally, Tom Seaver felt about the Mets the way the guy from Aston felt about Seaver-he loved them I what they stood for and he want merit rewarded and quality improve The irony is that Tom Seaver had abundance precisely the quality th M. Donald Grant thinks he values me -institutional loyalty, the capacity be faithful to an idea as well as to dividuals. Grant ought to have se that in Seaver; after all, the m worked for the Mets for eleven year Grant ought to have had the wit to s a more spacious, generous version what he prizes so highly in himse Certainly the guy who had watch Seaver all those years knew it, knew Seaver was holding out for something a principle that made sense in one w played baseball but that grew fro somewhere within him untouched baseball, from a conviction about wh a man has earned and what is due hi and what is right. The fan understo this and was devastated when his u derstanding, and Seaver's princip were not honored. The anguish su rounding Seaver's departure stemm from the realization that the chairm of the board and certain newspap columnists thought money was mo important than lovalty, and the fu stemmed from the realization that t chairman and certain writers though everybody else agreed with them, ought to agree with them.

COMING IN OCTOBER

In its October issue, Harper's will publish "The Desert Empire," by George Sibley, an evocative saga of the West's demand for water, and man's impulse to supply it. When Goethe lived, Sibley writes, America had not even discovered that the Anglo-European consciousness was in possession of one of the world's great deserts, or he might have put Faust in Arizona. Had Goethe

lived today, he might have written the story of water in the West.
"It may be our ironic destiny," says the author, "that out in the vast South-western deserts we will learn that finitude is our lot, that there are limits we cannot transcend or transgress. But then again, to back off from the game at this point would not conclusively prove the 'Faustian soul' wrong; it would only mean that we had decided to try to learn a new game, a new soul. Or, as the Faustian soul would say: we lost the faith. Went shopping for a new

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N JUNE 16, the day after Sea er was exiled to Cincinnati way of Montreal, a sheet w hung from a railing at Sh bearing the following legend:

> I WAS A BELIEVER BUT NOW WE'VE LOST SEAVER

I construe that text, and particular its telling rhyme, to mean not that t author has lost faith in Seaver but th the author has lost faith in the Me ability to understand a simple, cruc fact: that among all the men who pl baseball there is, very occasionally, man of such qualities of heart a mind and body that he transcends ev the great and glorious game, and th such a man is to be cherished, n sold.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

CULTURAL TERRORISM

he Italian press as public-relations organ for the Communist party

Michael A. Ledeen

NDRO MONTANELLI, editor in chief of the Milanese daily Il Giornale nuovo, was shot in the legs from behind as he walked to work rough Piazza Cavour early in June. edit for the assault was immediately timed by the Red Brigades, a fart terrorist group which shot down o other newspaper editors and one I news producer in the same week. I of the journalists attacked were own for their anti-Communist attiments.

The Red Brigadiers had acquired innational notoriety a month before, en prospective jurors in Turin failed report to the courtroom for a murr trial of several members of the oup. Telephone calls threatening reisals were sufficient to keep the jury embers away.

In each of these cases, the terrorists ted with an arrogance which well incates the current atmosphere in Italy. It is a surest were made in the attacks ainst the journalists, and, when the all was postponed, several intellectuals and many editorial writers ared that nobody could reasonably be ked to risk his life on behalf of a stem that could not safeguard its citems. At the end of June, the Red Brides issued a "hit list" of thirty proment anti-Communist journalists and itors.

It was no accident that Montanelli is among the first members of the edia to be subjected to bullets in the gs (a treatment traditionally reserved r traitors, but usually delivered from e front). In 1974 he led a group of tty leading editors and writers away m Milan's famous daily, Il Corriere 'lla Sera, because of that newspaper's arp turn to the Left. The product of e schism, Il Giornale nuovo, has been markably successful: its circulation nearly 300,000 copies a day (the priere's, after a century as the coun-

try's most important paper, is 600,000), and it is a major force in national politics. There are many who believe that the Giornale was one of the primary reasons the Italian Communist party (PCI) did not become the country's largest in the elections of June 1976. It is a witty and erudite publication, ridiculing and criticizing those who are working for the entry of the PCI into the government, and there have been several attempts to silence it and its celebrated evening news telecast on Telemontecarlo.

FIRST MET the group from the Giornale in the summer of 1975. when a book-length interview I had done with the leading historian of Fascism, Renzo De Felice, was a national cause célèbre. De Felice had the temerity to claim that Fascism was a thing of the past and that Marxist historiography had grossly distorted its history. The defenders of the radicalchic popular culture launched a campaign of cultural terrorism, calling De Felice a pervert, impugning the morality of his publishers, asking rhetorically if he should be permitted to teach in the University of Rome, and acting as if his theories (which are generally accepted by most scholars outside Italy) were part of a Fascist political maneuver. Montanelli wrote a front-page editorial defending the book at a time when no other major publication dared to do so. He warned of the emergence of a new Inquisition, in which heretics would be judged on the orthodoxy of their political faith. Subsequent events proved him an excellent prophet.

The Giornale nuovo began to work with Telemontecarlo at the beginning of 1976, when it took over the evening news broadcast in Italian. To an American, this show is reminiscent of some of Ernie Kovacs's satires on TV, consisting as it does of a single reporter reading wire-service bulletins in front of a single, immobile black-and-white

camera for about fifteen minutes, followed by a brief comment from one of the leading lights of the Giornale. But the point of view presented by Telemontecarlo was so refreshing to large numbers of viewers that this otherwise quite modest and mediocre broadcast achieved an amazing success, reaching between 6 million and 7 million viewers in northern and central Italy (the relay towers did-and do-not reach south of Rome or to the Adriatic coast). This was too much for the Communists and their supporters, and they called for the suppression or jamming of Telemontecarlo.

Just a year earlier, the Christian Democratic Minister of Telecommunications had been called a Fascist when he ordered that foreign broadcasts be jammed on the then unexceptionably legal grounds that the Constitution provided for a state monopoly on all broadcasting. He was vilified by the PCI and the Italian Socialist party (PSI), the matter was taken to the Supreme Court, and the official position was overturned, to the hosannas of the Left. It was therefore a bit surprising to find these same paladins of free speech calling for the suppression of Telemontecarlo, on the pretext that the new law suggested some limitation for foreign broadcast commercials.

The weakness of this claim was clear to everyone, since neither the Communists nor their allies ever asked for the suppression or the jamming of Radio Montecarlo, which broadcasts with far greater power and covers the entire country (the news on Radio Montecarlo is written by the Corriere della Sera). Nor had the Left asked for the suppression of either the Yugoslavian broadcasts from Istria (which Le Monde characterized as the "chosen tribune of the Italian Communists") or the Italian-language shows from Swiss television in Lugano. When they were challenged on such obvious hypocrisy. the Communists changed their tune somewhat, claiming that they wanted

chael A. Ledeen, author of The First Duce: Annunzio at Fiume, has been The New Reblic's Rome correspondent. only the suppression of "pseudo-foreign" broadcasts. In an interview with the French Communist newspaper L'Humanité, a PCI Senator remarked that Telemontecarlo appeared to be part of a "war of the airwaves by encirclement, and like that which was done to Allende's Chile."

The campaign did not succeed. The Christian Democratic Minister, Vittorino Colombo, advised local prefects to take temporary measures to prevent the commercials from arriving (in some cases this led to the jamming of the entire broadcast), but he warned the Communists that they should not hide behind various pretexts to "fight a rearguard action which mortifies the dignity of a civilized country." When legal attempts to suppress Telemontecarlo did not succeed, the relay towers were dynamited.

HE CAMPAIGNS AGAINST the Giornale nuovo, its editor, and Telemontecarlo are all symptomatic of the collapse of the social contract in a country where it was none too solid to begin with. Without wishing to exaggerate the similarities between 1922 and 1977, I think it is evident that the PCI today is playing a role ominously like that of the Fascist party in the early Twenties. Mussolini piously condemned the "excesses" of the Fascist squads he himself had formed, and posed as the only man capable of "normalizing" them. The PCI, after nearly thirty years of preaching the destruction of the capitalist state, now clucks its tongue over the "adventurism" of the Red Brigades, and then warns darkly that there can be no "normalization" so long as Communists are excluded from the Cabinet. The main shift has come in the ideology of journalistic conformism; when Fascism was in the ascendant, rightist violence was considered unfortunate, but understandable. Leftist attacks were simply criminal and a threat to society itself. Today the roles are reversed. Jury members are not expected to risk their lives to bring the Red Brigades to trial, but any laxness in prosecuting the Right is vigorously denounced.

These attitudes have gained legitimacy in direct proportion to the strength of the PCI, and can be summarized in the syllogism (1) Anyone who is anti-Communist is a rightist; (2) All rightists are Fascists; therefore, (3) All anti-Communists are Fascists.

As Fascists are not entitled to the protection of the Italian Constitution, it follows that attacks upon anti-Communists are not nearly as reprehensible as those against the Left. If you follow the Italian media for any length of time, you will soon discover that this bit of tortured illogic has important consequences. One is that the failure to bring the Red Brigades to trial produces sympathy for the jury members rather than alarm at the breakdown of the judicial system. Another is that journalists who are anti-Communist get shot in the streets. Yet another is that, if you press an Italian intellectual on the question of violence, he will often tell you that all violence is Fascist, and that groups like the Red Brigades are simply masquerading as leftists in order to discredit the PCI and its ideological allies. This probably sounds fantastic, but the germs are highly contagious, as demonstrated by the article in the Washington Post dealing with the attack on Montanelli. Here, the full range of the official Weltanschauung was presented to American readers: Montanelli, the editor of what was (falsely, but typically) called "the most conservative newspaper in Italy," was shot by a group claiming to be of the Left, but many suspect that it is a rightist organization.

To be sure, there are advantages to this sort of journalism; they were well described by Orwell in his appendix to 1984: "Newspeak... differed from all other languages in that its vocabulary grew smaller instead of larger every year. Each reduction was a gain, since the smaller the area of choice, the smaller the temptation to take thought."

This view carries over into international affairs, where large sectors of the media, above all in the area of news reporting and analysis, have become less critical of the Soviet Union and other "leftist" dictatorships, more hostile toward Israel, Germany, and the United States, and more favorable toward the likes of Muammar el-Qaddafi and Idi Amin. Indeed, the case of the Israeli rescue of the hostages at Entebbe (denounced by the PCI as "an intolerable violation of Ugandan sovereignty") may well stand as a model for the entire syndrome. When the Corriere della Sera published an excerpt

from William Stevenson's best-sell Ninety Minutes at Entebbe last Oct ber 10, it carried a long apology, sa ing that Stevenson's words had val as "testimony, but not as judgment The Corriere went on to suggest the real villains of the piece were the raelis: first, because Amin was train by them; second, because they su ported Amin after he had overthrow Milton Obote in 1971; and third, I cause the Israelis built the Entebbe ai port, evidence of a link between Am and the Israelis all along.

The Corriere even claimed that traid was a failure because "it fail to prevent subsequent outbreaks of trorism" (even terror between Arabs Finally, the responsibility for terror ism in general was laid squarely at the feet of Israel, from Damascus to Tantar.

Stevenson's book was nearly not pu lished at all in Italy, as a result of political strike at the typographer The workers' council which called t strike justified its action in typic pseudo-Marxist jargon, claiming th it had the right "not to be robbed its own culture and conscience, a the product of its labor." The book, was claimed, was a "squalid exaltati of the Fascist style of the raid, whi had provoked indignation among democratic people when it happened Ninety Minutes at Entebbe was fina released, but it was hard to find a favo able review.

The Corriere is far from the wo of the Italian press. Many of the coutry's most militant and responsil journalists still write for it. But wh even the finest come to adopt attitude so close to those of the PCI (and whithe Corriere would have dismissed of hand just a few years before), demonstrates the kind of voluntary or sorship that now characterizes Italia political debate. Italian journalists a proving the wisdom of O'Brien's semon in 1984:

Reality exists in the human mind, and nowhere else. Not in the individual mind, which can make mistakes, and in any case soon perishes; only in the mind of the Party... whatever the Party holds to be truth is truth... That is the fact that you have got to relearn, Winston. It needs an act of self-destruction, an effort of the will.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 19

Is America getting trapped by foreign steel... as we are by foreign oil?

In the oil-crisis winter of 973-74, another crisis struck—the teel crisis. You don't remember America's steel crisis? Well, it was eal. And it cost America's steel isers a bundle.

The steel trap

Most foreign steelmakers are ither owned, subsidized, financed, ided and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or enerate capital.

We believe that much of the teel being imported into the U.S. s being "dumped"—that is, sold at rices lower than those charged in he producer's own country, and isually below the foreign steelnaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been lard to prove.

Here today, gone

During periods of slack lemand, foreign steelmakers push o maintain high production rates ind high employment. They ship excess steel overseas, much of it to the U.S., priced to sell. sixties and early seventies. But, suddenly, in '73 and '74, the imported steel was needed "at home." The foreign supply dwindled to a trickle. Domestic mills worked overtime, but our production capacity just wasn't enough. Steel imports had skimmed off increases in the domestic demand for steel and reduced the profitability of the American steel industry.

So they lowered the boom Foreign producers jacked

their prices sky-high. And America's steel users could (1) cut back their manufacturing operations, or (2) pay an exorbitant price for foreign steel—when they could get it! It's estimated that in 1974 alone American steel buyers paid foreign producers \$1.6 billion over the then current domestic market prices.

Will history repeat itself?

How much should this country rely on imports for its steel supplies? Things were bad in '73-'74, but they could get worse in the future. What could this

country expect if we were as dependent on foreign steel as we are on foreign oil?

Free trade, yes! But fair!
Bethlehem Steel and the
American steel industry are not
"protectionist." We are not looking
for permanent trade barriers
against foreign steel coming into
our home markets. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair
and equal terms here in our own

Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports... and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.



LOST SOULS

A review of George Crumb's Star-Child

by F. Joseph Spiel

HILDREN HAVE SOUL and show it openly. Adults have soul and hide it assiduously. The dictionary speaks of the soul as immaterial essence; perhaps we can call it innocence, a quality released when the Realpolitik of our spirit is in disrepair. Artists take up the theme of the soul, but these days touch upon it through inference, divining it through its armor of anger, silence, self-destruction, helplessness.

But not George Crumb. For this unique American composer, the soul is the essence, and its disposition is his creative concern: directly, religiously, and with no obeisance to the mandates of popular culture or academia. Speaking of what lay behind his beautiful and haunting song cycle, Ancient Voices of Children, he quotes the final words of the composition's last song: "I will go very far...to ask Christ the Lord to give me back my ancient soul of a child."

Crumb's reputation as a composer grows continuously. He is also one of the few modern American composers -in fact, he may be the only onewhose music has consistent appeal for young, general audiences. That is so, I am sure, because his music reaches out, emotional and transparent, to the vestige of the innocent child in each of us: Crumb assumes it is there and seeks to engage it. His work is never dry or boring; within its lyricism there is no room for the empty-headed inspiration or the mathematical, narcissistic invention of many of his academic contemporaries.

Born in 1929 in Charleston, West Virginia, Crumb began to compose F. Joseph Spieler is an editor and critic.

while in his early teens, and now teaches composition at the University of Pennsylvania. He has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1968 for Echoes of Time and the River: Four Processionals for Orchestra and, in 1971, the International Rostrum of Composers Award (UNESCO), as well as the Koussevitzky International Recording Award for Ancient Voices of Children.

Crumb speaks of his latest work, Star-Child, as having a "sense of progression from darkness (or despair) to light (or joy and spiritual realization) ... that, after a struggle or after dark implications, there is something beyond."

The work, which was given its world premiere by the New York Philharmonic in May, is subtitled "A Parable for Soprano, Antiphonal Children's Voices, and Large Orchestra." Like Crumb's previous work, Star-Child is filled with mysticism, religion, poetic lyricism, and musical invention. The work lasts for some thirty-five minutes, and is continuous, though divided into six sections. There are three main themes: "Voice Crying in the Wilderness," "Music of the Apocalypse," and "Advent of the Children of Light." A soprano sings from freely adapted Latin texts of the thirteenth century: "Dies irae" and Massacre of the Innocents. In a concluding section, she sings, also in Latin, from John 12:36: "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." In addition to the soprano there are two children's choirs. An enlarged orchestra includes an autonomous string choir with its own conductor, quadrupled woodwinds, six horns, seven trumpets, three trombones, eight percussionists

performing on seemingly every coceivable instrument (iron chains, p lids, metal thunder sheet, log drums an organ, handbells, sleigh bells, a win machine. There is a trumpeter on easide of the hall, and stationed on thighest balcony at the back of the hare three trumpeters, three violinis and a percussion player. There is principal conductor—at the premie Pierre Boulez—and three others marshal the various musical forces.

For almost the entire piece the searate string orchestra plays a soft, slo moving, circular music, which is a so much melodic as it is like the search whispery emanations of a weaken but still vocal presence. This constanteme, which Crumb calls "Music the Spheres" ("Musica Mundana" serves as an undulating musical can over which the drama of Star-Child played out. Often, especially in "Music of the Apocalypse" section, a sound of these strings is obliterated music from the percussion and hea wind-instrument forces.

Star-Child begins with a shimmeri series of drawn-out pianissimo soun fearful and foreboding, from perc sion and strings. These are then join by the string orchestra's "Music of t Spheres," whose long notes that r and fall suggest a sense of lostness, p gatorial isolation. The mood is gra ually pierced by sharp cries from a se trombone, which then joins the sop no (at the premiere, Irene Gubrud) "Libera me," from the Requiem Ma a passage that Crumb titles "Voice C ing in the Wilderness" ("Vox Clama in Deserto"). Through his instrume the trombonist mimics the sopran lines, providing an echo, at once d "And my dear, he said something <u>nice</u> about George Eliot" "THEY SAY IN THE MOVIE THEY'LL DO THE SOLILOOUY NUDE.."



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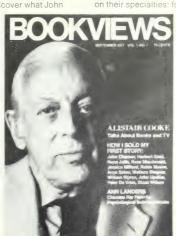
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ate and urgent, to her responsory. The score calls for electronic amplifition of the soprano's voice; it worked all in Avery Fisher Hall, adding great wer to her phrasing while keeping matural sound to a minimum.)

The soprano-trombone duet leads to a massing of dark, threatening unds given out by percussion and ass-"The Powers of Darkness in cent" ("Ascensus Potestatum Tenearum"). Short, marching percussive atches are interspersed with trumpet ires; in several moments of relative ence one hears the ongoing lamentan of the string choir. Then comes a ious pounding of sixteen tom-toms, alling movie music of Indians on the rpath: the sounds are for Crumb a resentation of the Four Horsemen the Apocalypse. During this, players out fragments from the "Dies irae." e tom-toms give way to the brass, odwinds, and wind machine, then and again, all leading to a racing ti percussion sequence that thunders nearly a full minute. This is the lusic of the Apocalypse" ("Musica ocalyptica"), and it is so enormous oar of unbroken sound that it surders its musicality for the sensation standing at the base of a deafening aract. Apocalyptic it is, and someat frightening to witness.

The drumming subsides, and one irs the string orchestra again. Then mpets, two in the orchestra and the placed around the hall, sound a iling fanfare-the Seven Trumpets the Apocalypse. The calls are taken by the children's chorus, and the sono sings the "Advent of the Chiln of Light" ("Adventus Puerorum ninis"). Percussion sounds continbut in fragments now, as the forces light displace those of darkness. The ldren sing "Hymn for the New Age" Hymnus pro Novo Tempore") -annonal chants supported by woodids and brass. Darkness and apocpse are at an end, salvation and e are at hand. Still, and perhaps at iance with the effects the composer ended, the music continues dense.

The main orchestra now becomes playing groups: one for brass, with is; the other for lighter wind instructs, with vibraphone. Each section ys its own chordal "circle music." gether with the string orchestra and organ, which follows its own line,

there are now four musics being played, all in different rhythms. The children and soloist continue to sing, concluding with the soprano's "While ye have light...." Slowly the musics come to an end, until only the string orchestra is left playing. Its theme now changes to a muted, gradual ascent, joined after a time by the three violins and a vibraphone in the back of the balcony. These instruments now assume the climb and the members of the string orchestra cease playing. Some of them whisper, "Libera me!" The violins and vibraphone continue their ethereal journey, accompanied by soft touches of a cymbal and the occasional gentle ringing of handbells. Star-Child's progression ends on a single high violin note and the softest vibration of a cymbal.

HE CRIES OF lost souls, the voices of children, the mysticism of suffering are the matter of much of Crumb's previous work-Ancient Voices of Children, Lux Aeterna, Black Angels, Makrokosmos Vols. I, II, III-as are his explorations of new sounds from standard and nonstandard instruments. In general, his musical inventiveness concerns itself more with individual textures and timbres than with melody, and, until Star-Child, his use of small playing forces has marked him as essentially a miniaturist. The emotional structure in his music rests in its musical synthesis of either religious texts, as in Star-Child, or poetry-that of Federico García Lorca in Ancient Voices of Children. In this sense, Crumb's shift with Star-Child from a chambermusic format to an enlarged orchestra augmented with soloists and choirs is more a change of scale than of musical intention.

Yet, when all is considered, there is something insubstantial about Star-Child, despite its use of an enormous number of performers and instruments. In man, the journey from darkness to light, from evil to grace, involves a struggle of the self, a coming to grips with opposing impulses, whether these confrontations take place within ourselves or against some exterior force. There is no sense of such conflict in Star-Child. The progression here is passive, as if the supplicant is being dollied past the three main enactments, which, though powerful and dramatic, take

place at a distance from the subject and do not involve him directly. In Star-Child, good and evil never vie in the same musical space, nor does hope commingle with despair. These attitudes of the soul are here separate and disjunct, rather than roiling together at the core of human experience. Because we are witnesses to a drama that at best is only implied, we are unable to resonate to it, to partake of its emotion-as, for example, we so clearly do in the Verdi Requiem or in Gustav Mahler's Symphony no. 2 (Resurrection). It is perhaps for these reasons that the music of the last section of Star-Child is as sad and lacking in joyousness as the first. It is without real catharsis, and the sound of lament persists, though the sung text indicates otherwise. One feels not that darkness has turned to light, but only that, after the apocalypse, the darkness has lessened.

But such misgivings should be deferred to the many wonderful things that Star-Child contains. The chanting of the children, the free phrasings sung by the soprano, the Latin texts, the trumpet calls-all are marvelously wrought. As for the tom-tomming and the percussion in the "Musica Apocalyptica" and elsewhere, they have an almost overwhelming power and a sound to which I, for one, am hopelessly addicted. The hushed conclusion of the work is worth listening to for itself. Within it, with its whispered "Libera me!" is the sensitive and rare humanism that Crumb's music serves.

E HAVE SEEN a handful of Broadway musicals in the past few months. Your Arms Too Short to Box With God, a black gospel musical "conceived" by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew, is full of energy and quite marvelously alive with much exquisite soul singing. The last number, "The Band," which should go on forever, draws the audience into the performance-and it joins in wholeheartedly. The cast is sharp and animated, and performs with remarkable conviction. A treat for the spirit. Directed by Vinnette Carroll, music and lyrics by Alex Bradford, additional music and lyrics by Micki Grant, choreography by Talley Beatty.

The revival of *The King and I*, starring Yul Brynner and Constance Tow-

ers, is a charming production. The orchestra is large enough, the cast talented enough, to bring a shine to the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic that first opened in 1951. The songs are still lovely, and Constance Towers sings and acts with great vivacity, as does June Angela in the part of Tuptim. The ballet sequence in the second act-"Small House of Uncle Thomas"-is the loveliest scene in the play, and the fine hand of Jerome Robbins is easily discernible in it. Yul Brynner, unfortunately, seems to be unintentionally caricaturing the part of the King, which he played in the original version. He is hard put to sing, and many of his lines are lost to hurried delivery. But these are perhaps minor quibbles; adults and youngsters adore the production and give the play loud, standing ovations. Directed by Yuriko, original choreography by Jerome Robbins.

Happy End, which Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill wrote after their success in 1928 with The Threepenny Opera, opened in 1929 in Berlin. It soon closed, and was revived in 1958. Musically, Happy End is similar to The Threepenny Opera, and quotes from it. The script, based on a play by Elizabeth Hauptmann, concerns the confrontation of two forces in Chicago in 1915: "a gang" and the Salvation Army. The gang's hero falls in love with a promising Salvation Army lieutenant; there are complications and subplots, but all is resolved to everyone's satisfaction.

Happy End lacks The Threepenny era's bite and sharp discernment of man behavior, and will appear, to th who have seen a competent product of the latter, a poor derivation. The r sic, as well, is not up to that of the e lier work, but even so, this product seems somewhat disheveled, the si ing and music a bit watery. Some this is attributable to the electro amplification that infests all Broadw stages these days. The systems are s primitive, and voices either are los there is no microphone nearby or bo offensively when the performer cor too close, a particularly disconcert feature during songs. Directed by R ert Kalfin and Patricia Birch.

HARPER'S/SEPTEMBER 1

Recommended Recordings

Vaudeville: Songs of the Great Ladies of the Musical Stage. Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano, and William Bolcom, pianist (Nonesuch H-71330). Eva Tanguay, Anna Held, and Lillian Russell are a few of the famous women who appeared in vaudeville in the four rich decades of its life, beginning in the 1880s. Joan Morris sings fifteen songs from that era, though sings is too lame a word to describe what she and composer-pianist William Bolcom have created in this album. Morris is gifted beyond all reason: her every utterance is a perfection of voice, dramatic timing, interpretation, and evocation of mood. With all this, she brings to her art that indefinable quality we call charm. With Bolcom's sensitive and erudite accompaniment, the result is an album-if one may speak with a measure of understatement-close to perfection. No one who claims even the faintest interest in American culture should be without it. Some of the marvelous songs are: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "The Yama-Yama Man," "My Castle on the Nile," and "The Bird on Nellie's Hat." Morris and Bolcom's equally impressive renditions of turn-of-the-century popular songs were recorded several years ago on After the Ball (Nonesuch H-71304).

Mahler: Symphony no. 9 (Deutsche Grammophon 2707097). It appears that everyone in possession of a baton is re- 5 (London CS6992). Kyung-Wha

cording the Mahler symphonies these days, leading to some most inferior releases and an uncomfortable feeling of Mahler chic. Of the many recent issues, Carlo Maria Giulini's interpretation of the Ninth is to be welcomed. The symphony is a vast, many-textured architecture of mixed emotions, memory, fear of death, and, in the last movement (Adagio), of the most tender, reluctant, and affecting farewells. Giulini takes the symphony very slowly, permitting all its shadings, contrasts, and infinite nuances to unfold in their proper time and intensities. However, this tempo serves him not so well in the third movement (Rondo-Burlesque), which is full of grotesqueries and bittersweet melodies that cascade into a furious coda. Giulini here fails to exert the necessary tempi control, resulting in the loss of some rhythmic contrasts and melodic clarity. But he realizes the last movement-an evocation of a quiet, valedictory, and reluctant state between life and death-in all its beauty, serenity, and emotional impact. The warm, flawless sound of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra is fully rendered by Deutsche Grammophon: the sound throughout is distinct and the dynamic range broad and uncom-

Saint-Saëns: Violin Concerto no. 3; Vieuxtemps: Violin Concerto no. Chung is the soloist in these two wor and she is a powerful, intelligent p former. Her playing here is war rich, and clear. Of the three concer that Saint-Saëns wrote for violin, Third is currently the most popul Very romantic and brimming with lo ly melodies and intriguing rhythr changes, the B-minor concerto can a welcome change if one has her those of Brahms, Mendelssohn, a Beethoven just once too often. He Vieuxtemps (1820-1881) was a F gian-born virtuoso violinist whose co positions for that instrument were: the purpose of demonstrating his o skill. The Fifth Concerto, in A min is lyrical and full of brilliant figu tion, but somewhat dull, though Kyur Wha Chung wrests everything she of from it. Lawrence Foster conducts t London Symphony Orchestra.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas no. 2 A, no. 3 in C, played by Vladin Ashkenazy (London CS7028). Ashl nazy's performance of these early B thoven works is clear, unaffected sure. His shunning of overromanticis tion and unnecessary ornamentation and his absolute intellectual und standing and control over the mus promise repeated listening to this d without the irritation that one c encounter after several playings many a brilliant, but idiosyncrat Beethoven interpreter.

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HETRIED to express his feeling for man and nature by becoming a minister, but his fervor alarmed his superiors. He fell in love with two women of his own class and they fled from him as from a dangerous lunatic. The famous incident in which he cut off part of his ear and gave it to a prostitute was only one more attempt to give something of himself to anyone who would accept it.

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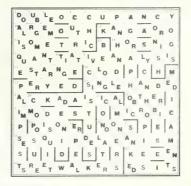
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Solution to the August Puzzle

Notes for "Two in One"

Across: 1. double occupancy; 10. anagram; 11. a-anagram of "organ" in "K.O."; 12. hidden; 14. ho(r-sin)g; 15. quantitative analysis; 19. anagram; 20. c(1)od; 22. homonym; 23. single-H-and-Ed; 25. lack-a-dais-I-cal(1); 30. both-ER; 31. idmm-O)d est; 33. M-I-C-rob-I-C; 34. p(o)isoner; 36. no-on-E; 38. sesquipedaleanism; 39. hidden; 40. stree(anagram)-t(w)alkers; 41. "Ted"(rev.)around "sis." Down: 1. anagram of "squalid" inside OE; 2. burg-o-master; 3. anagram; 4. rv. of "tart" in "cut"; 5. homonym; 6. pan-handle; 7. anagram; 8. pun; 9. yo(ur)-G.Ls; 13. be-long; 16. (s)tinge(r); 17. V-anagram of "suicides" around "sit"; 18. anagram; 21. (m)edicaments; 22. pal(imps)est-S; 24. anagram; 26. C.O.-M.P.O-sure; 27. anagram of "done" in "aid"; 28. anagram; 29. anagram; 32. D-is-quiet; 35. re-peal; 37. anagram

LMOST EVERYONE HAS A \$10,000 IDEA STOR IN THEIR HEAD. HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT PAY

By Ernest Weckesser Ph.D.

Several years ago I stumbled across a business that changed my life. Perhaps it will change yours, too.

I discovered it while I was leafing through some magazines in a drug store. As I continued to browze, I realized that all the magazines had one thing in common. Each contained dozens of ads (usually in the back pages) selling "how-to" booklets, newsletters, instructions, recipes . . . just about every kind of printed information you might imagine.

And, almost all the ads were placed by individuals-not large companies.

This was too fascinating to resist. I decided to try a small test ad in one national magazine for a small booklet I compiled. The ad cost \$14.20.

A few days after the magazine was distributed, I stopped by the post office. When I looked through the window of my postal box I almost dropped the key. The box was jammed-packed full of envelopes. Hundreds of orders containing cash and checks!

As the months went by, I discovered that hundreds of other people are quietly doing the same thing.

- · A Kentucky woman selling a 15-page travel booklet for \$1.00 was literally swamped with orders. In 87 days her classified ad running in six magazines made a net profit of \$2,230.00 from a gross of \$3,250.00. She was 69 years of age, widowed and living alone in her apartment at the time.
- · A husband-wife team in Oregon compiled some of their experiences and financial advice in a modest booklet. They had it printed locally and priced it at \$10.00. Then they put a small display ad in one newspaper. That one ad pulled \$9,450.00 in cash orders in only 45 days!

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business and, as such, it's speculative.

But test ads are cheap.

And the profit potential is staggering.

An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in - mail sacks full of cash! Within the nex wo months he received over \$220,000.00 in CASH ORDERS for his \$3.00 booklet!

I realize this all sounds too good to be true. But here's a way you can actually verify what I'm saying in your home or

TRY THIS TEST

First, obtain several magazines containing classified ads. You don't have to buy them ... just borrow them from the library.

Second, get old copies of the same magazines - at least 10-13

Third, turn to the classified sections of each and place the old copy beside the new copy.

Fourth, compare both. Crosscheck each one to see how many ads in the old magazine are still running in the new edition.

THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE PROF-IT TEST. It has to be. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making a profit!

No great writing skill is necessary. You don't have to write a novel or a textbook-just simple instructions. My first effort was only 14 pages long and sold for \$1.98. I had it run off by a local printer for eight cents a copy. Yet I made several thousand dollars from that one little stapled booklet.

- · It's inexpensive to begin. I'll show you how to place a test ad in a national magazine for as little as \$13.50.
- · You don't have to write the booklet yourself. I'll show you where to get hundreds of different booklets at wholesale
- · Your profit margin may exceed 1,000%. My wine recipe book cost thirtysix cents to print yet sold for \$3.98.
- · Basically all you need is a post office box, a desk and a closet to store your booklets.
- · Best of all, you can start this amazing little business on a shoe string. And, you can start at home . . . in your spare

I've put everything-every detail-in a simple step-by-step instruction program. It's entitled Dollars in Your Mailbox.

I'll show you . . .

- · Where to advertise and how often.
- · How to obtain national ads for as little as \$13.50.
- · Where to get hundreds of books wholesale.
- · How and where to have your booklet printed for as little as twelve cents a

How to word your ad.

In sum, you'll receive all the forms, lists and details you need to begin

HERE ARE SOME READER COMMENTS

. "... Through the use of Do Your Mailbox I started my own tion. It sold 402 copies in it days . . . "

· "Super! I'm converting 22%

inquiries using a classified ad in

J.J., Ca

T.M., M · "Excellent! I've gotte subscribers to my newsletter in year . . . '

Stone magazine."

V.J., 1

· "You must forgive my exu but I haven't been able to put do lars in Your Mailbox." A.H., C

... the enclosed booklet is had printed and have done with . . . Thanks to you!" R.D., Penn

· "I can honestly say that your the best I've ever read!"

G.R.,

Again, this is not a get-ric scheme. Obviously you're not g make a million over night. But th little business does work.

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PUZZLE

ANY MOONS GO

tichard Maltby, Jr.

acknowledgements to Egma of Listener)

month's instructions: The lights the answers appearing in the diai) which will appear at the evenbered radii are rather obscure is which are related to one another. Yeary in length from two to six s, but all finish at the circumfer-

Though uncommon, these words vell known to crossword-puzzle adand, of course, to the chosen fewer lights at the odd-numbered radii from the center out; they are all teter words and are clued normally. The six concentric circles, a-f, carry s which are to be entered consely, and in the order of the clues, twise, beginning at places to be deined solely by the exigencies of the le. (Two answers, clearly marked, o be entered reversed, i.e., counter-twise.)

ne twelve unchecked letters can be to form the irrelevant observation

GOOD AURA.

aswers to clues include seven proper and two foreign words. There more obscure words than usual; clues are marked with an asterisk, asual, mental repunctuation of a is the key to its solution.

ne solution to last month's puzzle ars on page 111.

CLUES

Six-Letter Radii

Coming in first without starting part of the game

There's a purpose in an upcoming feeling of disgust

Potentates find me queen-like on the exterior

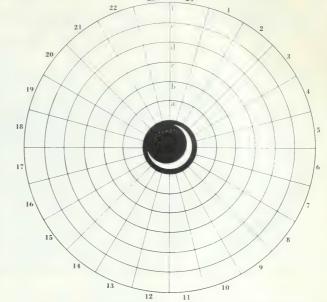
Outlandish quote contains bulltake it back

Dresses with bustles worn by nurse Attempt to have a sense of wonder inside place where skins are dressed

Rooter knocked out star in the ring

Food which is almost enough to produce malaise

Goon infiltrates union, but he's



stabbed during a Shakespearean tragedy

- 19. In between, rock one having twins 21. Levees could be location for arms
- 23. Make a swinger once again greet a lunatic

Concentric Circles

a. It's charged love-in is out (3)
Shake head off fish (4)
Refined state? (5)

It's work time, Sue (4)

I help make things go around, go around (3)
Puts arsenic in kings? Quite the op-

posite! (5) b. *A Spanish lady with one word from

 b. *A Spanish lady with one word from a Jewish prayer (6)
 Lost a chair that has no finish (4)

Dishonesty, if in an outsider (3)
*A neat formation for pilasters (5)
Have intercourse with Tom, the cowboy...(3)

* . . . th' sound in bed—"howdy" (3)
c. Madame is in, milord, making

stew (6)
Smart people seeing us become dumb (8)

To make a reed be alternating with two rings (4)

Carefully, like a fox carrying a small rook (6)

d. Force of six thousand (3)
Slag, i.e., wild-animal food (6)

reversed
To get more thin, swelter—as the
Swede says! (7)

George Eliot hero sounds like a drip (4)

Comes out with a confirmation in Nazi group (4)
Make equal bow, e.g. (3) reversed

*First character galloped back from old Japanese capital (4) *Run into a great Indian hero (4) Scotsman goes one-on-one (3)

Scotsman goes one-on-one (3)
*You've a sound for a wine-maker (3)
Crazy person returns in big vessel
(3)

Raise the back (4)

European in LA being eccentric (7) Sorehead (ouch!) loses nothing of the sort (4)

Novelist places novice among the Poles (6)

Zero in on reordering one first to fortify with a mineral (7)

TEST RULES

completed diagram with name and address to Many is Ago, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by September enders of the first three correct solutions opened will re a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will

be printed in the October issue. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Appropriate Moves," are Nicholas C. Jones, Atlanta, Georgia; H. F. Frobach, Sunnyvale, California; and Carrie Goldstein, Glen Cove, New York.

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LETTERS

The energy mystique

Lewis Lapham's attempt to write off the energy crisis as "a rich man's apparition" ("Keepers of the Flame," July) is a distressingly superficial treatment of an important topic. It may be true that many environmentalists have been raised nonpoor, as Mr. Lapham asserts, and the doomsday gossip of the urban rich undoubtedly has its amusing moments, but it is a long way from such points to Mr. Lapham's two conclusions: (1) that there is no energy crisis, and (2) that the poor, being blessed with common sense about such things, aren't troubled by this figment of idle imaginations.

To take the second point first, it is simply not true that people with low incomes are not affected by an energy crisis. They may, understandably, not be concerned with global population growth or with lines crossing on graphs in the distant future, but they do have to heat their living quarters, and the cost of doing so has risen steeply—in some cases more than doubled—over the past three or four years. These higher costs, largely the result of present or anticipated fuel shortages, surely hurt the poor more than the rich.

The energy crisis itselfd Mr. Lapham dismisses as "chimerical," observing that "only the rich can afford to be so frightened of things unseen." If the energy crisis is invisible to Mr. Lapham, that means he has somehow managed not to see his heating bill recently, and has been unaware of the large number of public institutions such as libraries and museums which have had to shorten their hours or close down because of the soaring costs of heating and cooling.

Even if the present offered no concrete evidence of energy troubles, it would be unimaginative or perverse of Mr. Lapham to deny the future reality

of a predicted energy crisis only be cause it was not noticeable in the pressent. In a society in which the majority of cancers are caused by environmenta factors twenty or thirty years after exposure, some of our greatest ills are "invisible," but are no less real for being so.

Finally, if doomsday gossip reveal a neurotic streak in our culture, that i no reason to condemn long-term per spective in general, or to romanticiz the take-what-comes perspective of th poor as Mr. Lapham does. Mr. Laphar dismisses the warnings of the Club of Rome because they are the product of research that was conceived in a vi la-as though he expected better ad vice on the world's energy situatio from people who had lived all their lives in a ghetto. Our view of the fu ture will always be cloudy, but it is in portant to keep looking, and the clear est available view will probably con bine the perspectives of people of a





The Man Who Thought He Couldn't Own a Steinway.

To him it had always been "the only piano."

Yet, a little voice in the back of his head kept whispering, "You can't afford it."
Then one day he sharpened a pencil, quieted the voice in the back of his head, and did some serious figuring.

To his surprise he discovered that the Steinway was not too much more expensive than the piano he'd been considering. Which didn't have the tone of a Steinway. Or the Steinway touch. It didn't have Steinway's Hexagrip Wrestplank. Or Steinway's Diaphramatic Soundboard. Or any of the exclusive features that make a Steinway feel and sound like a Steinway. "I'm being penny-wise but pound-foolish," he cried. So he bought the Steinway

he'd always wanted, which he and his wife and family are all enjoying.

He has only one regret. "I should have done it years ago," he says.

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classes and kinds. In rejecting serious predictions of future energy problems on the basis of their class origin, Mr. Lapham seems to have let his annoyance with cooktail-party chatter get the better of his judgment.

JOHN WOODCOCK Bloomington, Ind.

Normally I agree with Mr. Lapham's editorial comments, and in the few cases of disagreement I am prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt. "Keepers of the Flame" prompts me, however, to express some misgivings—not about his criticism of the idiotic behavior of quite a few of our fellow Americans in this area, but his evaluation of the issue itself.

There is no energy shortage per se. But if the present trend persists and if oil continues to represent our principal source of energy, the U.S., Western Europe, and Japan will become increasingly dependent on the importation of oil from the oil-producing countries of the Middle East, particularly Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya, and Iran. Since we in the U.S. have so far just talked about offshore oil-let us remember that it takes three to eight years to bring offshore oil to production-since we have not even begun to promote the development of synthetic oil and natural gas (produced from coal or oil shale), the prediction of my highly esteemed colleague, Prof. Milton Friedman, that the OPEC cartel would soon break up and lead to lower prices for crude oil has not materialized and cannot materialize in the near future. Is all of this just a monetary problem or a problem of just tightening our belts and reducing energy consumption? Mr. Lapham overlooks the politicalstrategic problem of the "energy crisis."

Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, having the largest proven oil reserves and producing currently more than 10 million barrels a day with annual profits of close to \$40 billion, cannot only buy the necessary military hardware and mercenaries for terroristic and official Arab warfare against Israel, but they can also use the oil revenues to blackmail the entire Middle East policy of the U.S., the West European states, and Japan. That they were able to blackmail most of the African states in the famous anti-Zionism resolution in the U.N. is of small significance since (as I am

trying to show in a forthcoming book) the U.N. is dead and beyond resurrection. But we must not forget that the NATO states and Japan will be increasingly affected in their domestic and foreign policies by their reliance on foreign oil and by the threat of the Soviet nuclear umbrella at the disposal of the Arab states.

I, for one, have for many years pleaded for a crash program aimed at the rapid advancement of nuclear energy in this country and criticized our "environmentalists" for their antitechnology mood. But even a crash program—admittedly costly—will not solve our immediate problem, namely, the problem that these days 8 million Bedouins and their princes can paralyze the economy of 600 million Americans, West Europeans, and Japanese.

JOSEPH DUNNER
Visiting Scholar
Hoover Institution on War,
Revolution and Peace
Stanford, Calif.

We have read Lewis H. Lapham's article ("The Energy Debacle," August) with a great deal of interest. Much of it represents the first published exposure of the true motives behind the process that was used to develop the Ford Foundation study.

Unfortunately, as is increasingly the case nowadays, the article overemphasizes the personalities involved at the expense of analysis of the substantive material. While we recognize that this style is quite prevalent in popular journalism, it at least ought to be accurate. Both of us participated in the meeting Mr. Lapham had with William Tavoulareas on this subject, and, while the meeting occurred over a year ago, our recollection of the meeting is clear and is not in accordance with his.

While Tavoulareas and the rest of us expressed some very strong feelings, we do not recall him becoming red-faced or gripping his chair or speaking more rapidly than he normally speaks.

Moreover, Mr. Lapham's description of that meeting is not only inaccurate but gives the impression that somehow Tav's analysis of the Ford Foundation project was so colored by his emotions as to be unreliable. Let's examine whether that is true. In effect. Tav said three things. First, that Dave Freeman was not an impartial staff director of the study, and that this was apparent

very early in the process and continue throughout. Second, that the For Foundation was put on notice very ea ly in the study that Freeman was biase and that the system of selecting consu tants was also biased. (Tav made clear to Mr. Lapham that the For Foundation actively refused to rectif the situation.) And third, that the r sult of the entire study was a shallo and biased report solely reflecting th views of Mr. Freeman. The article con firms that each of the positions that Tav took was correct. Yet the reader not made aware either of the fact the these serious matters were the basis of Tav's objections to the report or the the conclusions reached in the artic were merely confirmations of the poin Tav made to Mr. Lapham at the fir meeting. In view of the detail in which other aspects of Tav's participation this matter were covered, this seems, say the least, an ungracious omission

In recounting the dispute over pulshing Tav's dissent, it is implied the he proffered a 100-page dissent; that simply untrue. Mr. Lapham not on failed to state that the Ford Foundation originally offered Tav only six doublespaced pages for his dissent but failed to report the one piece of informatic (that was in Mr. Lapham's possession that demonstrates that even the Foroundation now knows it erred; i.e., the Ford Foundation agreement to moublish Tav's analysis of the situatic in full. (It is still under 100 pages.)

Another serious flaw in the article the attempt to interpret what motivat Tay and, indeed, all oil-company lea ers in the light of Mr. Lapham's obviocontempt for those who toil and spi whom he labels the "merchant classes He leaves the reader with the concl sion that the sole and single motivation force is greed for maximum profit "blind rapacity." This is an old ar tired stereotype which is not only i accurate but malicious. It is a my perpetuated by what Irving Krist calls the "new class," those who li comfortably in the " nproductive se tor of society and do not understan the capitalism which makes their ex tence possible, but see government re ulation as an avenue for satisfying the ambition for power over that system.

We both participated, as Tav's ternates, in several meetings that dewith staff studies commissioned by the Ford Foundation for the energy pro-

ORGANIZED CRIME IS NOW THE BIGGEST CAR THIEF AND THEY'RE NOT GOING FOR JOYRIDES.

Organized crime has found a new bonanza.

The stolen cars they don't send abroad for profits in the black market or peddle in "steal-to-order" circles are broken down and sold here for



parts. (And we all know what parts go for.) Others are used as transportation in robberies or in the drug traffic.

The magnitude is

frightening, too.

Last year, alone, 1,000,000 cars were driven away by people who didn't own them. (About 1/10 as many as were bought.) Oddly, 15% of the cars stolen had their keys in a very convenient place: the ignition.

The future may be a little less bleak, though. Thanks to the cooperation of government agencies under a Federal Interagency Committee and to the National Automobile Theft Bureau and local committees

backed by the insurance industry. They've been giving help to the public on ways to protect their cars. And trying to get the public to cooperate in the apprehension of car thieves. The Travelers Office of Consumer Information would be glad to put you in touch with the National Automobile Theft Bureau to help set up a committee in your area. Just write our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115. Or dial, toll-free, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.

Maybe we can get some of those car thieves behind bars instead of behind the wheels of our cars.



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ect. Not only did our views hold little interest for Mr. Freeman, but views of other participants (including those from academia) that did not jibe with his own received no consideration. As an intellectual endeavor, the Ford Foundation project was an exercise in sham and senhistry.

L. M. Woods Herbert Schmertz
Vice-Presidents
Mobil Oil Corporation

As a member of the Ad Hoc Energy Committee in the House, I found "The Energy Debacle" one of the most informative and interesting articles I have read about the energy problems facing our nation. From what I know of the project, the story Mr. Lapham tells is one that is not only true, but one that is repeated in many areas in the government.

New York, N.Y.

My own judgment is that the present energy policy is based on the premise that the American public will make do with less energy in the years ahead. I believe that to be a totally false assumption, which will never work in a free society.

REP. JOHN W. WYDLER Washington, D.C.

I have no doubt that Harper's will be besieged by letters from enraged environmentalists protesting Lewis H. Lapham's excellent article. And the letters, like the final report of the Energy Policy Project itself, will underscore Mr. Lapham's point that the environmental movement—and the debate on national energy policy—have taken on explicitly religious overtones.

The real conflict between Tavoulareas and Freeman is a conflict between traditional liberals (both nineteenthand twentieth-century) committed to economic growth and material progress, and the contemporary environmentalist Left who oppose growth and progress. No-growth planners continually remind us that we live in a world of scarce resources, but they do not mean that statement in the sense that economists regard scarcity as the basic economic problem. To the opponents of growth, scarcity is not a natural constraint imposed on public policy; it is a public policy. It is the modern planner's penance for the older planner's hubris in attempting to dominate nature. The commitment to serve nature rather than dominate it is particularly evident in the environmentalist's determination to protect land from people.

The fundamentalist religious underpinnings of planning for scarcity are rather explicit. Planning for scarcity trades on constant rhetorical appeals to man's lowly condition, to his imminent extinction, and to the sinfulness of his profligate nature. This new religion, unfortunately, suffers the defects of all false religions—in its intolerance, its extreme pride, and especially in its unwillingness to permit the individual free choice, without which virtue is impossible.

The fact that the no-growth, environmental movement (at least in its extreme forms) is a religious movement poses no problem per se. America does, after all, have a strong religious tradition. On the other hand, constitutional questions arise when the religion begins to influence national policy. The problem is aggravated because the mode of argument as well as epistemological assumptions of religious people often make meaningful discourse with them extremely difficult.

Without agreement on terms, there can be no successful communication or debate. The problem is not so much that religious arguments now dominat public debate on national energy an environmental policy; the problem i that the public doesn't know it.

A. LAWRENCE CHICKERING
Executive Director
Institute for Contemporary Studie
San Francisco, Calif

I am surprised at Lewis Lapham' denial of the energy crisis. As an in vestigation of the nature of the crisis his article is incomplete.

Modern thinkers are trying to promote the attack of problems before the reach crisis stage. If we were to awaithe crisis in "palpable form," our alternatives for action would be severel limited. Only a fool relies upon the concrete in an age of abstraction.

That this is an age of abstraction is beyond doubt. Our societies are powered by economic systems, and an system, not to mention one that is base on money, is abstract. If, within the system, we do not have the resource to recover raw materials, they might a well be on the other side of the galaxy

Comparing the reaction "among the affluent classes" to the reactions of "the people" can only be taken to imply tha the "crisis" will not affect "the people." But the economy runs on "affluence," and those with more of it have greater clout; changes in their situation are felt by the society as a whole "The people" may not be concerned but they ought to be.

Mr. Lapham brings the environmental movement into the picture. Certainly there is something worth considering here. It is true that certain areas have videnced remarkable recovery from the environmental impacts. But we should remember that different "subsystems in the ecosystem have different capabilities, different resources. As long as ware ignorant of particularly sensitive balances in a subsystem, it's best to play safe. One does not notice a droj of water on the forehead the first time but after a short time it becomes to ture. Marginal effects can build up.

It is true that people can be unrea sonable about the environmental move ment or the energy crisis. I'm sur Mr. Lapham never would have written his article if he hadn't seen something wrong, something contradictory. Both issues have their fanatics. But so doe any other major issue. This does no invalidate the issue. On the contrary



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our ideals value the extremist for provoking opposition leading to deeper thought. But to fight extremism "with extremism" is to miss the synthesis.

DANIEL KRIMM Princeton, N.J.

As the former deputy director of the Ford Foundation's Energy Policy Project, I read "The Energy Debacle" with a mixture of amusement and dismay.

From the perspective of one who labored in the trenches of that project for the better part of three years, the description is like that of someone who sees a football game on TV for the first time and believes that the close-up shots of the cheerleaders represent the essence of the game.

Perhaps, like so many mortal men, we at the project just kept our heads down and our shoulders to the wheel while the gods played above us. We were aware of all of their pranks, but since they seldom affected our work we largely ignored them.

And that, of course, is my point. A Time to Choose was not the work of S. David Freeman alone: even less was

it the work of the advisory board, and I stress *advisory*, or of the Ford Foundation's officers.

It was the product of a core staff of fifteen to twenty highly qualified, carefully selected scientists, engineers, economists, environmentalists, lawyers, social scientists, editors, and administrative personnel. That staff was aided by approximately 100 consultants from the best academic and private sources we could muster. Further, there were approximately 500 people of a multitude of backgrounds and interests who reviewed all or parts of the various reports produced for and by the project. And there were dozens of contracts. All of this resulted, as Mr. Bundy properly noted, in some twenty-one volumes on energy.

Certainly the views of the advisory board were useful, and they influenced our thinking a great deal. The concerns for balance and scholarship expressed by both the board and the foundation were always in our minds. Certainly Mr. Freeman never, to my knowledge, imposed his views on the project. In point of fact, as is well known, his views

and my own often clashed on key issues. The ultimate report and—of particular significance—the conclusions and recommendations were the product of a consensus of all of the professional staff. That consensus developed from our collective analysis of the inputs from all the people associated with the project. I didn't agree, and still don't, with some of the recommendations. But I had, as did every staff member, a chance to make my case and debate it openly with Mr. Freeman and the staff.

The article never got around to discussing the contents of the analysis, the methodologies employed, or the validity of the conclusions and recommendations. Perhaps that is dull stuff, but it is the heart of the issue. Fortunately, however, many people have taken long, hard looks at the results of the project and, unlike the hastily produced counter-tract. No Time to Confuse, have found the results to be worthwhile. The proof, after all, is still in the eating. The project's final report, A Time to Choose, as well as the companion books, have gone down well.

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Mouton-Cadet

Red and White.

Will you outlive the

Wed like some changes to insure that you don't.

Your financial security is our business. And we believe Social Security is a sound base for your financial planning. That's why the life insurance business is committed to keeping Social Security healthy. Right now there is a serious financial imbalance in the system. The Administration, and others, are currently proposing to Congress methods of correcting this weakness. We agree with some of these methods, but not all.

What's the Problem?

The Social Security system is only as sound as its financing. And we share the general concern that it will run into difficulties unless some changes are made soon.

The immediate problem is that there is more money being paid out in benefits than is being collected in Social Security taxes. If things are allowed to continue as they are now, the Retirement Trust Fund could be depleted by 1983 and the Disability Trust Fund could be depleted by 1979.

The major long-range problem is twofold. First, a technical flaw exists in the present law, which gives a double credit for the rise in cost of living to people retiring in the future. Thus they will be receiving much larger retirement benefits than intended. The second problem is a result of a shift in the balance of our population. Because of a lower birthrate, fewer people will be joining the work force, while more people will be entering retirement. That means, there will be fewer Americans paying Social Security taxes than anticipated, and more collecting retirement benefits.

The Social Security Philosophy.

The Social Security system was not devised as a welfare program. The funding of Social Security has always been self-supporting, based on equal contributions by employers and employees. Because of these contributions, the person who works is assured of Social Security benefits, as a matter of right.

Administration Proposals We Agree With.

TRANSFER OF FUNDS. At present the Old Age and Survivors portion of Social Security is in a stronger position than the Disability portion. The Administration suggests that a larger part of the



financing be assigned to the Disability fund. In view of the greater need for funds in the Disability area, we agree.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES. Because of recent court decisions that remove sex discrimination from Survivors' and Dependents' benefits, some people are receiving benefits without having been dependent in reality. The Administration recommends, and we agree, that an additional provision should be required to limit Dependents' benefits to those who earn the lesser income.

TAX ON SELF-EMPLOYED. Historically, the Social Security tax for self-employed persons has been one and one-half times the rate for employees. Legislation in 1965 limited the self-employed rate to

Social Security system?

maximum of 7% of covered wages, which was eached in 1973. The Administration proposes, and we agree, that the original rate of one and one-half imes the rate for employees be restored.

Administration Proposals We Would Modify.

AUTOMATIC INCREASES. The current law provides for automatic increases in Social Security payments to parallel the government's Cost of Living Index. Those who are already retired benefit directly through increased monthly Social Security payments. Future benefits for people still working, in affect, are adjusted twice. First, because wages rise when prices rise, increasing the average earnings on which Social Security benefits are based. Second, he same adjustment that increased the benefits for retired workers also applies on top of that initial ncrease. So the person entering retirement gets a louble adjustment. A similar problem also exists in he computation of Disability benefits.

We agree with the Administration that this is undesirable because, if unchecked, it would eventually mean that many people will receive more rom Social Security than they earned prior to etirement, and many people will receive excessive Disability payments. This would place a tremendous strain upon the Social Security system and the entire American economy.

However, in correcting this double adjustment for nflation (technically called decoupling), the Administration's proposal should be further nodified, restoring the original relationship of penefits to wages that existed prior to 1972, without affecting the benefits currently being paid.

NCREASES IN TAX RATES. A 1% increase in the ax rate on both employers and employees is now icheduled for the year 2011. The Administration proposes that one quarter of this increase would become effective in 1985 and the remainder in 1990. We support the general principle of adoption of tax rate increases necessary to finance the Social Security system, but we recommend increases arilier than 1985; specifically, we propose a modest mmediate Social Security tax increase of .5% on both employers and employees, to be followed by a 25% increase in the 1980's

Administration Proposals We Disagree With.

NCREASING THE WAGE BASE FOR EMPLOYEES. The Administration is asking for specific future increases in the taxable wage base, above what the current law provides. We believe this sundesirable. Since benefits depend on the wage base, this would result in unduly expanding the

Social Security system. We recommend that as the level of wages goes up, the wage base should be increased, as present law prescribes.

EMPLOYERS' TAX. The Administration proposes that the employer's contribution be based on the employee's total salary. We strongly disagree with this, because the employer would be unfairly taxed and this would be harmful to the economy.

GENERAL REVENUE FINANCING. The Administration proposes to get further Social Security funds from general revenues whenever unemployment is over 6%. We strongly disagree with this. Social Security should continue as a self-supporting program. Using general revenues invites open-ended spending. This would put the Social Security program, along with welfare programs, in political competition for funds from general taxes.

Social Security for All.

There are people who are not in the Social Security system, and we believe that the entire United States working force, including all government employees, should participate in the Social Security program. This would further strengthen the Social Security system.

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and continue to read, the results of the project because they make sense.

Above all else, I have only one great disappointment concerning A Time to Choose. If one were to change the publication date from October 1974 to October 1977 and release it verbatim, it would be more timely today. That n't say much for the nation's progress in solving our energy problems. I am afraid that we, like Alice, are running faster and faster in a desperate attempt to stay in the same place. We are, in fact, in many areas, still losing ground.

Director Energy and Metals Division U.S. General Accounting Office Washington, D.C.

I, enjoyed reading the excellent article "The Energy Debacle."

I would like to correct one statement that is of importance to me. The article states that my unhappiness with Freeman's interpretation of his work prompted me to resign. I did not resign. Rather, I had arranged a one-year leave of absence to work with the project. When that one year expired, I returned to the University of California. The university was reluctant to give me a second year's leave. I did not think making a strong argument for a second year's leave was worth the hassle at the university.

The "unhappiness" expression is also incorrect. Dave and I spent many hours discussing energy-economic These discussions occasionally became heated, but never led to unhappiness. There is strong disagreement between us on many issues. Dave has a strong faith in regulatory solutions to economic problems. I have looked at the record of government regulation, and I have no such faith. I advised Dave on several occasions that if certain wellestablished economic principles were violated in the final report, the economics profession would tear it to pieces. While I contributed a chapter to No Time to Confuse, I did not in any way stimulate or suggest the attack. The Energy Policy Project report has too much economic nonsense in it to go unchallenged. The purpose of No Time to Confuse was to provide that professional challenge. WALTER J. MEAD

Professor of Economics University of California Santa Barbara, Calif. The correspondents raise so many questions about energy, its mysteries and divine origins, that I find myself hard pressed to make adequate an-

Mr. Canfield defends his work for the Ford Foundation against what he regards as blasphemy, and I have no wish to do any further damage to his cherished beliefs in the gods who play above him. Messrs. Woodcock and Krimm, both resident in university towns and presumably conversant with the holy texts of the environmental movement, warn me about the vengeance of angry ecosystems. They profess their trust in abstractions and the wisdom of affluence, and so they miss the point about the poor. The indifference of the poor to the news of the energy crisis obviously doesn't excuse them from paying higher prices or from suffering the miseries of cold, want, darkness, and disease. But, unlike the rich and their academic admirers, the poor do not expect the world to be otherwise arranged. They have enough trouble with the things they can see-rats, lice, landlords, the police-and so they do not feel the need to do penance for the sins of sloth and

The letter from the vice-presidents of the Mobil Oil Corporation bespeaks the obdurate pride that makes it so difficult to feel sympathy for the princes of capitalism. After spending God knows how many millions for advertising campaigns, the two gentlemen from Mobil still seem to have trouble distinguishing among politics, journalism, and paid publicity. They make no complaint about the argument of the article in question; nor do they refer to any substantial error of fact. They complain instead about the portrait of their president. The president should have been painted in bright and heroic colors, possibly in the ermine cloak of a Renaissance savant, certainly with a great deal more respect for the bountiful magnificence of the American bourgeoisie. It is not enough that the president is rich and often right in his opinions. He also must be loved, carried through the streets in triumph, and applauded by a grateful populace. No doubt this is an entirely human wish, but it seldom wins the affection of the people whose existence they say capitalism makes possible.

Kevin Phillips's concern over the growing concentration and power of the media industry ("Busting the Me dia Trusts," July) is marred by hi ridiculous assertion that Ralph Nade ("pure Ralph Nader") deleted a lis of the Fortune 1,000 from our boo Taming the Giant Corporation supposedly because the list contained several media conglomerates.

In fact, it was impure me, a coat thor of Taming, who deleted the list. The reason is embarrassingly simple we had to reduce a 592-page report to a 312-page book, and one easy way to condense was to cut out all 94 page of charts and tables, which include the Fortune list. (Anyone wanting totatch a glimpse of this hot document should go to his public library and fliopen the May issue of Fortune.) The book's thesis—that our 700 largest corporations, including several medigiants, should be federally chartere—remains intact.

If Mr. Phillips wants to know ou view of media conglomeratization an antitrust, he should read what we have written rather than speculate about motivations. For only one example chapter two of The Monopoly Maker (1973) recommended the kind of artitrust case against the networks that the Justice Department later did file and it contained many of the criticism against the media barons that Philliphas now made four years later it Harper's.

MARK GREE.

Director, Congress Water Washington, D.C.

KEVIN PHILLIPS REPLIES:

Mr. Green correctly notes my refer ence to deleting the list of corpora tions. But my preceding sentence show the source of my interpretation: "In review of Nader's book for the New York Times, Hoover Institution re search fellow Robert Hessen suggeste that some people in the media, mor than willing to restrain giant indus trial corporations, 'saw the list and ex pressed reservations about Mr. Nader' [federal chartering] proposal becaus he was providing the government with a weapon to abridge or invade Firs Amendment rights." The list, in short was provocative.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 197

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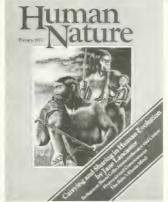
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BEGGAR'S OPERA

Art is too important to be left to the administrators

by Lewis H. Laphar

VERY NOW AND THEN I hear rumors about the huge success of cultural endeavors in the ✓ United States. Museum directors-report large crowds waiting in the streets to see Impressionist paintings or the furnishings of a pharaoh's tomb. Bookstores report land-office sales, in both cloth and paper editions, of works on mysticism, seventeenth-century history, and philology. The National Endowment for the Arts announces that in 1976 the arts, broadly defined, accounted for receipts and expenditures of \$3 billion. On reading these dispatches, I never know how to credit them against the equally persistent rumors of imminent collapse within the country's leading cultural institutions. Together with the news of conspicuous consumption comes the news of heavy deficits. The American Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford, Connecticut, lacked the money to present a summer season; in New York the Metropolitan Opera apparently needs at least \$11 million to open a winter season. Elsewhere in the country, colleges go out of business, ballet companies disband, and the regional theaters, once thought to be the hope of a generation, present revivals of Noel Coward songs.

I was reminded of these contradictions a few weeks ago while reading in the Sunday Vew York Times an article by Robert Brustein, dean of the Yale School of Drama. Mr. Brustein is a well-known at osthe of the true, the real, and the beautiful, and he was making his customary list of casualties in the land of the philistines. He enumerated the defeats and failures—the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra had been obliged to use \$900,000 of its endowment to pay current debts; Joseph Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

Papp had withdrawn his Shakespeare Festival from the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, et cetera, et cetera. Mr. Brustein went on to say that the country lacked a national arts policy (presumably something similar to a national energy policy), and that there wasn't anybody with sufficient stature (in either New York or Washington) to tell people what was art and what was fraud. If only there were some nationally constituted authority to tell the fools what to like, then all would be well. Alas, the latter-day Medicis apparently have more money than sense, but, even so, Mr. Brustein exhorted the federal government to constitute itself as patron and to provide funds, "literally in the billions," for what he described as "an endangered national resource." He declared the arts "worthy of preservation like other treasures of nature . . . in danger of being polluted by commercial wastes."

But art, by definition, is the antithesis of nature. It is made by men struggling against the implacable opposition of nature. The doubtful logic of Mr. Brustein's peroration prompted me to question the rest of his argument. My doubts acquired more palpable form when I read the newspaper accounts of Mr. Papp's departure from Lincoln Center. Mr. Papp also felt a need for federal money, "literally in the billions," and he made it plain that no theater with "serious artistic aspirations" could support itself without subsidy. At his farewell press conference he said that his productions at Lincoln Center last year cost \$6.2 million, but his ticket sales amounted to no more than \$3.9 million. The difference between these two sums forced him to conclude that the audience was at fault.

AKING MR. PAPP'S complain together with Mr. Brustein appeal for a public dole, it o curred to me to wonder if th prominent cultural institutions migl not best be understood as a kind of beggar's opera. Perhaps this was th reason for their lack of popular suppor Maybe large numbers of people, mor people than anybody had though somehow understood that beggars se dom maintain, no matter what the say about needing the money for brea and soup, the standards of artistic es cellence so fulsomely described in the reports to the trustees. If works of a come about through the labors of me (not, as Mr. Brustein would have i by the magical intercession of the win and the rain), then the question arise as to which men, under what circum stances, and for what reasons. In th public mind there appears to exist the suspicion that much of the subsidy do little more than sustain a horde of lieg men and flatterers who frequent th anterooms of institutional munificence

So also in the courts of academe. few days after reading about the penry in the artistic quarter, I happene to notice an issue of the Yale Alumi Magazine that paid homage to Kin man Brewster. After fourteen years president of the university, Mr. Brew ter had gone off to England as th American Ambassador to the Court St. James's. The magazine published encomiums from several of Mr. Bri stein's colleagues, all of them apparen ly imbued with the same reverence fe the god of wealth. I read their eulogic with a feeling of sadness. I knew th the liberal arts didn't count for muc in the United States, but I hadr thought that the idea of a university had fallen so low as to make it nece

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sary for so many otherwise eminent people to crawl on their stomachs. Without exception, the eulogists praised Mr. Brewster for his connections in Washington and with the foundations, for his ability to put in place the machinery of academic bureaucracy, above all to the wonderful way in which he ate the availability of funds." Yale had been poor, and Mr. Brewster had made it rich. This was the sum of the tribute. I'm sure that the orators meant to say something more than that, but their remarks about scholarship and the advancement of learning had a dim and muffled sound, as if, as an afterthought, they had adorned their interoffice memorandums with lines from Horace. Alvin Eisenman, identified as a professor of graphic design and "a member of many committees," counted up the floor space added under Mr. Brewster's dominion to the university's libraries, galleries, and exhibition halls. Prof. Edgard J. Boell, a zoologist, rendered a similar accounting on behalf of the sciences, remarking not only on the 629,110 square feet of additional laboratory space but also on the miraculous proliferation of interdisciplinary programs, each of these metamorphoses accompanied by vivid displays of architecture and new endowments. John Perry Miller, an officer for institutional development and a former dean of the graduate school, praised Mr. Brewster for "revitalizing the decision-making process," for "reorganizing and reinvigorating the executive committee of the faculty of arts and sciences," for establishing myriad "new procedures," and for "developing forces to counteract the power of conventional faculties."

Perhaps the most dismal tribute was the one presented by Charles E. Lindlem, a professor of social and political sciences and the director of the Institution for Social and Policy Studies. The professor placed heavy emphasis cathe primacy of institutions and the institutional mode of thought, going so far as to say that "all the big tasks of society today are done through formal organizations—businesses, gov-

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ernment agencies, and a growing miscellany of independent organizations like universities, foundations, and private associations." By "the big tasks of society" I suppose the professor refers to wars, mass arrests, and the building of pyramids. Presumably he would discount as inconsequential the works of the unaffiliated imagination. Never mind that the flow of history shifts with the discoveries of men working alone in laboratories, stumbling across the laws of science by mistake, dreaming of empire in unheated rooms. The professor stands with the big battalions, no doubt with God, Leviathan, and monuments in stone. The human mind is too small a thing for the professor, too parochial, too susceptible to change, too much the property of so frail and untrustworthy a creature as man.

HE MELANCHOLY collection of institutional praise made me wonder if Mr. Brewster thought it pleasing. Was he gratified or depressed? Did his peers understand what he had hoped to accomplish in his years of service, or, like the blind men groping around the elephant, did they mistake the elephant for something else? Obviously I have no way of knowing what Mr. Brewster had in mind when he took office, but I assume that he would have wanted to be remembered for something other than the ease with which he could "facilitate the availability of funds." Much the same thing could be said for a Lockheed agent in Japan, or for the speaker in the House of Representatives. Perhaps Mr. Brewster understood that Yale University had become a gigantic tomb in which, if he was careful, he might preserve the remnants of Western thought. I met him only once, in the fall of 1971 in St. Louis. He had come to solicit money from the alumni, but the alumni at the time were not particularly enthusiastic about Mr. Brewster's indulgence of blacks, hippies, and social protests. They wanted to know when their children would be given preference by the director of admissions, when the university would restore the old rules and the old order. Mr. Brewster appealed to them with charm, grace, intelligence, and wit. He persuaded them to laugh at their prejudice, and explained that not even Yale University was so great as to be held

accountable for the fall of every leaf Observing him as he went his rounds making the same speech in differen parts of town, I thought I saw a may who didn't much like the part he had been assigned in the school play. The expression in his face was one of iron and disappointment. However diligent by he tried, he couldn't give quite the proper sweetness to his beggar's grin.

That is the trouble with the institutions that carry forward Professo Lindblom's big tasks. They move with the clumsiness of monstrous armore things, borne down by a carapace of buildings, committees, departments subcommittees, trustees, faculties, in vestment portfolios. The people caugh up in the machinery have little choice but to worship the idol of their own manufacture. Their courage shrinks and their intelligence withers, and yet hey must talk to the graduating class about the joys of a liberal education.

All summer long I heard fragment of talk, drifting across lawns or echo ing through the lobbies of office build ings, about the search for a new president of Yale. The university has appointed a committee to assemble a list of names of the people who migh take Mr. Brewster's place on the tread mill. Among the American bourgeoisi the social conventions demand an in terest in education. It is one of thos things about which people are expected to have opinions, and so the conversa tion usually turned to a discussion o the market in moral values. As alway the market was in a state of collapse Prosperous men holding drinks in thei hands stood on terraces overlooking the Connecticut coast, telling each oth er that Yale had need of a man who could restore credit and lead the uni versity through yet another episode in its never-ending time of troubles.

But no matter how earnestly they discussed the need for character and in tegrity, even the possibility of a mar with a reputation for independent thought, I understood them to be talk ing about a man who could be trusted with Yale's campaign for \$370 million. What was wanted was somebody safe somebody who would understand the art of administration, and who would onothing reckless. Institutional hier archs, capable of appreciating Professor Lindblom's political theories and Mr. Miller's prose, would choose one of their own. The new president would be

man who could see what sometimes zoes by the name of "the big picture."

OR AS LONG as I can remember, I have heard people talking, more or less devoutly, about "the big picture," as if the ibility to see such a thing confers the nark of social distinction not othervise available in a democracy. Many people suceed in their professions, and nany others come into the possession of money, and so neither success nor iches offers convincing proof that a nan is not merely middle class. But if te can sit on enough boards of direcors, attend enough committee meetngs, and travel over vast distances on mough airplanes (preferably airplanes wned by governments or corporaions), why then he acquires a sense if height and moral stature. The big icture becomes clear to him, together vith the big tasks that need to be done omewhere beneath the cloud level. He an be trusted with the grand, teleologcal questions (about art, meaning, soiety, the fate of the nation, et cetera): is administrative skills serve him as he philosopher's stone, entitling him o deal as easily with the importance of crasmus as with a famine in Thailand, rith the riddles of American foreign olicy as well as with the subtleties of ourteenth-century Italian painting. Adnittedly, the appreciation of the big icture has its disadvantages as well s its advantages, but the nobility in ny society must sacrifice something o the common good. Given the denands on a man's schedule, he unforunately cannot find time to learn much of anything except the forms of ritual. Iis knowledge of art remains prooundly derivative, his knowledge of rama tends toward the insipid, his nowledge of the sciences reduces itelf to primitive superstition.

Perhaps I miss the point about trustes and administrators of cultural intitutions. So what if they know nothing about culture? Maybe it isn't their usiness to do anything but smile and alance the accounts. If they go out a the world and find money, they can eave the rest of it to the resident seers, have heard this argument many times, nd, like Mr. Brustein's plea for pubic funds, I suspect that there is someting wrong with it. The administrative overview governs the provinces of

the mind like a colonial viceroy. Sooner or later all things great and small (vide the testimonials of the Messrs. Eisenman, Boell, Miller, and Lindblom) fall under its shadow. The size and pompousness of the institution shift the weight of money against the playfulness of mind. Once having understood the great truth that nobody can afford to take chances with \$370 million, even professors of literature lose the capacity to take chances with interpretations of Flaubert.

Under the weight of money, the institutions themselves wither and diminish, suffering losses of meaning in proportion to their gains in size. Yale University becomes a staff college for the managerial class, a place where young men go to acquire the training and credentials necessary to service in bureaucracies. Lincoln Center stands as a monument to the artistic sensibility of the rich, a place to wear jewels and talk about the transmigration of souls. The Metropolitan Museum becomes a cemetery of wealth, the American equivalent of Père Lachaise, where a man with the proper connections can order a marble cenotaph.

None of these transformations strikes me as decadent, or even surprising, but they haven't got much to do with learning, with art, or with science. No wonder that the institutions find it difficult to drum up popular support. I suspect that a great many people recognize the buildings and the endowments as ornaments in Marie Antoinette's garden, their purpose not to sustain art or education but to assuage the longing for immortality that troubles the princes of capitalism. A great many people in the country pursue their cultural endeavors without benefit of official sanctions. They buy books and work out theorems. If they don't have much affection for the dancing-masters employed in the service of the state, for the grandiose effects supported by patrons who depend not on their own taste or conviction but on the whispered advice of committees, then who can blame them for their lack of interest in a beggar's opera? The national enthusiasm for culture takes place where it has always taken place, in arenas too small to attract the notice of Professor Lindblom and at prices too low to excite the greed of Mr. Papp and Mr. Brustein.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1977

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Pho-phorescent shapes pass through the night, leaving nothing behind

by Sally Helgese

observe the fantasy parade in the discos are watching a revel, a Saturnalia; but this is no

Mardi Gras, for Mardi Gras happens only once a year, and the discos are happening every night. And the watchers are not tourists taking a brief holiday from their daily lives to indulge a passing appetite for the bizarre, the fantastic, an appetite which, once satisfied, will leave them content to live again for a time within the ordered confines of their daytime world. No, the watchers are not tourists; they are regular visitors here.

[In other cities] the character of night life is determined by the tourists, but the Berliner considers his night his own. He wants his fun. He wants to be amused. He is not one of those who go to sleep with the chickens. Wherever the Berlin night flickers, native Berliners are in the majority . . and aside from the theaters and movue houses . . . there are those places one doesn't talk about, but frequents just the same . . . places where the arithmetic of sex sometimes makes mistakes.

—Eugen Szatmari 1927 guide to Berlin

T WAS VERY LATE on a Wednesday night. I gave the cabdriver the address of the club where I was going. He adjusted the rearview mirror and looked at me, checking to see what particular screw might be loose.

"You want that fag place?" he asked I shrugged. "I don't get it," he said. "All night from two to four I'm picking up women all over the city, and they're having me take them to these discos where all there is is fags. Then from four to seven I get to hear

the women complain how there aren't any men left anymore, all they ever meet is queers. What I want to ask them is, Why do they go?"

I couldn't tell him why. I had only recently become aware myself that men and women who did not consider themselves homosexuals were routinely spending time at discos where most of the clientele were gay; that their persistence in doing this was becoming a problem for the owners and patrons of these clubs; that their presence had about it an ambiguity of purpose, for while they might say they were there only as watchers, only as voyeurs, they were also becoming participants, regulars in a scene which could never be theirs, outlaws in what had always been an outlaw world.

Concerning the Thoughts of man... they are everyone a Representation or Apparence, of some quality, or other Accident of a body without us; which is commonly called an Object. Which Object worketh on the Eyes. Eares, and other parts of man's body; and by diversity of working, produceth diversity of Apparences.

—Thomas Hobbes Leviathan

NFINITY IS A disco in Lower Manhattan. It is 3:00 a.m. Friday, the dead of night, but the evening is not yet half over, and there are still 2,000 people here. Perhaps a third of them are crowded against the shoulder-high banquette that rims the floor, from which they can watch those parading before them or simply stare at themselves in the wall-to-wall mirrors which reflect unending images across the huge loft space. The mirrors Sally Helgesen contributes to several national magazines.

are part of the show at Infinity, for monly can you watch your own image change beneath the flashing strobe you can also dance with yourself, epecially if you have brought a fan, a tambourine, or a pole, or a great b hat. Such props give you somethir with which to balance your act, provided an acceptable foil. With the mirrors a around, you really don't need a partner of the property of the prop

The center of the floor tonight occupied by two middle-aged mal dressed identically in improvised sail costumes—strapless undershirts, whi belled pants, gold spray-painted de ert boots, brimmed Marine hats. The purple of the flashing lights mak white glow phosphorescent, so lots people wear white to discos. The fatasy sailors do not need to look in the mirrors as they dance because the are the mirror images of one another than the sail of the sai

Seeing a kindred shape I swooned away. —Plutarch Dialogue of Love

To walk through the crowd at Infu ty tonight is to walk through an exot aviary where every variety of species on display, usually single examples each, but occasionally exhibited wi an identical mate for the admiration of the passing public. A large Germ male dressed as a cowgirl watches Spanish couple fox-trotting in bla cutaways and patent pumps. A wom wearing a transparent plastic rain ca with only a garter belt and black stor ings underneath wanders about alor A young man in saddle shoes h strapped a life-size female doll to l ankles and wrists, and he moves light across the floor with her, unencur bered by the weight of any hum shape. There is here a standard conformity to the outrageous; o must put on a passing pleasing sho his is John Rechy's nightmare Mardi ras-"People like spectators at a Roan circus"...people watching the trade of sheiks, sailors, gladiators, otorcyclists, Hawaiians, space moners, wizards, devils, people joining e parade wearing capes and wings plastic, headdresses, monster make-, fake jewels.... "These are their stumes, This is our Mask!" Each ape phosphorescent, passing brightly rough the night, but leaving nothing hind. For Rechy the escape from this ntastic parade, this psychomachy in e streets, is into the void of his mirr, where he stares hypnotized by his n image.

Infinity is not a gay disco, although may appear that way at first because e gavs display the most exotic plume, and put on the best show. Then, o, each of the two bars at Infinity is acketed by a huge pair of pink neon salluses which glow in the night like mosexual icons. Infinity drew a gay owd when it opened, but, as so often ppens at discos in New York, the rty crowd followed them there. raight society people. After the place id been written up, and everybody new it was chic, what is known on e scene as "the scurve" arrived, sinas who live with roommates on the pper East Side or in the middle-class righborhoods of New Jersey and Long land, people drifting around and tryg to get picked up. Now middle-class ung men cruise the banquettes each ekend, but the tone of the place is fficiently gay that a woman can prot herself by adopting a fierce glare indicate dykishness, or by staring edly at herself in the mirror, for selfsorption is respected here.

The music never stops at a disco, not r a single minute. Each song segues ght into the next, the monotony of e bass pedal smoothing the transion. The lights are synchronized with e sound, and they never stop flashing cept during the percussive interludes. nen everything falls dark; then the histles blow and the crowd velps and ots and barks as if hinting that a icchanal is about to begin, but it ver, never does begin, although evyone seems to be waiting for someing to happen. After you've been in disco for a while, after your senses we been operated upon by those idies, those Objects from which Hobs deduces all our fancies arise, you

may begin to feel a disorientation of fancy within yourself, and you may attune yourself to the repetitive shifts of this electronic music of the spheres and fall into a kind of disco trance in which your brain turns off and you give yourself up to the sensations which envelop you. And suddenly whoever you thought you were when you walked in the door may no longer seem very important.

The disco trance is hypnotic. I can compare it only to the stupor which sets in on New Year's Day after watching five hours of football on TV-vou keep intending to get up and leave, but somehow you never do, you just sit there waiting for something to happen. This continuous state of anticipation is the effect of something very specific, for when you watch television, your brain must process thousands of discontinuous flashes of light; it must fill in the blanks to make a coherent image. The expectation of each image as it follows upon each blank is what renders TV hypnotic, a stimulus whose effect transcends its content. Something like this seems to be at work in discos. where discontinuous images are synchronized with a continuous beat, so that each flash of light reveals an image that was predictable but which also seemed to promise something more, for your brain is on standby, waiting to fill in the blanks.

The disco trance is like the TV stupor in another regard-your perceptions, and thus your reactions, are controlled. "Disco is a totally planned evening," says Van McCov, the man who started the hustle. "Those people don't know it, but I can do things with them," says Linda Shafer, a disco employee in Washington, D.C.

Everyone belongs to everyone else.

For a while I wondered if this hypnopaedic proverb from Brave New World might apply to the world I see at discos, but I realize now that it does not, for it is expressive of the careless communality of the Sixties rather than the calculated cool of this decade. In discos you will find a polite tone of disengagement, the disengagement again of athletes who have come to work out before the mirrors.

Bob is a forty-year-old high-school teacher who works now only as a substitute so that he can devote his life to disco. He met Betty, who describes herself as a "former actress who is now in the entertainment business," at Infinity. Now they dance together several nights each week, but they do not see one another at any other time. Bob says: "When I met Betty, I said, 'We dance so well together, let's never spoil things by having sex." Betty says: "Our vibes are just right for one another. We don't need to tie it down with further commitment."

Nobody belongs to anyone else. That's more like it.



OLLYWOOD IS a disco queen, the disco queen of New York, some people say. On a Saturday afternoon, after having watched Soul Train on TV and then

having gone to a movie alone, Hollywood is resting in her Upper East Side studio apartment, explaining to me the responsibilities and rewards of disco

"I was exhausted last night-I mean, just exhausted. I didn't feel like doing anything except crawling into my own little hole and hiding away. But I said to myself, girl, what kind of disco queen are you anyway, just thinking of yourself all the time and not your friends? You've got to go out, girl. You've got to have a good time." Did she have a good time? "Well, there's always that thrill, you know. And this friend was tossing me way up in the air, over and over again, right in the middle of the floor, and each time I wondered; was he going to be there to catch me, or was I going to be splat on the floor? You never know what is going to happen-you know, will I dance until dawn, or will I end up in the gutter?"

Hollywood talks all the time. Her manner is stagey and outrageous and amusing, and also very real; she has about her that edge of sadness that touches every compulsive entertainer. She is probably thirty, round and pretty, and she came to New York from Texas, where her family had drifted around. Her tiny apartment is decorated with swatches of designer sheets and crammed with racks of clothes and boxes of makeup. On a rainy Saturday at home she has painted each of the nails on her fingers and toes a different color.

The phone rings. It's a girlfriend calling to make plans for tonight. "Well now what," says Hollywood.
"Will this be another night with the
gay boys?" Yes, they decide, this will
be another night with the gay boys.
"It's semi-depressing," Hollywood
sighs, after she hangs up, "but only
if you step to think about it. I mean
is ating, too. You're there with
at man, and it's wonderful, but all
the time you're wondering to yourself,
does he want me or is he looking at
the other guys? I guess it's the forbidden fruit. I mean, that's a pun, but
I say it with good humor. I'm really
the biggest fan of gay life."

Tonight, before she makes the rounds, Hollywood will appear on New York Live, a cable-television show which, she says, "features only the most outrageous." She made her first appearance last year, addressing the question of "what it's like to be a fag hag"; and she has since shared her expertise on this subject with network audiences. Hollywood says that she's always known a lot of gay men, because she is in the fashion business (she promotes Mary Quant cosmetics), but that her heavy initiation into real gay life

began with her disco career. "I guess I made a trade-off," she explains when I question her about the attraction. "I demand a lot of excitement. I like to live my life on location, be very dramatic, and you can't seem to keep that up in a straight relationship—it always degenerates into stability. Gay men have more fantasy in their lives. My friends all do group fantasies when we go to discos—the boys will go to so much trouble just to make an entrance! No straight man would ever care that much."

Hollywood thinks being a disco queen helps her understand how to market cosmetics. Right now she's working on a new line, The Wild Side, and she sees disco people as the big new market. "When you work in fashion," she explains, "you have to think about how you can sell people things they don't really need. People wearing makeup again comes from the same thing as discos—both are fantasy, and that's what people are looking for now, ways to escape. Some of the fantasies they are coming up with are so trashy it's weird. Listen to me: discos

are going to be the next IBM. It has to happen, people need to make up for the satisfaction they lack in life, are there's nothing else out there."

OLLYWOOD IS taking me to Burghards, an Upper Ea Side store that services disco clientele with lots of money to spend. "You'll see how me

money to spend. "You'll see how me chandisers are picking up on this ma ket," she promises. "I mean, this stu is so expensive that only a true dis queen or an S and M freak would eve look at it. Just you tell me this isr where it's all going."

A young man named Volker, know to his regular clientele as Vulga emerges from behind the shockin pink vinyl curtain at Burghard crosses the glitter-spangled carpet, ar greets us in a friendly manner. He slender, pale, a delicately beautif creature in the Helmut Berger mol and he wears a clipped Hitlerian mou tache. He's just arrived from Berli where there are three Burghard shops, to introduce "these very straig"

DEWAR'S, PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



Americans" to the fantasy styles which patrons of Berlin night life are wearing. "In Berlin," he tells me, "the clubs are fashion clubs. The patrons must be dressed very freaky, not just your jeans. They won't be allowed in unless they have the look. People will spend to get it, and that is good for business." Vulgar explains that Burghards hopes to bring this profitable style to America.

Vulgar parades his wares for me: together we admire soft calf shoes tipped with razor-sharp steel points, heavy leather gear studded with nailheads and rhinestones, thigh-high vinyl boots, gold dancing pumps with fiveinch stiletto heels. "The look you need is very whorey," he tells me. "Floozy and tight is sexy. This is fashion in Europe, and now America is international, so there's no need to be square." He shows off a pair of blackpatent pumps which feature as ankle straps heavily studded penis rings, an item available until now only in sadomasochist specialty shops, or through discreet mail-order firms. "A girl might wear these with a tigress jacket or a tight sheath of gold Spandex, and her boyfriend could be a motorcyclist." he suggests. "Very freaky, but not unusual in Berlin. People here think all that was long ago, but in Berlin it is still the same." Vulgar's own favorite item is a white cotton T-shirt with DESSTROY emblazoned across the front; the two Ss are shaped like the lightning bolts of the SS. "Oh-oh," calls out Hollywood, from where she's rummaging among the fake leopard items, "that just might hurt somebody's feelings, Vulgar, if they'd had someone who'd gone to the ovens."

Vulgar explains that every pair of shoes, even the most delicate steel-heeled sandals, is available in men's sizes as well as women's. This pleases the irrepressible Hollywood. "Well, thank God for Burghards!" she cries. "You boys have taken the worry out of being a transvestite, you've performed a real service for those girls. Now they don't have to get all dressed up fit to kill, and then have to tromp around in old tennis shoes. There's absolutely no excuse left now for any-body not to cut it off!"

N THE AFTERNOON before the opening of a new disco, René, the makeup man at Fiorucci, is very busy. Fiorucci is a clothing store, all mirrors and steel and hard, mean edges, where the disco heavies hang out during the day, and many of the regulars have René do their makeup for them in the afternoons. René is only twenty-one, but he says he's been going to discos four nights a week for eight years, before the straight crowd picked up on the scene. He likes only the fanciest places, where he can wear the most outrageous costumes and live out whatever fantasy might strike him on a particular evening.

Hollywood and I visit René while he is applying heavy eyelid glitter, dead-white ivory base, and chocolatecolored lip paste to the delicate face of a very young girl. She has expressed the desire to look like Vampirella for the evening, but she looks instead like a ludicrous parody of the ideal of youthful innocence, and the effect is unsettling and perverse, like a Gary Gross fashion photograph of

ARLENE PORTNEY

HOME: Meadowbrook, Pennsylvania

AGE: 27

PROFESSION: Concert pianist

HOBBIES: Mountain climbing, model-railroading, squash.

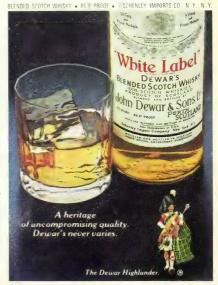
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Ada" by Vladimir Nabokov

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: First American woman ever to have won first prize in a major international piano competition: The Prix Beracasa, Paris, France.

QUOTE: "I've always felt that art is to be cherished. It convinces us of the dignity of life, and that for which civilizations have been remembered."

PROFILE: Sensitive, gifted and thoroughly dynamic. A true romantic, she's committed to making music more accessible to everyone.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"





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DISCO

a nude child striking a deliberately erotic pose. Scott, a design student who hangs around René, looks on.

The girl tells me she arrived from Connecticut six months ago. "And jus you look what has happened to hei since then," says Hollywood. "She was the sweetest little thing you ever saw all Buster Brown and Earth Shoes with the nicest little smile. Then sh started in at Fiorucci, and suddenly it's bitch boots and glitter, and righ into the gutter with you, girl! René this is all your fault. You liked it down there in that gutter so much you jus had to pull her down with you."

I ask the girl from Connecticut wha

"Well, first it was the clothes," she says, "and then it was the makeup, and then the dancing. I don't know....

"And then it was your brain," says Scott.



HAT CABDRIVER who had driven me to the disco late one Wednesday night had said of the women who wen

there, "What I want to ask them is Why do they go?"

Hollywood says she goes becaus gay men are better at creating fan tasies, and she needs fantasy in he life. Discos are nothing if not a fan tasy world, where you can chang your identity by changing your cos tume. Fantasy travels light.

If you want to travel light, you mus not carry a sense of yourself too heavi ly. Mike O'Harro, the "Disco King' of Washington, D.C., tells me that, as discos spread to every city in America "you'll be able to know that you can get a good time anywhere by jus walking into a disco, because it wil be just like every other disco," and O'Harro is right; but to "get a good time" anywhere, any time, you mus not consider too closely where you came from or where you are going, or why you are making this particular stop along the way. You must let the music take your mind, so that those "bodies without, which are commonly called Objects," may work on your senses so you can forget that deep est part that once felt most like your self. That part is heavy baggage, and you don't want it when you are travel ing light.

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THE CULTURE OF APPEASEMENT

A naive pacifism is the dangerous legacy of Vietnam

by Norman Podhoretz

AS THE UNITED STATES recovered from Vietnam? The general feeling seems to be that it has. Just this past Independence Day, for example, Tom Wicker of the New York Times delivered himself of the view that it was "a familiar sort of Fourth"-the kind. he said, "that was commonplace, even predictable, before the long, successive traumas of Vietnam and Watergate brought Americans a decade of self-doubt, self-criticism, self-loathing, on the one hand, and responding denials, anger, and chauvinism on the other." Of course, Wicker's rhetoric loads the case: it is in fact so reminiscent of the fevered atmosphere of the Vietnam era that in itself it casts doubt on the return to normalcy he then goes on to celebrate. But such subtleties aside, many people would agree that we have recovered from Vietnam and that we are back to normal again. I am not one of those people. I think that, far from having put Vietnam behind us, we are still living with it in thousand different ways. It is there everywhere, a ubiquitous if often eerily invisible presence in our political culture. And it has left us a legacy of influence which threatens to have an even more destructive effect on our future than it has already had on our

Perhaps the most obvious evidence of this influence is in the new American attitude toward war. The idea of war has never been as natural or as glamorous to Americans as it used to be to the English or the Germans or the French. We have always tended in this country to think of war as at best a hideous necessity, not as a "continuation of politics by other means" or, alternatively, as an opportunity for heroism, glory, and honor. War to Americans is a calamity when it happens, it is a dirty business while it lasts, and the sooner it can be gotten over with the better. But negative as this attitude may be, it is still a far a

cry from the undifferentiated fear, loathing, and revulsion that the prospect of war now seems to inspire in the American mind.

No doubt a rise in pacifist sentiment is inevitable in the wake of any war, especially a war that ends, as Vietnam did, in humiliation and defeat. No doubt, also, the way the war in Vietnam was reported as well as the way it was opposed (a distinction more easily made in theory than it was ever observed in practice) helped to stimulate a vaguely pacifist response. All one heard about and saw was the horrors of war-unredeemed, as it appeared, by any noble purpose. No heroes emerged, only villains and victims, and nothing good was accomplished by American troops and American arms, only evil: only destruction, misery, murder, and guilt.

Norman Podhoretz is the editor of Commentary and the author of Making It and Doings and Undoings.



This is how pacifist ideologues look upon war in general, and the prominent position of pacifist organizations in the protest movement against American military involvement in Vietnam probably influenced the way the war came to be conceived and described. (It is worth noting, however, that the pacifist world was split between those who, in the traditional pacifist spirit, regarded all wars as equally evil and those who, in a newer spirit, were willing to justify and even celebrate "wars of national liberation" and to condemn only "wars of imperialist aggression," such as they imagined the United States was waging in Vietnam.)

But be all that as it may, so powerful did the pacifist tide become that it even reached backward to engulf World War II, probably the most popular war in which the United States had ever participated. To this "Vietnamization" of World War II, as we may call it, two immensely successful novels of the Sixties, Joseph Heller's Catch-22 and Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughterhouse-Five, made perhaps the largest contribution. Although written without reference to Vietnam and published in 1961, just before American troops began to be sent there, Catch-22 achieved full cultic status only later in the decade, when it could be seized upon to discredit the one war from which something good had almost universally been thought to have come. Not even World War II, the war against Hitler, was worth fighting, said Catch-22, to the acclaim of millions: nor. added Vonnegut in his story of the bombing of Dresden, had we acted any less criminally in that war than we were acting in Vietnam.

s THE PAST was thus Vietnamized, so is the future now being subjected to the same treatment. We have, that is, reached a point at which any American military action, anywhere in the

world, in support of any objective whatever, has become difficult to imagine. Officially, of course, the President and those who speak in his name continue to declare that we will "honor our comments." But does anyone take " for granted any longer—as evene did before our defeat in Vietar—that we would do so if it meant going to war?

And even short of actually going to war, there is the matter of our willingness to maintain the military forces necessary to deter the Soviet Union from moving any further ahead. Here, too, just as we officially remain committed to the defense of Western Europe, Japan, Israel, South Korea, and perhaps one or two other countries, we are also officially determined to prevent the Soviet Union from achieving the kind and degree of military superiority which would make a mockery of that commitment. But again appearances are misleading. Every year, it seems, the struggle against military spending grows more intense. While the Soviet Union engages in the most massive military buildup in the history of the world, we haggle over every weapon. We treat our own military leaders as though they were wearing the uniform of a foreign power. Everything they tell us about our military needs is greeted with hostility and suspicion, and when, in response to sentiment of this nature, the President decides to scrap the B-1 bomber, one would think from the answering cheer that our mortal enemies had suffered a grievous defeat.

Now it may be that the decision to develop an updated B-52 fleet armed with cruise missiles instead of the B-1 was sound from a strictly military point of view, as well as from an economic one. But it would be naive to suppose that the campaign against the B-1 was fueled by a desire for the most effective possible weapons system at the lowest possible cost. No doubt this was what the President and some others had in mind, but cost-effectiveness was hardly the factor which made for the tremendous passion over the B-1. The real goal of the campaign against it, according to a spokesman for Clergy and Laity Concerned (a group which is itself a legacy of Vietnam, having been spawned in opposition to that war and having survived to fight another day), "was to raise fundamen-

tal questions about the meaning of national security and the militarization of American foreign policy, using the B-1 as symbol par excellence." We can, therefore, expect that the next stage of the campaign will be an effort to prevent development of the cruise missile. For "to the extent that the Administration is allowed to replace an obsolescent technology (the manned bomber) with a new and even more dangerous technology (the cruise missile), it can be assumed that the public, the press, and the Congress have failed to learn the most crucial lessons of the B-1 campaign." Those lessons being presumably that we ought to have no weapons at all.

N ADDITION TO pacifism, Vietnam has left us with a legacy of native anti-Americanism. Obviously, the Lexplicit anti-Americanism which surfaced on the radical Left in the late Sixties has receded into virtual invisibility. No longer do we see the name of the country spelled with a k to suggest an association with Nazi Germany. Nor do vilifications of American society fill the papers and the airwaves to the exclusion of any other idea as they did only a few years ago. Eldridge Cleaver has become a born-again Christian and a patriot. Rennie Davis has become an insurance salesman. Tom Hayden has joined the Democratic Party. Jerry Rubin is off the streets and "into" the pursuit of maturity. Abbie Hoffman has disappeared. But this does not mean that the anti-American attitudes they and others like them did so much to propagate have also disappeared. These attitudes are still here and, in the subtler forms they now assume, are perhaps even more widespread, and certainly more respectable, than they ever were be-

They are present, for example, in the notion that the main obstacle to nuclear disarmament is the American military establishment. From this it is concluded that unilateral "restraint" in the development of weapons by the United States is all that is needed to make the Russians follow suit, as though the only reason they have constructed so awesome an arsenal is that we have set them a bad example which they have been forced to imitate. Anti-Americanism is also present in the

idea that Americans consume more than their "fair share" of resources: From this it is concluded that a voluntary reduction in the American standard of living (a kind of unilateral economic disarmament) is all that is needed to facilitate a more equitable distribution of wealth throughout the world, as though prosperity were a zero-sum game and as though we did not in any case produce more wealth than we consume. And anti-Americanism is present in the view that the main threat to the liberties of the American people is the American government itself. From this it is argued that preventing the FBI and the CIA from using questionable methods of surveillance in the attempt to catch spies and terrorists is a more urgent order of business than doing anything when the KGB employs the same methods against American citizens in America on a vastly larger scale.

Indeed, immediately after the news broke this past summer that the Soviet Union had been monitoring an untold number of phone conversations in this country, that this had been known to the authorities for at least the past four years, and that nothing had been done about it for fear of endangering détente, Tom Wicker rushed into print to express his outrage at electronic eavesdropping-by American law-enforcement agencies. The next day, while the President was denying that there was anything "aggressive" about this Soviet activity, the New York Times reported on another page that civil suits had been filed against agents of the FBI associated with a former colleague named John Kearney who had "headed an internal security unit known as Squad 47 [and who] has been charged with five felony counts stemming from allegedly illegal mail-openings and wiretaps that his men conducted in a search for fugitive members of the Weather Underground, a terrorist group."

The third major legacy of Vietnam with which we are still living is the altered American attitude toward Communism. Before Vietnam the spread of Communism was regarded as the single greatest danger to American security and American values. Today no less an authority than the President of the United States stigmatizes this old attitude as an "inordinate fear of Communism" and congratulates

amself and his fellow Americans on aving overcome it.

One may wonder how the fear of a otalitarian system armed, as Solzheitsyn puts it, "to the teeth," aggresively on the move, and sworn to detroy the political system to which we urselves are presumably committed, ould ever be inordinate. But Mr. Carer is almost certainly right in observng that no such fear is widespread in merica today. A few individuals like lenry Jackson, Paul Nitze, and Elmo umwalt, and a few small groups like e Committee on the Present Danger nd the Coalition for a Democratic Maprity keep trying to alert American ublic opinion to the unprecedented dirensions of the Soviet military buildp, but they are rewarded for their ains with accusations of hysteria, aranoia, servility toward the Pentaon, and worse. While the number of rategic nuclear missiles in the Soviet rsenal increases, while Soviet warhips now appear for the first time in istant waters which no Russian navy ver thought necessary or desirable to atrol, while Soviet conventional forces re strengthened and multiplied on the Vestern front, while Soviet probes are nade into Africa through Cuban surogates with the evident intention of nabling the Russians to control seames vital to the commerce of the enre West, and while Communist paries move closer and closer to power in taly and France-while all this goes n, elaborate exercises in statistical janipulation and sophistical rationaliation are undertaken to explain it all way as unreal or as insignificant or s understandable or as unthreatening.

Nor are such exercises confined to rticles in the liberal press. They even ome out of the CIA and the Departnent of Defense, whose reassuring esimates of the Soviet-American miliary balance are obversely reminiscent of intelligence reports which also told series of Presidents what they wanted o hear about the progress of the war n Vietnam. What Presidents Kennely, Johnson, and Nixon wanted to near was that the war could be won ind that it was going well; what Presdent Carter wants to hear is that deense spending can be cut without enlangering the security of the United states. Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon vere given wishful intelligence analses and inflated body counts; Carter is given the CIA Team A and the Department of Defense Presidential Review Memorandum 10, whose contents, in William Safire's description, "feed the hopes for a smooth road to peace, with reduced American military expenditures leading to easily balanced budgets."

But denving the realities of the Soviet military buildup is only one of the forms our new freedom from the old "inordinate fear of Communism" has been taking. Another variant acknowledges that this buildup is real but regards it as a development to be welcomed by the United States rather than feared. The reasoning behind this bizarre notion is that only when the United States and the Soviet Union are equal in strength-when, in the jargon of arms control, "parity" has been achieved-will both sides feel secure enough to put a halt to the arms race and even to begin cutting back. In accord with these assumptions, Richard Pipes, the former director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard (who also headed a team of nongovernmental experts appointed during the Ford Administration to review the CIA's estimate of Soviet military capability), writes, "The United States in the mid-1960's unilaterally froze its force of ICBM's at 1.054 and dismantled nearly all its defenses against enemy bombers.... The Russians were watched benignly as they moved toward parity with the United States in the number of intercontinental launchers, and then proceeded to attain numerical superiority."

A similarly benign attitude has been developing toward the progress of Communism in Western Europe. In this case, government officials, under Nixon and Ford and now under Carter, have lagged behind the "advanced" sectors of public opinion and the foreign-policy establishment in continuing to see the entry of Communist parties into the governments of Italy and France as a danger to NATO (not to mention to democracy). But the indications are that the gap is being closed. Already Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has spoken in much milder terms about Eurocommunism than his predecessor did; echoing the latest conventional wisdom on the subject, he has suggested that Eurocommunism may be more of a threat to the Soviet Union than it is to the West. By this logic, the spread of Communism into non-Communist countries ought to be encouraged by the United States rather than resisted, and American power used not to make the world safe for democracy but to make it safe for Communist regimes which declare their independence of Soviet control. Yet no Communist regime outside the Soviet orbit, not even the one in Yugoslavia, countenances any political liberty at all within its own borders, while some independent Communist regimes, notably the one in China, are more totalitarian than the Soviet Union itself. Jean-François Revel, the distinguished French political commentator, puts it with characteristic sharpness when he says in his recent book The Totalitarian Temptation that "de-Russification does not mean democratization"; to which one may add that it does not mean any lessening of hostility to the cause of liberty in international affairs either. But, clearly, Revel's view is on the defensive nowadays in the United States, where we seem to be moving beyond our new freedom from the "inordinate" fear of Communism to an even headier freedom from any fear of Communism at all.

Or is it perhaps the opposite which is true? Have we, that is, been plunged by Vietnam into so great a fear of Communism that we can no longer summon the will to resist it?

N SPECULATING ON this possibility, I have been struck very forcibly by certain resemblances between the United States today and Great Britain in the years after the first world war. The British, of course, were on the winning side in that war, whereas we were the losers in Vietnam. But World War I took so great a toll of lives and ideals that for all practical purposes it was experienced by the British as a defeat. Especially among the upper-class young-as Martin Green shows in his brilliant "Narrative of 'Decadence' in England After 1918," Children of the Sun-there developed many of the same tendencies we see all around us in America today. Thus, for example, words such as soldier and fighting, which had previously carried a positive charge, now became so distasteful that the Iliad, with its celebration of the martial virtues, could no longer be comfortably read.

Nothing good could be said about war: it was wanton carnage pure and simple. Nor was it ever justified: the things that matter Aldous Huxley declared, can be seither defended nor imposed in face of arms. When war comes wrote Brian Howard in verse me pical in its sentiments than in its language, it is "because parcel of damned old men/Want some fun or some power or something." It was in an atmosphere suffused with such ideas and attitudes that the Oxford Pledge never to fight "for King and country" was taken by so many thousands of British undergraduates in the early 1930s.

For England itself had been discredited by the first world war in the eyes of an entire generation of the privileged young. It was a wicked country because it had senselessly sent the flower of its youth to the slaughter. and it was doomed because it rested on obsolescent social and political foundations (by which some meant that there was too much inequality and others meant there was not enough). Worst of all from the point of view of not a few of these "bright young things" of the postwar period, England was dull and philistine. The arts were more exciting in France and life was more interesting in Germany. England was in fact so stodgy in its tastes, so puritanical in its morals, and so drearily middle-class in its culture that almost any alternative society was to be preferred.

Politically this hostility to England could find expression equally well on the Left and the Right. Perhaps the most striking example was the Mitford sisters, daughters of the country's highest aristocracy, one of whom, Unity, became a Nazi and another, Jessica, became a Communist. In his recent book on Unity, David Pryce-Jones tells the story of a British diplomat who was set upon by the two sisters during a visit to their country estate in the early Thirties. Are you, they demanded of him, "'a Fascist or a Communist?' and I said, 'Neither, I'm a democrat.' Whereupon they answered, 'How wet.'"

There were a good many others in the upper reaches of British society who also thought that being a democrat was "wet" (or, as I suppose we would say today, square). Some, like Sir Oswald Mosley and his followers in the British Union of Fascists, as well as prominent writers like D.H. Lawrence and Wyndham Lewis, sympathized with or actually supported Hitler and Mussolini (Osbert Sitwell, anticipating a similar fantasy of today about Italian Communism, once argued that Italian Fascism offered an escape from the equally horrible alternatives of Russian Bolshevism and American capitalism); others, like W.H. Auden, Stephen Spender, John Strachey, and Philip Toynbee, were attracted to Stalin and to Communism. And there were even some for whom being a democrat was so wet that they were willing to commit treason against the democratic country in which they lived. About treason, at least, there was nothing wet. Whereas "to many English people," Rebecca West later wrote, patriotism had "something dowdy about it," treason had "a certain style, a sort of elegance." Moreover, it was understandable that treason should be committed against England. Thus when Guy Burgess, who had been a Soviet agent while pretending to work for British Intelligence, fled to Moscow in the Fifties just as he was about to be caught, Auden said that his old friend had become a Russian citizen for the same reason that he himself had become an American citizen-"it was the only way completely and finally to rebel against England."

That Auden and Burgess were both homosexuals clearly had something, perhaps everything, to do with their need "completely and finally to rebel against England." And indeed, it is impossible to read books like Children of the Sun or Paul Fussell's The Great War and Modern Memory without being struck by the central role homosexuality played in the entire rebellious ethos of the interwar period in England. Much of the literature of the first world war itself, says Fussell, who has made a very thorough study of it, was "replete" with homosexual passion. Soldiers had been a common object of fantasy and desire for Victorian homosexuals because of "their youth, their athleticism, their relative cleanliness, their uniforms, and their heroic readiness, like Adonis or St. Sebastian, for 'sacrifice.'" It is therefore not surprising that young officers fresh out of schools where, according to Robert Graves, they were "trained up to become pseudo-homosexuals" (Graves's name, by the way, was stricken from the rolls of his own school, Charterhouse, for revealing this in his great memoir of the war, Goodbye to All That) regularly fell in love with each other or, more frequently, with the lower-class "lads" under their command.

UT IF HOMOSEXUAL feeling was aroused by the war, homosexual feeling also ac-counted for a good deal of the pacifism which rose out of the trenches and into the upper reaches of the culture after the war was over. In war poem after war poem and in memoir after memoir, the emphasis was on the youthful, masculine beauty so wantonly wasted by the war, the bodies meant for embrace by their own kind that were consigned so early to the grave. Fussell writes of Wilfred Owen, possibly the best of the English war poets and himself a homosexual and a casualty of the war: "What he encountered at the front was worse than even a poet's imagination could have conceived. From then on, in the less than two years left to him, the emotions that dominated were horror, outrage, and pity: horror at what he saw at the front; outrage at the inability of the civilian world . . . to understand what was going on; pity for the poor, dumb, helpless, good-looking boys victimized by it all." And the way "the sight and touch of beautiful lads ending with their frightful death in a wanton slaughter" gave rise to the new postwar surge of hostility to British society is altogether explicit in the case of one Capt. Ralph Nicholas Chubb, who, in the words of his biographer,

watched the slaughter of a boy, a creature such as those he had always mentally, and once physically loved. He was the curly-haired, seventeen-year-old son of a blacksmith... His death symbolized for Chubb all the horrors and taboos of society. The boy, a beloved object, was not only forbidden by law to be loved by an adult male but was legally sacrificed by the same laws in the service of his country.

No wonder, then, that so many of those who resented their own country

to the point of pledging never to fight for it and even, in a few instances, to the point of joining forces with its enemies, should have been, or should have chosen to become, homosexuals, For whatever else homosexuality may be or may be caused by, to these young men of the English upper class it represented-as Martin Green so convincingly demonstrates-the refusal of fatherhood and all that fatherhood entailed: responsibility for a family and therefore an inescapable implication in the destiny of society as a whole. And that so many of the privileged young of England "no longer wanted to grow up to become fathers themselves" also meant that they were repudiating their birthright as successors to their own fathers in assuming a direct responsibility for the fate of the country.

The list of these young men is almost endless, ranging from dandies and aesthetes of the Twenties like Brian Howard and Harold Acton, to expatriate writers of the Thirties like Auden and Isherwood, to Soviet agents like Burgess and MacLean. It was through their writings, their political activities, and the way of life they followed that an indispensable element was added to the antidemocratic pacifism of the interwar ethos: a generalized contempt for middle-class or indeed any kind of heterosexual adult life. To be heterosexual was to be "an utterly dreary middleclass bore." At Oxford, said John Betjeman, it was only "state-subsidized undergraduates [who were] generally heterosexual." The best people looked to other men for sex and romance.

Anyone familiar with homosexual apologetics in America today will recognize these attitudes. Suitably updated and altered to fit contemporary American realities, they are purveyed by such openly homosexual writers as Allen Ginsberg, James Baldwin, and Gore Vidal-not to mention a host of less distinguished publicists-in whose work we find the same combination of pacifism (with Vietnam naturally standing in for World War I), hostility to one's own country and its putatively dreary middle-class way of life, and derision of the idea that it stands for anything worth defending or that it is threatened by anything but its own stupidity and wickedness. Vidal in particular often reminds one in his tone and style of the homosex-

ual apologists described by Fussell and Green, even when he is being most up to date. For example, reviewing a recent book by Christopher Isherwood (who figured centrally in the culture of England during the interwar period before he emigrated to America, and who is thus a living link between that culture and our own), Vidal praises homosexuality for serving the alleged ecological need to control population growth. But even this trendy rationalization echoes one of his English forebears, John Addington Symonds, who once wrote: "It would not be easy to maintain that a curate begetting his fourteenth baby on the body of a worn-out wife is a more elevating object of mental contemplation than Harmodius in the embrace of Aristogiton."

The great influence of this complex of attitudes in the mid-1930s provoked George Orwell to an outburst against "so-called artists who spend on sodomy what they have gained by sponging.' Even to wish to write about such people, as Cyril Connolly had just done in his novel The Rock Pool, was to "betray a kind of spiritual inadequacy" and "a distaste for normal life and common decency." Thinking no doubt of the contribution this "sluttish antinomianism" was making to the paralysis of British will in the face of an ever-growing Nazi threat, Orwell added, in a sentence which after forty years retains every last bit of its original force and relevance: "The fact to which we have got to cling, as to a life-belt, is that it is possible to be a normal decent person and yet to be fully alive."

One wonders: to what extent did the policy of appeasing Hitler which the British government followed in the Thirties derive from the fear that a generation raised on pacifism and contempt for the life of its own society would refuse or be unable to resist so powerful and self-confident an enemy as Nazi Germany? It would be very hard to say, although we know that at least one prominent Englishman of the day, the press magnate Lord Rothermere, believed that "a moribund people such as ours is not equipped to deal with a totalitarian state." We know, too, that Hitler himself thought the British would never fight. As he went from strength to strength they seemed to grow more



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and more fearful. Except for a few lonely figures like Winston Churchill who were generally dismissed by their own countrymen as hysterical warmongers, they brinded themselves to his intentions, ramonalizing away his every composite move, and proclaiming these very advance he made was bringne world closer and closer to peace. That else could this mean but that they

had already given up?

T IS OF THE greatest interest to note that Brezhnev today has expressed similar sentiments about the United States. Not so long ago, in a speech to Communist party leaders in Prague-to which as little attention has been paid in this country as was paid in England to equally revealing speeches by Hitler in the 1930s-Brezhnev bragged of the advances the Soviet Union had been making under cover of détente and predicted that they would lead to an irreversible shift in the balance of power by the 1980s. One imagines that he was led to this conclusion by the response of the United States to the Soviet military buildup, a response which has uncannily followed the pattern of British response to the German buildup of the Thirties.

The historian Walter Laqueur divides the British response into four distinct stages. In stage one, it was claimed that the reports of German rearmament were grossly exaggerated; in stage two, the reports were acknowledged as true, but it was alleged that Germany was so far behind that it could never catch up; in stage three, it was admitted that Germany had achieved parity with or even surpassed Britain, but it was also said that this did not constitute a military threat since the Germans had to defend themselves against potential enemies in the East as well as in the West: and in stage four, when the full extent of German superiority was finally faced, it was said that survival now had to be the overriding consideration, and the counsels of appeasement prevailed. Compare this to Richard Pipes's description of the American response to the Soviet military buildup of the past few years:

The frenetic pace of the Soviet nuclear buildup was explained first on the ground that the Russians had a lot of catching up to do, then that they had to consider the Chinese threat, and finally on the grounds that they are inherently a very insecure people, and should be allowed an edge in deterrent capability.

We have, then, reached stage three. Are we about to move into stage four?

The Russians, at any rate, evidently think we already did move into it during the heyday of détente. In fact, according to a highly placed source within the Carter Administration recently quoted by the New York Times, the reason the Russians are so furious with the new Administration's humanrights initiative is that it seems to spell a reversal of what they previously saw as the inexorable decline of American will and American power. One can only hope that they are right; and yet the doubts grow with every new assertion by the President or the Secretary of State that this policy is not intended to "single the Soviet Union out," and with every new article in the press warning against the use of human rights as a political weapon in the service of a "mindless anti-Commu-

The Soviet Union, after all, has nothing to fear from a policy directed no more against them than against some of our own allies, or against rightwing military dictatorships which, however viciously they treat their own citizens, pose no threat to the United States, whether military or ideological. For, as Daniel P. Movnihan has pointed out, with the passing of Nazi Germany and the disappearance of Fascism as a plausible political creed, it is only Communism-or, if one prefers, Marxist-Leninism-which challenges liberal democracy in the world of ideas, values, ideologies. Small Communist or Marxist-Leninist countries attack us as viciously as, and often more effectively than, big ones. Of these countries one may say what St. Augustine said of children: their virtue resides not in their wills but in the weakness of their limbs. (Where they are not weak, as in their systems of internal control, they are fully capable of rivaling the Russians and the Chinese in political barbarism and cruelty, and sometimes, as in Cambodia, even of surpassing them.) But no such virtue attaches to the Soviet Union. As the most powerful of all the Communist states, it is by that very fact the most dangerous enemy of liberty, democracy, and human rights on the face of the earth.

There was a time when all this was well understood in the United States. but that was before Vietnam. The defeat of our effort to halt the spread of Communism in Southeast Asia has left many who supported and even supervised that effort with the feeling that there is nothing we can do to stem the tide of Communism anywhere, not even in Western Europe. They have thus ironically become the de facto allies of those who are so little opposed to Marxist-Leninism and so much opposed to the United States that they think nothing should be done by America to stem the Communist tide. In short, these repentant hawks (so many of whom have found a perch in the upper levels of the Carter Administration), having been wrong on the one side are now making up for it by being wrong on the other. They were wrong in their hawkishness toward Vietnam-not because they wanted to hold the line against an advancing Communist tide but because they failed to see that the costs of holding such a line in Vietnam would inevitably turn out to be too high. And now, once again, they are wrong, this time in their dovishness toward the Soviet Unionnot because they want to reach an accommodation with the Russians, but because they fail to see that the Russians are after something larger and more ambitious than an accommodation with us.

To be sure, how we can prudently and effectively deter the Soviet Union and resist the advance of Communism generally without unleashing a nuclear war is a serious and difficult question -the most serious and the most difficult question of the age. But even to begin answering it requires the realization that the democratic world is under siege, the conviction that it is worth defending, and the understanding that American power is indispensable to its defense. Until this realization, this conviction, and this understanding become as widespread in the United States as once upon a time they used to be, I for one will regard all talk of recovery from Vietnam as a delusion and a deceit. Meanwhile. the parallels with England in 1937 are here, and this revival of the culture of appeasement ought to be troubling our sleep.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1977

MEMO TO THE WHITE HOUSE

The formula for a balanced budget weighs most heavily on the poor

by George McGovern

This budget presents a definite program ... involving three ends—first, a material reduction in the anticipated deficit for the current fiscal year; second, a relation between receipts and expenditures for fiscal year 1933 which will avoid a further increase in the public debt...third, a balanced budget for 1934.—Herbert Hoover

December 7, 1931

AST APRIL, in a Washington speech. I suggested that the Carter Administration was trying to balance the budget on the backs of the poor and the jobless; that our great cities were deteriorating while the Administration held back on public investment and the reform of our tax, welfare, health, and railway systems. The President replied that it was too early to make a judgment, and that I was the only prominent Demoerat who felt that way. Late in July, Vernon Jordan, the director of the Urban League, charged that the Administration was betraying its promises to the residents of our cities-especially the blacks. Again the Presi-

George McGovern, Democratic Senator from South Dakota, ran for President in 1972. His autobiography, Grassroots, will be published this month. dent answered that it was too soon for such a charge, adding the warning that this sort of criticism would "damage the hopes and aspirations of those poor people."

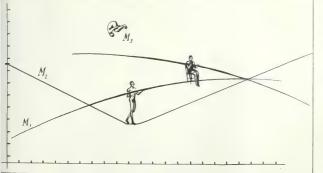
Carter's response brings to mind Lyndon Johnson's and Richard Nixon's rebukes that critics of their war policies were hurting the chances of a negotiated peace in Vietnam. Two months after Richard Nixon's inauguration. when I called on the new President to carry out his "secret plan" to end the war, this demand was said to be "premature." Yet fundamental decisions were even then being made which committed the nation to four more years of needless war. And though only eight months of the Carter Administration have passed, the President has already set the priorities that will determine policies for the next four years.

Carter has placed one goal above all others—balancing the federal budget by 1981. Mr. Carter told the United Auto Workers in May that he had "to make some hard choices." No one can deny that claim. But with the Carter military budget rising, who will pay the cost of balancing the budget? It might be both possible and desirable to achieve a balanced budget if that could be

accomplished on a foundation of full employment, a prosperous urban and rural economy, basic tax reform, and substantially reduced military spending. But the Carter formula for a balanced budget would weigh most heavily on the 10 million unemployed and underemployed Americans, on the minorities trapped in decaying central cities, and on the majority of Americans who need health insurance, decent housing, and efficient transportation.

The President's response to the New York blackout expressed both the spirit and the substance of his policies. After three days of silence, the Administration announced that New York was not entitled to disaster relief, even though federal law would have permitted it. The \$11 million finally proffered was equal to 1 percent of the damage incurred. I would like to believe that the President wanted to do more: but. determined to balance the budget in his own way, he can hardly assist the small shopkeepers of New York, let alone finance a genuine program to restore the economy and neighborhoods of all the cities of the Northeast and the Midwest that gave him his margin of victory last November. The voters there thought they were electing a President who at last would have "a comprehensive urban program," as Mr. Carter promised the Conference of Mayors during the campaign.

ARTER'S METHOD of seeking a balanced budget reflects obsolete economics, or a misreading of present economic conditions, or both. Fifteen years ago in a speech at Yale, President Kennedy repudiated "the old and automatic cliché that budget deficits automatically bring inflation." A balanced budget is not inherently sound or competent; its utility is a function of specific eco-



nomic conditions. Yet the Carter Administration is acting as though investments in jobs and domestic programs will inevitable fuel inflation. Under Mr. Carter, continued unemployment, postpone i public investment, and budgetary cartbacks have become the form for price stability—the exact formula of the Nixon and Ford years.

That formula failed then, and it will fail now-either to balance the budget or to balance the scales of economic justice. The consumer price index rose 60 percent between 1969 and 1975, and budget deficits increased even while the brakes were being applied to progress in the cities and throughout our society. Through the past three decades, there has been no relation between the size of the federal deficit and the rate of inflation. In fact, larger deficits have sometimes been followed by smaller price increases, greater economic prosperity, and greater subsequent federal revenues.

Federal spending for social needs is not the root of the recent inflation. Budget increases add to the demand for goods and services, but the problem of 1977 is not one of excess demand pushing up prices for a scarce supply of commodities. A large portion of our industrial plant lies idle, with 7 percent unemployment nationally and 20 to 40 percent of the work force in the central cities without jobs. The principal source of inflation now is the economic dominance of oligopolies such as the oil and steel cartels which can raise prices regardless of demand or supply. In 1972 the Federal Trade Commission estimated that monopolistic industries were overcharging consumers by an amount equal to 6 percent of the gross national product. In 1977 that overcharge exceeds \$100 billion.

Ironically, tight budgeting in today's economy may actually spur inflation. As federal restraint slows demand, oligopolies engage in "anticipatory pricing." They raise their prices to assure the same return on fewer sales.

During the campaign, Mr. Carter pledged to break up concentrations of economic power, especially in the energy industry. But in his energy message he merely indicated that he would monitor the situation to find out if and when he should do what he had promised. The energy plan itself actually

relies on higher prices to achieve conservation, leaving poor and middleclass Americans with both ends of a bad bargain. They will have to pay more, and, given the Administration's assumption that the resulting price increases can and must be offset by budgetary restraint, they will have fewer jobs, poorer housing, less secure neighborhoods, lower farm income, and worse health care.

Perhaps the President's brand of budget balancing reflects the political risks of other, more effective policies for price stability. Antitrust action would threaten "business confidence" -another Carter priority and another economic myth that John Kennedy denounced fifteen years ago as "a false issue." "Business," he pointed out, "had full confidence in the Administration in power in 1929." In early August of this year the Dow Jones industrial average fell sharply; the stock market was reflecting the objective reality of massive trade deficits, and Mr. Carter's reassurances to business were beside the economic point. After labor's experience with the inequities of the Nixon wage and price controls, the unions have joined management in fiercely resisting federal initiatives to restrain inflation by selective controls. In July the steel industry hiked prices despite a cautious slap on the wrist from the White House; the industry knows, as Mr. Carter has conceded publicly, that his policy is confined to very gentle persuasion, that inside the velvet glove there is only a velvet hand.

WAS DELIGHTED when Mr. Carter cancelled the B-1 bomber in July; several of us in the Senate had opposed it for eight long, losing years. But the basis of my longtime opposition was my belief that the \$100 billion allocated for the bomber should be shifted to constructive domestic investment; instead the Carter Administration has designated the savings for other weapons projects. Shortly afterward, the President also chose to spend more for the enhanced-radiation bomb. Next, the Administration announced that, in compensation for the withdrawal of some of our forces from South Korea, we would offer several billion dollars' worth of extra aid to strengthen the security of the Seoul regime—much more than has been offered to secure New York or St. Louis or Detroit against decay. As for the overall defense budget, despite Carter's campaign promise to trim Pentagon appropriations by up to \$15 billion, the military received an \$11 billion increase in Mr. Carter's first budget, with another raise slated for the fall. In what may be the worst move of all, the strategic arms limitation talks have been endangered. If they fail and the arms race intensifies, weapons spending will increase even more.

A human-rights policy properly conceived and applied would not threaten détente. But the Administration seems to follow no clear guidelines. The repressive regimes of Iran and South Korea will get more American arms. Understandably, the President's plea that he is supporting human rights as an ideal, not as an anti-Soviet device, falls on skeptical ears in the Kremlin. From Moscow's perspective, the Carter policy looks like a reincarnation of John Foster Dulles's attempt to bring Communism down by encouraging dissent and revolt in Eastern Europe. The Administration has edged away from its early, more strident line on human rights in the Soviet Union. But in the meantime, SALT has been delayed at best and the Carter rhetoric has revived a Cold War psychology among Americans. The resulting antagonism will not only make it more difficult to ratify a SALT agreement if the President does negotiate one, but may complicate the settlement of other issues, such as the Panama Canal treaty, in which the United States has to yield most of the ground in order to avert sabotage against the canal and the spread of terrorism in Latin America.

Even without military cutbacks, and within a balanced budget, there could be additional resources for social needs through tax reform. But the Carter tax proposal apparently will not yield substantial additional revenues and may result in an actual revenue reduction. The President has told his economic advisers that he does not want the federal government to take a higher percentage of the gross national product by closing tax loopholes.

Thus the tight circle around needed public investment closes: a balanced budget, increased military spending, and tax cuts leave only a trickle of ollars for the programs the President romised the Urban League. It is not too early" to decide that there is no eret plan for social justice. Instead, Ir. Carter largely rides with the poplar tide. His domestic programs are nched. He favors détente with Cuba nd Vietnam-quietly and with qualifiations; he has not spoken strongly public against Congressional amendents that might wreck the World ank in the course of preventing it om granting international loans to ietnam. A majority of Americans pose Medicaid payments for aborons-although they are now both gal and easy for the affluent. Mr. arter has endorsed this prevailing justice, adding that "lots of things re unfair," and that government has o obligation to correct unfairness, specially if "moral" issues are inolved-a far distance from the Jimy Carter of 1976 who called for a overnment that was both competent nd compassionate.

At his press conference after Veron Jordan's criticism of his prorams, the President took special exeption to the charge that the Admintration did not care about the poor. ut caring alone will not provide paynecks, rebuild neighborhoods, or meet family's higher medical bills. To say at Mr. Carter is better than Nixon or ord is to praise him-faintly. But amesty, an inconsistent human-rights polv. and a proposed measure of tax reef for the middle class do not excuse ie lack of a "leader for a change," immy Carter's slogan last year. It ounded as though he meant to change fore than the name of the leader, to o more than reorganize some of the deral agencies.

Last year I urged Democrats to nite behind Jimmy Carter, urging nat if we "have disagreements with overnor Carter, let us save them for resident Carter." It isn't pleasant to apress those disagreements even now. lemocrats such as Vernon Jordan, the tembers of the Congressional Black aucus, and the private dissenters in ne House and Senate cloakrooms ould like to be loval to a Democratic resident. But there is also the higher bligation of the President and the ongress to the dispossessed, the unmployed, the victims of social and conomic injustice.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1977



<u>Unfair</u> foreign competition takes jobs from American steelworkers

Last year, foreign steelmakers shipped 14.3 million tons of steel to our shores. That's more steel than we shipped that year—and we're this country's second largest steelmaker! It's equivalent to about 70,000 steelworking jobs. And all of that imported steel could have been made in America-by American labor. With our unemployment rate pushing 7%, why wasn't it? America believes in free

trade, that's why. Our import

doors are open wider than any

other nation's. And

prisers," American

as "free enter-

steel producers

wouldn't have it

any other

way.

We also believe in fair trade. Most foreign steel companies are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided, and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

Unfair competition

We believe that much of the steel imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below that foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

Imported steel means exported jobs

During periods of slack demand at home, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. Result: a worldwide glut of steel...much of it exported to America, priced to sell...thousands of American steelworkers laid off or working short hours.

Needed: fair rules

Bethlehem and the American steel industry are not "protectionist." We are not looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. But we do believe steel producers the world over should follow fair trading practices. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports... and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

A free folder..."Foreign Steel: Unfair Competition?"...explains our answer to that question. Write: Public Affairs Dept., Rm. 476 MT, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem STELL



Harper's

JIMMY CARTER'S RULING CLASS

The shared ethic of the Carter Cabinet is an accommodation with the interest of the wealthy

by Roger Morris

I can tell you that there is a major and fundamental issue taking shape in this election year. That issue is the division between the "insiders" and the "outsiders."
... The people of this country know from bitter experience that we are not going to get these changes merely by shifting around the same group of insiders. ... The insiders have had their chance and they have not delivered. And their time has run out. The time has come for the great majority of Americans—those who have for too long been on the outside looking in—to have a President who will turn the government of this country inside out.

—Jimmy Carter February 17, 1976

POLITICAL RIDDLE for our time: What body of Jimmy Carter's "outsiders" has eleven heads, about seventy cumulative years on the public payroll, some thirty corporate directorships, and an average 1976 income of \$211,000?

Answer: the Cabinet of the United States. (You know, the one you got on that promise to turn the government "inside out.")

Class, as everyone knows, is one of those dirty, forbidden words in the American political vernacular, and never more obscene than when prefaced by ruling. Twentieth-century education and cynicism aside, polls and politicians testify that we continue overwhelmingly to believe the U.S. is a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." We are a country that has always exercised and tolerated privilege more easily than we

could discuss it. And nothing is so congenial to a ruling class as this sort of rhetorical refusal to have one.

But now, however, there is a general awareness that what happened in Washington last January was something less than a born-again American revolution of the obscure and the excluded. From the Cabinet through the hundreds of policy positions below in the federal bureaucracy, Jimmy Carter has installed or kept on a more than slightly used regime of established figures. They turn out to be patrons and protégés who have been governing us for some time, if not directly from the Potomac, then from corporate headquarters, venerable law firms, university viceroyalties, or the special-interest niches of Congress and local government.

All that was apparently familiar enough, even congenial. The New York Times, Newsweek, and Time took it easily in stride. No indignant mobs marched on the White House. Yet you don't have to be Karl Marx to discover that this "new" regime is dominated in every precinct by people with shared values and characteristics, with similar advantages and interests to preserve, whose lives are lived to much the same purpose, who see themselves as distinct from other groups, who delegate and eventually pass on their power to people strikingly like themselves. By most definitions, those people constitute a kind of political, social, and economic class. Given their considerable power in Jimmy Carter's Washington, it's a ruling one.

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The distinction is only partly a matter of come. It is true that while the Carter Cabit averaged \$211,000 last year, not counting certain dividends and stock options, 86 percent of American families made less than \$25,000. And although the median income for the rest of us is less than \$14,000, the median for the roughly 300 top Washington officials under Jimmy Carter is around \$40,000. But rulers do not become relatively wealthy merely because they govern. Many still take a hefty cut in pay with their first Treasury check, Moreover, they seldom come by Washington power merely because they are rich compared with the vast majority of their countrymen, Far fatter cats never become government officials, and, what's more, may not want to.

Nor are we necessarily stalking here the sinister commissions and collusions of multinational businesses on three continents, or some intricate Rockefeller revenge, or homey plots hatched in Plains. An identifiable group ends up running the country mostly because it has run it before. In that obliging world, as Richard Nixon never quite learned, conspira-

cies are rarely required.

No, we are governed under Jimmy Carter, as often before, by a particular species of the rich and powerful who got to be both almost incidentally because of the similar texture and warp of their adult lives. To understand their endurance in power, to fathom some of the mysteries of their government, and thus to appreciate our own plight a bit better, we just may have to start regarding them as what they seem so clearly to be-our ruling class, newly restored to health and office by a properly appreciative populist peanut farmer. Seeing Jimmy Carter as the agent of a ruling class redux should explain a good deal of what will-and will not-happen to us over the next eight years.

Eminent Americans

In all societies...two classes of people appear—a class that rules and a class that is ruled.

-Gaetano Mosca, The Ruling Class, 1896

ONSIDER FIRST some unvarnished brief lives of that extremely well-heeled Carter Cabinet. What matters are the marks of quality and vision and class that seldom seep through standard puff biographies or inane Congressional confirmations. Five of the secretaries come by direct primogeniture from the Johnson Administration with suitable exiles in between.

Secretary of State Cyrus Vance: Patrician schooling, marriage, and apprenticeship in a prestigious New York law firm lifted him as an LBJ protégé into the Kennedy regime, where his careful organization loyalty and lack of independent opinion enabled him to become an important but obscure policy-maker on the war and other failures. Afterward, the same values helped make him a successful corporate lawyer and pliant director of the Rockefeller Foundation, Pan Am, IBM, and the New York Times in the Nixon interregnum. At sixty his life is marked by no cause, issue, or question save his own advancement and acceptability.

Secretary of Defense Harold Brown: A child physics prodigy, he became house scientist, then administrator, of the military-industrial complex. At fifty he has spent nearly twenty years on government payrolls, working on laboratory development of nuclear weapons and then advocating Vietnam bombing as LBJ's Secretary of the Air Force. As President of Cal Tech during the Nixon years, he courted vast government contracts for the school. He sat on the boards of several companies (including IBM with Vance), and worked part time for the Republicans on the SALT delegation. Reputedly brilliant, he has never served any master but the larger military establishment, and never audibly questions the orthodoxy of the moment.

Secretary of the Treasury W. Michael Blumenthal: From an impoverished refugee childhood in Shanghai, he worked his way to a Ph.D., and with Princeton contacts rose in the Kennedy-Johnson regimes by handling esoteric trade issues. At the Kennedy Round in the 1960s, he efficiently and quietly negotiated widespread exploitation of the Third World by U.S. and European corporations. Offered the presidency of Bendix International, he revived the firm during the Nixon years and became a millionaire. By all accounts the sharpest mind in the Cabinet, he lives an adult life dedicated without pause or other pretense to personal gain and wealth and, for him anyway at fifty-one, the increasingly profitable status quo.

Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Joseph Califano: Of the two main types of Washington lawyer, the heavy and jowled and the squash-court svelte, he belongs at forty-six to the first, after a twenty-year glide that began with Harvard law, a New York legal practice, and an early job as assistant to Vance in the Pentagon. With Vance's and McNamara's patronage, he became LBJ's legislative counsel, stoutly defending the war, hiding its cost, and finally graduating into the upper reaches of Democratic party organizational politics and a lucrative Washington law practice with Edward Bennett Williams. Representing Coca-Cola, drug and chemical companies, and other wealthy clients, he made more than \$500,000 in 1976.

Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Patricia Harris: A "twofer," as Newsweek called her, she is a woman and black (two for one for symbol-minded institutions) with, by her own modest count, twenty-nine honorary degrees and forty memberships and seats on the boards of Chase Manhattan, IBM, Scott Paper,

and the National Bank of Washington, the last at the time of Tony Boyle's plunder of the United Mine Workers' pension fund. After various jobs in the government, including LBJ's Ambassador to Luxembourg, and teaching at Howard University Law, she makes, at fity-three, more than \$100,000 a year from a Washington law practice and real estate and stock holdings, and some \$40,000 in corporate director's fees. "I didn't stopeing the white man's nigger to become a black man's nigger," she once said in refusing the demands of protesting Howard students, who questioned both ends of the statement.

Three more are officially advertised as newcomers to power, but the resemblances in careers and clients make, as Sherlock Holmes would say, an "interesting coincidence."

Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps: Almost as serviceable as Patricia Harris in such matters, she is the corporate public-relations dream for the female director. She sat on eight boards, including RJ Reynolds tobacco, the New York Stock Exchange, Eastman Kodak, and Western Electric, eking out her \$40,000 academic salaries as a vice-president at Duke and lecturer at the University of North Carolina with \$61,150 in director's fees (and no visible dispute with any of the business practices she ostensibly oversees). A competent but unremarkable economics teacher, she soon went into administration at Duke, and lives her life, with her banking professor husband, in a careful, unbroken ascent through academic bureaucracy, tame government consultancies, mounting stock dividends, and, of course, those directorships, which certify her, at fifty-six, as a "safe" woman for the biggest board of all in the White House.

Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall: The lowincome academic in the Cabinet, he made only \$75,000 last year, including \$40,000 at the University of Texas and \$30,000 as a consultant, with a house and ranch worth at least \$150,000. He is a bright, widely published labor economist with memberships in several nonprofit organizations promoting employment and improved labor relations. But his career has never left the smooth groove of academic politics lubricated by government money. From 1970 he ran a center at Texas with a steady stream of Labor Department subsidies (and no obstreperous research or projects to threaten it). He served the Johnson and Nixon regimes on some nine consulting panels with scarcely a ripple. Reputedly an indifferent chairman of the University of Texas economics department (now come to manage Labor's unruly domains), his résumé and colleagues portray him as intent on that ultimate featherbedding: high government office.

Attorney General Griffin Bell: What can one say about an obscure boy from Americus, Georgia, who ends up at fifty-eight with: (a) an income of \$155,000 a year; (b) large investments in Coca-Cola (one of his law clients as well as Califano's) and the National Bank of Georgia (the one Budget Director Bert Lance ran and which loaned money to Jimmy Carter); (c) the praise of both segregationists and middle-class blacks after a shady political accommodation with racism; (d) an obscure record on the fed-



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eral appeals bench; and (e) the highest position at the Justice Department? You could say he knows the name of the game, and was ready to play it to the top when his fellow Georgian, (and game player) took him to Washington.

The remaining three Cabinet members, politicians all, fulfill the time-honored ruling-class tradition of providing certain special interests with secretaries they can come to think of as their own. But even if these secretaries are "specialists" in that sense, their lives have the same recognizable contours.

Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams: The storybook achiever's résumé. A Phi Beta Kappa, Adams earned a scholarship to Harvard Law School and eventual partnership in a prestigious Seattle firm. After Kennedy appointed him U.S. Attorney for western Washington, he won six straight Congressional terms from Seattle with chairmanships of key committees and subcommittees, wholesome memberships in everything from the Civic Unity Committee to the local tennis club, and a net worth, at fifty, of more than \$150,000. What the résumé doesn't show is how one goes along to get along so impressively. In Congress he was the unswerving representative of the Boeing Corporation, and the intimate friend of the airlines, railroads, and trucking industry.

Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus: Presumably the representative of the nation's poor, he made only \$42,000 as governor of Idaho, and, with mining shares and other assets, he is worth, at forty-six, only about \$108,000, the Cabinet poverty level. An insurance man with one year of college and memberships in such organizations as the VFW and Ducks Unlimited, he adds a more plebeian touch. But as the first Democratic governor of Idaho in twenty-four years, his conservative economic policies pleased big business while token environmental measures blunted the popular agitation on that issue and still opened the state to big mines and developers. (Note: The ruling class tends to prefer Western politicians for Interior, and, like all liberal institutions, occasionally lowers admission standards to fill the quota.)

Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland: He worked and then inherited a \$500,000 farm in northern Minnesota, meanwhile rising through the Farmers' Union and state farm bureaucracies, was an assistant administrator in the Agriculture Department from 1961 to 1968, and, after one losing run, won a Democratic Congressional seat in 1970. During the 1970 campaign (though casualties in his district were among the highest in the state), he discreetly ignored the Vietnam war for fear of alienating powerful farm organizations and agribusiness support. In Congress he was the quiet go-between for Southern agricultural interests and the Northern market combines. For the past twenty of his forty-nine years he has variously served, and been enriched by, a governnt-backed monopoly system victimizing coners and small farmers alike, to whose class, case, he has long since ceased to belong.

The list could go on among the most senior Carter appointees. There is the powerful Bert Lance, the Director of Management and Budget, whose background and girth exude the ubiquitous banking-corporate ethic and business politics in Atlanta to match; or the National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, house academic with a career marked by discreet government consultation, prolix orthodox writings, and corporate patronage.

An apparent exception is Vice-President Walter Mondale, the former Democratic Senator from Minnesota. A bright liberal raised by the state's machine (that it was liberal obscured in some quarters that it was, and is, indeed a machine), Mondale brought to the Carter regime a cynical wit, which endeared him to press and colleagues alike, and an often remarkable record of defending awkward causes, from busing to migrant labor to a national child-care plan. But behind the intelligence, humor, and conscience was another Mondale. He has also been, successively, the loyal young party lawyer in middle-class Minneapolis-St. Paul; the loyal appointed state attorney general; the loyal appointed Senator who backed his President's war until 1970 and supported those admirable issues that did not affect his largely white, affluent Minnesota constituency while nimbly dodging questions about topics such as abortion, which were closer to home. Now he is Carter's more conspicuous but equally loyal Vice-President, his presence at high-level meetings noticed more than the Administration's cutback on a dozen key reforms, from welfare to energy to health care, to which Mondale was ostensibly committed a year ago.

S THESE PROFILES suggest, there are several characteristics that cut across the lives of our rulers, and entitle hem to class membership. Though suitably discreet, the common devotion of these people, the protoplasm of their power, is money. The incumbent President and Cabinet are unimaginable in or near high office without money and the distinctions earned by acquiring it either for themselves or for others. No other comparable or unrelated attainment marks their ascent; no other achievement singles them out so clearly from the crowd of fellow citizens of otherwise identical merit. Amid the hardscrabble of Plains, after all, Carter's own peanut fortune makes him a veritable J. Pierpont Morgan. As the Cabinet portfolios attest, the monetary rewards of ruling-class membership are similarly remarkable. Those who pass back and forth through government can customarily count on their market value doubling or even tripling when they return carrying profits and prestige to

the private sector-witness the handsome sinecures of the former Nixon-Ford officials as well as the lucrative interludes of Vance, Blumenthal, or Harris between the Johnson and

Carter regimes.

The deeper point about the ruling class is not so much that its members have money as that they accept, respect, admire, and serve it as the overriding social-political value-that they understand its unchallenged centrality in American life and government. The bribe and the bought campaign may be nearly extinct in American politics, but the force of money as social cachet, and as the primary national interest at home and abroad, remains supreme. The ethic of their advance is thus still very much a basic accommodation with money, and an inexhaustible tolerance for the demands of careers nurtured by money power. They may gain no more themselves, it is true, than the ever-perishable authority of hired hands. And in that sense, within the larger governance of money, they are often more nearly a presiding than a ruling class, hostage to the organizations and mores that propel them to the top, knowing that the system that giveth also taketh away. For all that, however, it is a hallmark of our rulers that the quiet omnipotence of money is rarely acknowledged. So powerful, so pervasive, it is the god no one need audibly profess, the ethos so vulgar yet pivotal that it is downright gauche to mention

But in that, it should be stated quickly, Carter's senior officials are scarcely different from their Republican predecessors. Remember the exciting and varied Nixon Cabinet of 1969? William Rogers (a corporate lawyer) at State, David Kennedy (a banker) at Treasury, Rep. Melvin Laird at Defense, John Volpe (a construction magnate and state governor) at Transportation, and so on, not to mention a carefully turned-out Rockefeller retainer and academic politician named Henry Kissinger. Ironically, what most distinguishes Jimmy Carter's "outsiders" from that GOP regime of privilege and power is that present Cabinet members are individually and collectively far wealthier.

Much of this is apparent even on the surface of the Carter Cabinet biographies. Sometimes less visible is the structure of their power, the rules by which they flourish and govern, and suffer a certain melancholy along with the perquisites. For all the differences in time and place, there is a decided modern bureaucratic orthodoxy and conformity to their progress, and, most revealing, in their obvious sense of themselves (or lack of it). Without notable exception, they are a group of organizational aspirants and dependents, "Seeing Jimmy their lives defined and their careers thrust onward by the institutional perch of the moment in government, law firm, university, corporation. They are uniformly undistinguished outside an organizational setting, outside the expectations and rewards it gives them. That they have survived and prospered so well in their oligarchies of American life marks them plainly.

Within the class, they have been political, and politic, in the rudimentary sense of those words. They have obviously learned whose boots wanted licking, and when and how. Like all those of attained rank they have been intent on appearances, if only because a safe reputation is the modern substitute not merely for noble birth, but for talent as well. To the degree intellect plays a part-and as a threat to conformity it's a risky possession-it is usually an advertisement, and one in which no one reads the fine print. So last January it was far more important, as Washington gossip noted, that Zbigniew Brzezinski was a protégé of David Rockefeller's and a guest at Averell Harriman's Georgetown house than that he was the author of an unbroken succession of misguided, mediocre books. Like their predecessors for the past three decades, the ranking advisers to Jimmy Carter are hardly the best and the brightest from among a large and generously gifted population. (Indeed, counting their collective debacles from the LBJ era as well as the pedestrian quality of their other performances, they may even be worse and duller than usual.) They are just the most available, and often the least exceptionable, from among a class of institutional survivors. And once more the connecting thread of money is crucial if also paradoxical. In many ways, these people are precisely the opposite of the classic capitalist. In place of boldness, risk, and innovation, they prize routine, safety, and acceptability. Carter as the agent of a ruling class redux should explain a good deal of what will-and will not-happen to us over the next eight vears."

Middle management

O BY THE TRADITIONS of the class, there are three main categories among our rulers. The most numerous, of course, are the organization men whose parent institutions cluster geographically or financially around Washington. Then there are the few customary President's men, separated from the others perhaps by their narrower local base around the candidate, but practiced in business, state government, or simply the campaign in the same class rules. Finally, there are the politicians, if not in the wider

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sense that Sam Rayburn meant when he made to oracular remark to Lyndon Johnson in the 1960s that he'd feel better if those felmys Rusk, Bundy, and McNamara had just once "run for sheriff."

For most of Carter's proconsuls, the national watershed was not Watergate but Vietnam. All of them were clearly in the ready pool of potential rulers regardless of Richard Nixon's fate, and would have succeeded sooner or later in a Democratic regime. It was the war and its selective wreckage of reputations that cleared away the lodged mandarinate of the 1960s. The departure of the Bundys and Rostows made room for Vance and Brown and Brzezinski; the tarnish on Kennedy and Johnson domestic policies similarly opened the way to second-rank aspirants such as Harris, Califano, and Marshall; electoral casualties of the war years were replaced in office or on key committees by people like Bergland and Adams. Never mind that many of the successors were equally culpable for the folly and deception and waste of it all. They were relatively obscure in a politics of the conspicuous.

The most important mark of the ruling class, then, is this sameness of values. Yet the point is somehow frequently missed. Thus critics look for some more precise cabal in the Trilateral Commission, the agency of U.S., European, and Japanese multinational corporations built by David Rockefeller on Brzezinski's concept, and including in its ranks Carter, Mondale, Vance, Brown, Blumenthal, U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, and several lesser officials. But if the commission displays a certain embarrassing elitism, a preference for far-flung profits, and even a benign distaste for unruly democracies, it is because Vance et al. came to it with long-demonstrated fealty to that ethos. The American "trilateralists" were simply doing what came naturally from their own lives and ambitions by joining such a group. They and Time magazine can thus honestly dismiss the conspiracy talk as kooky, while behaving in office much as their likeminded peers on the commission would hope.

The same chicken-and-egg problem clouds the ultimate political coup of the ruling class—its members' selection for office by the President. But again such people do not somehow conspire to be picked, nor does a scheming politician, even one so shrewd as Jimmy Carter, gather them to his purposes by prevanged plan. It is true that Vance, Brzezinski, and others early volunteered to advise Carter, and that the candidate knew some of them from the trilateral meetings. Maneuver and calculation obviously played a role on all sides. But mostly they are there sitting in Car-

ter's Cabinet room, much as they sat at the Trilateral Commission, or at other committees and showplaces, because of the largely tacit understanding, crucial to all ruling classes, that they should be. The political essence and peril here, like that of royal marriages, is inbreeding. Having aspired to the ruling class and played the game themselves, striving politicians such as Johnson or Carter summon such people because they are expected to, because they are indeed "successful," and because their very mode of success makes them politically known, experienced, and reliable. They were "good managers," Carter announced of his new Cabinet, wishing as always to be little more himself, and knowing that it was not the meek (read outsiders), but rather the organization men, who would inherit the earth.

A ruling group is a ruling group so long as it can nominate its successors. The Party is not concerned with perpetuating its blood but with perpetuating itself. Who wields power is not important provided that the hierarchical structure remains always the same.

—George Orwell, 1984

OLITICAL THEORISTS have long been fascinated by the capacity of ruling classes to rejuvenate themselves. Ingrown aristocracies soon peter out on the congenital indifference or idiocy of their offspring (witness some of our oldest allies). But the modern political and economic elites of the industrial state have generally been able to replenish themselves from the lower estates, and our own ruling class is an apt example, drawing to its subordinate offices such a heavy transfusion of younger candidate members. The acolytes come from the educational and general civil-rights opportunities opened by the affluence and reforms of the past quarter-century, particularly the post-Sputnik panic that put dependable, ambitious middle-class kids on fast tracks. More immediately, they flock to Carter's sub-Cabinet and bureaucratic offices from the junior seats of law firms, the middle levels of business, some foundation sinecures of corporate money, and, notably, from the Democratic Congressional staffs-which always provided some recruits, but in the swollen bureaucratic growth of the Congress in the past eight years now form one of the largest pools.

The new people are absorbed by the same ethic of advance and reward that spurred their elders, and are shielded from obstreperous rivals by the same ostracism—deliberate or

self-inflicted—which keeps the ranks free of Vietnam dissenters, unassimilated minorities, or anybody with an outspoken and independent cast of mind. The tolerable mobility of American life saves the ruling class not only from revolution, but from itself.

Read after the repetitious biographies of their Cabinet superiors, the résumés of the vast majority of middle-level Carter appointees are a bad dose of déjà lu. Of the eleven deputy secretaries, not one comes from a broader spectrum of American life. Drawn predominantly from corporate law, business, and Congressional bureaucracies, they are people who, like their patrons, live at the most remote reaches of income and social contact. The names, degrees, and positions stretch on by the dozens, almost invariably tied to financial or bureaucratic tests-this firm or that center, this vice-presidency or that fellowship, all within respectable confines, their leisurely sequence testifying to the holder's understanding of the requirements of such credentials.

In the welter of such cases, three examples are representative. Thus the Dartmouth alumni magazine proudly announces the appointment of Richard Beattie, class of '61, to supervise 350 lawyers as HEW's deputy general counsel. Beattie is moving from his comfortable home in Rye, New York, and a Manhattan partnership at Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett (Vance's old firm), where he specialized in corporate finance. He has been a trustee of one corporation providing legal services for the poor and on the legal-assistance committee of the New York bar. His qualifications, or motivation, for governing at HEW are not clear from the résumé-or are they? Bert Carp is the well-thought-of assistant director of the White House Domestic Council, a key policy-making job. He is a lawyer who comes to the regime from the Carter campaign staff and before that from Mondale's Senate staff. Almost his entire experience and qualification is in his plodding years of service as Capitol Hill bureaucrat and, of course, his allegiance to Mondale. He has patiently hung on, and it is paying off. Anthony Lake (Harvard class of '61) is the State Department director of policy planning. After working and rising as a foreign-service officer under Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Katzenbach, and Henry Kissinger, he resigned over the 1970 invasion of Cambodia. In a series of jobs for the 1972 Muskie campaign, the Council on Foreign Relations, and the Carnegie Endowment, he criticized Nixon's foreign policy, but never his former or future Democratic employers. Privately he disdained

the grasping and isolation of the foreign-affairs elite, and publicly he cultivated and served them. At Vance's urging, he worked on the campaign and the transition, and succeeded to his place in the State Department. At thirty-eight, he has spent most of his adult life in Washington, in quest of the job he now has.

Patronage is the lifeblood of such candidate members. In a tiny universe where murmured opinions among the older men spur and sink careers, one does not readily ask larger questions about the character and quality of lives. As for the patronage itself, it can be generously bipartisan once basic issues of reliability are settled. For instance, it was Joseph Califano who gave us Alexander Haig, by recommending Haig to Kissinger in 1969 on the strength of Haig's work for Califano at the Pentagon. Haig went on to play a critical role in the Vietnam policy of 1969-72, and of course was Richard Nixon's loyal chief of staff in the last year of the regime.

But then the Carter Administration has benefited from the ruling class's bipartisan-ship, too. In addition to Haig, who is now NATO Supreme Commander, the Administration has rehired at the White House, State Department, and Pentagon more than a dozen key "non-career" officials who worked prominently for the Nixon regime. At the National Security Council Staff, for example, the apparently noncontroversial fields of intelligence and international economics are under the same men who did the job for Kissinger for eight years.

Cabinet are unimaginable in or near high office without money and the distinctions earned by acquiring it either for themselves or for others."

"The incumbent

President and

Polite obscurity

In general, the powerful and the influential in our society shape the laws and have a great influence on the legislature or the Congress. This creates a reluctance to change because the powerful and the influential have carved out for themselves or have inherited a privileged position in society, of wealth or social prominence or higher education or opportunity for the future.

—Jimmy Carter, May 4, 1974

AVING THE SAME PEOPLE in policy positions, or at least the same kind of people, helps answer the quadrennial public puzzle as to why elections don't seem to change government policy all that much. Certainly there are tactical differences within the ruling class, bitter personal rivalries (what boardroom hasn't seen them?), and old alignments of Right and Left. But along with their blanketing ethic and patron-

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age renewal, the other distinguishing feature of our governors is their instinctive aversion to certain issues and policies.

Not surprisingly, there is a club ordinance against genuinely controlling corporate power (and not just those corporations whose boards bequeathed us Cabinet officers). Thus the Administration speaks boldly on South Africa, but is silent about the petty apartheid of U.S. firms in that country, such as Coca-Cola or General Motors, or for that matter, the discrimination and exploitation by other U.S. corporations in every other region of the world. When the house radical, Andrew Young, speaks of black "liberation" in South Africa, it is in a speech extolling the virtues of corporate profit-sharing with blacks in Atlanta. Presumably, the deeper foreign-policy message is that Fascism is bad for business. Another taboo subject is America's own apartheid, the still rampant residential segregation which mocks school desegregation and a generation of legal progress. The Carter regime, after its leader's brief brush with "ethnic purity," can attack the hidden disgrace no more than its predecessors, shrinking from the vast money, popular prejudice, and governmental complicity that underlie it.

The essence of the ruling class is obscurity -its social obscurity from the rest of the country, and the political obscurity of its own responsibility for government. Sealed off by its comparative wealth and security, preoccupied with its own demanding ethic, it is the most serious casualty of what Archibald Mac-Leish called the divorce between "knowing and feeling," between the relentless rain of statistics or information about the problems of the nation and the capacity to feel or experience the human reality. The problem is too fundamental. What indeed does Califano or Bell, so lately absorbed in Coca-Cola's corporate tribulations, know of babies stuffed into garbage cans in the Bronx? To command Washington bureaucracies of legendary recalcitrance, Jimmy Carter hired a Cabinet and sub-Cabinet of bureaucratic survivors whose principal distinction has been their tractability. To deal with national problems of want and inequity comes a Democratic regime of the relatively rich and insular. But simple as the connection is, public discussion of the results is still rare, perhaps because it would shatter the most sustaining myths of our electoral democracy. Consider the Urban League's reluctant, almost incredulous reaction this summer to the all too evident observation by Vernon Jordan that the Carter Administration had done so much less than its leader had promised for black Americans. What exactly

did the worldly members of the league expect, one might ask, of rulers who reside in spirit and place on the other side of that racial cordon sanitaire partitioning every major American city?

The elite's concern with class politics, the aversion to controversy or public failure as career obstacles, the cultivated habits of manipulation, only build on this sharp, strangely accepted segregation of rulers and ruled in America. The product is a chronic furtiveness which can be amazingly similar across the outward differences of party and circumstance. Having worked for both, I can testify that the preparation for a press conference the studied shaving of answers, the nervous sarcasm about press and public-is largely the same for Henry Kissinger in the West Basement of the Nixon White House as for Walter Mondale in the Senate Office Building,

The quintessential issue for the ruling class is energy. Policy begins by ruling out any breakup of the monopoly that controls the principal fuels, and proceeds by promulgating a series of marginal but endlessly debatable controls. For some forty years, such programs have been the fetish, and authentic public control the anathema of the ruling class. But if the charade continues in foreign and domestic economic matters, there is a new, perhaps ultimately more disturbing, set of issues emerging. By the limits of its temperament and intellect, not to mention experience, the ruling class is visibly at sea when confronted by questions such as abortion or the rights of homosexuals. Thus Mondale's revealing admission-after walking out on a recent speech in California when heckled by homosexuals -that he did not feel "comfortable" with such people. A generation that has conditioned itself to such self-serving conformity in so many ways may be able to deal with poverty, much as a foundation executive charts a selling campaign in the slums. But when the issue cuts across and deep through the old categories to expose questions of values, the ruling class is by definition in trouble.

The policy evasions can long survive, however, because Mondale can walk away from the hecklers, and the larger Washington government to which he returns is as "uncomfortable" with them as he. By a kind of old-boy formalism—a combination of medieval personal homage and a certain modern procedural deference—the ruling class makes its peace with the rest of Congress and the press, both with their own oligarchies to protect, and both still satisfied to put form and prerogative over substance.

How did we come to be ruled by the ersatz

expertise of people who are adept only at the rules of their confined world? Like the rest of us, most American historians are loath to talk in unpatriotic class terms. But it is clear that between the age of Jefferson and the settlement of the frontier a century later, the balance of government shifted steadily from qualities of intellect or representative politics to the weight of money. The turning point probably came, however, with the erection of a modern interventionist government in the Thirties and Forties, making the Washington bureaucracies an often caricatured replica of large economic organizations, and fastening on the taxpayer (as on the shareholder and consumer) the management of the organization's wards, who by definition were bred to manage little more than their own rise. The ruling class owes much of its status to the bigness of government and to the myth of competence in institutional politics, neither of which seems likely to change in our lifetime. What is worse about the present regime, as distinct from its Republican forerunners, is that there has been so much pretense-and so much apparent public credulity—that it is something else. In fact, the Carter Administration has not only restored to office the predictable succession of Johnson exiles, but also taken on many of the younger public-interest advocates in consumerism, auto saftey, or environmental affairs who had gathered in Washington opposition over the past several years. After nearly a year, the effect has been to disarm public lobbies and to corrupt once antibureaucratic elements, with no appreciable effect on government policy. A ruling class prefers nothing so much, after all, as to rule.

Programs of a political nature are important end products of social quality that can be effective only if the underlying structure of social values is right. The social values are right only if the individual values are right. -Robert M. Pirsig Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

AVING EMBRACED lives as scenarios, our rulers seem to have pinned the fate of the rest of us to that dubious philosophy. Not that the country was ever an Eden misled; some of the most confining and antidemocratic impulses of the ruling class-its reverence for money, its inertia, its worship of empty credentials and advertisements-grow from cultural flaws that are truly national. Yet whether their values are derived or imposed, our governors project an unflattering image of America. Beyond a Washington regime in ceaseless jock-

eying, we have become a people similarly "It is a hallmark craven for means without regard for the ends -for the use of technology and bureaucracy to generate more of both, without asking, any more than our rulers pause to ask about their lives and system, about the quality or meaning of it all. Missing most of all from the ruling class—and perhaps the absence is essential to its serenity, if not its survival-is a sense of themselves beyond the résumé entry of the moment, a genuine seriousness of commitment beyond self. And that is missing, too, in the nation they govern.

There is, of course, inevitable pathos and melancholy in such a life. That is why, as a final trait, our rulers are a class with so much palpable privilege and so comparatively little visible élan.

Seen at close range, our rulers are neither particularly impressive in their power nor contemptible for its misplacement. They are, as one might expect from their sociology, generally ordinary creatures, often ensnared in the system and in a sense forlornly unwilling victims of it as much as the citizenry over whom they preside. The toll is frequently most awful on families. There was a moment in 1975, for example, when two of Henry Kissinger's most senior State Department aides could be found anxiously visiting the same adolescent ward of a Washington psychiatric hospital, their children in some part the casualties of too many years of maneuver and ambition.

The attrition of the "use" philosophy on its practitioners is relentless, from the loaded briefing books prepared late at night to the deadening interagency meetings and the dinners with Xerox-copy superiors and spouses. Many of the junior men of the Carter regime, such as Anthony Lake in the State Department, now sadly find themselves enduring all that, much as they did under Johnson or Nixon, and with questions that can never be answered. We have long been held fast by such mores, but seldom with more false sentiment and sheer misrepresentation than under this Jimmy Carter regime of "outsiders." There may come a moment when the nation demands more authentic leadership than our shallow leaders can muster, more courage than organization men have left. But we seem destined for some time to go on knowing far more than we feel-and wondering in willing naiveté why government does not represent us.

Like most ruling classes, ours is probably entrenched until, by degeneration, it drives itself from power. At least in that sense, 1984 is not only the date of the next probable shuffle of offices; it is a state of the Union that is already here.

of our rulers that the quiet omnipotence of money is rarely acknowledged. So powerful, so pervasive, it is the god no one need audibly profess."

HARPER'S OCTOBER 1977

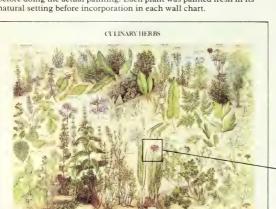
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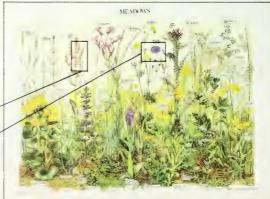
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THE DESERT EMPIRE

In its desperate search for water, the American West meets the limits of the technological ideal

by George Sibley

Anyone interested, for whatever reason, in the study of water in the West will in the end concentrate on the Colorado, wildest of rivers, foaming, raging, rushing southward—erratic, headlong, incongruous in the desert. —John McPhee Encounters with the Archdruid

HIS IS A STORY about a river, but it is also about the desert. I should begin by admitting that I am no lover of the desert. I find a certain fascination in its strange, disturbing beauty; but I am ultimately repelled—by the heat, by the dead stillness when it's still and the spinning dust sentinels when it's not, but most of all by the dryness.

I don't think a lack of love for something like the desert precludes a basic understanding of it. The first time I was out in the desert, I was coming up through the Navajo reservation. It was a magnificent afternoon: thunderheads rolling up, lightning firing back and forth—I was on a motorcycle, so I naturally thought I was in for a soaking. But there were only the birga—the teasing trailers of rain starting toward the earth, then fading away to nothing, vaporized by the heat rising off the desert floor.

Anyone who has spent a few afternoons in the desert has probably seen the clouds billow up and try to rain on it, but the trailing gray sheets and ribbons of rain (often woven with segments of rainbow) are vaporized by the desert's shield of heat long before they can reach the ground. And when the rain does manage to find its opening and pour in a cloudburst, the earth is baked so hard that even then it fights the downpour; the water doesn't stay with the ground but goes ripping off, itself frustrated and raging by then, to

see what it can find to tear up, break down, and generally raise hell with.

The desert, in short, rejects water; and being myself not much more than an uncountable number of minuscule water vessels, I feel the rebuff: whatever rejects water rejects me, and the feeling is mutual. I resolve the antipathy by generally staying away from deserts.

What this story is about, then, is the temptation that periodically comes over people to take the rebuff as a challenge to go fight the desert—"make it bloom," as they say. Many of our great ancestral civilizations—Egypt, the so-called Fertile Crescent, Persia, India, central Mexico—evolved in areas with a semi-arid or arid climate. The key technology here has always been the ability to divert and spread the water of rivers onto lands otherwise too dry for agriculture.

It is a part of our own cultural tradition to think of these ancient civilizations and their great temple-cities as evil and corrupt places-they were, after all, the Egypt from which Moses led the faithful, the Babylon whose towers God cast down, the Sodom and Gomorrah from which the righteous fled, all of them sprung from the alienated seed of that Cain whose "innovative agriculture" the old I Am of the desert refused to accept. If we can accept that it was the destiny of what we call Western civilization with its "Judeo-Christian heritage" to come to America, then we should probably also accept that at least part of the effort we have been gearing up for, in a thousand years of phenomenal technological advance, was our own confrontation with the same age-old nemesis and challenge, in the presence of the Great American Desert west of the Rocky Mountains and its mad river, the Colorado.

George Sibley, a former newspaper editor and owner, is a free-lance writer living in Colorado.

A modern miracle

HE COLORADO RIVER BASIN is interesting no matter what the weather—I have been living in the upper part of the basin for eleven years, and one of my greatest appetites is for anything having to do with this region's development. But there is a more specific reason for wanting to look at the Colorado River Basin this year—1977 has been a very dry year in the West.\

It is the driest year on record, and it follows like death after disease on the heels of a relatively dry year in 1975-76 (the "water year" begins in October). The last year of comparable drought in the Rocky Mountains was 1934; the Sierras haven't seen a winter and spring so bad since 1924. The summer months' precipitation has been closer to normal for most of the region, but the entire West is most heavily dependent on the snows that feed its rivers, and there was simply

next to no snow last winter.

A strange thing about this year of drought in the West is that, while nearly all of the few humid and many semi-arid areas of the continent west of the Rockies are running short of water, the very heart of the Great American Desert (if a desert could be said to have a heart) is hardly suffering at all. The disaster of drought in the West—notably in Northern California—has received a great deal of morbidly statistical press attention-this year, but a much more interesting story has gone more or less unnoticed, and that is the degree to which the drought in the West—notably in Southern California—is not a disaster. Not this year, at any rate;

At a water-project hearing this spring in Grand Junction, Colorado, an Aspen lawyer made the rather lawyerly distinction that a "drought" is not automatically a "disaster"; a drought is only a shortage of water, and a shortage of water is only a disaster if someone was dependent on the water that didn't materialize. But in the driest year in recent history, Southern California is not yet suffering a serious shortage of water.

There is a "mandatory conservation" program in effect for Los Angeles and other water districts in the Los Angeles-San Diego megalopolis, but this is due more to "technical difficulties" and the limitations of the water-transportation system than to any actual water shortage; even if the 11 million residents of these coastal cities were to go on actual rationing, there would be no danger in the foreseeable future of the "total dryup" that is threatening some municipal water districts in the northern part of the state.

And out in the irrigated desert of the Imperial and Coachella Valleys, it has been agribusiness as usual this year. Where the 1934 drought cost Imperial Valley farmers around \$10 million in lost crops, this year they will bring in normal harvests with a total value approaching \$500 million.

When you stop to consider that nearly all of Southern California is arid land receiving less than ten inches of precipitation a year (ten to twenty along the coast)—with all of the agricultural lands getting five or less—it seems evident that in this driest of years a "miracle" as well as a "disaster" has occurred in the West.

The "miracle," if such it be, can be traced directly by a number of supply lines back to the Lower Colorado River. Eighty percent of the water for all uses in Southern California comes from the Lower Colorado—and when I say "all uses," I mean all: we have not just moved into the desert with a canteen and washbasin; we've gone in with the kitchen sink, flush toilet, watered lawn, and swimming pool; every use that man has invented for water we've taken out into that desert and supplied with water from the Lower Colorado. And a great deal of that water is taken over strange terrain to distant places the river would never have dreamed of going on its own.

A great deal has been written about the lack of aesthetics in what amounts to dismantling a living natural river and reconstructing from the parts a mechanical waterworks. Counter to that criticism is the argument that there are aesthetics and there are aesthetics: the quest for predictability, efficiency, and full use of resources constitutes an aesthetic, too. And advocates of the "new river" will now be able to point to two proving years: 1952, when Hoover Dam and Lake Mead damped down one of the largest spring floods on record to a manageable flow below the dam; and 1977, when the storage behind two great dams negated the driest year. Maybe from a river-lover's point of view it looks plumb awful in a normal year, but the point is, it looks just as plumb awful in an abnormal year; from field and city, what looks pretty good is a river that is regular, dependable, efficient, and well run.

None of which you could have said about the old river, no matter how, well, riverine it might have been,

Marching Song

This vast plain of opulent soil—the mighty delta of a mighty river—is rich in the potentialities of production beyond any land in our country which has ever known the plow. Yet here it has slept for ages, dormant, useless, silent. It has stood barred and padlocked against the approach of mankind. What is the key that will unlock the door to modern enterprise and human genius? It is the Rio Colorado. Whoever shall control the right to divert these turbid waters will be the master of this empire.

—William E. Smythe, Sunset, 1900

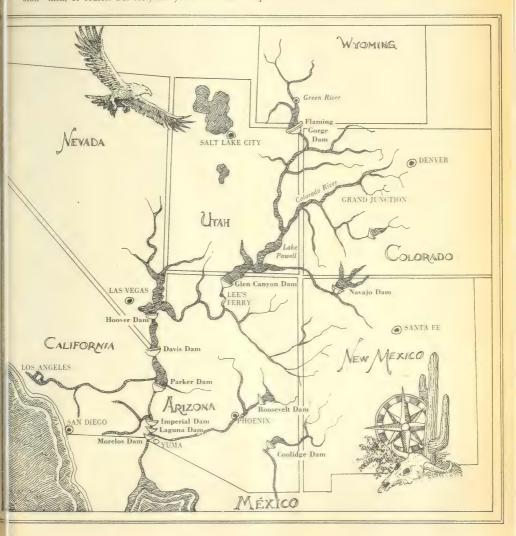
HE MODERN HISTORY of the Colorado River could be said to have begun at an out-of-the-way place called Lee's Ferry, Arizona. There's no longer a ferry at Lee's Ferry, but the spot is still important for its relatively easy access to what used to be America's most inaccessible river. Lee's Ferry—or "Lonely Dell," as John Lee himself called it—amounts to a pastoral incongruity. The river slides by quietly, greenish-clear today between green banks of the ubiquitous "well-drinker" shrubs, willow and tamarisk. But that pastoral quality ends abruptly within a few hundred feet of the river as the land slants up, becoming browner through clumps and croppings of saltbush and ricegrass, rabbit brush and yucca, then completely bare as red-brown sandstone sweeps upward into the Echo Cliffs on the east side, the Ver-

milion Cliffs on the west. The cliffs close in upstream where the river emerges from what used to be the Glen Canyons of the Colorado; downstream, the cliffs gradually open out to border the broad and barren Marble Platform—but the river there is no longer with the land; it has dipped again, gnawed down, and turned white and foamy at the bottom of a dark gash.

It was at this point, Lee's Ferry, that we divided the Colorado in two in 1922. That was only a "paper division" then, of course. But forty-one years after that

paper division, the gates were closed on an impressive concrete structure just seventeen miles upriver, the Glen Canyon Dam; and that did the job for sure.

Gien Canyon Dam backs up a body of water, Lake Powell, which amounts to nearly the equivalent of what used to flow down the Colorado River in two years. The water flowing into the lake today mixes with the water from the past fourteen years; the amount of water that flows out of the lake reflects not the influx from upriver but demands from downriver.



This being the case, it seems almost fatuous and sentimental to continue to think of the Colorado River as a single entity. For all practical purposes there are now two rivers—interdependent, to be sure, but separate, and under separate management. To the extent that life is both more tenable and potentially enjoyable when one's aesthetic sense is reconciled to immutable realities, I for one intend to try to think of the Colorado as two rivers.

To describe the two rivers in the simplest possible manner: the Upper Colorado River is generally patterned after a "natural" river, with many sources and a single destination; the Lower Colorado River, on the other hand, is patterned more after, say, a municipal waterworks, with a single primary source and many destinations. The river managers refer to the two regions served by the rivers as the Upper Basin and the Lower Basin; but I think Upper and Lower Service Areas would be more accurate, because (especially in the Lower Basin) the water is frequently made to violate the most basic law of water flow in a "river basin": it has to flow uphill.

The Upper Colorado River almost exactly duplicates the course of the Old Colorado River and its major tributaries—the Green, Yampa, Grand (or Colorado), Gunnison, Dolores, and San Juan Rivers—until it reaches a point not far south of the confluence of the Green and the Grand in western Utah. There it flows into Lake Powell. Its primary function is obviously to provide a regular controlled flow to the headwaters of

the Lower Colorado.

The Lower Colorado's headwaters are at the base of Glen Canyon Dam, where the "spent water" from power generation wells up from the turbine outflows—a scene not unlike what the upwelling burble of a mountain spring might look like to an ant watching from a rock.

The first section is operated primarily as a recreational facility, for Grand Canyon rafting—open from June through September. But from the end of the canyons at the upper end of Lake Mead, behind Hoover Dam, it is business first and pleasure when you can get it on the Lower Colorado. This river has to water what the Bureau of Reclamation calls a "desert empire," an empire made up of the states of California (south of the Tehachapi Mountains), Arizona, and Nevada.

It is my intention here to consider only the Lower Colorado River and elements of its story—far too big and involved a story to consider in its totality, but one that, I hope, we can get the gist of. Someday I hope to tell the story of the Upper River too. But to a great degree its story has yet to be written in fact and deed, while the story of the Lower Colorado River is in its last chapters. Or so it would seem at present.

The Old Colorado

NA STATISTICAL summary of the world's great rivers, the Old Colorado would not be too near the top—in length and volume of flow, it would fall somewhere between the Euphrates (larger) and the Tigris (smaller).

Its most distinctive feature was probably its comparatively steep fall for its relatively short run—12,000 feet in just under 1,500 miles. A full third of this drop came after the river had accumulated the strength contributed by most of its tributaries. This wouldn't have meant a thing to the ancient Egyptians or Mesopotamians—it didn't, in fact, mean much but trouble to John Wesley Powell when he descended through those steep canyons around 1870. But by 1880 Thomas Edison had developed the light bulb, and the first practical turbines had just been developed.

The Old Colorado owed its "power potential" to an unusual tectonic event. Once upon a time, it was a mature stream that existed in a relatively harmonious symbiotic relationship with the now-barren highlands we call the Colorado Plateau. You can stand today at a place like the San Juan Goosenecks overlook and see the slow bends and sensuous meanders of a lazy river taking the longest possible route through the land it waters, as if so enjoying the relationship that it hates to get on its way, but today those meanders are carved into 1,000 feet of sloping shale and limestone.

What happened was that, under the influence of whatever tectonic pressures, the river's land began to rise—very slowly, of course: slowly enough so that the Colorado River could continue to flow down to the sea through the simple expedient of eating a little deeper into the land all the time. And so the river and its plane were separated: the land going dry and desolate as the water fell away, and the river wandering without beneficent purpose through its own deepening laby-

rinths of sterile stone.

The canyons the Old Colorado carved in the slowly rising Colorado Plateau massif are tremendously impressive, but to truly get a feel for the power the river had you need to go driving through the Imperial Valley, well west of the river in Southern California. After half a day of driving west and north toward Indio, through what resembles an overgrown Illinois dropped in the middle of the desert, you find yourself approaching the San Bernardino Mountains, with their rocky foothills in the foreground—and suddenly, there along the base of those rocky foothills, well above the level of the road, is an unmistakable waterline, the bath-tub ring of an ancient sea. For the past three or four hours you've been traveling below sea level.

Geologists have pieced together the explanation for this old shoreline above the floor of the Imperial Valey. Once the Gulf of California extended all the way north to Indio, and a little beyond—about half again as long as it is now. But when you dig a hole the size of the Grand Canyon, you've got a lot of dirt to get rid of, and when the Old Colorado River was draining the last advances and retreats of the Pleistocene glaciations it must have been a river of unimaginable power, sweeping out of its ground-out canyons in a chocolate flood. It laid down its load of mud in an alluvial plain two and three hundred feet thick in places, then began pushing out into the gulf, until the spreading deltacone completely diked off the upper end.

Thereafter, the river seems to have developed the habit of running off the south side of its delta, into the Gulf of California, trying to fill it up (though Cocopah Indian stories indicate that from time to time it changed

its course and went off into the basin to the north). But the evaporation under the hot subtropical sun is six feet per year in Southern California, and the entire waters of the cutoff portion of the gulf might have disappeared in less than a century. As the post-glacial river dropped to its present quantity of flow—12 million to 18 million acre-feet a year*—the river couldn't get ahead of the sun in any attempts to refill the basin.

By the time the first Spaniards came north from Mexico more than 500 years ago, the Old Colorado might not have been the river it was when it was cutting its canyons and filling the gulf, but it was still as powerful, erratic, and rambunctious as a Greek god. Especially erratic. In a normal year its flow varied tenfold from low stage to high. Where it formed the shape-shifting border between Arizona and California, it would be a pathetic stream through most of the winter, trying to braid a way through great washes of alluvial junk and the rapid annual growth of the "welldrinker" willows. But, come May, it would begin to grow-no particular hurry, just getting a little bigger, broader, deeper, and browner by the day, creeping up into and then over the willows. It would gradually spread out to low ridges that one wouldn't even remotely connect with the winter river-its own selfmade dikes and levees. It was not a wall-of-water flood running like an advance of berserkers under a storming sky; this was a flood that ran in an amiable and leisurely fashion under sunny skies, eating pleasantly at everything it could reach. Most years it ran comfortably between its own dikes; other years it ate them too, melted them like brown sugar, and went running off to play with fields and houses, horses and old trees. Then, in the same leisurely fashion, it would begin to drop off-and drop and drop, until once more it was a little creek picking its way through its own junk.

It had its wall-of-water rages too, to be sure: a sudden heavy thunderstorm up on the plateau, a wet-fall snow low in the piedmont, and in its salad days the Colorado had a Doppelgänger as well, a shadow-river that met the Colorado at Fort Yuma: that was the Gila, which was running either twenty feet below its bed or twenty feet above it. The Gila, with its major tributaries, the Salt and the Verde, the San Pedro and Santa Cruz, drained most of Arizona, when there was anything to drain. When there was, it mostly came all at once—and it is still capable of overrunning its check dams on rare occasions.

Everywhere the Old Colorado spilled and splashed its waters, it laid down a little more of the rich alluvial silt it carried. It was land that would grow anything—if watered. But except when the river was in flood, the soil lay baking under the desert sun. One of

Marching Song

Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens...the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous... While we have land to labor, then, let us never wish to see our citizens occupied at a workbench.

—Thomas Jefferson

THE TIME the tide of American settlement had washed up on the West Coast in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, some rather cherished ideals had fallen by the wayside—chief among them the ideal of the self-reliant homesteader, the sodbuster with rifle, plow, and Bible, the "Jeffersonian individualist."

The ideal of the free and independent individual can be traced back to a number of roots in Anglo-European society and philosophy—but, less obviously, it has its taproot in the humid climate of Northern Europe, where a landowner was always a land-and-water owner as well.

Colonists on the Atlantic seaboard found the same humid and fecund climate in America-and, indeed, who expected anything else? As the country first began to develop westward, there was the same fertility, and where the rolling lands of the Ohio Valley gave way to the glacial plains toward the Great Lakes, nothing could have been better for the overlay of a quartersection grid and a Jeffersonian philosophy. From the Mississippi River westward, however, events unfolded like a bad joke. Early reports of a "great American desert" were simply ignored as inconceivable, impossible. But eventually the accumulation of evidence, including rainfall records, established beyond a doubt that west of the vicinity of the hundredth meridiana line approximately bisecting the Dakotas and extending south to Laredo, Texas-nearly all the land below 8.000 feet, excluding the northwest coast, was too dry for unirrigated agriculture. And west of the Rockies it deteriorated to a lot of inhospitable desert.

When ignoring the situation didn't make it go away, we tried to drive it away with myth and fantasy. Rain would follow the plow (because of the increased evaporation from worked soil); rain would follow the train (because of smoke particles for drops to form around); rain would follow the telegraph (because of electricity in the air). Soldiers had a saying "Rain follows a battle," so experiments were conducted in Texas with explosives and cannons. There were even those who came right out and said what everyone else was more or less hinting at: rain will follow settlement for no reason other than the presence of good people with a destiny to fulfill. On the basis of these myths, in the face of all evidence and good sense, the Homestead Act of 1862 was passed; it provided the basic vehicle for two failures in every three efforts, the demise of even a salvageable compromise of the Jeffersonian ideal, the

the first white men to cross the Imperial Valley was a Spanish captain, Juan Bautista De Anza; he was so disenchanted by the climate that he called the region la jornada de los muertos, "the journey of the dead."

^{*} One acre-foot is the amount of water that covers one acre- of land one foot deep, the equivalent of 43,560 cubic feet, or 1,233.5 cubic meters, or 325,851 gallons. Assuming a use rate of 200 gallons per person per day, one acre-foot of water will just about meet the annual requirements for a family of five. Average use rates vary from area to area—less than 200 gallons per person per day in cooler and more humid areas, more than 200 in hot, dry regions; they also vary according to economic status—less than 200 gallons per day for low-income persons, and much more than 200 for the affluent.

accumulation of large land and water holdings by railroads and banks, and the storage of a great reservoir of resentment and frustration and hatred toward an indifferent and unaccommodating environment.

By 1890 nearly everyone west of the Mississippi was willing to admit that the Homestead Act and its variations, the Timber Culture Act and the Desert Land Act, had been failures; a landowner had nothing if he didn't have some water, too, and before the West was going to be settled it was going to have to be irrigated. But who was going to do the irrigating? How? There were very few people who had considered the matter at all—in fact, there might have been only one who had given it enough thought to advise on the matter. He had, in fact, been trying to so advise since 1877.

Reclamation and waste

Marching Song

Though some river rats will disagree with me, I have been able to conclude only that Powell's party in 1869 survived by the exercise of observation, caution, intelligence, skill, planning—in a word, Science. A man or a civilization could do the same.

—Wallace Stegner on John Wesley Powell Beyond the Hundredth Meridian

T IS ONLY NATURAL on that most contrary of rivers, the Old Colorado, that one of the first people John Lee met after establishing his ferry at "Lonely Dell" in 1871 was trying to get not across the river but down it. I don't know if Lee was down at the river to see it or not—but it must have been a strange sight: a small fleet of little wooden boats coming around the bend out of the Glen Canyons; and in, or rather on, the lead boat, sitting, like the lord of the river, in a captain's chair strapped to the deck, a small, bristle-bearded, one-armed man, Major Powell, on his second trip down the canyons of the Colorado.

By 1871, John Wesley Powell was a government scientist, having parlayed his fame as river explorer into a government contract to survey in the region of the "plateau province." Powell was among those who wanted to see the desert bloom with human settlement, and his foundation philosophy might finally have been described as Jeffersonian, modified by aridity. But he never suffered illusions about how much—how little, that is—of the desert could be brought under irrigation, or about the social and political implications of the irrigation plans. In all of the nonsense about "rain following the plow" prior to the drought of the late Eighties, his voice alone seems to have reflected a measure of sanity. It was generally ignored, of course.

In his famous, if unimplemented, Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States, submitted in 1877, Powell outlined a proposal for the settlement of the West by irrigation districts of "any nine or more persons" who would draw up their own plan for the irrigation of the area they wished to settle, and be granted title to the land upon completion of their project. The most important aspect of it was that the right to water would inhere in the title of the land.

The farmers would be land-and-water owners.

In 1890 Powell amplified on his larger picture for the settlement of the arid regions, suggesting "that the entire arid region be organized into natural hydrographic districts, each one to be a commonwealth within itself." And who was to build the dams, dig the ca-nals? Even though he was a government scientist, working on government surveys, Powell was a Jeffersonian to the core here: "I say to the Government: Hands off! Furnish the people with institutions of justice, and let them do the work for themselves."

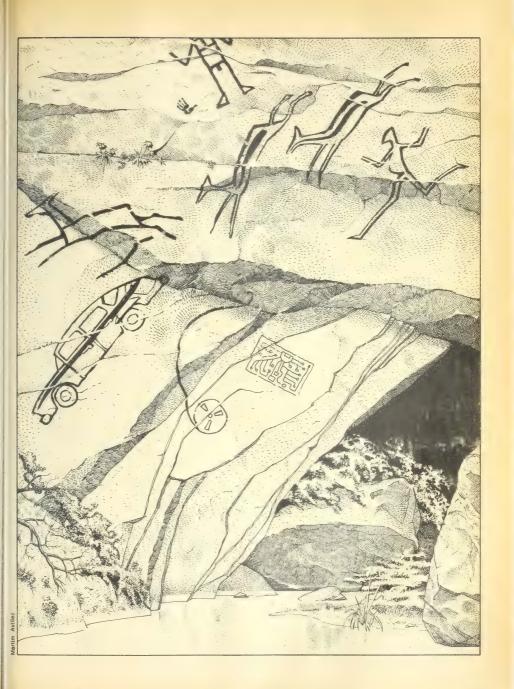
Twelve years later, the Reclamation Act established the Bureau of Reclamation, to undertake the further development of the West through the development of its water resources: to locate and survey all irrigable areas, to construct works for the storage, diversion, and development of water-in sum, to do the people's work for them. The cost of reclamation projects was all to be repaid by the water users, of course. And there were concessions to the form if not the substance of the Jeffersonian ideal: the most land one owner could have irrigated with "federal water" was 160 acres. But the consequences of the act were apparent from the start: instead of the unfeasible independent and self-reliant Jeffersonian with his "government which governs least," or the more feasible idea of Powell's "local government by hydrographic basin," it was going to be Uncle Sam

Powell's specific and radical ideas were never seriously considered: it was too late. Too many mistakes had been made and reinforced in the West by Anglo-Americans totally naive about the nature and problems of aridity. Already, for example, many of the best irrigation sites had been "homesteaded" or otherwise taken over by capitalist entrepreneurs who had put in a headgate or a pump and a set of ditches and were selling "water shares" to farmers whose resultant dependence on the company created a circumstance closer to vassalage than to self-reliance.

But the hydrographic integrity of the river basins was much more seriously confounded by such problems as the ridiculous and irrelevant designation of state boundaries—just as the Indians could never quite understand those invisibilities called "reservation boundaries," the rivers had no concept of state boundaries and continued to run as they always had. So the state of Colorado is tidily designated on the flat map as bounded by the 102nd and 109th meridians and the 37th and 41st parallels. But within that chartmaker's delight, four major rivers originate and none ends.

The crowning insult to any idea of political-environmental integrity was the United States negotiations with Santa Anna in Mexico for the final boundary between the two countries. The U.S. sent a railroad man from South Carolina whose only interest in the affair was the acquisition of enough land to accommodate a transcontinental railroad down the Gila Trail through Yuma. All James Gadsden knew about water was how to bridge it and pass it, and he effectively gave away the last forty miles of the only significant water in the far Southwest.

As a result of this truly titanic insensibility, the United States has to pass 1.5 million acre-feet of halfused and half-"virgin" (as they say in Tijuana) water



over the border every year, regardless of conditions, under a treaty negotiated in 1944. The "aesthetic value" of something like hydrographic integrity is seen to be very closely related to economics here: as a result of recent negotiations with Mexico over the quality of the water at the border, the United States is going to pay \$100 million down and another million a year to desalinate part of that used, reused, and overused water from the desert empire.

Voice Crying in the Wilderness

I want to say to you...there is not sufficient water to supply these lands. There is no water to put on half the lands now owned by the Government. There is not water enough in all the arid region to irrigate the lands which the Government has already disposed of ... there is not sufficient water to supply the land!

—John Wesley Powell

at the Second International Irrigation Congress

HE "KEY STRUCTURE" in the construction of the two-river system in the Old Colorado Basin was not a dam, but the Colorado River Compact of 1922. Before steps could be taken to make the use of the water possible, the seven states had to figure out who was going to get to use how much-or to bring it down to the real problem: five states had to be reassured that California wasn't going to claim rights-by-use to the whole thing before anyone else could get rolling. (The sixth state, Nevada, has usually acted like an extension of California in river negotiations.) It seems quite unlikely that, left to their own devices, the seven states would ever have managed to get together on a water-use plan-let alone managed the vast finances of projects on anything approaching the present scale.

All of the water development being done along the Colorado prior to 1921, with the exception of a couple of early bureau projects (the Laguna weir dam north of Yuma, some levee work, and the Uncompahgre Tunnel in the Upper Basin), was being done at the municipal or private level. There were a number of privately owned irrigation developments in the Palo Verde Valley, the Yuma Valley, and after the dredging of the Alamo Canal in 1901, the Imperial Valley. But for the most part these private developments were marked more by the water developers' desire to recoup their investments than by effective irrigation of a maximum of land with a minimum of water.

The extreme example of the misadventures of private enterprise in this kind of work was the California Development Company, which first tried irrigating from the Colorado in the Imperial Valley. Remember the geography: America's meanest river entering a sub-sea-level region on a built-up dike forty feet or so above sea level. No problem with gravity flow in the canals but generally a precarious operation. But the CDC's intake channel and gate silted up in 1904; being a little short of cash at that moment, the company risked an ungated intake channel through the river's levee. Within a matter of weeks, the whole river was

coming through a widening breach; the fields were washed away; the Salton Sink became the Salton Sea; and the CDC declared bankruptcy.

Left in the hands of private enterprise, the modern history of the Colorado River Basin would probably have read like that 100 times over with variations.

The tragic notion that we might live in a finite world where not even technology, science, and rationalized economy can produce as much of everything as everyone wants is a recent notion in America. And when Herbert Hoover came west in 1921—"almost an ambassador, if you please," one writer said—notice was effectively served that the government was finally ready to pick up where first individual effort and then private enterprise had failed.

Recognizing that the problem between the seven states was the fact that California was ready to roll and no one else was, Hoover suggested that the river be divided into two rivers: that way, the states owning and operating each river could figure out how to divide it up at their own leisure, but, meanwhile, the Bureau of Reclamation could get on with the job of controlling and developing it. The Hoover compromise was the sine qua non for Hoover Dam, which in turn was the sine qua non for the desert empire.

When Franklin Roosevelt dedicated this dam in 1935, he called it "Boulder Dam"-he didn't invent the name, but he gave it official sanction, and the injustice wasn't corrected until 1947, after Roosevelt's death. One can understand why he might have preferred that it not be known as Hoover Dam: with the exception of Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River, Hoover Dam was easily the biggest single-site public-works project undertaken in the Thirties-if not in size, certainly in impact; the Boulder Canyon Project had a mythic stature in the changing American consciousness, and its economic impact was immeasurable. By almost any of the standards of its dayrevitalization of the economy, industrial recovery, reduction of unemployment, stimulation of investment and development—the Boulder Canyon Project looks like the prototype New Deal effort, but the army of men and machines was already gathering a year-anda-half before Roosevelt was elected. And the project itself had been initiated in effect ten years before that.

It isn't my intention to nominate Hoover as a silent partner in the planning and construction of the New Deal so much as to ponder the degree to which the New Deal was mostly a repackaging (with some variations, most of which were eventually dropped) of what was already pretty well under way in America—at least in the West. Six Companies, the consortium of Western contractors who built Hoover Dam, realized that the public treasury had replaced private capital as the prime mover in America.

It is not difficult to disassemble the paradox of Hoover's eagerness to change the Colorado River, and his reluctance to put through other social programs: Hoover was first, and always at heart, an engineer. Before he went to work for the government in World War I he had been an engineer-errant all over the world. As President he wouldn't undertake to reform a society, but as an engineer he undertook the challenge of reforming a river.

And when one strips off the necrotic ideals and theories of the Thirties and takes a hard look at postdepression America, it is difficult to find a place where we have really worked for true social and economic reform if, instead, we were able to interpose another brilliant sequence of engineering miracles to postpone for a year or forever the social and economic confrontation with what some, in their hard-nosed unimaginative way, might call reality. In this no-longer-so-new age of technology, science, and rationalized economy, that is the story of the Lower Colorado River, water in the West, and America in general since Hoover Dam and the New Deal.

Facts and mysteries

Marching Songs

When we come to the engineering problems we meet the heart of the river dispute.... An engineering problem has a peculiar appeal to the Hoover type of mind-a type that is active, acute, logical, and constructive. And the Colorado River problem is primarily an engineering and economic problem.
—Wayne C. Williams
American Review of Reviews, June 1922

Take a method and try it. If it fails, try another. But above all, try something.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1933

Thousands of complex operations were scheduled and carried out as an army of workmen, most of them craftsmen, swarmed about the canyon like ants but performing like a well-oiled machine.

-From a wall collage at Glen Canyon Dam

OU CAN APPROVE or disapprove of dams on rivers in theory; you can even go so far as to learn to hate or advocate them as the theories become propaganda.

But confronting one of the great dams is an experience above and beyond all theory: it transcends the rationales offered up for taking on the challenge, and becomes a communion of sorts with the essential mystery of challenge itself. You stand down at the base of one of those monstrous featureless faces of concrete, and you don't even think of saying, "Well, that sure is beneficial," or "Man, what a sin against the environment"-or I don't know: maybe you do.

But to be such a sensible prude would be to be out of touch with one of the strongest and most compelling threads running through the whole human experience around the world: that tendency to evolve increasingly complex interdependent societies (usually based on intensive irrigated agriculture) whose only permanently discernible end seems to have been the erection of magnificent, mysterious, monolithically faceless incredibilities-the pyramids of Egypt and Central America, the cathedrals of Europe, the Great Wall of China, the temples of Angkor, Stonehenge, the heads of Easter Island-and the two great canyon dams on the Colorado River. "'Come,' they said, 'let us build ourselves a city and a tower with its top in the heavens, and make a name for ourselves."

Of the two canyon dams, the sense of "communion" is much stronger at Hoover than at Glen Canyon. A piddling thirty years separate those two structures, but probably never in human history has so much happened in thirty years. When Six Companies and its army moved into the bottom of Boulder Canyon in 1931, America was effectively still trying to get organized to happen; by 1963, when they closed the gates at Glen Canyon, it seemed that too much of America had happened too quickly.

I am not just being mystical about this; I will swear that a different sense of America is empirically present at each of those dams. There is, for example, the water spouting from every bolt-hole in rock walls beside the dam at Glen Canyon-it's not ominous so much as insolent, And Glen Canyon Dam cracked not long after the river started putting its weight against it: not a serious crack, but "concrete evidence" that by then America was as divided as the Old Colorado. The imprecations from a million environmentalists are as much a part of that structure as its 5 million cubic yards of cement.

But there are no leaks in the darker andesite breccia at Boulder Canyon, and the dam is as solid as Roosevelt was in '36. This is where the Colorado River was really broken and put in harness, but there is a quality to the place that makes me, for one, feel that the river was not really demeaned by the act-that, once completed, the dam began a separate existence on a level of being with the river: whatever we use it for is irrelevant to the basic task it assumed, which is to teach the river to stand in and push rather than to cut and run.

My only complaint about Hoover Dam is the intrusively noisy tour the Bureau of Reclamation and the Park Service put you through if you want to see the dam. The moment you start down into the dama 500-foot elevator drop that raises hell with your eardrums-a disembodied voice clicks on (the kind of voice that would make you grab for your wallet in a used-car lot): "Welcome to Hoover Dam...enough concrete to pave a standard highway sixteen feet wide from San Francisco to New York...power to run 500 electric toothbrushes to doomsday....

This is a problem of sorts all the way along the Lower Colorado River: there is always a guide or recording to bury you with facts and figures. But Hoover Dam had its subtle ways of coming in around the edges of the guided tour, the fountain of statistics—as when I was down on the powerhouse deck, outside by the big step-up transformers, and the guide was rattling on about generators, transformers, and turbines big enough to mangle 500 cats a minute... but while he was talking, something was going gronk, an unhuman, omnidirectional gronk; the water between the wings of the powerhouse—a space big enough to hold the Queen Mary—was boiling and welling as if some prehistoric creature were about to surface; the very air seemed to hum in empathy with the huge wires taking the leaping power almost straight up out of the canyon. And behind us, curving up and away as smoothly as the glass mountain of faith, was not a beneficial use but an elemental presence: the Immovable had been invoked to come put its back up against the Irresistible. There it sits, or squats, bland as a Buddha, Immovable, and the Irresistible is confounded.

The bureau's facts and figures—the irrelevant ones issued in situ, at any rate—merely insulate a person: they're there like the life rings around the deck, the illusion of something to hang onto in case you fall in.

But, given our bounden duty as good citizens to consider mundane function as well as divine form, it is necessary to make an effort to assess the impact of the imposition of the Immovable on the Irresistible. This means moving out into those facts and figures—the real ones, that is: not the general-issue irrelevancies passed out at the dams but the ones that either justify the effort—or don't.

And the important thing in such an inquiry is not to go in with a shovel to dig up the dirt, but to go in with a kind of Sherlockian "diffidence of scrutiny," to look not so much at the facts and the figures as at the spaces and spacing between them, the arrangement,

the religion to them.

"Religion" is a slightly suspect concept we've tried to steer clear of in this age of technology, science, and rationalized economy; it smacks of irrational elements, vagaries, and illusions. But this seems to me to be a rather serious misconception of the basic idea of "religion."

Etymologically, "religion" is, perhaps appropriately, shrouded in some mystery, but one theory traces it back to the Latin re—for "back" or "again"—plus ligare—to bind together, connect. Religion, then: a connecting up again, a reassembly—of what? Well, whatever your world is made up of, whatever lies around in an unassembled form inviting assembly.

And in an age of technology, science, and rationalized economy, spiritual expression and art have gone beyond the limits of wood and stone for their higher expressions-after the cathedrals of Europe, what can you do with wood and stone, no matter how much "faith is the mortar"? As Spengler tells us, Europeans exhausted the "plastic" of stone and wood and color in those great structures; and artistic expression moved into the abstract regions of music, and then beyond even music, into mathematics. "Religious" art (if that isn't a tautology) became the connection and reconnection of abstract statistical elements into ever bigger and bigger assemblages. We ourselves have become correspondingly smaller and less significant as entities, being only atoms in the demography of "rationalized economy"; and we have only continued to play along, I think, because of our continuing fascination with the effort. All of our most costly expressions—the bomb, the extensions into space—can be seen to be the expressions of (and not necessarily the point of) the same Faustian imagination that had to invent the "higher mathematics" to go beyond even the expressions of Baroque music-Bach and Leibniz were contemporaries: the torch, so to speak, was passed. Leibniz with his monadic hierarchy, reaching to the infinite monad, God Itself.

But that's the river within us all—the purpose is to look for its reflection in the river we've made....So

on into the *real* Lower Colorado River, some of which I brought back in a suitcase.

Six Companies, Before and After

Henry, it sounds a little ambitious.

—W. A. ("Dad") Bechtel, to Henry J. Kaiser

But even if Kaiser becomes a much less active member of the group, the other Six Companies men will hardly lose the art, the desire, the excitement, and satisfaction of working together. The West, in its rightful hunger for the things they were able to bring, still needs them. They also look beyond the West. Henry Morrison talks of highways and railroads to be built in China. Steve Bechtel (son of W. A.) and the others see Europe and South America and Asia needing old factories rebuilt and new ones engineered. "We're not worried about any postwar tetdown," says his younger brother. "For us the postwar is the period when we will really come into our own."

---Conclusion of a Fortune perspective piece, 1943

The same people who give us these water projects gave us Vietnam. (Hoots of laughter)

—Opinion offered as testimony, Department of Interior water-project hearing, Grand Junction, Colorado, March 1977

HE MEGALOPOLIS usually has no real overall social or political structure as it is forming other than its existence as an accumulation of people all going more or less the same way. This is not true for the Los Angeles-San Diego megalopolis, however: well before it was a true megalopolis, there was a tie between the two largest cities and all the towns and small cities around and in between; the tie was water, and the binder was the Metropolitan Water District.

The Metropolitan Water District is a "supplemental supplier"—in effect, a wholesaler of water to local water districts which need to supplement local supplies in order to meet their demands. In its 4,900-square-mile service area along the West Coast south of Ventura, the MWD supplies well over half of the domestic and industrial water.

It is no coincidence that the MWD was formed by the California state legislature in 1928, the same year the Boulder Canyon Project Act was passed by Congress. Los Angeles had already "acquired" some "outside" water via the Los Angeles Aqueduct—"Mulholland's Ditch"—from the Owens Valley in the Sierras. But that project was hardly completed before it was apparent that it wasn't going to meet the growing city's needs—or, rather, its demands—forever. The closest potential supplier of water was the Colorado River—250 miles away over desert and mountain. If the Bureau of Reclamation could organize the installation of a plug big enough to store the Colorado River, Southern Californians would find a way to get the water to their cities. No one doubted this.

Accordingly, the MWD was formed, and a \$220 million bond issue floated; and in 1930, before the Boulder Canyon diversion tunnels had even been begun, the Department of the Interior had negotiated

contracts with the MWD for 1.1 million acre-feet of water, once the dam was completed and the MWD had

a means of delivery.

This 1.1 million acre-feet is an interesting figure in the "religion of the age." Arizona's concern that California would be able to appropriate all the water in the Lower River, before Arizona could get underway to use a share of it. had led to the California Limitations Act of 1929, in which California statutorily promised to limit its appropriations to senior rights on 4.4 million acre-feet a year. The 1930 contracts divided this water into 3.85 million acre-feet for agricultural irrigation and 0.55 million acre-feet for the MWD.

But there was all that other water in the river, reasoned California, that Arizona and the Upper River states weren't able to use yet—why couldn't California "borrow" a little of that "surplus water" for the time being? So the Department of the Interior went along, and wrote contracts for a total of 5.362 million acre-feet—almost 1 million acre-feet of "surplus water" that California would eventually have to relinquish. The MWD allocation was doubled, and another 112,000 acre-feet was thrown in for San Diego—then still a moderately sleepy little burg. The desert empire was going to grow on borrowed water.

In 1934, with Hoover Dam just a little over half done, the bureau's engineers took the MWD's money and began work on Parker Dam (about 150 miles south of Hoover Dam) and the Colorado Aqueduct. In its own way, the Aqueduct was every bit the engineering marvel that Hoover Dam was: designed to move up to 1 billion gallons a day from Lake Havasu behind Parker Dam up over a total pumped lift of 1,617 vertical feet, through the San Jacinto Mountains in tunnels, and into Matthews Reservoir near Riverside, a total trip of 242 miles through pipe and canal.

That same year, another 150 miles down the river, construction began on the Imperial Dam and the All-American Canal, both of which were actually part of the Boulder Canyon Act. This was a sophisticated irrigation project, consisting originally of a diversion dam with desilting facilities and eighty miles of "all-American" concrete-lined canal to replace the old cobbled-up Alamo Canal, which lay mostly in Mexico. The canal was designed to deliver more than 3 million acre-feet a year into existing works in the Imperial Valley, with extensions into the Coachella Valley north of the Salton Sea, eastward into the Gila Valley in Arizona, and south to the Yuma Valley and Mesa (then served by the old Laguna weir dam, a low-overflow diversion dam built by the bureau between 1907 and 1911). Imperial Dam was not designed for storage; irrigation water is "ordered" from Parker Dam-a three-day trip down to the diversion works, and a seven-day trip to the farthest reaches of the Coachella Valley

Both of these projects—the water for the cities, and the water for the food for the cities—were put into operation in 1941. Just in time for the war boom in Los Angeles and San Diego.

In 1941 it must have looked beautiful. In a single decade the Colorado River had been put in harness and the desert empire sketched in. The old unpredictable and shifty river was dead; a new controlled and efficient river with most of its dials and gauges and faucets in place was providing a steady supply of food and water for growing cities on the edge of the most inhospitable desert in America. And en route to the homes and fields, it was spinning the great turbines that were, in a classic bit of bureau tractor-poetry, "humming the endless tunes of untold wealth": in the prewar years the first four generators on line at Hoover Dam were supplying Los Angeles with 98 percent of its electricity.

All that remained were some finishing touches—a couple more smaller diversion dams for irrigation (Palo Verde in 1957 and Headgate Rock in 1967), and then the big dam at Glen Canyon that would make the compact division a matter of fact, and would stack up in combination with Lake Mead the inconceivable storage of more than three years' total flow of a great river.

Supply and demand

Voice Crying in the Wilderness

This is the dead land This is cactus land...

Between the idea And the reality ...

Between the conception And the creation . . .

Between the potency

And the existence...

—T.S. Eliot, "The Hollow Men"

In the hare-and-tortoise race between the idea and the reality, plodding reality is catching up. There has been a lot of water through the dam, but has it been enough for the empire? We could look first at those "endless tunes of untold wealth" that were to have been hummed in chorus by the banks of mighty hydroelectric generators up and down the river. When the bureau was trying to sell the idea of a single huge and costly dam to control the Colorado (the contract was the biggest ever let by the nation), the sale of electrical power was to repay the construction cost—and it will: the fifty-year repayment plan is right on schedule.

Critics doubted, however, that such a "huge" power demand could be generated in the desert. So the bureau was in the position of having to promote and peddle its product: the promise of lots and lots of

cheap, clean power for the empire.

But a problem with power generation out of a dam whose primary purpose is storage is that, once you run the water through your turbines, it isn't stored anymore; and the supply of hydroelectric power along the Colorado has been a function not of the demand for power but of the growing demand for water and the correspondingly shrinking supply. As a result, one usually strains in vain to hear the generators on the

Colorado dams humming in chorus: in forty years of generation at Hoover Dam, only once have the generators worked up to 60 percent of their "nameplate" potential-in 1952, the year of near-record runoffand the average for forty years is under 40 percent of potential.

What supplies the enormous power demand today in Southern California, of course, is not-so-cheap, notso-clean, and not-so-endlessly abundant steam power generated by gas-fired plants along the oceanfrontsuch as Scatterloud, El Segundo, Redondo, south of the Venice beaches-and the huge desert plants, such as the Navajo Generating Station on the shore of Lake Powell, one-third-owned and -operated by the city of Los Angeles. The promise of hydropower helped build the empire—but good old consumptive, pollutive, and dependable steam power operates and maintains it.

A variation on this situation is the currently out-ofcontrol California dream of lots and lots of water for the cities. Knowing from the start that they were growing on borrowed water, Southern California and the MWD began looking even further afield-not for water in addition to what they had, but for water to

replace part of what they had.

The search for new water-not just in Southern California but in the rest of the state, too-led to the State Water Project, probably the largest "rationalization of nature" ever yet undertaken anywhere. This is strictly a State of California (Department of Water Resources) project, which, when finished, will deliver more than 4 million acre-feet a year around the state at a total construction cost in excess of \$3 billion. The annual power bill, just to move the water around, will be 7.1 billion kilowatt-hours (net, after subtracting the system's own hydro-generation). The project is currently about 75 percent done, with a few reservoirs to go yet. The main canal, the California Aqueduct, with 600 miles of concrete ditch, is completed.

The MWD has contracted for 2.0115 million acrefeet of State Project water when the system is completed; now, the MWD's entitlement is in the neighborhood of .7 million acre-feet a year. As the amount received from the state has increased in recent years, the district's use of borrowed Colorado River water has

decreased accordingly-until this year.

The second year of drought in the Sierras has so drained the incomplete storage facilities of the State Water Project that it was necessary to entirely cut off the allotment to Southern California this spring. This left the MWD no choice but to turn on the Colorado Aqueduct full bore: a billion gallons a day, forty-five thirty-year-old pumps going around the clock with no backup capacity in case of breakdown. Northern California is paying the extra electric bill, about a third of something just under 2 billion kilowatt-hours-in a power-short year, remember.

But even with no maintenance problems and a brimful canal every day of the year, the MWD cannot pump enough water through the aqueduct to fulfill last year's demand of 1.4 million acre-feet; they can only move a little over 1.2 million acre-feet. Accordingly, the MWD has asked its "retailers" to enforce a 10 percent "mandatory conservation" program in order to maintain

reservoir reserves in the city.

In short, there is simply not lots and lots of water: there is barely enough water-but what seems to be missing in Los Angeles is a general sense of appreciation for the magnitude of the precarious miracle that manages to supply even barely enough water.

Of the three necessities for the modern industrial city-food, water, and power in huge quantities-the supply of the last two is seen to depend on systems that are operating at, or beyond, their reasonable limits, and the supply of the first is increasingly threatened by salt in the fields. The Colorado was a hard-water river with a high salinity even before men started using it. But for water stored in reservoirs, nature exacts a storage charge through evaporationevaporation losses along the two rivers total close to a tenth of the average annual flow (just under 14 million acre-feet). This concentrates the salts and minerals in the remaining water, and every time we run the water over the fields, more salts are dissolved and carried back into the river. Then water that evaporates out of the furrows in fields down the line leaves a white "bathtub ring" of salt that ultimately destroys the productivity of the fields.

In 1974 the Colorado River Basin Salinity Control Act was passed to get remedial measures underway for this growing problem. But desalination is a terribly expensive and power-consumptive process, and the remedial practices in irrigation (such as "pressure irrigating" from pipes) are equally expensive. And this damned maintenance work does not move the imagination the way building the dam did. We tend to think of our cities, especially Los Angeles, as profanely secular places. I hope I have helped illustrate what an act of naive faith it is to turn on a faucet

in Los Angeles.

E CAN TRACE some of our present problems along the two rivers to "the river's joke." When the seven states sat down in 1921 to divide the river, measurements at the time indicated an average annual flow of just under 17 million acre-feet. So they divided 15 million acre-feet equally, 7.5 million acre-feet to each river. That's not being unduly piggish. But in 1929, the year after the compact was signed, the river went into a forty-year "dry cycle," over which it averaged an annual flow of only 13.1 million acre-feet.

The long-term average is now around 13.9 million acre-feet—and with "entitlements" of 7.5 for the Upper River, 7.5 for the Lower, 1.5 for Mexico, and another 1.5 for "nature's storage charge" and other systems losses, a problem of supply can be seen to exist that

isn't entirely our fault.

But the truth is, we would eventually have come up against this problem, even if the river ran an average of 20 million acre-feet, due to the nature of our religion -which we of course denied as being a "religion" at all, and thereby never examined for flaws of faith. But our faith in technology, science, and rationalized economy has a profane and tragic flaw: we have assumed an infinity of supply, capable of fulfilling an infinity of demand, if we can come up with the technology of production.

Where we came up with such a notion, God only knows; everyone else in the world is not so deluded. Perhaps it, too, like the ideal of individualism, is rooted most deeply in the fertile soil and humid climate of the North Atlantic world where no one has ever known what it is to want for water.

Spengler seems to make that kind of connection between the Jeffersonian man and the illusions of infinity when he talks about "infinite solitude" as the prime symbol and "home of the Faustian soul." And so does Faust, our cultural prototype—remember Faust's last effort, which was to be the "masterpiece of the human spirit": "the people's land reclaimed from sea." When Goethe lived, America had not even discovered that the Anglo-European consciousness was in possession of one of the world's great deserts, or he might have put Faust in Arizona—a shorter trip home for Mephistopheles. Had he lived today, he might have written the story of water in the West—a far bigger story, but much the same one.

Well, at least, we say, there's hope. We seem to be waking up to reality in this country. There is Environmental Awareness. To be sure, we are waking up to the realities of finitude. The significance of something like the Water Quality Act, which aims for "fishable and swimmable" waters in all streams by 1983, goes far beyond the recreational and hygienic values—provided the spirit of the law is followed, and it doesn't just become another bonanza for law-

yers to pick apart in the letter.

But up against that we have to contend with the evidence that the profane faith is still strong in us—or, at any rate, among us. Take a look at central Arizona, at Phoenix, named for the mythic bird that is surely the sign and symbol for our desert empire.

The priest's solution

Voice Crying in the Wilderness

Civilized means citified, trained, faithful to some regimen deliberately instituted. Civilization might be taken as a purely descriptive term, like Kultur, rather than a eulogistic one; it might simply indicate the possession of instruments, material and social, for accomplishing all sorts of things, whether those things were worth accomplishing or not.

-George Santayana
"Marginal Notes on Civilization in the U.S."

HEY HAVE A PROBLEM in Phoenix and Tucson: there isn't enough water there to maintain civilization as we know it in Pennsylvania and Illinois.

The only major source of water in that central Arizona desert is huge aquifers underground, at depths from 200 to 1,200 feet, that have been collecting small

yearly deposits of water for eons.

The two cities, and the agricultural lands around them, have been pumping these aquifers for nearly all their water; they are pumping it much faster than it is being replenished—overall, more than twice as fast. The water table is dropping as much as thirteen feet a year in places. The Arizona Water Commission is aware of this, and has its engineers working on the problem. But when you turn a problem over to engineers, you are going to get an engineer's solution—just as a priest would give you a priest's kind of solution; and as the spaces between the figures increase proportionally to the decrease in raw water available for manipulation with figures, the priest's and the engineer's answers draw closer together: have faith.

The fundamental problem, and the nature of the solution, are brought out in the State Water Plan (Phase I):

Obviously, we cannot keep up our profligate ways forever. Actions to balance supply and use must be taken. Fortunately, a major step forward is well underway. The Central Arizona Project, a federal reclamation project currently under construction, will bring an average of 1.2 maf [million acre-feet] per year into Central Arizona.

Does this call to mind the moment from the movies when, just in time, the U.S. Cavalry rides over the

ridge?

If you were to stand a mirror along the Arizona-California border in Lake Havasu, the reflection of the Colorado Aqueduct would be the Central Arizona Project: 300 miles of the usual pipes, pumps, and canals to carry Colorado River water to the Phoenix-Tucson corridor.

That figure, "an average of 1.2 maf" ("an average of" is a modifier in bureau church Latin), is one of the more interesting figures for demonstrating the state of the faith today; it would take care of roughly two-thirds of the present "overdraft" of ground water in central Arizona. But it turns out that the figure is an average of fifty years of deliveries from the Central Arizona Project ranging from 1.5 million acrefeet to 0.98 million acre-feet—and during those fifty years (1985-2035), a period when the most conservative estimates see the population of Phoenix alone more than doubling from its present million-plus, the deliveries will decrease from 1.5 million acre-feet to 0.98 million acre-feet.

The reason the figures will decrease is "probable increased use of Upper Basin allotments." So what "an average of 1.2 maf" means is that central Arizona, like California before her, is going to grow on borrowed water from the Colorado River. This isn't history now; this is the future we're talking about. Last spring in Phoenix, I attended an open work session of the Arizona Water Commission at which the commission sat to hear its engineers' recommendations for the distribution of the Central Arizona Project municipal waters. The job was not easy: it had 500,000 acre-feet to meet requests for over 2 million. The way it resolved the problems was by giving everybody a little bitallotments ranging from 3 percent to 100 percent of the requests, with the average around 25 to 30 percent. The engineers were candid about saying that some of the developments would probably outgrow their issue of Central Arizona Project water, and rather quickly. One

development in particular was discussed at some length; the developers have already sold 6,000 of their 12,000 lots; they have their streets and utilities in, but they will be given only enough water for 7,000 lots in 2035.

Even assuming that the realtors are pipe-dreaming about their eventual developments (as they probably are to a degree), the engineers calculate that the central Arizona corridor can only hope to balance its projected demand with the dependable supply (Central Arizona Project water plus groundwater replenishment) if nearly all the agricultural land in the central Arizona area is retired. But who's going to bell that cat? (If we ask them nicely, will the farmers just go away? Should we buy up their land for a "brown belt"?)*

The discussion of the "fundamental problem" in the State Water Plan continues:

Additional actions will be necessary (in the future)...to meet municipal and industrial growth requirements without increasing overdrafts.

Or, to translate: find more water somewhere and bring it in.

In 2035, instead of gratitude that the Central Arizona Project ditch is still half full—if it is—there is likely to be concern that it is half empty. The same will be true of the Colorado Aqueduct to Los Angeles. There will always be a little more land that could be irrigated out of the All-American and Gila Canals. In short, we have the facilities; if only we had a little more water. And, not including small municipal plants, there are ten major "technological extensions" carrying water away from the Lower Colorado River: why not one or two to carry water into it?

An abortive Central Arizona Project bill in 1967 (the one that also included two Grand Canyon dams) suggested just that, in the form of a proposed study to divert water from the Columbia River. The people in the Northwest protested so vigorously that, for the Central Arizona Project bill to get through in 1968. it was necessary to write in a ten-year moratorium on even mentioning the subject. But also included in the 1968 bill was the creation of the National Water Commission under the Secretary of the Interior to study the national water situation, and a vague section about the U.S. relieving the two Colorado Rivers of responsibility for the international obligation to Mexico as the first allocation from a 2.5-million-acrefoot augmentation to the Colorado Basin-just in the event that such a thing should ever happen, that is,

Diversion from the Columbia River is not the only augmentation idea being pursued. For the past decade, the Bureau of Reclamation has been experimenting with cloud-seeding as a means of snowpack augmentation in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado—over the vociferous complaints of San Juan residents, it might be added, who don't want to shovel any more

snow than they now get. The results of cloud-seeding have been, unfortunately for the faithful, inconclusive—but the bureau blames this on excessive and unrealistic controls insisted on by San Juan residents.

The possible consequences of this kind of augmentation go far beyond the political. It is one thing to move water around on the ground from river to river, something else again to try to manipulate weather patterns. Nobody really knows what might happen—although the general lack of success indicates that these attempts might be on a par with the old "rain follows the plow" assumption and the explosives tests of 100 years ago. It does seem inevitable at this point that there will be more talk about diversion from the Columbia River, when the moratorium is off next year.

And then there is that persisting pipe dream of the infinitely faithful—NAWAPA, not an ancient Indian god, but the acronym for North American Water and Power Alliance, a \$200 billion project to bring 160 million acre-feet of water a year from Alaska and northern Canada through canals 700 feet wide to reservoirs 500 miles long, to supplement the water supply of thirty-two states. It will...I beg your pardon. It would at least double the total flow in the two Colorado Rivers.

They will wait in Phoenix for the water to come from wherever the water will come. And if it doesn't come, if the water dances of the Udalls and Goldwaters in the halls and committee rooms of Washington come to nothing, then Phoenix and Tueson will pump from the Pleistocene aquifers until the pumps go dry: then, like the Hohokam Indians before them (some of whose ancient irrigating ditches were dug out for Phoenix use), the faithful in Phoenix will fold their developments and silently steal away.

The phoenix, remember, never did intend to live forever.

Marching Song

I think most Arizonans would agree that the Tucson area I represent is a major center of environmental concern in our state... Asked [in a poll] if they believed we could maintain both a strong economy and strong environmental laws, 88 percent said yes. —Sen. Morris Udall, March 1977

EADING SOUTH from Yuma toward Mexico, I passed the turnoff to the site of the future Yuma Desalting Plant. This will be the first major effort to do something about the international problem of saline water from the Colorado Basin to Mexico. This is getting into what you might call the "second-order problems" of the river: if you would call the Lower Colorado River the solution to a problem, then the eventual string of desalination plants along the river would be "solutions to the problems caused by solutions." And when you look into the power requirements for any of the desalination processes, it becomes obvious that the solutions to the second-order problems will eventually become problems requiring solutions in the third order...et

^{*} Recently, the Carter Administration announced that further funding for the Central Arizona Project will depend in some measure on the state's ability to come up with a workable groundwater management plan. The Administration's evolving "water policy review" is still in a more or less embryonic stage, but will eventually deserve much more than a footnote—if only to describe the battles.

cetera. What we are beginning to learn about this business of technology as a cure-all could probably be formalized into a law: technological problems increase in exact proportion to technological solutions.

All precipitation is the result of a desalination process. Water running through any land picks up a certain amount of minerals, alkalis, and salts. These are carried to the sea by rivers, and there the sun removes part of the water from the salts: that's why the rain is pure and the sea grows saltier all the time.

But the sun, in spite of its resources, doesn't work fast enough for the empire's demands. So we are going to spend \$100 million over the next several years for a border plant to take part of the salts out of 167,000 acre-feet of very saline return flow from some Gila Valley projects. That doesn't sound like a great deal of water for a \$100,000 plant, but desalination is not a very rewarding process: you pay a lot for a little. More than a fourth of that 167,000 acre-feet will be lost, too, used to carry the salts off to the sea in a concrete ditch.

This is an indication of how desperately valuable water is getting to be down in the Lower River Service Area—it is literally worth more than gold, or at any rate the paper stuff that used to be backed by gold. And an even more extreme example is our readiness to invest \$16 million in pumps to be installed at the border: their function will be to pump water out of the ground into the river channel for credit toward our Mexican obligation. The reason we have decided to install pumps is that the Mexicans installed some pumps close to their side of the border and were pumping our groundwater (water, you remember, having no concept of borders). The official term for our response is "protective pumping."

Unquestionably, the empire is experiencing dog days when the major projects along its river are in that category—Boulder Canyon to "protective pumping" can only be called a decline. And without substantial "augmentation"—which would of course only defer the problems for a generation at best—such problems are going to increase in number and complexity as use of the two rivers increases. At present, you could say the river is about 120 percent committed and 85 percent used; and the empire builders in the Upper River states will not be content until the river is 120 percent used.

The apparent success of the Lower Colorado River reclamation projects can be seen to rest almost entirely on the vast storage of water possible behind the two great canyon dams: the annual flood is contained and distributed according to a regular schedule (the river only comes when called), and there has been enough left over above demands to cover three to five bad years, maybe more.

But what is not so immediately obvious is the degree to which the actual storage in those two reservoirs has been the direct result of a "time lag" in the full development and use of the two rivers' waters. At present, the total use of Upper and Lower River water is around 12.2 million acre-feet a year (Upper River, 3.8; Lower River, 6.1; Mexico, 1.7; Lower River system losses, 0.6). By 1990, with the Central Arizona Project completed and delivering, and the coal-oil

shale-mineral development in the Upper River area booming to fill empire demands, the total use is expected to increase to around 14.2 million acre-feet in just over the long-term average annual flow.

A U.S. Geological Survey study predicted that the Upper River states would never be able to use more than 5.8 million acre-feet a year—a much-debated and disputed point—but even assuming that this is accurate, the development of mineral resources and related municipal uses in the Upper River will probably push the total use to more than 15 million acre-feet a year during the first quarter of the twenty-first century.

This means that either we had better head into a wet cycle damn soon, or we will be approaching the day when there is nothing left in Lakes Powell and Mead but a gurgle. California learned this year that all the reservoir capacity in the world is worthless if you empty it one year and not enough comes in for the next year; and it seems at this point that it is only a matter of time until the desert empire of the Lower Colorado River learns the same lesson. And even now, with the real demand substantially under the theoretical supply, the quality of the water is seriously diminished by overuse; what will this problem look like when use is 120 percent of dependable replenishment?

So, with the precedent set by California and central Arizona, it's time for the whole river to borrow some water. As the faithful tend to put it, the Colorado Rivers just don't have enough water to handle their commitments. The arrogance of such a statement is subconscious and naively "American": aside from the testimony of John Wesley Powell, there isn't much evidence in the entire history of the Anglo-American settlement of the Colorado River to indicate that anyone ever seriously considered that the Colorado might not have enough water to make seven states bloom like the Emerald Isle.

Now, if we become such slaves to good sense in the next decade as to refuse to permit any augmentation, the whole design is going to look a little sillythe Lower Colorado River will be comparable to the cathedral at Chartres, where ambition o'erleaped capability, and the money ran out with one tower undone, leaving the magnificent thing with an unfinished look, a little out of balance, looking a little funny even ... but it won't be all that funny down in the desert empire. Billion-gallon, billion-dollar aqueducts consigned to running half-empty; reservoirs with their tub rings from the early-Seventies high 200 feet above the diminishing water level; fields turning a dazzling white as the sun carries the overworked water off to the heavens, leaving behind the cruel burden of salt; desalination plants gulping great quantities of power to eke out a thin stream of marginal water . . . and the cities. Oh, the cities, not cities of the desert but the desert-negated: dry pools popping up out of the ground, the bleaching unusable deck chairs on the brown grass under the leafless orange tree, the tedious count of gallons to see whether one more shower this month will cost 4 cents or go over the limit for \$4... the pleasant climate will not be so pleasant when water can't be taken for granted: it will be a great deal like-well, like living in the desert.

The desert. I am reminded of a strange moment on the Hoover Dam tour. I've made that out to be a canned spiel, and for the most part it was; but our guide was moved to a moment of philosophy. We had walked back through tunnels into the walls of Boulder Canyon beside the dam, and were standing with our guide in a strange little glass-walled room built right on top of one of the thirty-foot-diameter penstock tubes, inside one of the fifty-foot-high diversion tunnels used to get the river out of the way for building the dam...a shadowy place, incongruous as a dream.

The guide said what he was supposed to say there—but then he began to digress, in the half-halting, half-defensive manner we affect for personal confessions in this impersonal age. He started talking about the desert, and "the bones buried in the desert," the ranchers, miners, forty-niners the desert had claimed. What was he saying? That the desert is death? And to bring water into the desert is to conquer death?

I am, as I've said, no lover of the desert; but I think I know the desert a little, and I haven't the faith of a grain of mustard seed that all the rivers of the West, or Western civilization, could overcome the salts and the silt and keep it blooming. We have diverted a whole river to run into the desert, and it isn't nearly enough. "All the rivers run into the sea," said the Preacher, "yet the sea is not full"—but I don't think we will have begun to understand the concept of emptiness until we try to run all the rivers into the desert.

It may be our ironic destiny that out in the "infinite solitude" of the vast Southwestern deserts we will learn that finitude is our lot, that there are limits we can't transcend or transgress—technology, science, and rationalized economy notwithstanding. Or then again . . . well, it is true, finally, that to back off from the game at this point would not conclusively prove

the "Faustian soul" wrong; it would only mean that we had decided to try to learn a new game, a new soul. Or, as the Faustian soul would say: we lost the faith. Went shopping for a new one.

I have to confess to a certain confusion myself, at that level. I'm fine up there on the rational facts-and-figures level: I can scrape out the mortar and show how the bureau is trying to build a cathedral with not enough stone for an outhouse. But down on the powerhouse deck at Hoover, among the laid-off generators and transformers, looking up at the Immovable so underworked by the Irresistible these days, I say in spite of myself, "What a beginning!" Shall man ever live by good sense alone? Putting the facts and figures together with the assembled parts, I sense the mixture of genius, passion, madness, and method that are the major parts of what we call art.

But the aesthetic flaw is, of course, the absence of control-this "masterwork of the human mind" has no final design, no completeness: I think it would always need just one more river. Lacking that kind of controlling design, it remains just a mixture of genius, passion, madness, and method; and feeling that, I can start to let go of part of the old will-dominant heritage. But no matter what we know about how much it will cost us to keep adding on and augmenting, we don't know what it will cost us to try to stop-what will we do with ourselves? We will probably maintain, is what we'll do, fight the silt and the salts until the whole operation implodes quietly from a big buildup of boredom; then we'll disperse, and archaeologists will ponder the mystery in the future. Babylon, Persepolis, Gomorrah, Phoenix: "Come let us build ourselves a city and a tower with its top in the heavens, and make a name for ourselves." Inevitable though I see it is, I'll miss us when we're gone sensible.

THE EFFECTS OF DROUGHT

America has long tried to compensate for nature's aquatic irregularities. Since 1900 at least twenty special Presidential and Congressional commissions have scrutinized the nation's water resources. The federal government has hammered at the hydrological cycle with nearly \$90 billion of water-development money. And that is still less than half of what state and local governments and private entrepreneurs have spent for irrigation systems, flood control, hydroelectric power plants, navigation, and recreation.

Still, the drought this year has done its damage. Portions of twenty-nine states became eligible for disaster-assistance loans from the federal government. Florida, Georgia, and Alabama have suffered agricultural losses of more than \$1 billion. California, supplier of 25 percent of the nation's food, expects to lose the same amount. Most rivers were running below normal in July—the Mississippi, Saint Lawrence, Missouri, Columbia, and Ohio Rivers 30 percent lower. "It will take two months of normal rainfall," said Maleolm Reid of the Com-

merce Department Environmental Data Service, "to alleviate the effects of the drought in the least affected areas... at least sixteen months in the worst affected."

Hundreds of farmers from southern Nebraska to the Texas Panhandle have been affected by the diminution of a once bountiful underground water source. The Ogallala aquifer irrigates 6 million acres in Texas and 6.5 million in Nebraska, and since 1930 its water table has dropped steadily. In some places heavy pumping has lowered it as much as 700 feet. Farms have been abandoned as some of the 70,000 wells around Lubbock—the area which produces 25 percent of the nation's cotton—have gone dry.

In California, where drought has been the order of the day in some areas for over two years, some 8,000 new wells have been drilled in the past year alone, sending water tables in some areas dropping at a rate of six feet a month. Los Angeles has had to double its pumping from local wells, normally the source of 17 percent of its total water supply.

At present, a full third of the continen-

tal United States is susceptible to drough and water shortages, and some experts pre dict that by the year 2000 only three of the eighteen mainland water regions—New En gland, the Ohio Basin, and the South At lantic Gulf areas—will find their water sup plies adequate. (Though "adequate" is a vague term, it might be safe to say that the wavrage resident of Phoenix, now using 16 gallons of water a day, could barely coun tenance the .8 gallon that an inhabitant of the semi-arid lands of Africa uses.)

The Water Resources Commission in it 1973 report listed some of the variables af fecting demand for water—population, energy consumption, governmental programs such as farm price supports or environmental-protection goals, technological changes personal and national income, and the price of water. Though usable supply depends ultimately on the quirks of precipitation, is seems that in the future there will be few parts of the country so blessed that humar intervention in the hydrological cycle will not leave a large mark.

MR. AND MRS. EAKINS

Two painters, one reputation

Of all the portraits made of me by artists, I like Eakins's best. It gets me there-fulfills its purpose, sets me down in correct style, without feathers, without fuss of -Walt Whitman any sort.

hen Thomas Eakins died in 1916, the world knew little of him. His work was largely ignored or neglected. In the intervening years his reputation has grown gradually more lustrous, until he now stands revealed as one of America's finest painters. In 1886, the year before he painted Walt Whitman, Eakins already had become an unwelcome figure within the genteel circle of the Philadelphia art establishment. He had been dismissed from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where for ten years he had been a prominent and influential teacher, and he could find neither commissions nor exhibitions for his paintings.

The qualities so much admired by Whitman-honesty, realism, a pursuit of visual truth in opposition to the conventions of the day-had brought Eakins little more than contempt

Thomas Eakins, c. 1920-1925, Oil. Susan Macdowell Eakins

from the fashionable critics. Many years later, in a letter to one of Eakins's biographers, the daughter of a prominent Philadelphia ironmaster explained the disappearance of a portrait of her father that Eakins had painted in 1903: it was, she said, "so unsatisfactory that we destroyed it. not wishing his descendants to think of their grandfather as resembling such a portrait." Eakins once asked a subject "if he could take all the liberty he wanted to do a fine piece of work as a work of art rather than a likeness." The subject seemed "too youthful looking," and "in fifty years nobody would know." In 1877 he painted a portrait of President Rutherford B. Haves, commissioned, for \$400, by the Union League of Philadelphia. At first refused by the league, the painting eventually was paid for, then hung, only to disappear mysteriously some time after. Too uncompromising for commissions, Eakins painted his family and friends.

His ambitious works were scorned as affronts to good taste, and his teaching was deemed abhorrent to the traditions of the academy. Rare among artists of any time in his dedication to science, Eakins emphasized in his classes anatomy, dissection, and life drawing. He was unwilling to yield to the pressure put on him to return to conventional modes of teaching: "In pursuance of my business and professional studies, I use the naked model," he wrote to a

If the break with the academy was unhappy for Eakins, the private life to which he withdrew was a congenial one. He was married to the woman he considered the foremost female artist of the century, Susan Hannah Macdowell, a former student and his loyal partisan during the prolonged controversy about nudity. The only Macdowell scholar vet to have appeared, a young historian at Yale named Susan Casteras, divides Su-

san's career into three parts: the academy years (1876-1882), which show Eakins's influence as well as a vitality and sureness of her own (see Spinning and William H. Macdowell, page 70, and Two Sisters, page 71); the marriage years (1884-1916), when she apparently painted very little or did not take what she started beyond sketches; and the years after Thomas's death (1918-1931), a period of renewed interest, intense activity, and somewhat diminished skill (see Thomas Eakins, this page, painted between 1920 and 1925, from a photograph).

He was thirty-nine when they married in 1884; she was thirty-two. They lived in the Eakins family home at 1729 Mount Vernon Street in Philadelphia, with nieces, nephews, sisters, fathers, friends, former students, and painters forming a lively procession in and out of the house. His father, a writing master, lived with them, Her father, an engraver, posed frequently for them both. There were cats, dogs, turtles, and a monkey, as well as a famous blackboard on which everyone wrote messages. They both took photographs. Susan played the piano.



Susan Macdowell Eakins From the collection of Mrs. Francis Walters





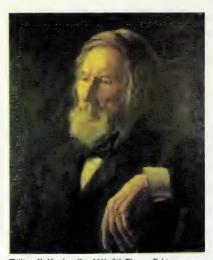
Spinning, 1879. Watercolor. Susan Macdowell Eakins

Spinning, 1881. Watercolor. Thomas Eakins

Spinning was one of the few watercolors Eakins did. The model was his sister Margaret, who died, aged twenty-eight, the following year. She was a favorite companion, who kept records of his work, and provided strong encouragement. A year after her death Eakins married Susan Macdowell. She painted Spinning while a student of Eakins's.



William H. Macdowel . 1 4 Oil. Susan Macdowell Eakins



William H. Macdowell, c. 1891. Oil. Thomas Eakins

Two portraits of Susan's latter, an engraver and strong individualist who fostered the artistic ambitions of his eight children. He was a frequent subject for both his daughter and son-in-law.

Facing page: Mary and Elizabeth Macdowell in the family parlor. Elizabeth (right) was a painter.

They went on outings to the Jersey

Throughout their marriage, Susan devoted herself to furthering Thomas's career, becoming agent, dealer, hostess, secretary, shipping clerk, ataloguer, and retriever of discarded sketches. Her canvases are not all accounted for, and it is not clear hounch she painted during her marriage. There is a record of at least ne commissioned portrait (she was paid \$75), and when Thomas went early blind, she worked on his last painting. By all accounts, Susan Mac-

dowell "had a room of her own," though the light in it was not as good as it was in his. After Thomas died, when the desire to paint welled up in her, she moved to his studio, in pursuit of the more painterly light.

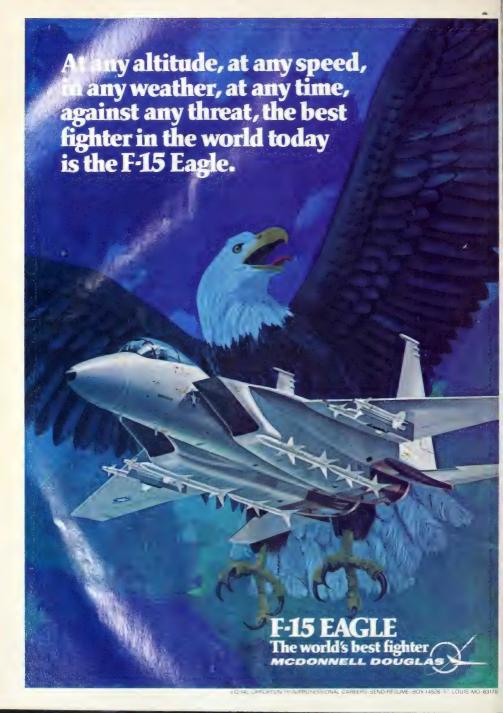
In 1936, two years before her death, Susan helped organize a Philadelphia show of Eakins and his followers; for the first time since her academy years her work was again on exhibit. After her death, her paintings were put up for sale. Shortly thereafter they reappeared on the market with their signatures mutilated—what had

said "Susan Eakins" read just "Eakins." The confusion was short-lived, but it indicates how little known her work was. In 1973 the first comprehensive exhibit of Susan's work was held at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

The paintings on these pages are from a show currently at the North Cross School in Roanoke, Virginia. The work being shown is from the private collection of Susan's family. Paintings by Susan and Thomas, as well as works by Susan's sister Elizabeth, are on display.



Two Sisters, 1879. Oil. Susan Macdowell Eakins



LOVE IS BLIND

A story by Julie Hecht

LTHOUGH I LOVE my husband, I see now that he has genes that should never be reproduced—that is, genes which must not be allowed to mingle with tine. It would do no real harm if they reprouced with someone else's and another unsighty person walked the earth with the hordes aleady here, but I could not bear to see a child f mine turning into the physical specimen I now it would become.

When I married I never thought much about enes. I wasn't interested in reproducing. I as interested in love and in laughing and I rought a person to marry could be chosen with nly that in mind. Being a young woman of ur times, even before it had been publicly delared what our times were, I had no desire to roduce a child. I thought that I might, at some me in the future, after I'd achieved great sucess in my work, but still I did not dwell on ne genes. I mean I really didn't even believe was true-genetic inheritance. I did learn all bout it in high-school biology, but I thought meant mostly things like blue eyes, brown ves, regular earlobes, or the kind that were uck flat on the side to the skin. We each had make a chart on giant oak tag demonstratig some law of genetic inheritance. I thought had a good idea for a chart of eyes, only eyes, lues and browns, and hazel, of course, but it asn't chosen as one of the best. Someone did chart of sweet peas, Mendel's Law of Sweet eas, but I never really understood what it leant. Mendel's Law of Selection.

In grade school I had a best friend who was ary short, the shortest in the class. I chose er for that reason. I spotted her the first day f kindergarten in another class. She was at

the front of the line because they lined people up in order of shortest to tallest, and I wanted to know her so badly. I was the last on our line for being the tallest, and being short seemed so wonderful. When we were put into the same first grade and this tiny girl with very short straight black hair liked me as much as I liked her, I couldn't believe my good fortune. I didn't think that if you wished for something so hard you could just get it. One day when we were in fifth grade we were walking down the school stairway together, and our two teachers were walking behind us. One said, "Just look at the difference between those two." The other one said, "Genes, my dear, genes." My little friend pinched me and giggled and said, "Genes, did you hear that, they said, 'genes'!"

"Well, so what?" I asked.

"Don't you know what genes are? They have to do with sex. They come out in the sex act. It's like a dirty word."

USED TO THINK that if a child looked like one of its parents it was just a coincidence or else a mysterious magical accident. When people saw me with my parents for the first time they would always say, "She doesn't look like either one of you," or "There's no resemblance at all." "Where did she get the blond hair?" they would sometimes ask my black-haired father and my brown-haired mother. "David was very blond as a child," my mother or my father's sister would say. I knew that didn't bode well for my future as a blond-haired person, and when I was a little girl I was glad. Since people were constantly remark-

Julie Hecht, a writer who lives in New York City, is completing a novel.

Julie Hecht LOVE IS Blankly ing with astonishment at the blondness, I thought it was something bad. There was an old Russian Jew who sat outside his apartment on Rogers Avenue in a chair in the sun, and every time I went by he would smile and say, "Oh, Blondishka! Blondishka!" I hated the way that sounded, and whenever I got a chance at the wishbone I would wish my hair would turn brown. Once my mother asked me what I was wishing for, and when I told her she laughed with surprise. "Don't you know that most little girls wish they had blond hair?" "No," I said. "Why do they wish that?" "Because blond hair is the beautiful color," she said. "Almost everybody has brown hair."

My mother was so involved with my blondness that when I was nine she started putting lemon juice in the shampoo rinse water, and when I was eleven she began to add a capful of peroxide as well. Now that I've grown into the kind of young woman who wants to be natural and look natural and leave myself alone, I am still pouring things into my hair to keep it blond. I must be blond. I owe it to everyone, including myself. I told my dark-haired older sister a few years ago that I was going to just let it grow out to drab light brown and she said in a stricken way, "Oh no, you have to keep your blond!" My sister had always hated me for having blond hair, and when we were children she tormented me by saying it was green, not blond. Medium-blond hair does have a greenish tint in some lights, but I was too young to understand that. "It's green, it's green!" she would yell, "It's really green, it's not blond!" When I saw she had grown to accept it I couldn't give it up. (The truth is that she probably likes to tell everybody that I am the kind of person who has bleached hair.)

Yes, I bleach, tweeze, pluck, or cut every hair anywhere visible on my face or body if it is not blond. And that's because there are some terrible, coarse black-haired genes in my body. One of my father's sisters has blue-white skin and thick, wiry, black hair, and when I was little I noticed that she had millions of tiny black bristles growing out of her legs. Never did I identify my fair blond self with this creature who was my aunt, but in my twenties some dreaded black-haired gene made itself apparent and has been fighting to become the victor in battle with the blond ones.

My white-blond hair is gone now, and so is all my fatness that I came with as an infant. At nine pounds and eight ounces I weighed more than any baby we had all known. It was often mentioned and I thought it was supposed to be something good—I mean people were always impressed and said, "Oh, my God," or "Wow!" and could never outdo the weight with

any they knew. One day my sister told me she had read about a baby who weighed ten-and-ahalf pounds. I felt sick and disappointed. I real ly thought I was the biggest baby ever born When my sister saw how I felt she took a kindly turn and said, "But I saw its picture and you wouldn't have wanted to look like that. It was just covered with rolls of fat hanging ev erywhere. It was really ugly, just flab and fat not even like skin." I could picture the baby and I felt better because not only was I the biggest baby but I was also the best looking All my mother's neighbors who liked to say their own baby was the most beautiful freely admitted that I was. One told me, "Barry was so beautiful when he was born, no wrinkles, no red squashy face, he was the most beautifu baby I have ever seen, with one exception. You were more beautiful."

It's been hard for me to come out of that babyhood into what I am now. I mean my eyes aren't even blue anymore. Thank Got they're not brown, but what can I do, they're green, green with yellow around the pupil, no even true clear green. As far as I'm concerned all eyes must be blue. I guess I'm a little lik Hitler in that respect. "Why don't we have blue eyes?" I asked my mother. "I guess be cause my father's eyes were brown. Why what color do you have?" she asked. Imagine my own mother doesn't even know what colo eyes her kids have. I guess she was trying to express hostility by showing me that.

ELL, OF COURSE I am married to a blue-eyed man. And all the men I have really loved have had blue eyes, including John F. Ken nedy. One bad thing about Jacqueline Kenned is her brown eyes. But she can get away with it; if she couldn't I'm sure she'd have then changed-I mean, if she could. I admit I have had one or two brown-eyed boyfriends, but never really loved them. And I was constantly disappointed by their eyes. The one I am think ing of now looked like a dog, a hideous dog a monstrous ugly animal. His eyes were no simply brown, they were black. There was hardly any difference in color between the iri and the pupil. Sometimes when I noticed thi I wanted to scream. A girl in my college dormitory came up to me and said, "Are you go ing out with Arnold Milton?" and when said yes, she said sincerely, "He's the uglies person I've ever seen." I was shocked becaus she was not a mean person and had a boyfrien of her own, but I knew it was just the plain obvious truth that drove her to say it. I mean one's spontaneous feeling at seeing him wa

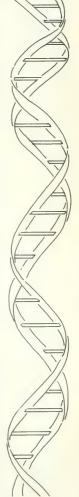


'Ugh." He wrote a story which was published n the school magazine, and it was a rather lisgusting story about a repulsive man and ome very nauseating things the man did. ater on, a boy I knew said to me, "How could ou go with someone as ugly as Arnold Milon? When he wrote that story I thought they hould have published his picture right next o it." I had to say, "I know what you mean." Before I married my husband, I was in love ith a boy who was considered to be handsome nd beautiful, though he was not my preferred vpe. His hair was curly, and he fought his atred of it. Although he knew curls interered with his ideal of perfect looks, he didn't ke to dwell on his own good looks. He anted to be rough and tough and manly, and is eyes twitched and blinked when he was onfronted with the question of his handsomeess. Yet this sparkling blue-eyed, fair-skinned, osy-cheeked, tall, lean, muscular fellow had a ather who was a little, ugly, fat, bald Jewish ian. Still, I never associated the two genetially. (His mother was already dead, but he laimed she had not been a beauty.) Both of is brothers looked like their father, but I ist assumed he was separate from them, and is child would look just like him. Not that I as at all interested in having his child, but e was eager for one himself so I got a chance imagine its face pretty often. I could never sarry a man named Greenstein. Even though keep my own name. I'm always being called Irs. my husband's name or even Miss or Ms. ty husband's name by people who just cannot asp the concept. Last year a seventy-eightear-old doctor of national fame said to me, "If ou are married, how can that possibly be?" 'hat could I say? Why hasn't he heard? He sked my occupation, and I said, "Actress." Tould he have called Uta Hagen Mrs. Bergof? He was angry that day because doctors ere sending him women to examine who had erfectly normal breasts. "Including you, I ave seen four women this morning who have othing wrong with their breasts. Doctors don't now what they're doing. They don't know hat a normal breast is because they've never en taught. Never let a gynecologist examine our breasts," he said. "They don't even know ow." I do know he believes in breast-feeding, nd I wanted to tell him that I agreed with im and would do it if I ever had a child, but was probably disgusted that I was nearly tirty years old and hadn't had one yet. I was raid he'd ask me why, and then I'd menon my career, and he'd scowl at that, and I that would be left would be for me to ty that I couldn't bear to reproduce my husind's genes.

HEN I FIRST laid eyes on my husband I knew he wasn't for me. He was six feet tall, but he didn't seem to be. In any case I require a height of six feet and two inches. He seemed shorter because his arms were not long enough, and his hands were just plain small. My hands are bigger than his, and my fingers are much longer, even though I am only five foot eight. Although he had a long waist and torso, his legs were too short and his head was too close to his body. He was kind of hunched over, partly from bad posture but mostly from leaning forward toward his hand that held a cigarette. I hate cigarette smoking almost more than anything, and when I meet a person who smokes I hate the person immediately. Why did I bother with him is something I have to ask myself. I guess because he smoked with fear instead of pleasure or desire. He smoked out of desperation and nervousness even though he was dressed in just the right Ivy League clothes. Sloppy and old, as if he didn't even know he got them all at Brooks Brothers. I suppose I was nervous too. I was probably so nervous I didn't take it in that he was smok-

Oddly enough, it was my husband's mother and father who got me to realize the importance of genetic inheritance. They were both so concerned that any of their children should marry a person genetically inferior. When they first began to speak of this problem I just figured they were both slightly nuts. What I didn't see at the time were their own incredibly lousy genes. I mean, when I first viewed my husband's mother I could see that her nose had been worked over by a plastic surgeon, but I didn't trouble to wonder what nose it had been before. The sides above the nostrils were obviously chiseled away and thinned out, then pinched hard together and twisted too much to one side before the nose could set, so that it set crooked, and then a point was made at the tip with a small line in the middle to make it more realistic. My husband denied that his mother had had this surgery, and I believed him because he's such an honest person. Then I saw his sister, and I noticed that the space from the top of her lip to the bottom of her nose was a large space and also kind of fat and puffy-looking, too large and fat for the average-size nose sitting above it. After that, I realized that the nostrils were thicker and larger than the top of the nose. In other words, things were all out of proportion up there. My husband freely admitted to that surgery because it took place when he was in high school. whereas his mother's had occurred before he was born. In any case, now we have no way of

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knowing what fat nose is floating around in his genes. "What was your nose like, Mom?" he asked, "Like mine?" "Umm, yes," she said, but I could tell by the way her voice went up when she said, "Umm," that she was lying. She would have liked for it to have been like his, but it was obviously worse. I'm not going to mix up my long, thin, pointy nose with their coarse genes. It's out of the question.

My husband weighs only about ten pounds more than he should, but two of those pounds are on his face in the form of fat puffy jowls and a double chin. Usually a person with a face like that is at least thirty pounds overweight. I can't understand it. "Heredity," his father has said. "It's those Andrews jowls." Then he laughs in a mean way. He doesn't like his wife's foul genes any better than I do, and he says it right in front of her. I love when this happens. It makes her feel really bad because she is always going around criticizing genes, and she has the worst ones. Ha! Once, when he looked at my husband's sickly pallor, he said, "The sallow Andrews skin." He shook his head and smiled when he said it too. When I first saw my husband's mother I thought she was rather pretty and that her sallow, flabby jowls were a result of bad living habits, overeating, a high-fat diet, lack of exercise, and late middle age. Then I began to realize that her son's face was a younger version of the same shape and texture. Dear God, how could I have fallen in love with a man who had a double chin? I hate fat so much, an ounce of soft fat is a despicable thing to me, especially on the face, where it must be viewed constantly, in its soft yellow greenness. Since I dislike this flab so much on my husband's mother and I love my husband so much, one day when I was looking at his chins and jowls from profile I said to myself, "This is the same exact thing she has, this is her, her face is his, his face is hers, is it so bad?" Very quickly I felt a tremendous fierce urge to punch him in the face. A hard savage blow to destroy the whole area. Last night he looked so sad I leaned over and gave him a kiss on his soft cheek, and before I knew it I was taking a bite out of it. He thought it was a bite of passion, when in fact I wanted to tear it off with my teeth.

The problem of lower facial structure is compounded by lack of any neck at all. I used to think he had a thick muscular neck, but it took me six years to see that it was one inch long. One day I went over and looked at his shirt collar. I found I couldn't get a fingertip inside. It was tight as could be, with his thick neck jammed into it and his chin and jowls squeezed up and hanging down over his tie knot.

"Isn't that uncomfortable?" I asked him.

"I thought that's how they were supposed to be," he said.

As soon as possible, I confronted his mother with the fatness of her son's neck. It was done with subtlety, but the results were very grand. She was sick about it. Apparently she's always known the facts but has simply lied to herself about the entire situation, the way she does with anything about her family she doesn't like. "But his father wears a fifteen," she said in a high shaky voice.

"I have a thinner neck," said his father.

"He's almost exactly Murray's size."
"He's shorter and stockier," I said.

"The Andrews thick neck," Murray said with a smirk.

"He takes after the Ogdens more than the Andrews," insisted Pearl.

"He looks just like you," I said to her. This is something she can't bear to admit. A friend of mine told me that at our wedding she said to Pearl, "Your son looks just like you," and Pearl said, "Oh, no, you'll see when you meet his father that he looks much more like him." This is the kind of statement an insane person makes, like "I'm George Washington, not Mary Blake." For in her heart my husband's mother knows she is a very bad thing in many ways, and she tried to marry and cancel herself out, but it didn't work, those strong bad genes fought their way through. Being short and stout, she married someone tall and thin, but her bad short genes kept her son down.

Before we were married, I had heard from everyone how good-looking my husband's father was, but I didn't pay much attention because I haven't found people's fathers attractive since I was a child. Older men are of no interest to me whatsoever. If anything, I like teen-age boys, but that's nothing bad, because I began liking them when I was a teen-ager, so it's just a natural thing. I certainly was surprised when I met him. He was my most admired type, tall and thin with very long, narrow legs. He didn't have all his hair, and what he had was white, so I couldn't feel personally attracted to him, but I knew he was a very handsome man. He looks a lot like Gary Coop er, but not that really great as the young Gary Cooper, and he also looks something like Cary Grant when Cary Grant had his original longer nose before his car accident. Anyway, I was so stunned by his good looks that when my husband's mother said, "Well, what did you think of Harley's father?" I simply said, "He's so good-looking!" I guess I said it with a lo of honest enthusiasm too.

She was pleased about that, but she had to say, "Like father, like son," to which I said nothing in reply. Well, we weren't eye to eye at the moment. I was busy wrapping a package and she was looking at me sidewards.

"W-e-e-e-l, don't you think Harley is gor-

reous-looking too?" she persisted.

First of all, that adjective to describe the ooks of a person, especially a male person, annot be tolerated. Those who use it are of a common type. They know who they are, I know who they are. All I could say was, "He looks completely different from his father."

HERE ARE PICTURES of Pearl at our wedding in which her body resembles that of a pigeon. She was miserable on that day and didn't try to conceal er feelings, but that didn't have much to do with it. It's just that because she has no neck, er face seems to come straight out of her hest, and in constantly trying to look less hort she is always turning her face upward, o it appears to be connected to her body only y a hinge, nothing more. From there down, he problem is complicated by her shape, thich is much like those little wooden egghaped Russian peasant dolls, the ones that ome in eight graduated sizes, each fitting into he next, so that before you pick it up you hink there's just one, not seven more inside. In Pearl, there's the large bosom which goes nto the bloated middle, all in one curve beore tapering off into the straight legs and nick ankles.

"He probably does have a sixteen neck," aid Murray. "He 'has my torso from the houlders down. He has the long-waisted torso do the small buttocks and narrow hips, but e's got those short, muscular thighs from his tother's side, his legs are shorter and more uscular than mine, and his arms are shorter dt hicker too." He demonstrated with his and on his own body as he spoke, much the 'ay Julia Child does when she shows on her wn body which part of the cow is which cut f meat. I was a vegetarian long before I saw er do that.

Pearl was unhappy with Murray's depiction f her son's physical attributes, partly because f the unfortunate facts of her son's body, and artly because she was responsible for all the ad ones. Oh, I loved the scene. When Murray aw my husband in his bathing trunks one ammer, he said with a twisted smile, "Those att Andrews thighs." All along I had thought they were just muscular. After we were living ogether I saw him naked a lot, and from the ack I realized that each huge thigh was almost twice the size of the small buttock above. Better than the other way around, no doubt, ut, still, it is a freakish sight.

His poor sister has the long Ogden thighs and the thick Andrews calves and ankles, but she takes it lightly. "Someone told me that if this part of my ankle were cut away, I would have good legs," she showed me, pointing to the whole back section of her ankle, a thick stump. "And the calf too," I added. I'm surely not going to mix around with my husband's family's legs. They're peasants, I guess—his mother, anyway. They look like wooden legs made just to serve a purpose without a thought to aesthetics at all.

My husband's feet are so wide that it's a real chore to put his socks on. Sometimes when I'm begging him to go out and he's watching some sports event on TV he says, "Okay, get my socks and shoes and put them on me." The time I took him up on it I found the spread of his toes so gigantic and almost ten times the size of the sock top where the foot enters first. I opened the sock up and started slipping it on, but I saw right away that a different method would be necessary. The sock has to be pulled open forcefully with both hands, then very gradually inched down bit by bit until the toes get into the foot part of the sock. The whole way through the ankle part and through the heel is a struggle. When I said, "Your feet are so wide, how do you get socks on them?" he smiled and spread his toes out even wider. It was an unbelievable sight. Then he grabbed the sock from me and pulled it on himself. To his credit I will say that the skin is very soft and satiny, and when I put my foot on his under the blankets it doesn't even feel like a foot. I mean I can really get my foot onto the whole thing, like a skateboard.

Yes, they do have soft skin, even though it's soft sallow skin. I always think it's from eating so much butter and lots of rich fatty food, especially animal fats. Surely they've heard how bad that is, but they stubbornly disregard the evidence. In the days when I was still willing to cook meat for him, as if he were some wild beast who required it from his jungle habitat, I carefully cut all the fat off his lamb chops. One night it was in a neat pile on the plate, and he grabbed it and ate it up. A person who eats fat-well, what is such a person? The next man I marry will eat no fat, Instinctively I know fat is inedible. Even as a child, when I was bribed to eat lamb-chop meat without knowing it was from a little lamb, every bit of fat had to be removed. My family has always found this amusing, except for my father, who agrees with me and tried to forbid the eating of even chicken skin at our table, although my piggish mother persevered. "Here, crispy skin," she would offer my sister-and didn't I just read some restaurant reviewer's acclaim

"When I first laid eyes on my husband I knew he wasn't for me. He was six feet tall, but he didn't seem to be."



Julie Hecht LOVE IS BLIND of an entire dish of "crisp duck skin" in a Chinese restaurant? Oh, yes, it's a mad piggy world, and people love to eat pigs best of all. You could never get them to tell you just why the Jews won't eat pigs. Some tried to claim it was because pigs are dirty, meaning that they roll around in mud and eat garbage. The truth is that they eat sewage. I read an article about some place in South America where the country people wouldn't eat pork because they had pigs around and knew what they were like, but the city people loved pork because they never saw how pigs lived. When I read that I understood the secret. I guess it's something that people just can't face saving.

My husband and his mother and sisters all eat pork and pork fat and chicken and chicken fat and beef and beef fat and any animal and its fat they can get hold of. They're all four puffed up and out with the fat of animals, and their skin has a soft, fatty glow and slippery soft touch. Sun does not harm this skin. They use no lotions but get browner and browner like those turkeys that come with extra oil and fat shot under their skin-self-basting, they call them. My relations must all stay in the shade. Our skin is white and thin, except for my mother, who has a lot of what she calls "ruddiness." She claims to have had a perfect English complexion as a young woman even though she's of Russian descent. Although my sister and I never had bad skin it wasn't exquisite, and my mother used to look at us and say, "What's wrong with you girls? I had the most beautiful bloom of youth at your age." I don't know why she ruined it with years on the beach then. She told me that once she and a friend got so dark they were refused entry at a hotel that barred Negroes. I've tried to be careful but just from being outside in the summers my skin is covered with tiny crack marks everywhere. There's just not enough fat in it to keep it from cracking in the sun. Each summer I see our family's skin getting drier and more shriveled while my husband's gets juicier and juicier. When my mother sees him after our summer vacation she says, "You got Indian in your blood or somethin"?" If she's feeling less restrained she'll say, "You must got nigger blood in vou."

Since I began dwelling on my husband's family genes I've begun to consider having someone else's baby. I know that these things happen on soap operas, but they're always accidents. I was trying to imagine one in which the character planned something like what I'm considering for the same reasons. I guess it's too sick to be on TV. Too realistic also. Characters often detest their in-laws on these programs, but they never think about their hus-

band or baby being from the same stock. I guess it's too horrible to face. They struggle around for years to find the right person to love who loves them back, and then they discover the mother is a beast. These characters all love their lovers so much and so hard that they're always looking at one another intensely and falling into an embrace. That's where I wouldn't fit in, because when I love my husband a lot I look hard at him and see his mother. I can't get it off my mind. When I hug him I want to punch his short arms. I want to pinch his double chins. I want to stretch his fat neck. If only they had reached the stage of scientific development, which is right around the corner, where they destroy the bad genes before fertilization takes place. I would take a long needle and just pierce them right out of existence in the laboratory.

If don't know whom to use to father my child or whether to tell my husband before or after, or at all. He must be told. A sweet, honest person should not be tricked, and, after all, he knows that I despise his genes. It shouldn't come as too much of a surprise to him. But when I do broach the subject he seems to think it's just my way of being mean. Maybe it's the kind of thought a normal person keeps to herself and then has a child she'll dislike forever, quietly muttering, "your father's side, your grandmother's fault," or "your father's relatives." Why. I've heard my own mother go on this way all my life and I think my way of handling the problem is far superior.

Fortunately, I've never become pregnant. I'm a diligent user of birth control, several methods at a time. If I'm ever tempted to use only one kind, even if it's the twenty-seventh day of the month, I picture my husband's mother, millions of tiny cells and chromosomes, all hers sallow, flaccid, thick, soft, short, squat, careless, foolish, pretentious-just waiting to mix up and defile my own excellent egg, and I quickly give up the notion. I don't even like my husband's sperm. It's much thicker than others'-or the one other's I have known. Honestly, it makes me sick to see it, and I think it's like that because of all that fat stuff in his mother's genes. I guess that's unsound scientifically. I'm sorry I feel this way and I think it's beginning to interfere with our relationship, but I don't know what I can do. If only I could get a chance to go to bed with my last boyfriend, the one with those rosy cheeks, I could refresh my memory as to what sperm should be like. But I'm afraid I've reached the point where I hate all sperm and want nothing to do with it. I've grown to understand that it's not just part of the fun. There's really something in it.

HARPER'S OCTOBER 1977

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe



Out of the Closet and into Your Dining Room.

"What do you mean, 'He asked if he could bring a date'?"

"Never mind that. Who do I put next to what at the table?"

THE AZTEC TREASURE HOUSE

Our passions are never accidental by Evan Connell

EAR THE END of the nineteenth century, a certain William Niven is known through the Middle Balsas River region of Mexico, not far from the Pacific coast; and a diary he kept, dated 1896, now belongs to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. But more interesting than the diary is a baked-clay figure somewhat less than six inches tall which Niven claimed to have bought in the vicinity of Zumpango del Río and which, in 1903, he sold to the Peabody Museum of Harvard. This figure represents a seated personage-possibly a man, although it's hard to tell -wearing a skirt and a cape. At that time the

artifact did not get much attention.
Seventy years later a few stone and ceramic items with similar characteristics, reputedly from the same area, were shown to an expert on pre-Columbian art, Carlo Gay, who concluded that they belonged to the Olmec tradition and that quite probably they were older than any previously known Olmec objects.

figure did not seem to be related to any other

ceramics discovered in the area, or to any-

thing found anyplace else in Mexico. Because

of this, or in spite of it, Mr. Niven's irregular

Now, it should be explained that these people, whatever they may have called themselves, who have been labeled Olmecs—a term derived from the Aztec word olméca, meaning "those from the land of rubber." from the south-

ern Gulf Coast, where chico zapote trees provide the material for chewing gum—these Olmec people created the first high civilization of Mexico, dating so far back that the sixteenth-century Mayans encountered by Cortes seem almost as close to us in time as the Vietnam war. The Mayans, as just about everybody knows, developed one of the most sophisticated societies of the New World: they were accomplished architects, they studied the

motions of the planets, they knew how to communicate ideas through picture-writing, their calendar was quite accurate, and so forth. But what is not commonly known is that the Mayans inherited much of their culture from the Olmecs.

And what is utterly unknown at present, even to professional anthropologists, is where these people came from; because the great Olmec centers of La Venta, San Lorenzo, Cerro de las Mesas, and Tres Zapotes, where the huge helmeted basalt heads were discovered, and the jade carvings, and the famous "wrestler" or "pelota player" which is now in the Mexico City museum-not one of these centers shows any sign of evolution. It is as though the Olmec culture arrived completely formed in the land of the chewing-gum tree, as though it had been magically transported from another country. Indeed, there is speculation that it may have originated in the Orient and that these people crossed the Pa-

Evan Connell is the author of The Connoisseur and Double Honeymoon. This article has been adapted from his forthcoming book, El Dorado and Other Pursuits. ific several thousand years ago. There are

The early Chinese, for example, painted heir funerary jades red; so did some early Aexicans. Both observed the custom of placing small object, frequently a jade bead, in the bouth of the corpse. Parcheesi, which origiated in Asia, is almost identical to the Mexian game of patolli. Tripod bowls unearthed at leotihuacán, near Mexico City, although made of clay, can hardly be distinguished stylistially from ancient Chinese bronze vessels. The otus motif, occurring throughout Asia and ndochina, was used by the Mayans; furthernore, in both Asia and America the underround rootlike stem of the lotus, the rhizome, ormed the basic element of this motif. The olador game, in which a man at the end of long rope goes flying around a pole—this nad spectacle occurs on both sides of the Paific. Then there are very similar conceptions of hell and the punishments that await us. Alresco mural painting. Lacquer. Identical muical instruments. Pineapple-shaped mace leads. The list of similarities goes on. How nuch can be attributed to coincidence?

Still, there are persuasive arguments against his theory, which is why the matter has not

et been decided.

As for myself, I once saw a Mexican woman who, if she had lived centuries earlier, might ave been the model for one of those gigantic asalt Olmec heads. She must have been a decendant of those people—she could not have een anything else—and there was absolutely tothing Chinese about her. She looked exactly tike what she was, a Mexican Indian woman of Jalapa. So, as far as I am concerned, that woman by herself refutes the theory of Asiatic nigrants disembarking on the Pacific coast of Mexico. Only now and then, usually while tomparing ancient pottery or jade carvings, lo I have doubts.

OST AUTHORITIES, I am pleased to say, agree with me. That is, although they do not yet know where the Olmecs originated they reject he idea of a Pacific crossing. They suspect hat the culture developed in one of two places, either in the swampy miasmic Gulf Coast, where it flourished and degenerated and ultimately disappeared, or 500 miles west, among the ravines of Oaxaca and on the rocky Guerrero slopes.

Carlo Gay, accompanied by the curator of primitive art at Princeton, visited Xochipala n 1970. They went back twice the following 'ear. As a result of their investigation it be-

came known that several burial sites near the village had yielded a variety of stone and clay vessels and figurines which undoubtedly belong to the Olmec formative period. Ritual implements. Incised bowls. A frog. Ceramic rodents. The head of a serpent. A pyrite mirror. Earspools and other ornamental accessories. And, of course, representations of people. So far the Xochipala graves have given up more than 100 small baked-clay figures of men, women, and children.

Tentatively, because these statuettes are unique and therefore disputable, they have been classified as Early, Middle, and Late Xochipala. The stylistic sequence moves from vivid naturalization to rigid formalism—a record of the course of their civilization. Of theirs, to be sure, just as it is a record of all civilizations.

The piece brought back by William Niven, the first example of Xochipala Olmec art to be identified, belongs to the earliest periodwhich probably is coincidence. At any event it reveals most of the characteristics: an assured, portrait-like quality, perfect body rhythm, acute comprehension of anatomy, and a delicate heavy fleshiness which has not been vulgarized by exaggeration. The eyeballs are fully modeled, the pupils picked out. The hair has been parted in the center and carried over the ears. The hands and feet are finely worked. There can be no doubt that this was a person, not a god or goddess whose function and power we will never understand, not a symbol of humanity but a representative of it who lived in the area at that time, who sat cross-legged in the shade of a tree or in some thatchedroof hut while one of his neighbors manipulated the dark clay with a little stick, paused to stare, and tried again and then again in order to get the mouth just right, and the thrust of the nose, and the contour of the cheek, all for the sake of true expression.

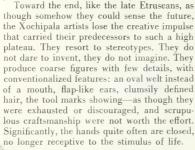
Gradually, because the transition was not abrupt, nor even marked-indeed, a "transition" exists merely because we say it does-Early gave way to Middle. Less attention is paid to anatomy. Symbolism begins to replace naturalism. The naked or almost-naked people of a previous century now are fashionably clothed in ankle-length garments adorned with leaves; they wear kilts, necklaces, and meaningful discs, and sometimes a ritualistic uniform consisting of boots, loincloth, and helmet, which anthropologists think may have been the prescribed outfit for ballplayers. Then there are dancers, and grotesque two-faced people who must have been senators, and a variety of others. But none are individuals; they appear to be only the embodiment of a

"There is speculation that the Olmec culture may have originated in the Orient and that these people crossed the Pacific several thousand years ago."



Female Figure Wearing a Skirt and Cape Middle Xochipala Period

Drawings by Frances Pratt from the book Ceramic Figures of Ancient Mexico, by Carlo Gay, to be published by Akademische Druck—u. Verlagsanstalt. Evan Connell
THE A''
TREASURE
HOUSE



particular condition or activity.

NE OF THESE Xochipala figurines, an early one, the careful portrait of an adolescent who looks rather Slavic, with a sensual mouth and meticulously combed hair ending in a queue, wearing a simple necklace and a loincloth, sits on top of my bookcase. Whether the figure is male or female, I don't know. At times the Olmecs ignored sexual features. Considered objectively—considering the resolute, authoritative pose—this calm determined personage suggests masculinity and therefore should be referred to as "he." But out of my own predilection, and because the model just might have been a girl, I think of it as female.

She has been atop my bookcase for three or four years, seated cross-legged in a dignified Olmec pose, her solid little hands balanced on her plump knees and her fine Tartar head slightly lifted, almost in the lotus position—reminding me once again that in spite of all objections there is something pervasively Oriental about the Olmecs. I look at her every now and then.

Once upon a time her hair must have been orange; the elaborate clay coiffure has a definite tint, and through a magnifying glass the color becomes obvious. Her body, too, could have been painted. I suspect it was. There seems to be a faint bluish-white residue. Her right foot is missing, along with both thumbs and several fingertips. Her lower lip has been hipped, and her torso is afflicted with microscopic growths, stains, spidery cracks, and scratches. Then there are the calcium deposits, which Carlo Gay describes as typical of prehistoric ceramic sculpture found in this part of Guerrero. The figure must have been underground quite a while, judging by the condition of the surface, the calcium, and the root traces traveling like uncertain white worm trails in all directions.

Roots, if they are large enough, given time

enough, will crush whatever they grasp which partly explains why most of the old marble statues are damaged. They can split rocks and pry temples apart, so what they can do to a clay bowl or a figure is easy to imagine.

A carpet of tiny root traces enfolds the face and body and arms and legs of my Xochipala. Some of the roots left marks as thick as a string, which might not sound threatening, but the dealer from whom I bought the figure told me he was surprised that it had not been completely destroyed. Even so, the head and limbs were broken off. Now everything has been glued together in the original position; and all that's missing, except for a few flakes and chips, are the parts mentioned -thumbs, fingertips, and the right foot. Thumbs and fingertips would be easy to overlook but I'm puzzled about the foot. How could it have been overlooked when the fragments were collected?

Anyway, that's how she appears these days, with her coppery orange hair and absent foot—an undeniable presence with her slim, breastless torso, on which two clearly raised little nipples cast tiny shadows, and her halfopen hands resting on extraordinarily full thighs, sensuously round and thick, and her head just perceptibly lifted as though something or somebody, possibly myself, might be obstructing the view. She hasn't moved for quite a while, unless you count the infinitely slow dislocation caused by roots.

She must have been buried for at least a century, maybe two, when Queen Nefertiti was born. She had been buried more than 1,000 years when Pericles ruled Athens. She was seated majestically in the rocky Guerrero soil, perhaps still upright, for more than 2,000 years when Charlemagne crossed the Pyrenees. Grasped by the tendrils of shrubs and trees that sprouted and grew and ultimately died and decayed and vanished, leaving no proof of their existence except lime-white squiggles on the dark burnt clay, she had been there another seven centuries when Cortés led his clanking, sweating, glittering horsemen over the causeway into the shrill feathered pageantry of Tenochtitlán. And it is for this reason, I think, that whenever I pause at the bookcase to study her for a few moments I never say anything.

DESCRIBED THIS little Xochipala figure to a sculptor. I mentioned the clay pellets that make up the necklace, I talked about the precise treatment of the eyes, the subtly raised brows, and the delineation of the coiffure. I thought he would be im-



Adolescent Early Xochipala Period



emale Figure with Frog Mask Early to Middle Xochipala Period

pressed by such a passion for detail and would want to look at the figure, but he seemed unnerested. He was not eager to come look at t because exactitude is out of style—except se department-store art for the bourgeoisie. But I insisted, so he did, and was promptly educed.

He marveled at things I had not even noiced. The breadth of the shoulders, for intance. He said she was like those Asiationdian dancers and courtesans on the twelfthentury temples of Khajuraho, men and womnobth, with unnaturally wide shoulders and inarrow tubular body, conceived by the arist with such harmony that one easily acepts their impossible proportions.

As for the detail, the striations of the hair nd so on—having seen the figure for himself, ee no longer objected. After all, what maters is not an artist's technique but his vision.

ers is not an artist's technique but his vision.

A neighborhood housewife also looked at
he Xochipala figure. She asked what I had
named it. Ramona? Jennifer? Gladys?

Then she asked why I had bought it.

Now, in order to understand this curious ruestion it should be pointed out that I have few Greek terra-cottas-Tanagras, so called or the site where these graceful, dainty prehristian statuettes were first discoveredout the woman who asked why I bought the (ochipala has never asked why I bought the lanagras. The explanation is that, while Olnec art is unfamiliar, Tanagra statuary beongs to our Greco-Roman artistic heritage. We have seen Greek art as long as we can emember; museums are filled with it, and he history books we read in school had picures of Greek and Roman masterpieces. So, ny neighbor reasoned, it would make sense o buy a Tanagra, but why would anyone want prehistoric Mexican statue?

If, on the other hand, we knew nothing bout Greek art but were perfectly familiar vith Olmec concepts, then of course she would lave asked why I bought the Tanagras. That s to say, how we react to something may depend less on what we perceive than on what ve know, or think we know. Arthur Koestler ells a classic story about this. He saw a Picasso drawing in the home of a friend named Brenda. The drawing was a birthday present, und Brenda assumed it was a print, so she nung it beside the staircase. The next time Coestler visited her home he saw the Picasso prominently displayed above the mantel. Brenda had learned that it was not a print out an original.

Still, the longer I thought about my neighbor's question the more I wondered why I and in fact bought the Olmec. That it was

supremely successful as a work of art I had no doubt—which should be reason enough. But in addition to this Olmec piece I had bought quite a few other examples of ancient Mexican pottery: Jalisco, Michoacán, Colima, Maya, Chupícuaro, Nayarit, and so forth. Now this may not be as strange as collecting old dog collars or potato mashers or eighteenth-century epaulettes. Nevertheless, I could see why people might regard it as peculiar.

Well then, why had I been acquiring such things? The Tanagras were explicable. But why these Mexican artifacts?

Unfamiliarity with an artistic tradition could not be the answer; if that were the case, I might just as easily have picked up Eskimo or Tibetan antiquities. I must have had a reason to collect the work of these long-gone Mexican Indians—because our passions are never accidental. We do not by chance marry somebody with a particular way of walking or a certain kind of nose, or decide to specialize in epaulettes.

For example, the scholar Henry Hart spent years researching and writing about fifteenth-century Portuguese explorers. It might not occur to us to ask why; after all, scholars do that sort of thing. But there was a reason. There always is. When Hart was a boy somebody gave him a book about those audacious men who opened up the world—among them da Gama. "I remember," he says, "the picture of the ghost of Vasco da Gama fleeing in full armor through the air, pursued by his victims in full cry for vengeance—scantily clad men without hands, without arms, with gaping wounds and torture-stricken features, seeking to grasp and punish their mortal enemy.

"Still vivid are the gaudy double-page lithographs of his destruction of the Arab ship, his appearance before the lord of Calicut, and all the other startling

pictures illustrating his career." Years after that book vanished-"in some unknown manner long ago in those far-off childhood days"-Hart found another copy of it. "Alas," he remarks, "the disillusionment! Its pages are a crowded procession of inaccuracies and misstatements. Those beloved illustrations were stock cuts brought together from various sources and used in the subscription volume. Dom Vasco, discussing the chart of his projected voyage with Dom Manuel, is shown as a wild-eyed old man with a white spade beard. A few pages further on he is depicted as an Elizabethan gallant with an imperial beard, receiving the envoy of the king of Calicut; and in truth he was hardly thirty when he set out on his memorable voyage.

"She must have been buried for at least a century, maybe two, when Queen Nefertiti was born. She had been buried more than 1,000 years when Pericles ruled Athens."



Dancer Early to Middle Xochipala Period

Evan Connell
THE AZTEC
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"But, though wiser and sadder for this seeing of the book after more than half a century, nonetheless I cherish it, for it first fired my imagination and interest in history and travel; and though I have visited and sojourned in many of the scenes in its pages, none of what my eyes have beheld in the flesh is as thrilling as those which I visited on its magic carpet, which annihilated time and space, and gilded all with the aura of the golden age of childhood."

ND NOW, ALAS, after almost as many years, I have had that same experience. In a San Francisco flea market I came across a book with a brilliant tangerine binding. I doubt if there ever has been another book bound in that singular color because I recognized it immediately and from a distance, long before I could make out the title. It was The Aztec Treasure House, an adventure novel for boys by Thomas Janvier. I recognized it because I had checked it out of the high-school library at least four times.

In those days I was a heavy reader of Albert Payson Terhune's dog stories, and I could not get enough of Will James's noble horse Smoky galloping across the western landscape. And I had gone through most of the Hardy boys thrillers despite the obvious ineptitude of their detective father, Fenton Hardy, who, so it seemed, had usually to be rescued by his teen-age sons. And I had read some Tom Swift. And there was a series about somebody who went to Yale. And, of course, The Call of the Wild. But as far as I was concerned, The Aztec Treasure House beat them all. I do not specifically remember telling my friends it was the best book in the world, but probably I said so. I do know that I recommended it. I was so impressed, in fact, that I memorized the name of the author.

And now after all these years here it was the same edition—on a card table in a flea market.

After staring at the book for a while as though it were alive and conscious of me, perhaps the very copy I used to read—at last I picked it up and opened it, and saw penciled on the flyleaf the word scarce, followed by the original price, \$4, subsequently crossed out and reduced to \$1.49.

My first thought was to buy it. Then I thought, no, I don't want to read it again, it's a boys' book. Besides, there are plenty of things I should read and haven't, and probably won't; it would be silly to waste two or three hours going through this again. It belongs to the past.

Then I thought, well, if I don't buy it I'll never see it again.

So now I have the book, and, just as I suspected, I can't read it. The story is told in the first person by a young American archaeologist called Don Tomas by his fellow adventurers, these being a Franciscan monk, two Otomi Indians, a member of some gringo "engineering corps," two soldiers of fortune, and a barefoot Mexican boy named, inevitably, Pablo.

Don Tomas, by a great stroke of luck, comes upon a mortally wounded cacique who gives him a hieroglyphic map on a sheet of maguey paper. This map, as all good maps should, points the way to something fabulous—in this case, the fabulous "walled city of Culhuacan." So off we go to search for the walled city and the treasure of the last unconquered Aztecs; and a hair-raising tale it is, provided you are no older than twelve. If you happen to be more than that you cannot help noticing a number of implausibilities and inconsistencies floating past like ducks in a shooting gallery, so that reading what I once considered to be the world's greatest novel becomes a fearful chore.

I have tried several times to read it, but I cannot get very far. After a few pages I start to skip. Here is how it begins:

My heart was light within me as I stood on the steamer's deck in the cool gray of an October morning, and saw out across the dark green sea and the dusky, brownish stretch of coast country the snow-crowned peak of Orizaba glinting in the first rays of the rising sun. And presently, as the sun rose higher, all the tropic region of the coast and the brown walls of Vera Cruz and of its outpost fort of San Juan de Ulua were flooded with brilliant light.

And still lighter was my heart, a week later, when I found myself established in the beautiful city of Morelia, and ready to begin actively the work for which I had been preparing myself almost all my life lang.

Morelia, I had decided, was the best base for the operations that I was about to undertake. My main purpose was to search for the remnants of primitive civilization.

Skipping across half-remembered pages, I come to these lines:

"Hello, Professor!" Young called out, as he caught sight of me, "have you given up antiquities . . .?"

No. No indeed, Mr. Young! I shout across the years, answering not for Don Tomas but for myself, surrounded as I am by cracked old Mexican pots and mutilated statuettes.

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Fig. 283-Surgical anatomy of the arteries of the neck, showing the carotid and subclavian arteries.

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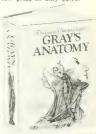
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ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH

'he public novel is reborn in England

by Richard Holmes

'he Ice Age, by Margaret Drabble. Ifred A. Knopf, \$8.95.

Daniel Martin, by John Fowles. Lite. Brown, \$12.

NE OF THE really spectacular growth industries in Great Britain during the 1970s has been foreign tourism. This ear it is expected to gross some \$5 illion, an increase of 40 percent over 976, and a sum equivalent to rather ore than 70 percent of the Government Housing Program. The retiring hairman of the British Tourist Auority, Sir Alexander "Sandy" Glen, as asked what he thought the reams were for this.

Well, there were several obvious nes: the visible heritage, the pageany, the theater, the short distances to the Regions, and the varied harms of the English pub, the Engtichard Holmes is the author of Shelley:

he Pursuit.

lish countryside, the English television, the English humor. Which reminded him, yes, the exchange rate helped.

Sir Alexander also ventured some more philosophic reflections. We had never been invaded (well, not for a while), so the past, and the sense of the past, was more physically intact in Britain perhaps than anywhere else in Europe. Surely that sense of the past was becoming important, almost a natural resource, in a frantically developing future. (I am glossing a little Sir Alexander's mild and cheerful phrases.) And then there was a new factor, the feeling that something important was happening among the British, a sense of national stock-taking, a sense of facing up to a certain historical challenge, which seemednaturally? or unexpectedly? Sir Alexander was suddenly inscrutable-to interest and excite our foreign visitors.

At no point did the retiring chairman of the BTA use the words crisis or self-doubting or malaise, (except possibly in a veiled reference to English cuisine). Yet it is certainly true that this recognition of a moral, even a spiritual, dimension to the national economic struggle, is one of the unspoken, perhaps even unconscious, reasons why many more thinking and sympathetic visitors have been drawn to these shores over the past few summers. People want to see, quite simply, how the British are taking it, how they are shaping up: not as statistics, but as souls.

Which brings me to The Ice Age. It is difficult to imagine a representative English novelist of ten, or even five, years ago, (say, Anthony Powell, or Angus Wilson, or the Kingsley Amis of One Fat Englishman) beginning a work with this epigraph from Wordsworth:

Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee . . .
We are selfish men:

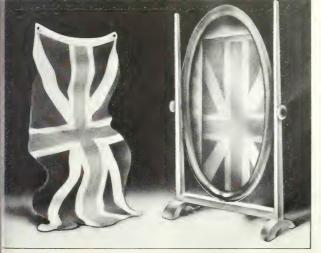
Oh! Raise us up, return to us again;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

At best it would have been self-mockery; at worst, camp.

But this is exactly how Margaret Drabble's new novel, her eighth, begins, with an unashamed trumpet blast that echoes, faintly but persistently, throughout the length of this vivid, intelligent, and gently humorous account of England in the depth of the economic crash of 1975-76, seen through the anxious eyes of a marvelously assorted bunch of talented, frustrated, but obstinately bustling career-makers and householders.

Here, toward the start of the book, is how she describes the slow, initially ludicrous, dawning of a new national awareness, one foggy winter night in November 1975:



All over the nation, families who had listened to the news looked at one another and said, "Goodness me," or "Whatever next," or "I give up," or "Well, fuck that," before embarking on an evening's viewing of color television, or a hot meal, or a trip to the pub, or a choral society evening. All over the country, people blamed other people for all the things that were going wrong-the trades unions, the present government, the miners, the car workers, the seamen, the Arabs, the Irish, their own husbands, their own wives, their own idle good-for-nothing offspring, comprehensive education. ... [But] the old headline phrases of freeze and squeeze had for the first time become for everyone, not merely for the old and unemployed, a living image, a reality: millions who had groaned over them in steadily increasing prosperity were now obliged to think again. A huge icy fist, with large cold fingers, was squeezing and chilling the people of Britain, that great and puissant nation, slowing down their blood, locking them into immobility, fixing them in a solid stasis, like a fish in a frozen river: there they all were in their large houses and their small houses, with their first mortgages and second mortgages, in their rented flats and council flats and basement bed-sits and their caravans: stuck, congealed, among possessions, in attitudes, in achievements they had hoped next month to shed, and with which they were now condemned to live. The flow had ceased to flow; the ball had stopped rolling; the game of musical chairs was over. Rien ne va plus, the croupier had shouted.

It is the impact of this realization, bursting open—like frozen pipes—a dozen or so private lives, that forms the substance of the novel. An actress, a television director turned financier, a property speculator (who spends most of the book in Block D of Scratby Open Prison, dreaming of glass skyscrapers), a very private secretary, a soured comedian, a civil servant, an alienated teen-ager: all of them are forced to stop, to reassess their attitudes and ambitions, to adapt.

Much of the book is concerned with changing attitudes to property. The actual fluctuations of the property market are taken as the narrative pulse of the story, shifting between wild hopes and low determination. Physical accommodation becomes a metaphor of spiritual adaptation: people learn to live in new tower blocks, in scruffy flats, or huge country houses, or tiny hotel rooms, or even prisons: they reconstruct their freedom, they put their own house in order, they restake their claim. With confident lightness of touch, Drabble turns these individual experiences into a national description, a series of open questions, drawing equally on social observation, history, and philosophy

He wondered why it was that the British, unlike some other nations, had traditionally considered it a good thing to own one's own house and one's own little garden. . . . He remembered the Diggers who had dug up Richmond Hill. He thought of the enclosure of the Commons. He thought of shelter, and the homeless, and vandalized council property, and large houses with burglar alarms and guard dogs and barbed wire around them, and of the beaches of the Riviera, parceled out and cordoned off and sold. Public and private. Lockehe thought it was Locke-had said that we make our stake to the land by working it: was that why he, guilty, owning far more than his fair share, tried ineptly to grow woody carrots? The stake is the labor. And those who do not dig and redecorate and plug up the holes in their leaking roofs, shall be evicted?

It is not coincidental, I think, that The Ice Age is Margaret Drabble's best work so far. In her late thirties, she has been a writer balanced between two Englands, which this book has forced her to bring decisively together. Her background is the industrial Midlands, Sheffield (of cutlery renown) and the Potteries; but she came, via a Cambridge First and marriage, to pursue her career in the heart of literary London, in Highgate. There was a tension between North and South, between business and the arts, which is very English, and which she could not initially resolve.

To begin with, her novels were aggressively feminine, tantalizingly autobiographical, wordy—indeed, gossipy— —concentrating on narrow domestic themes, full of divorces, dinner parties, nervous breakdowns, alarming visits to Mother Up North. Yet sh was also formidably intelligent, talke well and frequently on radio and tele vision, and wrote a fine biography to the underestimated Arnold Bennett. I 1972 she published The Needle's Eye one of whose main characters was barrister specializing in trade-unio legislation, and it became clear the she was striving for a more publiform of fiction.

Arnold Bennett, himself from the Potteries, and an inspired social of server, would have been downright proud of The Ice Age. In some way it represents a return to the tradition of Galsworthy, Wells, Huxley, Orwel the worriers about England, the pullicly responsible artists. It is possible a general movement in current Englishiction, and the cozy novel of fine ar and fine manners and fine ironies mabe on the decline.

John Fowles' Daniel Matin. This is a huge, rambling rather bearlike piece of work, but it, too, carries a resonate epigram (from Antonio Gramsot Prison Notebooks) which sets the tor of sustained self-questioning.

The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born; in this intergenum a great variety of morbid symptoms appears.

Fowles has generally been regarde as a heavier, more literary, more experimental writer than Drabble, an he has rightly established a reputatio on both sides of the Atlantic for technical wizardry: the seductive illusion of his Aegean-island enchantment. The Magus (1966, rewritten this year) are not easy to forget; while The French Lieutenant's Woman (1969) with its deft movements in and out of the Victorian frame, must count as major postwar novel.

But one of the most unexpected as pects of his new book is the almos complete abandonment of formal nar rative tricks. There are no masks, n trap doors, no prestidigitations. In stead, there is a relentless and some times furious directness of social an moral criticism, through the mouth o "our hero," Daniel, a figure who ap ears both in the third, and, as he n the first person.

The 1951 Festival of Britain was not at all the herald of a new age, but the death-knell of the old one. We then broke up into tribes and classes, finally into private selves.

I am not against this, in principle. I have never felt "British" since my schooldays . . . only English, and even that tenuously most of the time. But I think it is clear now that we made a bad mess of the transition from nation of brainwashed patriots to population of inturned selves. We failed to see what was really happening; and just as we also failed to evolve new political parties to meet the needs-and dangers-of an increasingly self-centered society, so also we lacked the honesty to throw away the old masks. Obsession with self was everywhere, yet we treated it like some personal secret that had to be hidden from everyone else . . . so on with the Puritan motley-endless public concern about the economy, about Britain's new role (as if it were some distinguished actor), the Suez farce, the more recent rantings against pornography and the permissive society, the triumph of Carnaby over Downing Street, of television bread-and-circuses over true democratic feeling. All that my generation and the one it sired have ever cared a damn about is personal destiny; all the other destinies have become blinds.

This jeremiad is delivered, as I say, y Daniel (not the author) at the beinning of a long process of coming terms with his own career, and his wn society. He is a successful filmcript writer who decides to abandon lucrative job in Los Angeles to rearn and retrace his roots in England -the brilliant but oppressive circle of is Oxford education, the charmed but motionally closed world of his counry childhood in a Devonshire vicarge. He returns to remake his values. rediscover the woman he always oved (the widow of an Oxford friend, philosopher), and to take up the caeer he always respected, playwriting, n London. It is in fact a redevelopnent of Fowles' favorite theme of the ursuit of the princesse lointaine. Only his time she is both a woman and a ountry; and the territory of his chase not a Victorian landscape, or an

enchanted island, or even a bacchic chateau (see The Ebony Tower), but an absolutely real and painfully contemporary England.

One of the central ideas of the book is the possibility of "retreat," a recourse to both physical and moral withdrawal from the world, a retirement from the currents of life. It is seen both as virtue and danger, beautifully displayed in Daniel's memories of Devon (including a brackeny seduction scene with a farm girl, Nancy, in gumboots and cochineal lipsticka seduction that leads nowhere). The adult Daniel does consider burying himself back in the country, away in the "magic combe," but in the end rejects it as an evasion (just as it is tried and rejected in The Ice Age).

Fowles himself has chosen to live away from the metropolis. His converted farmhouse on the edge of Lyme Regis, a charming Old World resort on the rocky Dorsetshire coast, has become in the last decade a place of literary pilgrimage, and even something of a symbol of traditional literary values: the stronghold of the professional storyteller who refuses to write for the newspapers and who acknowledges the long shadow of Thomas Hardy.

Much of his ambivalent feeling about this has gone into the novel. Daniel the scriptwriter is continually questioning the writer's relations to the various media, his proper role in society. For an English writer, retreat is perhaps inevitable.

The desire to create imaginary worlds . . . this desire, or need, has always been strongly linked, at least in my own experience, with the notion of retreat, in both the religious and military sense; of the secret place that is also a redoubt. And for me it is here that the Robin Hood-or greenwoodmyth changes from merely symbolizing tolk-aspiration in social terms to enshrining a dominant mental characteristic, an essential behavior, an archetypal movement . . . of the English imagination.

In his earlier work, one can imagine that Fowles would have left the question as a largely aesthetic and personal issue in this way. But like Drabble, he seems to be recognising a new and wider artistic responsibility, and he continually returns to the topic,

presenting it finally as a question of political ideology. Daniel draws on his contrasting experience of English and American attitudes to social change, and utterly without complacence, challenges both, the introverted and the extroverted traditions:

These two dialects seem to me two reactions to the same things: the craving for freedom, The American myth is of free will in its simple, primary sense. One can choose oneself and will oneself; and this absurdly optimistic assumption so dominates the republic that it has bred all its gross social injustices. . . . But we have long abandoned it. Injustice and inequality are in the nature of things. like Virgil's tears, and we have extrapolated freedom from all living reality. It is a thing in the mind, a Utopia we secretly retreat to from our daily ordinary world. . . . That is what permits in England our extraordinary tolerance of national decay, of muddling through; our socializing conservatism and our conservative socialism. Our society, and its actual state, is nothing; merely the dead real world, not the living imaginary one; and that is why we have evolved a language that always means more than it says, both emotionally and imaginatively. With the Americans it is the reverse: they mean and feel far less than they have the habit of saying. In both cases, it is to the same end: to find a place to be free.

The almost violent interplay here, between understanding and condemnation, between anger and hope, lies at the heart of Fowles's long, uneven, but clearly passionate meditation on the state of the nation's soul.

If I have made these two new novels, The Ice Age and Daniel Martin, sound like tracts for the times, then I have represented them unfairly, But they do confront the mood of national heartsearching with extraordinary directness. Their leading characters experience deeply, and suffer, and cry out against-angrily, laughingly, or fretfully-their historical circumstance, the limitations of their class or their philosophy, or simply their incomes. But all of them grow, adapt, survive. All of them come through the ice, or the fire, increased,

So both books have a curious qual-

ity of pride, of grace almost. The idea they return to most insistently is that of freedom: "degrees of freedom" perhaps (in the partrean phrase), conditional, resplexing, nonmaterial freedom, raybe: but living freedom all time are, and freedom in England. I sum it up better than in the words of the man who has suffered a heart attack, in The Ice Age, and who remakes his whole life on a new, and truer, pattern:

To the question, what next, nobody answered. But it seemed to Anthony, as he sat there listening to the silence in the room, and the creaking sounds of London, that there would be an answer, for the nation if not for himself, and he saw, as he sat there, some apparition: of this great and puissant nation, a country lying there surrounded by the gray seas, the land green and gray, well worn, long inhabited, not in chains, not in

thrall, but a land passing through some strange metamorphosis, through the intense creative lethargy of profound self-contemplation, not idle, not defeated, but waiting still, assembling defenses against the noxious oily tides of fatigue and contempt that washed insistently against her shores.

No wonder, really, the tourist

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1977

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Frances Taliaferro

The Prodigious Builders, by Bernard Rudofsky. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$14.95.

This exuberant book is to orthodox architectural history as, say, "The Blue-Tail Fly" is to the Dies Irae, as the vernacular is to the language of ritual. Rudofsky is a loving collector of all kinds of building, from termite palaces to Sardinian nuraghi to the sleigh huts of Bulgarian nomadic shepherds. The more spontaneous the structure, the better; Rudofsky identifies this work as "notes toward a natural history of architecture," and it has the unceremonious zest of a commonplace book affectionately assem-

Readers who saw Rudofsky's exhibition "Architecture Without Architects" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, or who know the slender book of the same name, will recognize some of the illustrations, but The Prodigious Builders is a greatly expanded and enriched version of the earlier work. The illustrations are "deliberately promiscuous" and full of wonderful detail. The buildings range from the organic to the fantastic. They are mostly human dwellings, with some ringers: the baroque nests of wasps and weaverbirds; an enormous Japanese kite which required 200 men to launch it; the pigeon towers of sev-Frances Taliaferro teaches English at The

Frances Taliajerro teaches English at The Brearley School in New York City.

enteenth-century Isfahan, looking like comely pepper pots beside a pleasant river. Some of the examples are disquieting. The inhabited tufaceous cones at Ürgüp in Cappadocia look uncomfortably like carious Klansmen, and acrophobes will shrink in terror from the fragile wooden balconies of the monastery at Simopetra. But why live in a dreary old ranch house when you could hang your hat in a "bosomy, benippled trullo"? Rudofsky's dashing prose is the verbal equivalent of wattle and daub, but his eye is generous and his point of view invigorating. This is a splendid book.

Children with Emerald Eyes: Histories of Extraordinary Boys and Girls, by Mira Rothenberg. Dial, \$10.

The author is a therapist who has worked for many years with deeply disturbed children. From this book, a record of her most interesting cases, we begin to know what such "work" means: not ordinary employment in the finite world, but total immersion in the destructive element. These children might variously be described as mentally retarded or schizophrenic or autistic or "symbiotic"-unable to establish the limits between their identities and those of other people. Avoiding the murky associations of these labels, the author offers an anecdotal account of each child. Peter is an idiot savant who can solve any mathematical puzzle in his head or tell you wha day of the week your birthday wil fall on in twenty years; yet he feel "his parts are missing," and he is ob sessed by cats. Sara must have he meals given to her in "packages"-lit erally tied up with wrappings and string. Chaim, the child of Polish con centration-camp survivors, is violently dehumanized: he scratches, claws, gri maces, shrieks, and rages. What these children share is the need to build in tricate structures of control over : terrifying world. Inch by inch, Mira Rothenberg records her understanding of the logic in their insanity. Occa sional passages are purple and over written-this is a work of popula journalism, not a scholarly monograpl —but it is a powerful book. Like mos accounts of madness, it moves the reader to search his own presume sanity.

Joan of Arc, by Edward Lucie Smith. Norton, \$10.95.

Of Joan of Arc, her contemporary Pope Pius II observed, "Whether he career was a miracle of Heaven or device of men. I should find it hard to say." Perhaps the mysteriousnes of her short life accounts for its durable fascination—though it is certain ly one of the most fully documente stories of the Middle Ages. We know minutely, that Joan wore her black hair cut short, pudding-basin style

hat she did not menstruate; that for upper she might eat four or five toas paked in watered wine. Joan's mys ry transcends such trivia. Female vi ionaries were not uncommon in her me (a notorious Franciscan named brother Richard "collected" them), ut Joan was sui generis. Maiden she as; maidenly she was certainly not. he was arrogant, high-handed, impetous, sharp-tongued, humorous, sube, and boastful. She loved fine armor nd she had excellent military comion sense. The French leaders wanted er to be a talisman in battle: Joan iw herself as a commander, and she as an apter one than most.

Joan's relationship with her dauhin, who became Charles VII, is of ne greatest psychological interest. Son f the grotesque Queen Isabeau, who as obese, gouty, and degenerate, harles has often been described as eble. He was thoroughly neurotic, nd his court had "a stifling, sickoom atmosphere," but he was also in-:lligent and loyal-in a fickle sort of ay. Joan shared with the rest of the liddle Ages her belief in the sacredess of the blood royal. Charles, a born ureaucrat, seems to have been irked y such idealization and perhaps panked by the necessity of rising to the ccasion.

Lucie-Smith's workmanlike account f Joan relies heavily on common mse and on the tone of the evidence rovided by those who knew her. Joan erself would have understood: though umsy at sustaining ordinary relationips, she seems to have been a parcularly delicate interpreter of other eople's unconscious signals. Luciemith hazards a few guesses, especialabout Joan's sense of sexual identy, which ruthlessly practical readers ay wish to jettison. As to plucking at the heart of Joan's mystery, Pius I still has the last word.

he Last Best Hope, by Peter Tauer. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 10.95.

Our unfortunate habit of thinking y decades leads to such heavy follies is this, which is billed as "the first pic novel of the Sixties." Epic with gard to length, it also deserves the tle for its heroic pretentiousness. It bllows the fortunes of young Tyler owen, the brave Robert Redford fig-





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BOOKS

ure, who may have been placed b circumstance in a military-industria organization but whose heart is pure He loves Johanna, a glorious but grop ing soul who is married to a Nixor minded social scientist. Tyler's broth er Willie is in Vietnam. Tyler an Johanna work for Eugene McCarth and Bobby Kennedy in the '68 prima ries. Tyler is present at Kent State o the day of the massacre. In fact, th author manages in 600-odd pages t touch almost every base, realizing i painful detail his epigraph, a passag from Lincoln's Second Annual Me sage to Congress: "Fellow-citizens, w cannot escape history. . . . The fier trial through which we pass will ligh us down, in honor or dishonor, to th last generation. We ... hold the pov er and bear the responsibility. . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose th last best hope of earth." Alas, the mus of this historical romance is neither Lincoln nor Clio but an anaestheti tease who inspires only a great deof verbiage.

Song of Solomon, by Toni Morr son. Alfred A. Knopf, \$8.95.

Toni Morrison is ripening into on of our best novelists. Sula, her secon novel, was peculiarly magical. Son of Solomon is more ambitious an more substantial. It is a traditiona novel of growing up, but the adole cent in this case is a thirty-two-year old black man named Macon ("Mill man") Dead. Cushioned by money an by the ease of manipulating the Mic western town where he lives, Milkma is lured into a realer world when h goes South in search of some burie gold. It turns out that the treasure h finds is not the gold but his ancestor and his own identity. He may begi by airplane, wearing his creamy three piece suit, but he must finish on foo panting through dangers. Every ep sode in his passage is a little ritual a he wins his way into the tribe of adults. This familiar framework sur ports a novel of amazing richness. Er chantment and practicality are inser arable; myth and symbol are in Mor rison's hands perfectly compatible wit boiled eggs and skip-rope rhymes. Son of Solomon is a fine title for this nove of wisdom and sensuousness, eccentri cally combined.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 197

A KIND WORD FOR CRITICS

letter to be judged than ignored

by François Truffaut

HEY SAY IN Hollywood that "everyone has two trades—his own and reviewing movies." We can either rejoice in at or complain about it. For some me, I have found myself rejoicing, or I prefer this state of affairs to the litude and indifference in which mucians and painters often live and work.

Anyone can be a film critic. The pprentice need not possess a tenth of 10 knowledge that would be demanded f a critic of literature, music, or ainting. Every person on the editorial 12 aff of a newspaper feels he can queson the opinion of the movie columist. The editor in chief, who displays careful respect for his music critic, ill quite casually stop the movie 12 citic in the corridor: "Well, you really nocked Louis Malle's last film. My wife doesn't agree with you at all; she word it."

American critics seem to me better han Europeans. But, even as I put rward such a hypothesis, I ask the eader to keep me from slipping into ad faith. By a simple law of life, we asily adopt ideas that serve us. And t is true that American critics have een more positive about my films han my compatriots have been. So, vatch out. In any case, I shall push

the point. The American critic is usually a graduate of a journalism school and is more professional than his French counterpart. You can see this in the methodical way he conducts an interview. Because of the large circulation of American newspapers, the American critic is well paid. That is not an inconsiderable point. He doesn't feel that he has to live by his wits. Even if he doesn't publish books, or have a second trade, he can manage, and he doesn't feel as if he belongs to a different social class from those in the film industry. Consequently, he is not tempted as a matter of course to hold himself aloof from a mammoth production like The Godfather, or to identify himself automatically with the marginal author who is struggling against the disdain of the large Hollywood studios. Having a certain peace of mind, he is able to relate what he sees. In France it has become customary to see the director attend press screenings of his film, and stand calmly at the exit after the showing. This would be unthinkable in New York.

Hollywood filmmakers generally complain that New York critics slight domestic productions and favor little films from Europe that, in their original subtitled versions, will reach only cultivated people in the major cities, and university students. There is some merit to the complaint, but the preference is quite understandable. And, indeed, many American moviemakers benefit from the converse impulse when their films are shown in Europe. We always appreciate better what comes to us from afar, not only because of the attraction of the exotic, but because the absence of everyday references reinforces the prestige of a work. A new movie by Claude Chabrol will not be seen in the same light in New York as in Paris. In Paris, one brings into judgment impressions that are extrinsic to the film. Writers will refer to the filmmaker's appearances on television, his critical and commercial success, or lack of it, his previous film, gossip about his private life, maybe his politics. Six months later, the same Chabrol film will arrive in New York innocent of these peripheral considerations, and American critics will judge only the film. We don't have to look any further for reasons why we always feel better understood outside our own country.

"People of the world are so imbued with their own stupidity that they can never believe that one of their own has talent," Marcel Proust wrote to Mme. Straus. "They appreciate only people of letters who are not of their world."

What this amounts to is that if we are uninvolved with an artist, we judge him with considerably more sympathy for what he does than what he is; more exactly, if we are involved, what he is—and what we know about him—intrudes between his work and our judgment. It must also be added that a film seldom arrives on its own; it is François Trufaut is the director of, among other films. Jules and Jim Shoot the Piano

film seldom arrives on its own; it is François Trufaut is the director of, among other films, Jules and Jim, Shoot the Piano Player, and The 400 Blows. This article has been adapted from a collection of essays, The Films in My Life, translated by Leonard Mayhew, to be published in 1978 by Simon & Schuster.



THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT AMERICA ITS TASTE FOR SCOTCH.

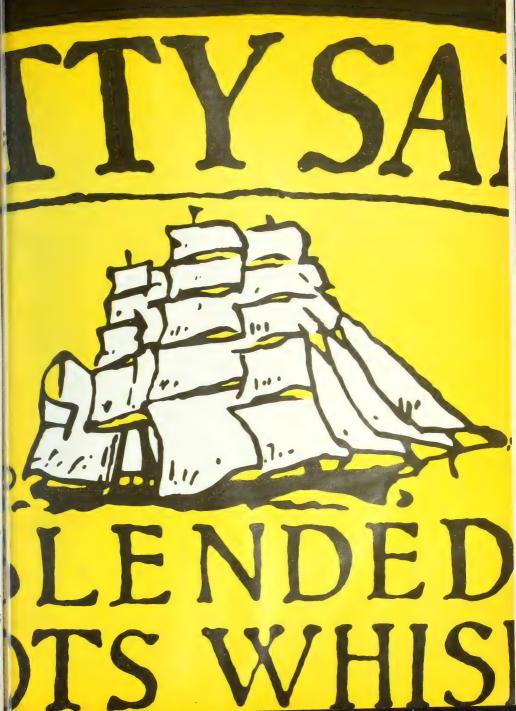
December 5, 1933 was a noteworthy day for Scotch drinkers. For it was the first time in 13 years that drinking it was legal. Prohibition was repealed.

Perhaps even more noteworthy: it was the day Culty Sark landed in America. A Scots Whisky already legendary in other civilised parts of the world.

Scotch had been imported into this country before, but had also been largely ignored. Cutty Sark, however, with its particular smoothness, soon captured a large and loyal following of Americans with good taste.

Today, wherever you go in America, you will find the bottle with the famous ship "Cutty Sark" on the label. And the distinctive Scots Whisky inside.

Who would have thought back in 1933 that someday people would be able to cross the United States without changing ships?



part of an environment, maybe even of a certain style, or a series of films. If three films are released within the same month, and all are set in the same period, or in the same place, woe to the one that follows the first two, even if it is the best.

merica for a while to understand why Alfred Hitchcock had been so underrated here for so long. From morning to night, on the five or six channels of American television, there is murder, brutality, suspense, espionage, guns, blood. None of these gross and manipulative productions approaches the beauty of *Psycho*, but they present the same material, and so I can understand what a breath of fresh air an Italian comedy, a French love story, a Czechoslovak intimist film must be in that atmosphere of violence.

o ARTIST EVER accepts the critic's role on a profound level. Critics are more tolerant of beginners, but, with time, the artist and the critic soon consider each other, if not exactly adversaries, in some simplistic image—cat and dog.

Once an artist is recognized, he refuses to admit that criticism has a role to play. If he does admit it, he wants it to draw closer to him, to be useful.

It takes a courageous artist to disagree with criticism even when it favors him. This is opposition based on principle; it serves to clarify. An artist should take attacks on himself without flinching, and respond to them with the same openness. Instead, we note a depressing situation, one in which artists begin a dispute only when they have been disagreed with. Bad faith, if there is bad faith, is never all on one side. When a gifted filmmaker presents each of his new films as his "first real film," and states that those that preceded it were merely tentative exercises of which he is now ashamed, how is the critic who has supported his work from the beginning supposed to feel?

A simple question to those who rail against unfavorable reviews: would you prefer to take your chances that the critics will never mention you, that your work will not be the subject of a single printed line? Yes or no?

We must not make exaggerated de-

mands of critics, and particularly we must not expect that criticism will function as an exact science. Art is not scientific; how could criticism be?

The artist, in a sense, creates himself, makes himself interesting, and then puts himself on display. It is a fabulous privilege but only provided that he accepts its converse: the risk involved in being studied, analyzed, notated, judged, criticized, disagreed with.

Those who do the judging—I testify from my own experience—are cognizant of the enormous privilege of the act of creation, of the risks incurred by the one who exposes himself thus, and in turn feel a secret admiration and respect which would at least partially restore the artist's peace of mind if he could discern it. "You cannot write a great article on what someone else has created; that's criticism," said Boris Vian.

In the relations between artist and critic, the critic never forgets that in the power relationship he is the weaker, even if he tries to hide the fact by an aggressive tone, while the artist constantly loses sight of his ontological supremacy. This lack of perspective on the part of the artist can be attributed to emotionalism, to sensitivity (or sentimentality), and certainly to the more or less powerful dose of paranoia that seems to be the artist's lot.

An artist always believes that the critics are against him-and have always been against him-because his selective memory happily favors his persecution complex. Until the day he dies, an artist doubts himself deeply, even while he is being showered with praise by his contemporaries. When he tries to protect himself from attack or indifference, is it his work that he defends or treats as if it were a threatened child, or is it himself? Proust answered this way: "I am so convinced that a work is something that, once it has come forth from us, is worth more than we are, that I find it quite natural to sacrifice myself for it as a father would for his child. But this idea must not lead me to address others about what can, unfortunately, only interest

The truth is that we are so vulnerable at that moment when we put the result of a year's work out for scrutiny that it would take nerves of steel to accept a hailstorm of bad reviews with

equanimity, even if, in two or three years, our own perspective will bring us closer to the critics' verdict, making us aware that we failed to mix the mayonnaise. I use "mayonnaise" de liberately. When I was twenty, I argued with André Bazin for comparing films to mayonnaise-they either emulsified or did not: "Don't you see," 1 protested, "that all Hawks's films are good, and all Huston's are bad?" l modified this harsh formula later when I became a working critic: "The worst Hawks film is more interesting than Huston's best." This will be remem bered as the auteur theory-it was started by Cahiers du Cinéma, and is forgotten in France but still debated in American periodicals.

Today, many of these Hawksians and Hustonians are movie directors I don't know what any of them thind of that ancient argument any more but I feel sure they've all adopted Bazin's mayonnaise theory.

Making films has taught me severa things:

It is as much trouble to make a bac film as a good one.

The most sincere film can seem phony The films we do with our left hands may become worldwide hits.

A perfectly ordinary movie with en ergy can turn out to be better cinema than a film with "intelligent" intentions, listlessly executed.

The result rarely matches the effor demanded.

Cinematic success is the result no necessarily of good brainwork but of a harmony of existing elements in ourselves that we may not have ever been conscious of: a fortunate fusion of subject and our deeper feelings, an accidental coincidence of our own and the public's preoccupations at a certain moment of life.

When I was a critic in the Fifties films were often more alive but less "intelligent" and "personal" than they are today. I put the words within quo tation marks because, to be precise, I would hold that there was no lack of intelligent directors at that time, but that they were induced to mask their personalities so as to preserve a universality of their films. Intelligence stayed behind the camera; it wasn't ir evidence on the screen. Yet it must be admitted that more important and profound things were said around the din ner table in real life at that time than

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were reflected in the dialogue of the films that were being made, and that more daring things took place in bed rooms, and elsewhere, than in the mov ies' love scenes.

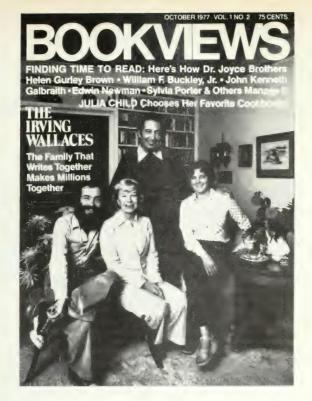
All that has changed; not only has cinema caught up with life in the pas fifteen years, it seems sometimes to have gone beyond it. Films have be come more intelligent-rather, intellec tual-than those who watch them. Of ten we need instructions in order to tell whether the images projected or the screen are intended to be real or fantastic, past or future, whether it is a question of real action or imaginary images.

As for erotic or pornographic films I am not a passionate fan, but believe they are in expiation, or a least in payment, of a debt that we own for sixty years of cinematic lies about

As film production has continued to diversify, criticism has tended toward specialization; one critic understands is skillful at analyzing, political films another, literary films; a third, film without plot, or experimental films, e cetera. The quality of films has in deed progressed but sometimes less quickly than the ambitions of their cre ators. Often there is a large gap between a film's intentions and its achievement If the critic considers only a film's in tentions, he will praise it to the heav ens; if he is conscious of form and demanding about its execution, he wil criticize the achievement in proportion to its ambitions, which he may fine

We think that criticism should play an intermediary role between the ar tist and the public, and that is some times the case. We think that criticism should play a complementary role, and that is sometimes the case. But mos of the time, criticism is only one ele ment among others: advertising, the atmosphere, competition, timing. When a film achieves a certain success, i becomes a sociological event, and the question of its quality becomes sec ondary. Today a film-lover sees only a few bad films and a large portion of the good ones. I think of my friend Prof. Jean Domarchi. He has watched with passion 350 films a year for the past thirty years, and each time I meet him he says: "Well, old friend, it's nice to have something to see, right?"

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 1977



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THE FOURTH ESTATE

CUITING VELVET AT THE NEW YORK TIMES

The degeneration of the newspaper of record

by Earl Shorris

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MONG THOSE PEOPLE in New York who care about newspapers and who like to think of their content as something other than amusement, it has become increasingly difficult to find anybody still willing to say a good word about the New York Times.

Nothing is left now but contests of invective, punctuations of gloomy humor, brave nostalgia. Even the gossip has lost its savor.

On a train to Washington one sees an old friend, a first-rate journalist, walking back to his seat with a container of coffee. He makes a comment about "the Felkerization of the Times," and the conversation goes on to other topics. There is a sense of resignation.

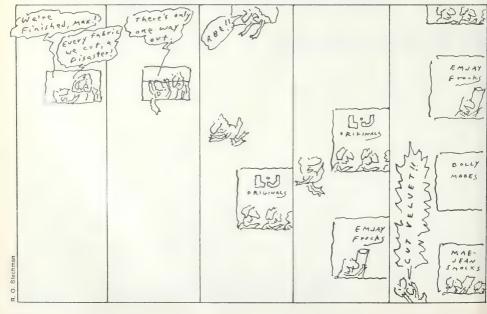
Over lunch in a West Side French restaurant, a *Times* reporter tells the story, of a reporter's advice to the publisher: the reporter accosted Arthur Sulzberger at a cocktail party, praised all the new sections of the daily paper, and suggested that one be added on Saturdays as well. "It could have stories about important events in the city, the nation, and the world, a lot of good quotes and facts," the reporter said. "We could call it News."

Another *Times* reporter speaks with the irony of disappointment about the sudden improvement of his situation at a newspaper known for the power of its editors: "You can get anything you write into the paper now, as long as the story contains a recipe."

The curious aspect of this souring

of the Times is that it has been greeted so emotionally. There are no long, analytical discussions like those inspired by the Pentagon Papers or the withholding of the news of preparations for the Bay of Pigs invasion. People seem to have given up. Some surrendered their interest in the Times over a specific story, basing their disaffection on a last-straw theory; others are made unhappy by the blatant reduction of journalism to a business. Not that journalism hasn't always been a matter of profit and loss, but the Times makes its concern so shabby and obvious.

The list of last straws is very long. It begins with the publisher of the Times meeting one of Richard Nixon's speechwriters at a dinner party and Earl Shorris is a contributing editor of Harper's.



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Are you ready for that kind of various and vital journalism?

At the lowest prices per copy offered anywhere, now's an uncommonly good time for you to find out. offering him a regular column on the Op Ed page. What Mr. Sulzberger expected when he hired William Safire is not known. What he got was one of Richard Nixon's speechwriters, a man who could write after the recent Nixon television appearances that it was now time to accept Mr. Nixon as an elder statesman.

The editorial page itself, under the guidance of Max Frankel, seems to have given a great many people reason for disaffection. In the course of praising the choice of Cyrus Vance as Secretary of State, the editorial page singled out Vance's admission that the Vietnam war was wrong as proof at last that the killing of millions of people in support of a corrupt government was an error.

When, the *Times* came out in support of Daniel Patrick Moynihan in a Democratic Senatorial primary election that included Ramsey Clark and Bella Abzug among the other candidates, its senior editor, John Oakes, published a letter in the *Times* disassociating himself from a decision that had been forced upon the editorial board by Mr. Sulzberger.

Perhaps it is the hypocrisy of the editorial page that is most disturbing. In an attack on NBC's decision not to broadcast all of President Carter's news conferences, the Times concluded, "It is the explanation, the notion that routine news is expendable, that raises troublesome questions: What will NBC show the next time it is tempted to report on a fire in the Bronx or a flood in the Midwest?" While the National Broadcasting Company may be tempted to report on a fire in the Bronx, the New York Times will suffer no conflict on that issue: the Times does not have a reporter in the Bronx. Nor does it cover the poor sections of Brooklyn, as the Times itself reported after the New York blackout, describing a Brooklyn merchant who was angry because "it had taken a wave of looting to bring politicians and the news media to look at conditions in the neighborhood."

The irritation caused by a frontpage interview with President Carter in the Book Review has been widely discussed, even though kissing the seat of power is traditional at the *Times*. The Carter interview was followed several weeks later by one of the most astonishing displays of moral relativism of our time: Jeff Greenfield, a regular columnist, praised Judith Exner's autobiography by comparing it to the work of Elizabeth Ray.

To the 30 percent of registered voters in New York City who seem always to vote for Bella Abzug, the last straw came on May 16, 1977. The Times, having announced its preference for almost anyone but Mrs. Abzug in the mayoral election, published a vicious photograph of her taken the night of her winning the endorsement of the New Democratic Coalition. In the photograph, printed on page 1, Mrs. Abzug sits alone on a stage under the New Democratic Coalition banner. There are three empty chairs to her right and five empty chairs to her left. In this forlorn scene the camera literally looks up Mrs. Abzug's dress to show the heavy calves and thighs of an overweight woman in her middle years.

While the editorial judgment may be right, in that Bella Abzug is probably not the best choice or even a good choice for mayor of New York, the photograph is an example of journalism at its lowest, comparable to the propagandizing tactics used by *Time* magazine and the picture editors of Russian history books.

There is a second category of last straws: the daily affronts to one's sense of proportion in the world. For my wife the last straw was a long story about the building of a subway on East Sixty-third Street in Manhattan. Most of the story was about Halston, a man who has sacrificed his last name for the sake of his garment business, and how he has suffered hysteria, insult, and the interruption of his Tony Bennett records because of the noise of construction. "There is a cruel irony," the reporter mused, "in the fact that the residents of East 63rd. for the most part, are quite affluent, and that the subway-the lowest common denominator in the city-has put their backs up to the wall."

The Times glitters with celebrities. The problems of a woman alone in New York are exemplified by comments from Delfina Ratazzi, the heiress to the Agnelli/Fiat fortune. Food is described in column after column. from the most expensive meal Craig Claiborne has ever eaten to tips on restaurants that serve \$25 bargain meals. One must suffer the details of "The Literati's Bring-Your-Own Sup-

per Party" replete with photogra of the season's literary lights at trough in the Hamptons.

There is a show-business article the Sunday Magazine almost evweek, even to the celebration of a that barks on cue in a Broadway sical. Is it food, fashion, or fundominates? What of the world out the pages of the *Times*? To belithat the *Times* accurately reflects world and then to go out into streets of New York is to be struck a sense of the absurd.

Is it true, as a Times columnist written, that Billie Jean King is most influential woman in Ameri What do the incessantly reported ea ings of authors mean about the qua of books? Why were there four a cles about Kingman Brewster leav Yale? The Times tells us that rents foreigners are going up in Moso but New Yorkers have noted on p ing through the South Bronx many of the tenements have I burned out, as if there had been war. Most of a page of the Times be given to reporting the rapid dec of the world's elephant population, very little is said about the rapid crease in New York's rat populat Can the Times really be sane w under the rubric "New & Useful" writes about goldplated goblets 890 brass candlesticks? Will the ! York Times never stop eating?

The newspaper seems to be hid its loss of contact with much of soc under a blinding artificial light glamour. To Simone Weil this belior is indicative of the disease of age. "The glossy surface of our citation," she wrote, "hides a real tellectual decadence."

One cannot respond merely we resignation to the participation of nation's leading newspaper in the ease of the moment. It is the resp sibility of the press to observe world, not to exemplify it. If the Tinhas begun to seriously decay—and evidence of that would seem incurvovertible—how has it happened where did it begin?

HE CIRCULATION promot proclaims a "New New Y. Times," but Executive Edi A. M. Rosenthal says publithat the adjective is incorrect; and

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one knows better than Mr. Rosenthal that the *Times* has undergone nothing more than a change of surface. The added sections on Wednesdays (Living), Thursdays (Home), and Fridays (Weekend), the lowering of standards at the Book Review, the trivialization of the Sunday Magazine, and the increasing number of feature stories in the main news section are not manifestations of a new philosophy; they merely reveal a philosophy that has guided the *Times*, as well as most other newspapers in this country, for generations.

For 126 years the New York Times survived and usually prospered. It became the good, gray Times, the newspaper of record, New York City's favorite out-of-town newspaper. If a political view drove the newspaper, no one was ever able to discern it: the Times was to the left of something and to the right of something else; it was not so much middle of the road as it was farther back on the road, responding with institutional sluggishness to political, social, and cultural change. The Times initiated nothing; it drifted along behind the nation, a survivor.

Drifting liberalism was acceptable to the *Times* until a quarterly financial report showed it was operating at a loss. Drifting could no longer be equated with surviving. Changes had to be made, and the revelations began. The newspaper that had always been a service for the affluent, with particular emphasis on affluent men, became a service for affluent women as well. This was a marketing decision, more easily comprehensible to shopkeepers than to analysts of the subtleties of the press.

To arrive at the soul of the Times one must pass through the countinghouse. The economic difference between a box of detergent and a daily newspaper is the complication of advertising revenue: detergents live by circulation alone, while a newspaper augments the money it earns from circulation with the money paid by advertisers. Otherwise the rules of marginal cost, demand, pricing, and profit apply to newspapers and detergents in exactly the same manner. Newspapers and detergents that cost more than they earn over an extended period generally go out of business.

Obviously, both the detergent maker

and the publisher must please the buyer. Neither of them, however, needs to please all buyers: some detergents appeal to buyers who wash clothes by hand, and some appeal to buyers who have elaborate washing machines; some newspapers appeal to people who are interested in amusement, and some appeal to people who want information or political analysis or stories about celebrities. Since there are more newspapers, or at least more ways to get the news, than there are detergents, the market for the Times or any newspaper is less stable and more competitive than the market for detergents.

The market is a judge with an Old Testament nature, for it destroys whatever does not please it, showing no more mercy to the New York Daily Mirror or the World-Telegram than to Rinso or the Edsel. The publisher operates in fear of the whims of the market, which may choose to enrich Rupert Murdoch or destroy the Herald Tribune. On the other side, the reporters, typesetters, printers, mailers, paper companies, and the U.S. Postal Service raise the cost of newspapers to the point on the graph where demand is threatened by price. The only way to bring the point of equilibrium down to a safe level on the cost curve is to increase demand. Advertising revenue helps to pay costs, but it is also determined in great part by demand (circulation and total audience determine advertising rates and the desirability of the newspaper as an advertising medium).

The loss of equilibrium presents all manufacturers with the same problem: increase demand, raise prices, improve efficiency of manufacture, or reduce quality. The *Times* has employed all four remedies, but demand is the most important factor because of its double effect.

Finally, advertising causes the *Times* to deal with an aspect of demand that does not affect other manufacturers: the volume of advertising it can attract, and the price it can charge for advertising space, depend on the affluence of its readers. Neither Bergdorf Goodman nor Cartier has anything to say to welfare mothers in the South Bronx. Coke and Cadillac are as pleased by sales in Harlem as in Palm Beach, but the democratization of the *Times* must take place within a narrow socioeconomic range. Other-

wise it will have to ask Bloomingda to pay to run ads in a newspaper t is read by poor people, and that wo be bad business.

A small weekly newspaper or inexpensively produced magazine choose its audience by their poli or their interest in culture. but a b ness the size of the Times requ enormous amounts of money to s port its operations; in such circ stances the countinghouse defines soul, and the newspaper accommod its voice to the economic power of group that supports it. While a s ilar situation may force even the la est manufacturers or corporations serve their customers, its effect u the press, as represented by a la newspaper, is to permit the audie to select "the news that's fit to pri To enlarge its audience the Times only to become a service to more p ple by permitting them to select n and features that serve them, as in creation of the New New York Tin

The role of affluence has been creased in the New New York Tir Like the dress manufacturer leaped from the window of his in despair over his losses, but on ing past the window of a compet noted the work going on and shot up to his partner, "Cut velve-e-e-e the Times has noted the work of competitors and begun to emulate The negative service of isolating reader from the world as it is no lor suffices; positive service is demand.

WO THEMES CARRY thro all of the new or revised tions: gossip, which is a vice to the mean-spirited, acquisitiveness, which is a service the envious. The objects of these services appear to be women, which editors of the Times seem to withrough the lovingly disdainful eye mother-dominated sons.

The new parts of the Times are course, copied from New York n azine, a publication with little redeing social value, but a successful a lesson in positive service to the ner side of the style of affluence. I New York, the new sections contrate on food, clothing, amusem furniture—whatever can be consum Gossip appears not in blatant colum of names of celebrities, but in

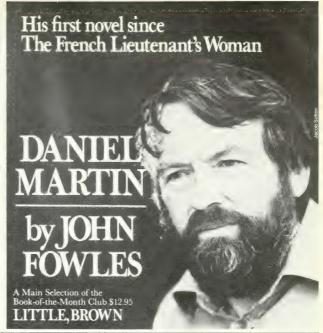
guise of the feuilleton, a favored amusement of the haute bourgeoisie of nineteenth-century Europe. The best examples of the form come from the novelist and critic John Leonard, whose presentation of elite angst is sometimes touching and often nicely said. The worst come from the fairytale princess of feminist fiction, Lois Gould, whose reports of domestic androgvny have the grace and wit of hobnail dancing pumps. John Corry's column, however, is the paradigm of the new sections. He idealizes the rich with overt bootlicking, teaching manners and morals to ordinary people as Gucci teaches shopgirls their place by closing during lunch hour.

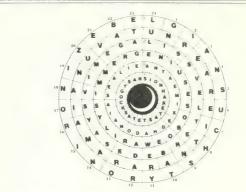
A dozen other lumps of persiflage—pages of lists of services, instructions, and recipes—fill out the new sections. They are uniformly tedious. What emerges from them seems to be an article about an overpriced restaurant in which women dressed in the latest fashion may sit at antique tables and prepare their own slimming dishes with a Cuisinart provided by a waiter whose film about the matriculation of nasty children at Yale has just closed at an off-Broadway theater.

Reports of the advertising revenue prought in by the new sections, how-wer, indicate that cutting velvet was a profitable decision for the *Times*. The ambience of envy created by the writers of the new sections was quickly ecognized as ideal for the selling of uxuries.

For many readers the new sections are merely wasted paper, as easy to overlook as the specialized Sunday sections. But the changes in the Book Review and the Sunday Magazine can-10t be overlooked. Now that publishers nave put Book World and Bookletter out of business by refusing to support them with advertising, America has only one major book review, and it has owered its standards to attract more advertising from an industry with no standards at all. Three and sometimes our gossip columns are now printed egularly in the Book Review. Cheap lovels are listed on the front page, and elebrity biographies, which have as nuch relation to literature as do hula 100ps, receive major reviews.

The Sunday Magazine, for many years a bastion of ponderous Estabishment writing, has declined into a place for pop journalism left over





Solution to the September Puzzle

Notes for "Many Moons Ago"

The hidden words on the even-numbered radii are the twelve months of the Jewish calendar, in order: Tisri, Hesvan, Kisleu, Tebeth, Shebat, Adar, Nisan, Iyyar, Sivan, Tammuz, Ab, Elul. Many of them have variant spellings.

Six Letter Radii: 1. (w)inning; 3. a-use in "an" (rev.); 5. a(me-ER)s; 7. cit(ox)e (rev.); 9. ado-RNs; 11. t(awe)ry; 13. anagram; 15. anagram; 17. C.(ass)I.O.; 19. gem-in-1; 21. anagram; 23. anagram. Concentric Circles: a. i(O)n; (s)hake; anagram; t-ask; c-go(rev.); hidden; b. a-dona-1; a-seat(t); (a)lie(n); anagram; two meanings; hidden; c. si(mme.)r; anagram; (O)b(O)e; w(a-r.)ily; d. VI-M; anagram; pun; homonym of "bead"; S.(ay)S.; e. two meanings; A-ran(rev.); ram-a; l-an; homonym; nut (rev.); two meanings; f. anagram; s-(O)uch; S(tyro)N; 1-anagram of "zero in."

from the Sixties. Service features, indistinguishable from those printed in the Living and Home sections on Wednesdays and Thursdays, reappear to take up much of the space in the Sunday Magazine. Headaches, television, jockeys, and Carter trivia take up most of the space left by the service features. An endless article celebrating the twenty-fifth birthday of Joseph Kennedy illustrates the degree to which the magazine has been trivialized. Fullpage head shots on the cover and inside the magazine celebrate a young man whose political acumen, according to the Sunday Magazine, was demonstrated by his running his uncle Ted's reelection campaign, a feat somewhat less difficult than reelection had been for the late Mayor Richard Daley. Neither People nor its poor cousin published by the Times, Us, could have done a better job of selling its readers the newest member of America's disco rovalty.

The economic decisions made by the management of the Times will lead to further decay. Productivity demands that the staff be spread over more sections, more projects. Each new section must be served by cannibalizing the old or there will be another losing quarter. Each reporter taken away from the world and put to work at gossip and acquisitiveness removes the Times further from quotidian life, further from the possibility of becoming the instrument that leads to a sense of reality in its readers.

Perhaps the single most important device used by the Times to protect its readers from the world has been the development of a style of writing that borders on nonsense. Names, dates, and official statements predominate. Related developments occur. Highly placed sources divulge. No one sweats; the belly does not work its acid squeezings. Can anyone understand dialogue that has already been digested three times: first by the speechwriter, then by the speaker, and finally by the reporter? What is being said? thought? felt? in those high and distant places? What can we understand of a secondhand world?

The Cold War goes on in the Times; having completed a quarter of a century, the level of sophistication has risen remarkably. With the aid of Jimmy Carter, the Times has taken up the crusade for human rights in distant

places. Chile earns a few stories, but the emphasis falls on the Soviet Union. Virtually nothing about human rights in China appears in the *Times*; and when a correspondent did write a series of articles about life in that country dedicated to the eradication of human freedom, he described it as a new kind of paradise.

Like our recent Presidents, for whom the *Times* has become a useful instrument of foreign policy (in journalistic jargon, a semi-official newspaper), the *Times* escapes its responsibilities by staying away from home. A reader of the *Times* can be comfortable living in a nation where at least 25 million people, almost half of them children, suffer poverty, in a city where over a million people have nothing but welfare payments to keep them alive, and where entire neighborhoods have been burned out or left to rot.

There is no greater danger to us than to come to know the poor, for if that should happen it would foment a revolution within us. The known poor would enter our lives, and the manner in which we value ourselves would cause us to turn against our own comfort, to give away a part of our good lives.

Only at Christmas do the poor appear in the Times, and even then they are only cases, without the names and faces that invade dreams. The other manifestation of compassion occurs in the editorial columns, where the problems of poverty are raised in bland, sensible prose. But to speak of the poor without description is to speak nonsense; to speak of poor people without showing the wholeness of them enables the reader to pass through shadows, to escape feeling. Only in daily life can we recognize the possibility of ourselves, only in the common tragedies can we be moved to the imagination of congruence that has the power to overcome self-interest.

Surely the middle class, the adoring parents who pay the room and board of the Times, do not find themselves mirrored in its columns. The private agonies and public iterations of common people are not news. Iteration may describe the action of the world, even to its turnings, but iteration and news are antonyms. Journalism does not relate to life, only to the exceptions of life; its goal is not truth but novelty, the rescue of the reader from his own iterations. There-

fore the rich are chosen to occu those columns not used up in abstration

But the rich, like the poor, are a abstractions, people reported in ide ized forms. Poor blacks and Pue Ricans appear in the news sectionly if they have committed macrimes, and poor whites appear of as victims of them; the rich are ported at weddings, parties, or oc sions of pride and pleasure. The pare without joy and the rich are without joy and the rich are without joy the Times and the products are the prod

America has always ignored poor. Our revolution, as Hanr Arendt pointed out, was unlike a other in that it sought only liber The institution of slavery enabled conflict between liberty and equal to be put off until liberty had be established as the undisputed first priple of American society. The prin America served its readers from the beginning with international anational news, amusements, and advisements to facilitate trade.

In that tradition, the *Times*, for its far-flung correspondents, isola its readers from the real world, perm ting them to pursue virtue in thisland lives, enabling them to belie in social justice while living in an a just society. In its relentless defer of freedom, the *Times* fails to reconize that poverty denies freedom in the most elemental way by forcing to poor to live under the dictatorship want, never to stray from the rules need.

Freedom of the press has been t erated in America because the pre has never forced its readers into t internal revolution that leads to a ju society. The managers of the Tim are not naive; they will print the u fortunate statistics of injustice, b they will not tell us what we cann bear to hear: they will not put pover at our breakfast tables or set mise beside the pipe and slippers of Su day afternoon. The news from t countinghouse is that the decay America's foremost newspaper w lead only to higher profits, for as los as the Times continues to hide injutice in America, so long will it be che ished as the rock upon which or hypocrisy is built.

HARPER'S/OCTOBER 19

Energy conservation— rural electric cooperatives take the lead Rural electric co-ops

Early this year, leaders of America's rural electric systems proposed a new program to encourage and assist consumers to weatherize and insulate their homes. (It's estimated that weatherizing all Us. homes and buildings could save 30 percent of the energy now consumed for heating and cooling.)

That program, in cooperation with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, is now well underway. It's one of a series of plans and projects rural electric systems are undertaking to help our nation achieve a real energy conservation program—an important element of a comprehensive national energy policy.



It's action in keeping with rural electric systems' pioneering tradition—and one of their national policy statements: "We recognize that our country's progress and well-being depend in no small measure upon our own initiative. We resolve to use our own resources and our own hard work for the benefit of citizens of this country."





Adams Electrical Cooperative, Camp Point, Ill., is one of the many rural electric systems participating in the weatherization loan program. In the 1950's, Adams began a program of home insulation for consumers who were installing electric heat. Today, in cooperation with the Farmers Home Administration, USDA, they're expanding the program to cover all types of heating and cooling.



America's rural electric systems

For more information on rural electric energy positions and the weatherization program, write Dept H, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

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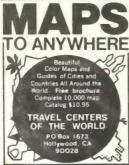
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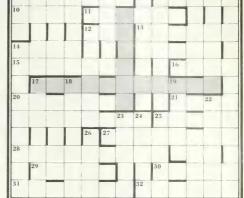
FROM FORTH THE FATAL LOINS

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions: Ten entries in the diagram are unclued. The two to be entered in the shaded squares describe the identity of the others.

There are two proper names among the clued answers. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solu-

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 109.



CLUES

ACROSS

- 1. Values retracted quote about heroin (5) 4. Kind of fly in with a bird . . . it's dandy (8)
- 8. Produce cream sauce (5)
- 0. Plant that's constructed by two companies (4) 1. Ladies who are given a ring, we hear (6)
- 2. Chinaman's mother love (3)
- 3. Excitement to cultivate about an hour (6)
- 4. Fight is loud and expected to return (4)
- 5. Malign, like intrinsically (7) 6. Pretty pass in Wild West (4)
- 0. Wearing nothing ill-suited surrounding (7)
- 1. Brain food (4) 5. Gut issues from below (5)
- 7. Like a doughnut . . . resort to Rolaid (8)
- 8. Smash, crash, it's a purging (9) 9. Attic residents lose right to become wild men (5)
- 0. I'm unclean before an expression of surrender (5)
- 1. Main male issue, four times each year (7) 2. Stripper initially undressed and moved sinuously (6)

DOWN

- 1. Make a deep impression with selection from late Tchaikovsky (4)
- 2. Metaphors: hangman's nooses, with Time superimposed (6)

- 3. Half high . . . a little bit of liquid lifted . . . drinking problem? (6)
- 4. Writes absorbing articles (twice) and hymns (6)
- 5. He runs no plot or maneuvers (8)
- 6. Cooler igloo (8)
- 7. Call out "Ouch," make baying sound, and die badly, like a coward (6-7)
- 9. Spoken for, so load went unaccompanied (6)
- Glass for king with gold edge raised (6)
- 14. Sexually adventurous, they carry the ball in sporty cars (9)
- 17. Church authority with attendant drippiness? (7)
- 18. What's missing in the GI series isn't singular. Take pains about it. (7)
- 19. Baby booty (5)
- 22. Herb's role in School for Scandal (6)
- 23. Requires effort if starting with current addresses (5)
- 24. Indians behead a group (5)
- 25. Naval officer out of bounds dropping date (5)
- 26. Shark comes up all right before noon (4)

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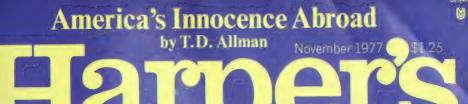
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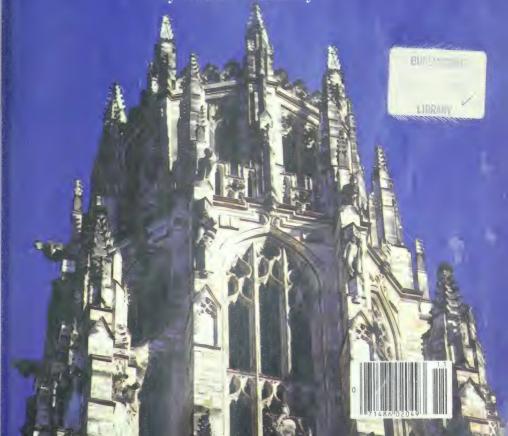
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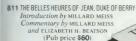
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over photograph by Jerry Sarapochiello

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LETTERS

Guns and crime

Steven Brill's article on the gun trade in America ("The Traffic [Legal and Illegal] in Guns," September) is interesting on two counts: the wishfulfillment distortion of reality which I call the liberal bias, and a strand of illogic which surfaces with vigorous clarity at the end of the article.

The liberal bias is reflected in the article's implicit message: take away the guns and you take away the crime, or at least violence, since the millions of guns made in the country work "against the hope of an orderly society." Perhaps. Certainly if there were no guns whatsoever in the country matters of violence would be more difficult. Mafia hit men would have to resort to sledgehammers; domestic

quarrels would have to be settled with kitchen knives; robbers would have to settle for the awkwardness of clubs (as the often do in England). People miltiple wen have to regress to the use of lows and arrows, but while it is presetable they would find weapons (hubble violence does antedate the use of gumpowder), their weapons would not be as efficient, a thought conforting to those who think their chances better under conventional bombing than nuclear (never mind Dresden).

Ah, but here is where liberals go astray in their naive refusal to face human nature, American variant. Mr. Brill implies that it's a crime for the gun companies to be so "secretive" (though the author himself behaved like a sneaky son of a gun, using deception and lies to find some of the material for his article), with the im-

plication, as I see it, that the gover ment should regulate the production of guns if not ban firearms altogethe

Let us briefly apply logic to th liberal bias, logic rooted in the histo ical American dialectic, Many yea ago we thought it a great idea to st people from drinking: Prohibition. I dristing, no sin (similar to the equ tion no guns, no crime?). The result Bad booze flowed, organized crir flourished, and the people saw the la as folly. (And we did it again with t Great Marijuana Bust of the Sixties Outlaw guns tomorrow, and the ne day there will be men making fortun supplying them. To believe otherwi is not only naive but illogical. Just it is illogical for Mr. Brill to personi firearms in the last paragraph of l article when he writes of "the carna ... weapons cause." It is like speaki



the carnage caused by cars on our ghways. But very, very few cars, and en fewer guns, ever wish to kill or urm a human being. People kill peoe at a far greater rate than things animals kill people.

It is ironic that many of those who pport gun control fail to support conol at the source of crime-the crimal-wishing instead to hold a masonistic fantasy of the criminal as vicm. Again, however, a study of huan nature shows that when the penalas are swift, sure, and severe, people nd to behave themselves. (Hence the lative non-use of firearms in England, land which comes down hard on gunen.) This is where the real responbility should lie, not with Smith and lesson or the millions of gun owners ho hope just as fervently as Mr. Brill pes for an orderly society.

> Joseph Carber Newtown, Pa.

TEVEN BRILL REPLIES:

Mr. Carber makes an analogy which think is instructive. He talks about urs. Yes, it's true that few cars kill, ut we still register cars and license eople who want to use them. Why not o the same with guns? His letter notithstanding, I didn't say we should ıtlaw guns, or that with no guns there ould be no crime-although there ould be a lot less deadly crime, a oint which Mr. Carber inadvertently takes with his reference to England, hich has very strong gun laws. I imply suggested that we should try do such things as regulate who gets uns, require that thefts be reported, nd generally exercise the kind of suervision over commerce in guns that e do over the sale or use of aspirin, ood additives, nuclear power, or autopobiles. If that's liberal bias, I'm uilty.

Steven Brill's article should be mailed every Senator and Congressman.

It is unconscionable and should be iewed as criminal complicity that the overnment of the United States cowrs and whimpers so under the bullying of the gun industry while the crime tatistics continue to soar.

This is not to condemn gun ownerhip per se. I believe in our fundamenal right to keep and bear arms (which eems lately also to be a fundamental eccessity), but the fact that my dog is subject to no fewer than sixteen ordinances of various kinds while my next-door neighbor's arsenal of weapons is entirely uncontrolled by any regulatory authority is simply and totally intolerable.

How do we resign from this army or can we? JAY MILNE Billings, Mont.

Quiet heroism

Thank you for Lewis H. Lapham's excellent piece "Rumors of War" ("The Easy Chair," September).

I fear his concern is well placed—there does seem a humming about, a kind of restless shuffling of feet. Perhaps his article will jolt some folks back to reality, and to the quiet heroism of doing the sometimes boring tasks that so desperately need doing.

MICHAEL SCULLY

New York, N.Y.

The wealth of Calcutta

Being a native Calcuttan transplanted in the U.S.A. for over a decade, I cannot help being grateful to Mr. T. D. Allman for his sympathetic portrayal of life in Calcutta ("Calcutta's Bounty," September). When it is so fashionable to condemn the filth and squalor in Calcutta, and all shades of Indians and non-Indians seem to join in unison in not having a single word of praise for it, he seems to have caught the vibrant spirit of the city's life that still sets it apart from the rest of India.

Actually, Calcutta is the corner in India that first came in contact with Western liberal thought and tried to emancipate itself from the age-old traditional shackles of Indian life. When the city was founded, people came from all over the country in droves, irrespective of their religions and castes, to make a living there. For its part, Calcutta embraced all its immigrants and gave everyone a home and a place to practice his vocation. This wave of immigration has never stopped. Calcutta, in short, was a city of opportunity, and although so much maligned it remains one still.

Calcutta is the city where the Indian renaissance first took place in the nineteenth century. I believe that there was tremendous excitement there at that time for its natives to discover Western thought and to rediscover their own lost heritage. This discovery infused in them a natural liberalism, a distaste for orthodoxy, and a love for the culture and the arts which persists today. In their openness, Calcuttans allowed first the Europeans and later her more enterprising countrymen coming from other parts of India to control her industry and commerce. As a result, today, when Calcutta is still reputed to be the wealthiest city east of Rome and west of Tokyo (see Geoffrey Moorhouse's excellent book on the city), an overwhelming proportion of its inhabitants remains poor, and its wealthy inhabitants display gross indifference to their plight.

Yet the middle-class Bengali inhabitants of the city, who could have grasped their city's leadership, still do not seem to care. They still seem to hold on to the spark of their renaissance and keep talking enchantedly about the latest book or the latest movie or yesterday's music conference or the political happenings in the Middle East. Perhaps they are foolish. But isn't there a charm in being naive but interested in life and romantic and open?

As for myself, when I return to Calcutta for visits, my acquired sensibilities from having lived so long in the West make me feel uncomfortable for the first few days. But soon the compelling life in Calcutta engulfs me. I forget that I was ever outside of this place.

M. MAZUMDAR Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hard and soft technologies

May I relieve Samuel Florman ("Small Is Dubious," August) of some of his more egregious confusions before they spread further?

Readers more careful than Mr. Florman will find that my October 1976 article in Foreign Affairs did not say all energy systems (or anything else) had to be small; rather, that energy systems should be appropriately scaled for the task at hand. It is just as silly to run a smelter with little wind machines as to heat houses with a fast breeder reactor. Thus I am not a "small-is-beautiful advocate" using "smallness...as a symbol of goodness" but a former high technologist

seeking the right tool for each job.
Most jobs are hundreds to millions of
times smaller than today's gigantic
energy facilities.

Dr. E. F. Schumacher and I advanced very different arguments on different grounds. Mr. Florman lumps us together, and neither set of arguments can be properly judged from his undiscriminating hash. Indeed, while Dr. Schumacher tended to stress social arguments, my article relies on precisely the traditional criteria of engineering, "technological efficiency," economics, and political economy that Mr. Florman claims I reject.

His errors only begin there. He ignores the chiefly economic basis of my critique of additional central electrification, substituting the misstatement that transmission losses exceed conversion losses. He seems to confuse "soft" with transitional technologies and energy with electricity. He wrongly states that I advocate widespread use of diesel generators and unproven technologies. He reverses my view of the potential of cheap solar cells. He implies that I claim to present a decentralist political manifesto for solving the majoritarianism-versus-justice problems that have exercised philosophers for millennia, whereas my more modest aim is to outline a pluralistic approach to the energy problem that permits us, if we wish, to avoid the radical social changes-centrism, autarchy, technocracy, vulnerabilityotherwise entailed by a hard-energy

Mr. Florman, further, ignores my documented argument that highly reliable soft technologies already available, though costly, cost less than the hard-technology alternatives to them. He pretends that I seek to prescribe an agrarian utopia, whereas my analysis explicitly assumes no changes in settlement patterns or life-styles and seeks conditions in which diversity of values can flourish. He confutes by emphatic dismissal my thesis that soft and hard paths for the fifty-year evolution of our energy system are exclusive (because they compete for resources and are culturally and institutionally incompatible). He disingenuously proposes that what would have to be hundreds or thousands of billion-dollar hard-technology plants can be built just in case we might need them, then written off if we do not. He fails to note the inequitable abuses of monopoly power that have led to our antitrust laws. And, while emphasizing that some soft technologies are in the federal budget, he forgets to mention that the relative effort devoted to them is like the rabbit in the classic recipe for horse-andrabbit stew—one horse, one rabbit.

I agree with Mr. Florman that the technologies which are "most cost-effective and least hazardous" will "prevail": but I contend, in detail, that soft technologies have these merits and are being prevented from displaying them by asymmetrical subsidies and criteria. Readers who prefer original sources to gross caricatures may care to consult my Soft Energy Paths: Toward a Durable Peace (FOE/Ballinger, May 1977). The two-volume hearing record "Alternative Long-Range Energy Strategies" (U.S. Senate Small Business and Interior Committees. May/September 1977) contains all published critiques of my thesis and my comprehensive rebuttals.

AMORY B. LOVINS London, England

SAMUEL FLORMAN REPLIES:

If Lovins now intends to abandon the ideological basis of his argument, this represents a considerable change from what he said in Foreign Affairs. In that article he stressed-with some passion, I thought-that "new moral and humane stirrings now are nudging us." He asked, "Could many strands of observable social change be converging on a profound cultural transformation whose implications we can only vaguely sense: one in which energy policy, as an integrating principle, could be catalytic?" He said in an unambiguous sentence which I quoted in my essay: "The most important, difficult, and neglected questions of energy strategy are not mainly technical or economic but rather social and ethical."

He claims now that he relies on the traditional criteria of engineering, but his insistence upon an energy system that is "appropriately scaled" refers to no traditional criterion with which I am familiar. How, I wonder, are we to measure appropriateness? If, by definition, it is inappropriate to perform many "small" jobs with energy from one large central source, then the matter is settled before inquiry begins. What most of us want in our energy

system is not Lovins's idea of appropriateness, but rather economy, efficiency, safety, and a minimum of er vironmental damage.

Since I was particularly intereste in Lovins's philosophical prejudices, did not attempt to judge the quality of his economic and engineering for casts. Others more qualified than I have been doing this, and Lovins has bee found wanting. The most kindly an evenhanded summary that I have see (Science, May 27, 1977) states the his thesis "seems certain to be discredited by the flaws that critics an some supporters see in his arguments.

As for the supposed flaws in m own piece: I did not say that transmision losses "exceed" conversion losses they are added to them. I did not mirrepresent Lovins's statements about diesel generators and unproven technologies. I did not confuse energy wit electricity. I did not—but why go on By flailing out intemperately at ever critical question or comment, Lovir may soon turn himself into a caricature whom nobody will take seriously. This would be too bad, since he caserve a useful role as champion for the "soft" technologies he admires.

Underwriting ar

Much of Tom Bethell's "argument in "The Cultural Tithe" (August) sound. Even his parting shot, "Suc government programs have very litt to do with art, but a great deal to dwith government trying to enlarge i scope and justify its existence," shoul find its mark behind culture-catalogue laden desks, provided they are occipied. But I'm not sure he makes, a convincing "argument against federal funding of the arts."

The economics of the arts, alon with other elements of our society cannot be illuminated by historical reall. Grossly oversimplified, any art is volves a three-step process: the creativact, the interpretive act, and the act operceiving. Activity in any of thes steps ranges from rank amateurism the exquisite professionalism. Since, us until recently, every creative work of art became a permanent addition to vast and rapidly increasing inventor of such works, institutions develope for their storage and interpretation. The accumulated assets of these institutions the steps of these institutions developed the second control of the sec

ntions represent resources. If the overnment can participate in e conservation and development of ublic resources such as clean air, pure ater, open land, health care, and research and education, it seems an equally legitimate function with regard our cultural resources.

The National Endowment for the cits is a relatively new agency and, a the process of defining its mission and establishing its identity, has exlored a number of directions, some as successfully than others. A "proram"-oriented administrative structure, i.e., by art form, inevitably adds to the creation of competing efdoms within the bureaucracy.

As many Presidents, including Carer, have found, administrative restructing can be of profound value in harpening the focus of an objective. would prefer this Rx to euthanasia. Nowhere is mankind's leap more needed than in the arts, nowhere are man's teps smaller. We need all the help we an get.

JOHN MACFADYEN
New York, N.Y.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1977

Marion K. Sanders 1905-1977

Marion K. Sanders's career spanned fifty years of engagement in liberal causes, from protest at the Sacco-Vanzetti trial to opposing the movement to repeal legalized abortion. Her colleagues in those causes will miss a spirited and effective advocate, and all her associates will miss a warm, enthusiastic woman and good friend.

As a senior editor of Harper's from 1958 to 1970, Marion was responsible for many articles reporting on medical advances and asking questions about the moral and ethical obligations of science. As a concerned citizen, she put her beliefs into action by serving on the board of the American Civ-

il Liberties Union and running as a Democrat-Liberal candidate for Congress. As an admirer of other crusaders, she was the author of several well-received books, among them The Professional Radical: Conversations with Saul Alinsky and Dorothy Thompson: A Legend in Her Time.

Marion worked at a time when independent women fought along with men and other women on social issues, but were often left without companions or banners to combat the prejudice and provincialism directed against themselves. When the feminist movement of the Sixties emerged, Marion did not see it as diminishing her accomplishments, but joined in to fight one more good fight.



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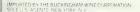
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Red and White.



VEBLEN REVISITED

A theory of the leisure state

by Lewis H. Lapha

ORE OFTEN than usual this fall I have heard it said that the United States is a waste-I ful place. The people who remark on this state of affairs invariably intend a moral judgment. They mention the consumption of paper napkins and automobiles, the surfeit of melons, and the expense of television programming; from these or similar observations they conclude that wastefulness is an evil thing, somehow associated with sloth, gluttony, and pride. Unless they can be forcibly restrained, they go on to say that if only enough Americans would stop wasting so many precious resources (oil, money, space, light, air, schoolchildren, porpoises, et cetera, et cetera) then all would be well, and the high-minded folk in the community could go about the business of building the Utopia they had seen advertised in a religious tract.

I never know what to say to such people. In what country do they imagine themselves resident? How is it possible that they can have failed to notice the importance of waste and futility to the American way of life? They condemn the general extravagance, but they seldom take the trouble to notice that their own professions and livelihoods (not to mention their social or spiritual ambitions) stand on the bedrock of wasted effort. Newspaper editorialists ignore the lavish use of paper in their own publications; oil-company presidents say nothing about their manufacture of plastic containers; Congressmen dedicated to social reform fail to observe that it costs about \$750,000 a year to maintain them in

The superfluity of complaint this fall

prompted me to read Thorstein Veblen's Theory of the Leisure Class, Although I had seen the book referred to almost as often as Tocqueville's Democracy in America, I had not read it, and for this failure I owe the reader an apology. Not having read Veblen deprived me of a perspective that might have clarified a good many of the confusions and absurdities that provide the stuff of the American comedy. Having read the book, I find it even more difficult to understand the present clucking and prattling about waste and wastefulness. In 1899 Veblen explained the social imperatives that enforce the task of conspicuous consumption on a hapless populace. Given the foolishness of a society that defines the possession of wealth as a meritorious act, even a critic of that society has no choice but to give an "unremitting demonstration of the ability to pay." An impoverished critic clearly cannot hope to acquire a reputation for truth, honor, or justice.

Veblen defines waste as that which doesn't contribute to the community of human life or human well-being. He concedes that the task of consumption might seem pleasant to the man who undertakes it, as well as profitable for the man who makes a market in toys and luxuries, but the ceaseless round of consumption does nothing to advance the cause of human freedom.

People dedicated to the frenzy of consumption engage of necessity in a predatory habit of life and look about them with a narrowly self-regarding habit of mind. Both of these attitudes Veblen found characteristic of the leisure class, i.e., of people devoted to the worship of money and enthralled Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

by a belief in magic. The admired f ures in such a class exhibit their pro ess by means of inflicting injury, ther by force or by fraud, on their co petitors. The aptitude for acquisiti stands as the definitive measure of se

Much to my sorrow, I can find fault with Veblen's principal obsertions. I cannot see that the passage time has done much to ameliorate t force of his argument. The social i peratives have become both more sistent and more pervasive. What v true of a relatively small class of p ple at the turn of the century has come true of the society as a who The leisure class has become the sure state. As the nation has prosper the leisure class has multiplied and creased, assuming unto itself what f merly might have been identified as subservient or ancillary classes. T regime of status now counts among adherents not only Veblen's capta of industry but also a vast horde government officials, lawyers, journ ists, politicians, bureaucrats, and acc emicians. The stores and adverti ments bulge with superfluous goods. an age of mass communications t precept and example of the higher cial orders (what Veblen called "t radiant body") transmits itself me readily to the aspirants in the lov orders, and so larger numbers of pe ple consume a larger number of goo as proof of their decency, worth, a good reputation.

Veblen arrived at his theory by co templating the folly of private in viduals. He drew his examples from t lives of the capitalist princes who he sway in Newport or Saratoga and w





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DLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN concerned themselves with oysters, fetes, horses, parrots, clothes, sporting events, coaches, and dogs. As the wealth of the country has been transferred into instinctional or bureaucratic treasuries, so also has the citizenry at large come to adhere to the canons of reputable waste. The burden of conspicuous consumption has been shifted from the private to the public sector, and this entails the slight revision of some of Veblen's theory. As follows:

Cleanliness: Veblen discussed the fanatic insistence on cleanliness in the context of clothes and bodily health. Under the rule of money, appearances obviously become paramount, and a threadbare coat testifies to the presence of a nasty man. The immaculate condition of one's clothes also indicates an exemption from any useful or productive labor that might bring about a soiled or disheveled appearance.

Transposed from the private to the public sector, the insistence on cleanliness explains the present concern for the environment. Only a nation possessed of immense wealth can afford to scrub dirt out of the air. In the realm of foreign policy, the corollary belief that poverty implies spiritual contamination governs the American attitude toward the Third World.

Honorific Dissipation: The leisure class looks upon displays of indulgence as proofs of a man's ability to sustain losses inconceivable to lesser mortals. Veblen described drunkenness as an honorific occupation.

The same principle accounts for the extravagance of the 1960s. Not only the war in Vietnam but also the self-annihilation of the Woodstock generation testified to the greatness of a state that could afford such princely gestures.

Personal Service: Veblen confined his remarks to the household apparatus, to women and domestic servants. Together with the wifer considered in her capacity as sumptuary object) the legions of domestic or beth servants perform the tasks of vicarious leisure. They consume the master's goods as proof of the master's ability to maintain them. The less that is required of them, the more eloquently they argue their master's wealth and prowess. Mostly they devote themselves to elaborate punctilio, which offers further

proof of their master's greatness because the consumption of trained service obviously entails a larger expense than the consumption of untrained service.

The surfeit of goods eventually made it necessary to establish a higher order of servant who could assist with the task of consumption and thus uphold the standards of pecuniary decency. As the society as a whole has come to embody both the attitudes and the habits of the leisure class, the individual employers have been replaced by institutional employers. The conditions of service remain as before.

The society does itself honor by employing a retinue of bureaucrats at all levels of government who do nothing but read the newspapers. The habitual idleness of union members (trained service) testifies to the magnificence of American enterprise. The New York Times gives evidence of its greatness by assigning Harvard graduates to run errands, and the charitable foundations accomplish the same purpose by awarding large amounts of money to scholars who present inane proposals in unintelligible prose.

Children: Among the leisure class Veblen remarked the disinclination to bear children. The necessity to raise children interferes with the spending of money on oneself.

This truth has made itself apparent to the population at large. As more and more people have entered the leisure class, the markets in narcissism have prospered, and the national birthrate has declined.

Conspicuous Consumption: Veblen used the phrase to describe the consumption of objects (ornaments, weapons, cakes, polo ponies, et cetera) as well as the consumption of people's time and effort (amusements, rituals, devout observances). He made the further point that the canon of honorific waste requires the mark of superfluous expense. Goods that do not give evidence of wastefulness (either in the cost of their manufacture or the futility of their purpose) must be counted as inferior.

Transposed into the public sector, this principle explains, among other things, the cost of government. In precisely the same way that a Tiffany box adds luster to the beauty of a di mond tiara, the cost overrun for nuclear submarine guarantees its it rinsic worth. The waste of the tir and effort invested in the newspaper it vestigation of Bert Lance gave the proceedings the pleasing appearance significance.

Devout Observances: Veblen cour ed devout observances as one of t four occupations, together with gover ment, sports, and war, that the leisu class deems appropriate to its magn icence. All other forms of labor a pear menial and therefore ignoble. The distinction remains in force, with or slight modifications as to what co stitutes the civil religion. In 1899 Ve len could still offer the example church services, but in the course the past eighty years the sacerdo offices have passed into what was or the secular realm. The most expensi debates in any age resolve themselve into the question, Why do I have die? In the late nineteenth century the question still could be addressed clergymen. The events of the two tieth century have referred the qu tion to the politicians, who have acc to the teleological weapons, and to t scientists, who perhaps will discove the secret of immortality. The aura divine immanence thus shifts its lig from cathedrals to universities, search centers, and government ag cies. God continues to be imagined a rich man and heaven as a coun estate on the order of Pocantico Hi but the forms of ritual require a p fession of faith in democracy, libe social theory, the freedom of the pre and scientific truth. The people e ployed to celebrate these rituals quire the stature of an ecclesiasti class. In large part this accounts : the enormous expenditure of money tracts, studies, reports, and legislati embodying the principles of soc justice.

The money once invested in tadornment of cathedrals now support the manufacture of nuclear weapoon. The government comforts itself with defense establishment that stands as twonder of the age. The weapons we prove to be inadequate in the event a nuclear war, but the building of tarsenal becomes a form of religionart. The twelfth century squander its substance on stained glass; the two

tieth century prefers the imagery of technology, and the most beautiful images are those that instill the illusion of omnipotence. The twelfth century discovered a reflection of God's judgment in the facade of Chartres Cathedral; the twentieth century looks for the face of God in the smooth surfaces of an ICBM.

Pets: In the late 1890s a man might squander a fortune on the breeding of racehorses, but in the late 1970s so many people can afford to do the same thing that the enterprise fails to meet the condition of honorific waste. As the burden of conspicuous consumption shifts from a few individuals to the society as a whole, the keeping of pets transforms itself into the maintenance of celebrities. The amplification of the media allows more people to imagine themselves owners of statesmen, talkshow hosts, and movie personalities. The cost of maintaining Frank Sinatra or Henry Kissinger exceeds what even John Jacob Astor could have afforded to pay for a racing stable, but as the expense has been diffused through larger segments of the population the leisure state can pay for even more exotic species and grotesque effects.

Dress: Observing the similarity of dress worn by women, priests, and domestic servants, Veblen suggested that each of these costumes was an insignia of leisure, attesting to the indolence of the wearer and thus to the wealth of the master. So also the present fashion that encourages men to dress like women and to spend comparable amounts of money for cosmetics. A state that can afford to dress so many men in the costumes of futility obviously must be very great.

Archaism: As leisure and wealth sift downward, neither attribute serves as a definitive mark of the highest pecuniary grade. Veblen made reference to this devaluation in what he called "the physiognomy of goods." People on the upper tiers of the hierarchy avoided vulgar displays in favor of crude and rustic effects. They bought handicrafts and books sewn together with clumsy stitching and printed on heavy paper in archaic typefaces.

The most striking elaboration of this principle in the modern era has to do with the more truculent expression of feminism. The educated classes encourage women to revert to the primitive forms of matriarchy. This also satisfies the demand of honorific dissipation by proving that the state can afford to support not only indolent servants but, even more expensive, declared enemies.

Conspicuous Leisure: Even in Veblen's day, ostensibly purposeless leisure had begun to lose its value as a demonstration of the ability to pay. The man who appeared at a golf club or class reunion had to give an account of the time that he invested in other pursuits. He couldn't simply say that he had been sitting in a chair for a matter of days or months. Thus the obligation to speak with some degree of knowledge about antique furniture, the breeding of greyhounds, or the study of defunct languages. The more useless the occupation in question, the more credit accrued to his account. A knowledge of medieval Latin commanded more respect than a knowledge of contemporary Italian.

Under the imperatives of the leisure state, the consumption of leisure expresses itself most satisfactorily in the resort to committees, boards of directors, and ornamental commissions. A man who can say that he has attended meetings at the Aspen Institute or the Council on Foreign Relations attains a higher caste of reputability than the man who has been traveling on a cruise ship or going to business conventions. This is because an invitation to Aspen implies a much larger waste of time in the acquisition of the necessary connections and the reading of turgid discussions about the condition of the NATO alliance.

John F. Kennedy: Veblen's beau idéal. He consumed the best of everything the society had to offer and employed the most exquisitely trained and therefore the most expensive servants. Who else could afford to hire the dean of Harvard College as a footman? So gracefully and so enthusiastically did Mr. Kennedy consume the products of the society (women and ideas as well as houses and celebrities) that he restored to the glossy advertisements a sense of redeeming social purpose and gave to money the luminousness of something new.

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CHANGING CRIMINAL SENTENCES

Limiting judicial discretion will eliminate disparities in sentencing

by James Q. Wilso

HE CHANGES NOW under way in the laws governing the sentencing of criminals are perhaps the most important development in American criminal justice in the past half century. For, whatever the mode of punishment of criminals, the problems of defining and managing judicial discretion, of deciding on an appropriate scale of penalties, and of trying to discover the relationship between the penalty imposed and the crime rate that exists remain exactly the same. At present we accord to prosecutors and judges more discretionary authority, more unchecked freedom to punish and reward, than we allow to virtually any other part of government. And unless the problem of discretion is satisfactorily resolved, any penalty (or "treatment") for crime will be subject to the criticism that it is arbitrarily or capriciously imposed, that it fails to accord with prevailing community standards of justice, or that it insufficiently deters or incapacitates criminals.

New laws, which in various forms have been adopted in Maine and California and which are under active consideration by Congress and the legislatures of several states, have in common the objective of undoing an earlier "reform." The discretion now under attack was originally proposed, early in this century, as a device that would enable the criminal-justice system to achieve the rehabilitation of the offender. If the system was to "correct" the miscreant, then the amount of time he would spend under the supervision of that system should depend on his corrigibility, rather than on the nature of his offense. This, in turn, required that judges forswear setting a definite sentence, and instead either pick a minimum term of supervision (with the maximum decided by a correctional or parole board) or set a maximum sentence (with actual time served decided by the board). It is these central principles of the correctional philosophy—the "indeterminate sentence" and the "individualized sentence"—that are now being reexamined.

What is surprising, perhaps, is that criticisms of this philosophy have been slow in acquiring official support. When the criminal laws of many states, and of the federal government as well, permit persons convicted of, say, robbery, to be sentenced to prison for "zero to twenty years," or "for some period of time not to exceed twentyfive years," or "for no less than one year," they invite judges and parole boards to give expression to their own conceptions of what the protection of society, the rehabilitation of the offender, and the precepts of justice require. Liberal critics of this system point with outrage at examples of persons convicted of trivial offenses (the favorite example is possession of a small amount of marijuana) kept in prison for many years. Conservative critics point with equal outrage at examples of armed robbers and wife-murderers released from prison after absurdly short sentences, if in fact they were sent to prison at all. Those persons, liberal or conservative, who are concerned about fairness and equity object to offenders receiving utterly different sentences though they have committed similar, if not identical, offenses. Many believe, moreover, that these differences in treatment are affected by

James Q. Wilson is the Shattuck Professor of Government at Harvard and the author of Thinking About Crime and Varieties of Police Behavior. the race, income, or privilege of the offender.

These criticisms, to the extent the are true, would be telling ones even the system of indeterminate, indiviualized sentences helped to rehabilita the convict. But a large body evidence suggests that, though son programs may work under some ci cumstances for some offenders, by ar large we do not know how to chang the recidivism rate for large numbe of persons and for long periods of tim If rehabilitation is not achieved, tl major argument for indeterminacy co lapses, and the ethical objections to become overpowering. These objection have of late been forcefully argued I an imposing number of legal schola and philosophers.

HE PROPOSED solution h been to devise ways of ma ing sentencing more dete minate, or known at the tin of sentencing. One way is simply restore power over sentences to the judge, reducing or eliminating the ro of parole boards. This was done Maine, where a new criminal law I quires the judge to pick a fixed se tence from within a broad range a lowed by law. With a few exception there are no required minimum se tences, and probation can always granted. Parole supervision and ti parole board were abolished. T Maine plan made the punishment d terminate, but it remains individua ized, and thus disparities will no dou persist.

A second solution is the so-calle flat-time law proposed by a former co rectional official, David Fogel, in Il nois and under consideration in se eral states. Like the Maine law, this requires the judge to pick the sentence, but unlike it the range of possible sentences from which the judge can select is sharply narrowed. A judge would be free to place an offender on probation or to send him to prison; if he goes to prison, however, it must be for a period falling within a narrow, legislatively determined range. The present Illinois law, for example, allows a person convicted of a class-two felony such as robbery or burglary to serve one to twenty years in prison. Under Fogel's flat-time law, an offender would have to be sentenced to three to seven years, unless he were adjudged a career criminal, in which case the term would be between seven and eleven years. The actual time served would be the judgeimposed sentence, less "good time" (one day off his sentence for every day of good behavior while in prison).

A variant of this plan, sometimes called a "presumptive-sentencing" law, was enacted in California in 1976 and took effect on July 1 of this year. For each common felony, the law specifies three possible prison sentences, with the judge instructed to impose the middle sentence unless aggravating or mitigating circumstances lead him to conclude that the higher or lower term is appropriate. (He could still put an offender on probation.) Furthermore, the judge can "enhance" the basic sentence with additional terms of imprisonment if the crime was committed with a firearm, or in a way that caused great bodily injury or a large property loss, or by a person with a prior prison record. For example, a person convicted of robbery in the first degree could, under the old indeterminate-sentencing law, be imprisoned for five years to life. Under the presumptive- or determinate-sentencing law, the judge could imprison him for two, three, or four years, the assumption being that he would select three years unless the nature of the crime suggested that mitigating or aggravating the penalty was appropriate. To the basic three-year term the judge could add one year if the person was armed and two years if he used the firearm, three years if he caused great bodily injury, and three years if he had been in prison for a violent crime within the preceding ten years. The judge cannot add on enhancements to his heart's content, however-the maximum fully enhanced term may not exceed twice the base term unless the crime was violent. Obviously, the law and the arithmetic it requires are complex in the extreme.

Another way to limit judicial or parole discretion is by developing sentencing guidelines of the sort proposed in the new federal criminal code developed by Senators Edward M. Kennedy and John McClellan. This bill, S. 1437 of the Ninety-fifth Congress, is chiefly a much-revised substitute for the heavily criticized S. 1 of a year ago, which offered both a codification of the federal criminal laws and a set of new provisions dealing with such matters as leaking government documents. The new bill strips away most of the features criticized by civil libertarians, leaving the codification plus some new features more to the liking of liberals (such as decriminalizing the private possession of small amounts of marijuana), and-perhaps most important of all-creates a Sentencing Commission of nine members that will establish sentencing policies and guidelines for the federal system.

These guidelines will, among other things, create for each federal crime a suggested range of sentences that will take into account the nature of the offense and its circumstances, the community's view as to its gravity, and the deterrent effect of the sentence. Once promulgated, the guidelines take effect provided that neither house of Congress has, within 180 days, voted to disapprove them. The courts are obliged to take these guidelines into account in fixing a sentence but need not obey them. If, however, the courtimposed sentence is less than the minimum recommended by the Sentencing Commission, the prosecution may appeal, while if it is more than the recommended maximum, the defense may appeal. In any event, the guidelines cannot call for sentences in excess of those allowed by statute. For example, a class C felony under the new federal code (which would cover rape, arson, robbery, burglary, manslaughter, aggravated assault, counterfeiting, and large thefts) carries a maximum prison term of twelve years.

The guideline approach suggested by Kennedy and McClellan recognizes the intellectual difficulty of prescribing by statute precise penalties for scores of crimes and many kinds of offenders and defers to the political objections, raised most strongly by judges, to any sentencing system that denies them discretionary power. The check on that power in S. 1437 is the moral suasion and practical utility of the Sentencing Commission's opinions combined with the risk of appeal if its guidelines are violated.

The law gives little guidance to the commission itself except to say that a "substantial sentence of imprisonment" shall be recommended "in most cases" in which the defendant has a long record of prior convictions, is part of an organized criminal racket, or reveals himself to be participating in a pattern of criminal conduct from which he derives a "substantial portion of his income."

In addition to the voluntary nature of the sentencing guidelines, the Kennedy–McClellan plan differs from flatime and presumptive-sentencing laws in retaining the authority of a parole board that could release the offender after a small portion (roughly one-fourth) of his sentence has been served, unless the judge specifically extends the period during which a convict is ineligible for parole. Indeed, if there is any criticism to be made of S. 1437, it is that its sponsors promise greater benefits from its enactment than the law seems capable of producing.

No one can know what effect any of these changes in sentencing policy will have on offenders or on society or its institutions. One can, however, compare the principles of these laws with what we now know about crime and criminal justice.

HAT JUDGES DIFFER in sentences imposed on cases presenting similar facts is beyond dispute. Federal Judge Marvin Frankel presided over a test in which fifty of his colleagues in the Second Circuit recommended sentences for a group of imaginary offenders described in thirty presentence reports which gave full details on the nature of the offense and the characteristics of the offender-not only the prior record, if any, but race, age, sex, occupation, drug use, and so forth. The disparities were vast-for drug trafficking, they ranged from one year to ten years in prison, and for bank robbery, from five years to twenty years in prison.

The results of this experiment, re-

ported by Frankel in his book, Criminal Sentences, are amply confirmed by the actual behavior of judges. James Eisenstein and Herbert Jacob find, in their detailed study of judges in Baltimore, Chicago, and Detroit, that the average sentence for robbery, adjusted to take into account when a person would become eligible for parole, ranged from a low of twenty-four months awarded by Detroit judges to a high of fifty-seven months given by Baltimore judges. Peter W. Greenwood and his colleagues at Rand found in a study of Superior Court dispositions in Los Angeles County that the chances of a convicted burglar with a prior prison record going to prison ranged from only one in eight in the city of Los Angeles to one in three in Long Beach. Within a single court, such as that in Long Beach, the chances of that burglar going to prison ranged from one in five for one judge to one in seventeen for another.

But, contrary to what one might suppose, there is not much systematic evidence to show that disparities in treatment conform to racial or class differences among offenders. Eisenstein and Jacob found that black defendants in the three cities fared no worse than white ones and that poor defendants were treated about the same as others. Greenwood and the Rand group found a complex and somewhat surprising pattern: blacks who pleaded not guilty to a felony were slightly more likely to be convicted than whites, but if convicted got lighter sentences than whites. In another study of California sentencing practices, Carl E. Pope found that there were some racial differences in prison sentences given by judges in rural areas but scarcely any such differences among urban courts.

John Hagan reviewed twenty studies of sentencing done between 1928 and 1973 and found that blacks were more likely to be executed than whites, especially in the South, but that for noncapital sentences involving defendants with no prior record, there were no significant racial differences. Stevens Clarke and Gary Koch looked closely at sentences awarded in one Southern community (Mecklenburg County, North Carolina) and found that race had no effect on the chances of going to prison once one held constant offense and prior record. Nor did income seem to affect the chances of being

convicted, though it did affect the chances of going to prison—largely, it would seem, because, poorer defendants could not afford bail or private attorneys.

Theodore G. Chiricos and Gordon P. Waldo, in a large-scale study of prison sentences received by more than 10,000 persons in three Southern states for seventeen offenses, found no relationship between the social status of the defendant (measured by income, education, and occupation) and the length of the sentence received.

In juvenile courts, where judges are charged with acting in loco parentis, one can easily imagine even a well-meaning judge sending black youths to an institution more frequently than white ones, if for no other reason than that the judge recognizes the higher frequency of broken (and thus, he might think, unsuitable) homes among blacks. But of the many studies done of juvenile courts, most find no relationship between race or social status and court outcome.

One can think of all sorts of possible objections to these studies. Perhaps poor, black defendants were wrongly convicted and better-off white ones wrongly acquitted. (Given the vast number of persons screened out of the criminal-justice system before sentence is imposed, and based on interviews with many defense counsels, I would have to say that this explanation is unlikely.) Or perhaps the proportion of blacks going to prison is an average value reflecting, especially in the South, a tendency to overpenalize blacks for crimes against whites and underpenalize them for offenses against blacks. We know this to be the case with rape and murder, but no studies have yet been done to find out if it is true for less serious but more common property crimes.

Whatever the arguments, one thing is clear—there is not as yet much systematic statistical support, despite many efforts to find it, for the widespread view that poor persons and blacks are obviously and automatically the victims of the discriminatory use of judicial discretion, except in the case of capital punishment.

Does this mean that the case against unfettered judicial discretion is wrong? Not unless you believe that the only injustice is racial discrimination. The evidence from the Frankel experiment and from other studies shows that per sons committing like offenses are re ceiving unlike penalties. That this dis parity is on the whole being adminis tered without regard to race or income is no defense. It simply means that judges are for the most part men and women who try to avoid allowing race or status to affect their judgment at to the gravity of a given offense, but who differ fundamentally as to how they might define that gravity.

This suggests that the problem o minimizing the harmful consequence of judicial discretion is much more dif ficult than was once supposed. Were i simply a matter of ending racial dis crimination, sentencing guidelines and sentence review by appellate court would probably eliminate most abuses and such wrongs as remained would be easily detected by simple statistica measures. But when judges sentence differently because they have differen philosophic beliefs as to what crim means and what justice requires, guide lines may well be either so complex o so loose as to permit disparities to per sist. Appellate review may simply shift the disagreement to a different pane of judges.

This does not mean that sentencing guidelines are undesirable. Quite the contrary: they will probably do some substantial good, if only by getting serious people to work seriously on the probably eliminate the worst abuses. But a Sentencing Commission will face a formidable task, for it will be obliged not merely to devise constraints agains clear abuses, but to define what justic requires.

o MANY, PERHAPS MOST, cit izens, sentencing laws should be revised more to reduce crime than to eliminate disparities, and the changes under way in California and elsewhere will probable be judged by the criterion of publisafety rather than by sentence equity This may not be what the lawmaker intended, but it is what people expect

No one can be sure how many people will be sentenced under the Cal ifornia law and the laws proposed for Illinois and the federal government. A judge can always place a convicted per son on probation. All the new laws say is that if a person goes to prison, it

must be for a more determinate, or at least less variable, sentence. In short, these are not "mandatory prison" laws.

The scholarly studies that suggest that crime rates will be lower, other things being equal, where the probability of apprehension and punishment is higher continue to accumulate. There are now perhaps two dozen studies done with United States data and several using data from England and Canada. But there remain some methodological difficulties that prevent one from saying that these studies prove that sanctions deter crime. The major problem arises out of the possibility that crimes "deter" sanctions. For example, if crime rates rise rapidly, the criminal-justice system, especially the courts and prisons, may become so overloaded with cases that, in order to keep up with the deluge, judges start letting more and more persons off with no penalty. To an outside observer, it would appear that crime rates are going up because sentences are becoming less common when, in fact, the reverse is true.

I am reasonably confident that, other things being equal (such as economic conditions, especially the employment rates of young males), more certain penalties and a higher risk of apprehension will in fact reduce somewhat rates of property crime. My own research on police effects on crime rates, together with studies by Daniel Nagin on the effect of penalties on draft evasion during the Vietnam war, by Kenneth Wolpin on the consequences for English crime rates of changing the risks of punishment, and by other scholars studying different aspects of the problem, are all consistent with that belief. A special panel (on which I served) of the National Academy of Sciences has wrestled with this issue and is producing an appropriately cautious report, suggesting ways in which the deterrence hypothesis can be put to better tests.

But suppose, as I think quite likely, that more certain penalties will deter crime. Is it possible, as a practical matter, to produce greater certainty? The best answer seems to be a guarded yes, though so far that can only be said for certain crimes under certain circumstances. For example, the so-called Rockefeller drug law in New York State resulted in an increase in the proportion of persons going to prison for sell-

ing an ounce or more of heroin from 46 percent before the law to 94 percent after it was implemented. Whether this change affected the amount of drug dealing on the streets is far less clear.

VEN IF NEW sentencing laws do not deter would-be criminals, they may affect crime rates by taking known repeaters off the streets for extended periods of time, thus sparing society the crimes that might have been committed by them. Criminologists call this the "incapacitation effect" to distinguish it from deterrence.

To calculate what incapacitative effect on crime rates new sentencing laws will have, one must know, among other things, how many persons will be in prison and for how long, and how many crimes those persons would have committed if they had been left on the streets. The determinate- and the mandatory-sentencing laws tell us how long convicts will be in prison, but we have only a crude idea of how many people will be serving those sentences and only a vague notion of the number of crimes such persons commit each year while free.

Based on studies of a large group of young men by Marvin Wolfgang at the University of Pennsylvania, we are fairly confident that a small proportion of offenders commits a large proportion of the more serious crimes. But, because of our maddeningly inadequate statistics, we don't really know how long and how frequently these chronic offenders are in prison. And we shall never know for certain how many crimes they commit while free; at best, we can only know how many times they are arrested.

Still, some informed guesses are possible. The first serious study of the incapacitative effect of prison was published two years ago. That study suggested that the average offender committed ten crimes per year. More recent studies suggest that the number may be closer to two. If the true figure is ten, then doubling the average number of years served by a convicted offender would cut the crime rate by 27 percent; if the true value is two, however, then doubling time served would reduce crime by only 10 percent. (This calculation ignores whatever additional crime reduction might occur because

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Mortduide Distributor Fromm and Sichel Inc. San Francisco California USA of the deterrent effects of longer sentences on would-be criminals.)

Ideally, we might prefer to give long sentences to repeat offenders (who, if left free, would commit many crimes each year) and short or no sentences to one-time or casual offenders. This would make for the most efficient use of expensive prison space and, in addition, would reduce the chances of casual criminals being mingled with hardened ones. To a great extent, this is what most judges now attempt to do. Almost every study of sentencing indicates that persons with long criminal records get longer sentences than persons with shorter records who commit the same offense. Whether we can do a better job by applying more systematic information to the task of identifying repeaters is not clear, however. For one thing, we do not have good information on how many crimes persons have actually committed, only information on how many times they have been arrested. For another, many of the most serious offenders are juveniles, who by law may not be kept in custody beyond a certain age (often twenty-one) no matter what they have

VEN THOUGH most of the major proposals for new sentenc-, ing laws have yet to be enactded, the prison population is already rising rapidly. The great decline that occurred during the 1960s, although the crime rate was going up, has now been reversed. From a postwar high of 213,000 adults in state and federal prison in 1960, the numbers fell more or less steadily to 196,000 in 1972. The following year they started up and increased by 10 percent or more in each of the following years until now the prison population (as of the end of 1976) is officially counted at 265,674.

Prison populations went down while crime rates were going up rapidly; now that the rate of increase in crime has begun to slow, and without any fundamental change in sentencing laws, prison populations have shot up. Why? Frankly, no one knows for certain. One possibility is that judges, out of their own beliefs or in reaction to public criticism, have become tougher. No doubt that is true in some cases, but since we have almost no good informa-

tion on sentencing practices, we cannot say whether this accounts for most or only some of the change.

Another possibility is that the vast crop of new young offenders who came of age in the 1960s (as a result of the baby boom after World War II) began to accumulate longer and longer arrest records so that judges who initially gave them probation or suspended sentences when they first appeared in court are now giving them prison terms as a reward for their felonious diligence. In short, the judges may not have changed, but the offenders have: the baby boom produced more juvenile one-time losers in the 1960s but more adult three-time losers in the 1970s. (Whether the one-time losers would have become three-time losers if they had been treated more severely in the first place is hard to say.)

If we cannot explain precisely why the prison population is larger, we can say with some confidence that it has changed in composition. Increasingly, prison has been reserved for only the most serious offenders. Persons convicted of homicide, robbery, and assault accounted for one-third of the prison population in 1960 but nearly one-half by 1974. The percentage of prisoners who are nonviolent felonsburglars, auto thieves, and larcenists -has declined, as has the percentage who are "white-collar" criminals (embezzlers, forgers, and defrauders). Only a small fraction of all prisonersabout 6 percent-are there for dealing in marijuana or for merely possessing a drug.

The question of what kind of offender ought to be in prison is a complex one. It will not do to parrot the phrase, uttered by some prison reformers, that only 10 or 15 percent of all inmates "need" to be in prison. To decide on who "needs" to be in prison, one must first decide on the purpose of prison. If it is only to restrain the uncontrollably violent offender, then it is true that most inmates could be safely released. But one would also have to release John Mitchell, H. R. Haldeman, and John Ehrlichman (they are scarcely violent), and one would never have imprisoned Jimmy Hoffa or any one of several dozen corrupt state legislators, mayors, and businessmen.

If prison exists only to incapacitate persons who, if left free, would continue to commit crimes, then white, middle-aged, middle-class wife-murderers should be released instantly and black, young, drug-addicted auto thieves should be kept locked up in definitely. It is virtually a statistical certainty that the former will not kil again but that the latter will stea again. But the result is obviously ludicrous: we are, by such a policy, ir effect saying that a human life is worth nothing, and a stolen car is worth everything.

If prison exists only to deter would be criminals, then one would confine convicted offenders only if one believed that would-be offenders notice this and take it into account in deciding wheth er to commit crimes themselves. If one were fairly certain that no one knew whether anyone went to prison for a crime, there would be no point in sen tencing anyone. If people began to doubt the reality of the prison sanc tion, it would be far cheaper simply to mount a public-relations campaign in which you claimed that people go to prison for committing crimes even it scarcely anyone does.

Even more perversely, a purely de terrent theory of punishment would justify penalties that in many cases bore no relationship to the gravity of the offense. In Boston, the shame of being caught is enough to deter most residents from stealing a bottle of cognac from the corner liquor store, but probably only a jail sentence would keep them from double-parking in from of the store. Should we, on grounds of deterrence, scold the thieves but jail

the double-parkers? If prison has any single purpose, it is to punish, which is to say, to do justice. It is not deterrence or incapacitation that justifies people being imprisoned; it is being convicted of a crime that justifies it. Having decided to punish lawbreakers, we are then entitled to ask what deterrent or incapacitative effects that decision will have and to adjust, at the margin, the swiftness, certainty, and perhaps severity of that punishment to maximize deterrent or incapacitative objectives while remaining faithful to the fundamental premise that, as Andrew von Hirsch has put it in the title of his book the choice of punishments should be based on "doing justice." If we do justice to all, we shall, I suspect, also cut crime.

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Divinot go gentle

by Richard Selzer

a doctor to observe his nations by any means at any stance, that he might the more fully assemble evidence? So I stand in the doorways of hespital rooms and race. On, it is a last furtive an act. Those in bed need only look up to dispers they never do.

From the least of Room 542 the man in the bed seems deeply tanned. Blue eles closescripped white hair give time appearance of vigor and good health. But I know that his skin . to brown from the sun. It is rusted. rather, in the last stage of containing the vile repose within. And the blue eves are frosted, looking inward like the windows of a snowbound cottage. This man is blind. This man is also bed. legless—the right leg missing from midthigh down, the left from just below the knee. It gives him the look of a bonsai, roots and branches pruned into the dwarfed facsimile of a great

Propped on pillows, he cups his right thigh in both hands. Now and then he shakes his head as though acknowledging the intensity of his suffering. In all of this he makes no sound. Is he mute as well as blind?

The room in which he dwells is empsessions—in private learns, small, private caches of food, day-old flowers, slippers, all the usual kickthe stratoum. There is only the bed, a chair, a nightstand, and a tray on wheels that can be swung across his lap for meals.

HAT TIME IS IT?" he asks.
"Three o'clock."
"Morning or after-

"Afternoon."

He is silent. There is nothing else he wants to know.

"How are you?" I say.

"Who is it?" he asks.

"It's the doctor. How do you feel?"
He does not answer right away.

"Feel?" he says.

"I hope you feel better," I say.

I press the button at the side of the bed.

"Down you go," I say.

"Yes. down," he says.

He falls back upon the bed awkwardly. His stumps, unweighted by legs and feet, rise in the air, presenting themselves. I unwrap the bandages from the stumps, and begin to cut away the black scabs and the dead, glazed fat with scissors and forceps. A shard of white bone comes loose. I pick it away. I wash the wounds with disinfectant and redress the stumps. All this while, he does not speak. What is he thinking behind those lids that do not blink? Is he remembering a time when he was Richard Selzer, a surgeon, is the author of Murral Lessons.

whole? Does he dream of feet? Of when his body was not a rotting log?

He lies solid and inert. In spite of everything, he remains impressive, as though he were a sailor standing athwart a slanting deck.

"Anything more I can do for you?"

For a long moment he is silent.

"Yes," he says at last and without the least irony. "You can bring me a pair of shoes."

In the corridor, the head nurse is

waiting for me.

"We have to do something about him," she says. "Every morning he orders scrambled eggs for breakfast, and, instead of eating them, he picks up the plate and throws it against the wall."

"Throws his plate?"

"Nasty. That's what he is. No wonder his family doesn't come to visit. They probably can't stand him any more than we can."

She is waiting for me to do something.

"Well?"

"We'll see," I say,

HE NEXT MORNING I am waiting in the corridor when the kitchen delivers his breakfast. I watch the aide place the tray on the stand and swing it across his lap. She presses the button to raise the head of the bed. Then she leaves.







In time the man reaches to find the rim of the tray, then on to find the dome of the covered dish. He lifts off the cover and places it on the stand. He fingers across the plate until he probes the eggs. He lifts the plate in both hands, sets it on the palm of his right hand, centers it, balances it. He hets it up and down slightly, getting the feel of it. Abruptly, he draws back his right arm as far as he can.

There is the crack of the plate breaking against the wall at the foot of his bed and the small wet sound of the scrambled eggs dropping to the floor.

And then he laughs. It is a sound you have never heard. It is something new under the sun. It could cure cancer.

Out in the corridor, the eyes of the head nurse narrow.

"Laughed, did he?"

She writes something down on her clipboard.

A second aide arrives, brings a second breakfast tray, puts it on the nightstand, out of his reach. She looks over at me shaking her head and making her mouth go. I see that we are to be accomplices.

"I've got to feed you," she says to the man.

"Oh, no you don't," the man says.
"Oh, yes I do," the aide says, "after

the way you just did. Nurse says so."
"Get me my shoes," the man says.

"Here's oatmeal," the aide says. "Open." And she touches the spoon to his lower lip.

"I ordered scrambled eggs," says the

"That's right," the aide says.
I step forward.

"Is there anything I can do?" I say. "Who are you?" the man asks.

N THE EVENING I go once more to that ward to make my rounds. The head nurse reports to me that Room 542 is deceased. She has discovered this quite by accident, she says. No, there had been no sound. Nothing. It's a blessing, she says.

I go into his room, a spy looking for secrets. He is still there in his bed. His face is relaxed, grave, dignified. After a while, I turn to leave. My gaze sweeps the wall at the foot of the bed, and I see the place where it has been repeatedly washed, where the wall looks very clean and very white.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1977



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MEXICAN TRANSFER

A long-awaited treaty to return American prisoners leaves them no better off

by Peter Meyer

HE TREATY was hailed as something of a great Yanki hope. It was as unprecedented as it was long awaited. After years of fruitless debate, it represented the first concrete proposal to get Americans out of "infamous" south-of-theborder prisons. And on Thanksgiving Day 1976, when the prisoner-transfer agreement was initialed by the United States and Mexico in La Torre de Tlatelolco, the rumor around the Mexican jails was "We'll be home by Christmas." The rumor, however, was as misguided as the fanfare that preceded it.

At first the accord seemed to be a dignified solution to a dirty, knotty problem. Over the years the hundreds of arrested Americans had come to be the focus of a minor human-rights cause célèbre, as the ugly stories of rat-infested dungeons and torture with cattle prods slowly filtered across the Rio Grande. The State Department, in deference to Mexican sovereignty, time and again protested that its hands were tied. Frustrated, some Americans acted on their own. Many lost thousands of dollars to Mexican mordida, the commonplace practice of bribery. Others botched escape attempts, landing in solitary confinement after their remedial torture sessions. When a Texas doctor last year hired an ex-Marine

to free his son, the soldier captured the headlines by slipping across the Mexican border in the dark of night and successfully storming a Piedras Negras prison.

The treaty, "on the execution of penal sentences," was much more civilized. American nationals would simply be allowed to serve their Mexican jail terms in United States penal institutions. (Mexican citizens jailed in this country would have the reciprocal right, but no great rush to the south was anticipated.)

Criminologists praised the treaty as a major step toward the rehabilitation of criminals and stressed the advantages to the offender of incarceration near his family and friends, and in his own culture. Diplomats could indulge in some self-congratulation for having created a plan which soothed the sensitivities of irate Americans but did not call for the Marines to reinvade the halls of Montezuma. Mexicans could be pleased at retaining their sovereignty and also hopeful that U.S. Congressmen would quit their unneighborly "Mexico may be hazardous to your health" exhortations. Even the parents and friends of the more than 600 prisoners—who possess a fervor reminiscent of that of the parents of Peter Meyer is a free-lance journalist.

Vietnam-era POWs-relented enough to telegraph Presidents Ford and Eche verría their "deepest gratitude." If the Mexican plan succeeded, then Colom bia, Bolivia, Turkey, and some seventy five other countries might eventually be persuaded to give up their 1,600 imprisoned U.S. nationals.

Christmas 1976 came and passed The Mexican Congress ratified th treaty on December 30, but it was no until February 15 that President Car ter finally sent the agreement to Con gress, recommending "favorable con sideration . . . at an early date." Ex perts began to predict that the "home coming" would begin "as early a June." In March Secretary of Stat Vance reported to Congress that extor tion and physical abuse of American was continuing. However, "on the mor positive side," wrote Vance, "th United States and Mexico have cor cluded successful negotiations on treaty." By June only the most opt mistic observers believed there woul be a transfer by September, if at al The treaty had become entangled i increasing skepticism. It was beginnin to look less and less like a support fo human rights than like a smoke scree for their violation, and its appear seemed to some to be curiously roote in its odds-on chances of failure.

A bevy of government experts wa bedeviled by the complexities of th treaty. Lawyers in the Justice Depart ment, authorized to draw up the legisla tion necessary to implement the treaty were quickly mired in "a lot of prol lems we'd never come across before. They wrote seven draft proposals be fore Attorney General Griffin Bell ser a recommendation to the Senate in lat April, months behind schedule. Th State Department had "dedicated thou sands of hours" to the treaty before the Justice Department even receive it, yet still was unsure of its constitu tionality. The American Law Divisio of the Library of Congress was man dated to study the treaty "with an ey to delineating the legal issues raised. One of the more disturbing conclusion of the thirty-six-page report was the



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"if the Mexican pro-sings which led to the conviction of any transferred American prisoner did not involve all of the constitutional guarantees required in state criminal proceedings, the Due Process Clause of the Fifth Amendment would ordinarily preclude imprisonment by the federal government." It was the Mexican neglect of precisely those "constitutional guarantees" that the Americans detained in Mexico, their friends and parents. Congressmen, and journalists had been reporting and railling about for more than two years.

"When domestic law experts look at ithe treaty]." Nicholas Kittrie, a professor of law at American University, points out, "they say, 'God Almighty! This you cannot do... What the hell are we doing imposing on our citizens the crazy criminal laws of other coun-

HE PROPOSED agreement is straightforward enough. By accepting it. the United States in effect agrees to be the penal agent for the Mexican judiciary (as Mexico agrees to carry out the sentences imposed on its nationals by an American court). At the same time, the United States renounces any right to its own judicial review of the Mexican arrest, conviction, or sentencing procedure for the purpose of changing the sentence. If any or all of a prisoner's constitutional rights (American or Mexican have been violated in Mexico. an American court still has no right, as the treaty stipulates, to "challenge, modify or set aside sentences handed down by [Mexican] courts." Further, an American prisoner, should he agree to be transferred, will be incarcerated in the United States without having violated a U.S. law and without benefit of the rights normally guaranteed a person prior to his imprisonment for a crime -ommutel in this courty.

The treaty not only seems to preempt the judiciary's traditional function, it also hands that responsibility over to a foreign government. The U.S. would be imposing not only the criminal laws of another country on its citizens, as Professor Kittrie warns, but also Mexico's arrest and detention procedures, and their constitutional requirements, or lack of them. And the possibility that those laws and practices are "crazy" only further muddles the affair.

The agreement seemed to be specially tailored to irk civil libertarians. The executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California, David Fishlow, wrote the State Department Counselor on International Law, Detlev Vagts, that "while the transfer itself may be entirely constitutional, subsequent incarceration in United States institutions is not. In fact, it is an extremely dangerous concept." The precedent, Fishlow argued, might well lead to much more pernicious abrogations of the Bill of Rights.

Not surprisingly, Professor Vagts, who was on a year's leave from Harvard to direct the treaty formulation. took a different view. He believed the accord was constitutional, although he told Fishlow that it would probably be impossible to resolve the doubts without an actual test case. Nevertheless, the treaty would not really violate any rights, argued Vagts, because a prisoner is under no compunction to submit to it: the transfer is totally voluntary. "The treaty is a little like a pardon," explained Vagts more recently. "It's giving something he had no right to have before. They could have staved in Mexican jails indefinitely for all the American legal system could do about it. They're now given an option which they don't have to take if they don't want to." Thus, if a prisoner is worried about the consequences of his consent, he has every right to stay in Mexico. As Vagts wrote to Fishlow. "I refuse to believe that the Constitution prohibits us from accepting half a loaf when that is all that can be obtained."

However. Fishlow would not accept the premise. He doubted seriously that the treaty would "provide half a loaf, a quarter loaf, or even a handful of crumbs." How knowing, voluntary, and rational can a consent be, he responded, if, on the one hand, the constant threat of torture and extortion hangs over one's head in Mexico, and on the other, the only available option may be the hardly pleasurable prospect at Fulson on Learnmooth?

In the end. Fishlow believes that the treaty is merely a "simplistic solution to a complicated set of problems.... And what's worse is that you have a government perfectly willing to nego-

tiate a treaty knowing full well the American courts will order the prisoners released. I find that contemptible." Vagts resents that assessment, but it nevertheless raises an important political issue, one that often confronts the State Department, and may have affected its diplomacy with the Mexicans.

N 1969 RICHARD NIXON declared an international "war on drugs." The U.S. government pressured and ca-Ljoled Mexico into a cooperative narcotics crackdown, offering and delivering millions of U.S. drug-war dollars as an incentive (\$6 million from 1969 to 1973 and \$8 million in 1974). Mexican prison demography changed almost overnight. The Mexican officials only nibbled at wayward Americans before the "war," apparently content to chase culprits skipping out on hotel bills-the offense reported to have been committed by most of the fewer than 100 Americans in Mexican jails in 1969. But when they began their dragnet operation the following year, almost twice that number were scooped up on narcotics violations alone. U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency agents assisted in "cooperative arrests," and Mexican federal police and customs agents received special training by the U.S. government. By February of this vear 621 Americans were in Mexican hoosegows, 498 for violations of a

narcotics law. What the State Department still tries to explain away as an "unfortunate" coincidence, Rep. Fortney Stark of California, who began investigating the complaints of arrested Americans in the early summer of 1974, calls "collusion." "I don't know of any big dealers in Mexican jails," says Stark, who also prompted the House Subcommittee on International Political and Military Affairs to launch a fourteenmonth investigation in April 1975. "The typical drug-related prisoner was the coke-mule, someone who was offered a couple of thousand bucks to go into Colombia and bring cocaine back, and was apprehended while changing planes in Mexico City. I have reason to suspect that they were set up in Colombia and arrested in Mexico City because it was easier to get convictions there than in the U.S. . . . They were American citizens, and DEA

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agents were involved in it. I really believe, though I've never been able to prove it, that there was this collusion that said, 'Let's get 'em in Mexico City 'cause we can really wap around there.'

The United States has tried to ride the fence, often finding it extremely difficult to pressure the Mexicans to push hard against drug offenses while pressing them to be more humane in their treatment of the offenders. And it is not surprising that, after refusing for so long to act on the prisoner problem, the State Department negotiated a treaty which says nothing about the major portion of American complaints, and offers prisoners who adamantly proclaim their innocence nothing better than reimprisonment in the United States. Even the State Department admits that the agreement cannot prevent unwarranted physical abuse, extortion, illegally prolonged detention, and other presentencing injustices. In short, the treaty won't solve the problems which prompted its birth, even if the serious constitutional challenges could be set aside. Why, then, have so few people voiced any objection to it?

AVID FISHLOW can't persuade his organization to oppose the treaty. The national ACLU General Council voted at the end of March not to stand in the way of Congressional ratification. Not only would defeat of the treaty "cut off the chance to raise the civil-liberties issues," explained an ACLU official who preferred anonymity, "but what do we gain by opposing it? Nobody comes back."

Mary Coulter has carried this rationale further. For years she has been badgering the State Department. Her son has been behind Mexican barsunjustly, she claims-since 1973, and Mrs. Coulter is the head of a very vocal, 2,000-member national organization of parents and friends of the prisoners. The group has been lobbying strenuously for the treaty's ratification. Yet Mrs. Coulter wants the proposal passed not because it will work, but rather because she ardently hopes for quite the opposite result. "Prominent lawyers" have assured her that the agreement will not survive a court challenge, and she is even mak ing plans to sue the U.S. government for its role in jailing "so many innocent Americans." "Let's just get those kids back home," she says, "then blow [the treaty] wide open by having our courts release them." If it passes the Senate, and works long enough to transfer all the prisoners back home, then fails, Mrs. Coulter will have succeeded. She is confident of trapping the government in a neat Catch-22.

Even Professor Vagts had written David Fishlow that "the [treaty] arrangement was so novel that one could not be totally confident of the outcome," and went on to ask for "at least your neutrality in this effort to alleviate the plight of these prisoners." Fishlow thought this smacked of sub-

terfuge, trying to dupe the Mexicans into agreeing to a treaty which would never work in the United States. Had the State Department, after years of protesting against any appearance of infringing on Mexican internal affairs, found a way of placating all sides (the David Fishlows excepted) by devising a plan which would work only halfway—far enough to get the prisoners home not far enough to hold them?

There is no evidence that the treaty was so cynically conceived, howeve cynical it might appear. In fact, Mrs Coulter's stratagem cannot work. Th U.S. government has written its own Catch-22. The agreement itself contains self-destruct clauses which wil

PROBLEMS AND PRECEDENTS

Some criminologists think the idea of transfer is receiving short shrift in the debate over the Mexican-American treaty. "Too many people believe that it all sprang full-grown from the head of Zeus when the Mexican Foreign Affairs Secretary sat down with Kissinger in the spring of 1976," complains Judith Weintraub, executive secretary of the United Nations-affiliated Alliance of Non-Governmental Organizations in Crime Prevention and Criminal Justice.

Scant attention has been given to the initialing of an almost identical treaty with Canada on March 2—now going through the same ratification process as the Mexican agreement—even though negotiations with the Canadians began as early as the end of 1975, more than six months before Mexico was reported to have proffered the transfer idea.

There are older precedents among European nations, where for years prisoners have been passed across borders without formal treaties, in much the same way as individual states transfer offenders in America. In 1957 the Council of Europe established detailed guidelines for a unified transnational approach to problems of crime and criminal justice as millions of laborers traversed national boundaries in search of work. In 1963 four Scandinavian countries agreed to transfer imprisoned foreign nationals, and hundreds of prisoners are annually shuffled about with no major problems. Spain signed a similar accord with Denmark in 1972.

The chairman of the Alliance for Non-Governmental Organizations, Donald Goff, fears that the Mexican-American proposal is being undermined by provincial, self-serving analyses. "I'm not one to spout rhetoric about the poor, innocent youngster being mistreated in a Mexican jail," he says, "but the real issue here, from a worldwide perspective, is one of rehabilitation; and it springs from the post-World War II phenomenon of labor migration, not middle-class college kids off on a toot."

The European situation, however, differs from America's in two important respects, The Europeans are, first of all, not strapped with a comprehensive Bill of Rights and thus do not require a prisoner's consent to effect a transfer. Second, as Goff himself implied, the Americans are predominantly "kids off on a toot," 80 percent of all U.S. citizens jailed abroad being drug offenders and not, as is the European experience, common laborers who have committed crimes of the garden variety. In the agreement with Mexico, the United States has attempted to ameliorate the first with a voluntary consent clause, but has ignored the second and tried to offer a penal solution for what is really a political problem.

lisappoint anyone's hopes for a mass orisoner transfer to the U.S. and a subsequent mass release.

First is the requirement that a transer have the consent of all three paries—the sending state, the receiving tate, and the prisoner. And as Vagts explains, "We will be very cautious about bringing back people we regard as serious offenders until we are aboutely sure the treaty will withstand constitutional challenges." The first writ of habeas corpus brought to an American court will no doubt have the ame effect on the treaty as a resolution o send Red Chinese troops to Russia night have on a United Nations Secuity Council debate.

Second, even in the event that an American court would order a transerred prisoner released, there is no juarantee he would remain free. The proposed enabling legislation says, "He nay be returned to the country which mposed the sentence for the purpose of completing the sentence." Again lagts advises that "a person would un an appreciable risk that Mexico vould ask for him and we'd return im." Then it would be back to square me for the prisoner. Or back to Mazalán, or Oaxaca, or Tampico, or Culiaan, as the case may be. Back to next Thristmas.

It may well be that the last ones to enefit from the proposal "to alleviate he plight of these prisoners" will be he prisoners. The State Department as already benefited-for a year, talk of the treaty has quieted criticism hat it has failed to take action. Mexico nas benefited-its sovereignty remains is unscathed as ever. The Justice Department and its DEA have not had to alter their hard-nosed narcotics lawinforcement pressure on Mexico nor answer for some of its grisly side eflects. Should the treaty finally emerge from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the enabling legislaion from the House and Senate Judiciary Committees, American courts can hen look forward to the formidable ask of disentangling the constitutional muddle. Law students will have legal rrist for a decade. And whether ratified or not, the treaty will benefit students of politics and diplomacy who may want to ask why such a dubiously feasible agreement was negotiated in the first place.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 1977

Fertilizing: Its importance in creating superior wines.



Fertilizing the vineyard is a vital part in the art of growing premium wine grapes. It is not a simple operation.

Its Importance

A healthy grapevine can thrive for 80 years or more. In fact, the older its stock, generally the better its grapes.

During the vine's lifetime its nutritional puring the vine's lifetime from its earliest years—when it is being trained to the desired form for grape growing—to its later years—as it gradually matures into an established vine.

Thus, any fertilizer program that is to be complete must take into consideration both the vine's long-term needs and its immediate requirements.

Different Needs

Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

These different soils require different fertilizers in different amounts to compensate for deficiencies. As a result, we have kept a precise history of all the fertilizing experiences in our vineyards over the past 30 years.

We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a rendition of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be analyzed and compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to de-

termine the source of the problem and the type and quantity of fertilizer which is required.

Fertilizing As An Exact Science

There are two good reasons why we take so much care when it comes to fer-tilizing; under-fertilizing and over-fertilizing. Under-fertilizing greatly reduces vine growth and bud fruitfulness, whereas over-fertilizing can produce such exceptionally heavy leaf growth as to curtail bud fruitfulness and grape production.

These phenomena are the result of an imbalance of what is known as the carbohydrate-nitrogen level of the vine.

A high carbohydrate-moderate nitrogen level produces moderate vegetative growth, early wood maturity, abundant fruit bud formation and good fruit production.

This is what we look for in the Gallo Vinevards.

Petiole Analysis

In addition to normal soil analysis in our vineyards we also employ a test known as "petiole analysis."

The petiole is the stalk of a vine leaf. By taking a sample of it and analyzing it, we can determine the current nutritional status of the entire grapevine.

If we find that a particular area of one of our vineyards is weaker than the rest, we will immediately gather 200 or more petiole samples from that section — plus a like number from a healthier area of the same vineyard for comparison.

By analyzing the tissues of all these samples, we can readily and specifically determine if the weaker area has a deficiency of nitrogen, potassium, zinc, boron or some other vital mineral.

Our Solution

These are only a few of the many special steps we take in the Gallo Vineyards to try to grow the finest grapes possible.

It is only by such meticulous care along the entire chain of grape growing and winemaking steps that we can hope to achieve our goal:

To provide you with the finest wines we can produce.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

THE NEED TO ACT

On the impossibility of being a restrained President

by Tom Bethel

HEN JIMMY CARTER ran for the Presidency, did he run "against Washington"? Most people will respond yes to this question, and I had assumed that it was the correct answer until I spent a few days going through Carter's actual campaign speeches and interviews, rather than the press reports of them. Now I know what people mean when they say that Carter was "fuzzy on the issues."

"Washington" we may take to be shorthand for "big government" or "central government," or the slightly more abstract belief that an individual's problems are, generally speaking, better solved by his government than, say, by his friends, his family, or his church. Criticism of this belief has traditionally been a Republican preserve, but lately quite a few Democrats have joined the ranks of those who are skeptical about big government, among them the governor of California, Edmund G. Brown, Jr. Not long ago he remarked that "a lot of the intractable problems are being seen as just that-intractable." Brown also said: "Everybody looks for politicians to come up with the solution to society's problems. It really is a rather totalitarian urge, if you analyze it. Maybe the answer is the Ten Commandments."

In a recent debate in the U.S. Senate on the subject of government regulation, Sen. John Heinz of Pennsylvania said:

Mr. President, the people across the country are becoming restless, and rightly so. They are becoming increasingly annoved and angered at the reams of regulations pouring out of the numerous agencies created by the Congress. A January 1977 Gallup poll found that 39 percent of the people believe that big government is the "biggest threat to the country in the future"-way ahead of big labor, 26 percent, and big business, 23 percent. Last year a Harris survey found that 76 percent of the people feel that "the trouble with government is that the elected officials have lost control over the bureaucrats, who really run things."

There was a good deal more in this vein, including some amusing comments about the proliferation of regulatory agencies. Sen. Charles Percy Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's.

said there might be 70 such agencies Sen. James McClure thought ther were probably 80 or so, but Sen. Pau Laxalt put the figure at more than 101 Senator Heinz made the point by saying: "In recent testimony before the Subcommittee on Intergovernments Relations, of which I am a membe Secretary [of Health, Education, an Welfare Joseph] Califano placed th number of federal programs someplace between 381 and 1,000."

So many similar observations have been made in the past couple of year that the proper role and extent of go ernment has become the major publi policy issue of our day. When or reads in a Washington Post editoria "Have we not learned that there ca be a streak of ugly authoritarianism in even the most well-intended go ernment programs?" one feels certain that the tide of public opinion mu be on the verge of turning. In th respect, we appear to be in a tim analogous to the early 1930s, when the philosopher and educator John Dewe suggested that the meaning of libe alism was due for revision.

Before that time, Dewey wrote, lil eralism had been expressly "directe against restrictions placed by govern

GOVERNMENT.



ment, in legislation, common law, and udicial action." But now (because of he gathering depression) it should mean something new, Dewey declared. He was reluctant, clearly, to discard he notion of liberty upon which liberalism had been originally based, so he declared liberty to be a "relative" matter, and that liberty should henceorth signify "liberation from mateial insecurity and from the coercions and repressions that prevent multiudes from participation in the vast ultural resources that are at hand." In other words, it was now economic aissez-faire, not the state, that resulted n "coercions."

Liberalism would from that time be based on a concern for equality that would take priority over liberty. Dew-sy wrote Liberalism and Social Action n 1935, and for the next forty years hose who called themselves liberals alowed their position on almost all issues to be defined by the belief that equality was a virtue greater than liberty, and that government—particuarly the federal government—should be the principal instrument of equalitation.

Probably the most reliable arbiter of "correct" liberalism is a Washingon-based organization called Americans for Democratic Action, which was ounded in 1947 and which since then as rated Senators and Congressmen on issues dividing liberals and conservaives. Fairly consistently the approved votes on these issues, from ADA's point of view, have been ones that would increase the strength of government, and that would tend to equalize wealth or opportunity by taxing the rich and the "special interests" (oil companies especially), or by exending civil rights or adding to the power of labor unions.

ESPITE THIS consistent philosophical core, there have been fluctuations in the meaning of liberalism throughout the past thirty years, as is revealed by going through the list of legislative issues which, year by year, ADA has used to arrive at each representative's "liberal quotient." For instance, ADA displayed little or no concern about U.S. involvement in Korea in the early 1950s, but great concern about involvement in Vietnam in the late

1960s; over the years liberalism had become more isolationist. Kenneth Crawford, a former Newsweek columnist, emerged from retirement in the spring of 1976 to write a column for the Washington Post in which he noted that "liberalism has no Pope, not even in Georgetown. Its doctrine is a sometime thing, faddish and changeable." This column was prompted by the poor showing of the liberals among the Democratic candidates that spring, at that point the only liberal survivor being Morris Udall, who had already found it prudent to disown the "liberal" label.

Liberalism was becoming unpopular by that time, and it is not hard to see why. Just as the old, pre-New Deal version of liberalism (equated with liberty) had eventually resulted in the "coercion" of "multitudes" (as Dewey had noted), so eventually did the new version, founded upon equality. The problem is that people, if left to their own devices, tend to end up unequal, and so if they are to be equal they must be compelled to be equal; among other problems, equality of opportunity was soon interpreted to mean equality of results, because there seemed to be no other reliable way of measuring equality. Thus coercive busing and affirmative-action programs, attended by an activist judiciary, sprang into existence.

The related problem with equalitybased liberalism was that it created a new class of equalizers who were more equal than the rest, as George Orwell had foreseen when he wrote Animal Farm. One has frequently heard in Washington, in the past couple of years, McGovern-inspired liberals (he, appropriately, is president of ADA) talking about an unfortunate but necessary "trade-off" between liberty and equality; some citizens, whether they wanted it or not, were due for more equality, while others would be getting less liberty. Such comments, one noticed, were always made by people who were suffering from no diminution of either their liberty or their equality, but were doing very nicely, thank you, in every respect.

By this time, however, it was clear that an increasingly coercive liberalism was in trouble, as became evident as the 1976 primary season wore on, and the "outsider" from Plains, Georgia, did so well, seriously challenged only by another outsider, Governor Brown of California. The "Washington" candidates were nowhere, and Carter, as the press told us a thousand times, was "anti-Washington."

Thus it seemed at first as though the Democrats had nominated a man who had perceived the new currents of hostility to "big government" and had done so well in his journey to the White House because he shared in that hostility. Appropriately enough, he was the first governor to be elected President since Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose first administration had presided over the last major shift in the meaning of liberalism.

One is inclined to believe, therefore, that in the Carter Administration we will see liberalism redefined once again, with a modest retreat by government getting ADA's seal of approval. In a public-relations way, this retreat has already manifested itself. President Carter has decreed that government shall become less visible: fewer limousines, less pomp, fewer White House aides-adjustments which are comparable to the "lower profile" wealthy people have been adopting now for some years. Big government, as Gallup had found, was now even less popular than big business.

That took care of image, but what about substance? Since Carter's inauguration there have been three developments worth commenting on in this connection. The first to attract my eye was a release by the Office of Management and Budget spelling out "federal job ceilings" for the various departments and agencies of the Executive Branch. They are set forth in the table on page 36, which lists the number of full-time, permanent, civilian employees in each government department on April 30, 1977, and numbers hoped for by September 30, 1978.

These figures do little to reassure one that President Carter can do much to cut back the federal bureaucracy, especially since the present manning levels are already appreciably higher than it is hoped they will be a year from now.

HE SECOND FEATURE of Carter's tenure to date that deserves critical comment is, of course, his "comprehensive energy program." From his new van

tage point by the Potomac. Carter came to see energy matters in a new light; he thereupon decided to go back on some campaign promises and has fought the good fight for extended the regulation of natural-gas prices. The "special interests" were the viblains. Carter concluded, and he thus ensured that the increase in price we will all soon be paying for energy will flow in the form of taxes to Washington rather than in dividends to stockholders. This should ensure a considerable of the paying for energy will flow in the form of taxes to Washington rather than in dividends to stockholders. This should ensure a considerable of the paying for energy will be a small army of regulators patrolling Texas. Oklahoma, and Louisiana with dipsticks in hand, checking on the contents of wells, because twe are led to believe we can no longer rely on the private sector to tell us the truth.

On such foundations of distrust a new Cabinet-level department has been erected—the first such addition since the hevday of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, when the Department of Transportation was created. Now we have the Department of Energy, "Baby DOE," as The Wall Street Journal has christened it, with 20,000 employees and a \$10.6 billion budget. Under the watchful paternity of that well-known.

tage point by the Potomac. Carter came to see energy matters in a new light: Schlesinger. Baby DOE may well one he thereupon decided to go back on some campaign promises and has fought the good fight for extended doing, but you will notice that DOE has already outstripped HUD, a twelve-the regulation of natural-gas prices.

The third surprise to those who might have believed Carter to be anti-Washington is his tremendous enthusiasm for something called the Consumer Protection Agency. The theory behind this seems to be that there is a neglected group of people called consumers in this country, and that the government should stick up for their rights. But upon examination it turns out that there is no such group or subset, because every single person in the country is a consumer. The term, in reality, demarcates another group, that of producers, who are to be singled out for scrutiny and harassment. Unlike consumers, producers do constitute a genuine subset, because, while everyone consumes, not everyone pro-

It appears that Carter has found the rhetorical implications of the label "consumer" to be politically pleasing. It embraces everyone, and thus he is on everyone's side. Carter has promised to "challenge Ralph Nader to the title of leading consumer advocate the country." It is clear, in any ever that a Consumer Protection Agenconce funded, has considerable pote tial for growth.

In sum, since Carter entered the White House the bureaucraes h grown (of its own accord, one is i clined to feel), and its potential for growth has been increased, thanks the President's actions and inclin tions. How does this compare wi Carter's campaign promises? Curio to say. Carter did not actually car paign against Washington at all. I emphasized that he was not fro Washington, was not a lawyer. ha done nothing to produce the "mes in Washington, and so acquired a anti-Washington aura-one that he e hanced by keeping his campaign hea quarters in Atlanta and by appearing so frequently in blue leans, strichin across fields and wading in fishpond

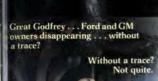
But Carter never said that gover ment should be reduced or should of less. He said that the number of age cies should be reduced, but not th they should deliver fewer services employ fewer people. Governme should be made more efficient, Cart said. He spoke of the "bewildering complexities" of programs, of a "m rass of red tape," of a "horrib bloated bureaucratic mess where or government ought to be." He becam enamored of a curious metaphor i volving a wall. "There's been a kin of wall built around Washington Carter would say all over the countr "and we feel that we can't penetra that wall." This peculiar idea (was a coded way of criticizing Nixon wit out seeming to be uncharitable: must have gone down well with aud ences, because Carter used it so ofte

Carter repeatedly said that gover ment can be "well managed" or "r sponsive" or "efficient" or "well or ganized" or "economical." In Colur bus. Ohio. he said: "We need tough-" but then caught himself ar continued. "We need a well-organize government, not disorganized." All this was undoubtedly perceived by the people as a cryptic way of saving th we need less government without a tually having to alienate those who d rectly benefit from government. It not at all clear that there is any pu lic groundswell for a more efficie government. At least one member

Federal Job Ceilings Recommended by the Office of Management and Budget

Navros	Apr.) 30 1077	September 30.
Department of Agriculture		2.1
Department of Commerce	2 10 1	29,200
and all European	27,900	26.44
- Control of Juliuse	925,800	900,400
	146.400	140,100
Legartment of Housing and Urban Development	2 40	16,000
issistment of the Interior		61.600
The state of the s		52,700
All the control of Various	15,500	14.2%
Designation of the last	22,700	25,700
The state of the s	71.300	72.800
The count of her Tenant	106,100	109,600
Energy Research and Development Administration*	8,400	8,900
English	100	No.
General Services Administration	34.400	11.0
Name of the same of the same	23,800	2 (2)
Newscool & markets	193,100	202.600
All other	25 1	104.600
Total	1.412.29	1,017,2 (0)

^{*} Now absorbed into the Department of Energy





You see, it's difficult to resist the luxury of this particular wagon.



INTRODUCING A FIENDISHLY SEDUCTIVE NEW LUXURY WAGON. THE 1978 DODGE DIPLOMAT.

Most people will buy the Dodge iplomat wagon for all the luxury it ffers. And, later, end up patting temselves on the back because it hade a lot of sense, too.

Happens all the time. Because informat is every inch a luxury wagon. Vith clean, contemporary lines. Teak pplique on the side. Gleamy deluxe theel covers. Inside, there's a thickly added split-back bench seat that has fold-down center armrest. And you can order wire wheel covers. Or genuine leather seating. Or a digital AM/FM stereo radio with electronic station-seeking . . . and a power antenna.

Diplomat also has the wagon features that'll make a buyer look . . . well, smart. Power front disc brakes. Power steering. Radial tires.

Another thing. While this is a manageably sized wagon on the outside, there is surprising people room and cargo room on the inside.

We invite you to compare the 1978
Dodge Diplomat wagon with anything else around. For
luxury. For features. For
comfort. For operation.
We're sure you'll end up
buying or leasing one.
From your Dodge Dealer.



Carter's staff has wondered whether, if people really want less government, it wouldn't be better to have an inefficient administration than an efficient one. When I asked a couple of members of Carter's government-reorganization team what aspects of government the people wanted to be more efficient, the only answer I got was the Post Office, which is not under the jurisdiction of the Executive Branch. Carter aide responded, "OSHA," to this question (referring to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration), but people don't want more efficiency from OSHA, they want less of it.

NE OF THE FEW commentators who did draw attention to the disparity between what Carter was saying about being an "active" President who would make government more efficient, and his anti-Washington image, was Bill Moyers, in a PBS television interview held last May. A collection of Carter's campaign speeches and interviews recently published under the title A Government as Good as Its People includes the Moyers interview, in part, but there was not space for the following colloquy:

Moyers: The profile that emerges is of a man who's into everything and pushing and pressing. How does that square with the reports we're getting of an anti-government, anti-Washington mood in the country which you seem to represent?

Carter: I've never expressed deliberately any anti-Washington feeling or any anti-government feeling. When, as Truman said, you know, people say I'm giving them hell, but when I tell the truth, they think the truth is hell [sic]. You know. I'm not going to disrupt anything when I get here to Washington, if I'm elected. I'm not anti-Washington at all. . . I would be a very activist President. I have never said I wanted a small government.

Jim Fallows, Carter's chief speechwriter and the author of some of campaign speeches, confirmed that campaign remarks by Carter construed as "anti-Washington" in fact fell into three categories: (1) state ments to the effect that government does not work properly and needs to be made more efficient; (2) complaints about a self-perpetuating governing elite (this complaint was best expressed in a Playboy interview with Hamilton Jordan, who said: "If, after the inauguration, you find a Cy Vance as Secretary of State and Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of national security, then I would say we failed. And I'd quit. But that's not going to happen. You're going to see new faces, new ideas"); and (3) an oft-repeated refrain to the effect that we have lost faith in our government, which faith Carter would restore.

So Jimmy Carter, both in what he said and in what he has done, turns out to be fairly pro-Washington, although I do not mean to imply that he is Eleanor Roosevelt reincarnate, or has a second New Deal up his sleeve, or another Great Society behind his back. He is obviously doing his best in many areas (except energy) to restrain government from growing further, and to balance the budget. Undeniably his most vocal critics at present are on the Left. Joseph Rauh, Jr., a former president of ADA, with whom Carter quarreled during the Presidential campaign, says that Carter's Administration has turned out to be indistinguishable from a Republican one.

The truth is, surely, that Carter would in fact be more than happy to reduce government, not merely reorganize it, if he were convinced that this was what the people really wanted and if he felt it would help him get reelected (the latter being a less reprehensible goal than it seems when set down on paper). If we assume that at some point, in response to public pressure, Carter really does try to cut back government-a quite likely development, especially if inflation surges forward again-it is interesting to consider the problems that he will face. It seems to me that there are two main

The first is jurisdictional, organizational, and horrendous. It will involve doing battle both with a deeply entrenched Civil Service system and a Congress that in fact has vastly greater powers than the President when it comes to saying what government shall or shall not do. Most people probably don't realize this, and Carter can hardly be blamed for not stressing during his campaign; in fact, the President can do little more than mak recommendations in the matter, which the Congress may or may not accept. visit to the government-reorganizatio office in the Executive Office Buildin is enough to convince one that the task Carter faces here (if he wants that make real changes—not just regrou old agencies under a new roof) comparable to getting the Mississipp River to flow upstream.

The second problem, and a mor interesting one, has to do with th intimate relationship between language and a democratic society. Put mor simply, the expansion of government tends to go hand in hand with th type of rhetoric and oratory needs to get elected, whereas the contra tion of government tends to soun unappealing, unimaginative, negative Notice how frequently and easily Ge ald Ford was jeered at last year for exercising the veto, although this one of the most potent weapons at th President's disposal-a prudent device for ensuring that legislative measure are supported by a two-thirds rathe than a simple majority. Carter un doubtedly made political gains h calling Ford a "negative" Presiden and a "dormant" one-this despi the fact that most people may ver well have wanted less government. so, a "dormant" President might h ideal; he simply would not bother t get up in the morning. But campaign ing on such a plank would be trick to say the least.

ET US TURN to a slim, min eographed volume assemble a few months ago by Stuan Eizenstat, Carter's domestic policy adviser. It is entitled *Promises*, and it bravely sets fort what Carter promised during the campaign. One imagines that it can hard make for restful bedside reading, it he event that Carter finds it hard t sleep at night.

The prevailing verb form through out the book is the present participle On page 1 Eizenstat plunges in with out further ado:

Having as the essential building block of our urban policy the provision of a job for each person



Enjoy the warm spirit of the holidays... E&J Brandy. The luscious grapes of California's outstanding vineyards give E&J Brandy its rich, smooth taste. A taste that was made to mix or satisfy straight. No matter how you like it, E&J is the brandy for all seasons.

E&J Distillers, Modesto, Calif.

capable of holding gainful empoyment . . .

Believing the Federal Government has an obligation to provide funds for public employment of those who private business cannot and will not hire...

Having . . . believing . . . one reads on and soon perceives that good government is very much a matter of "providing an expanded," "increasing the commitment to," "creating private public-service programs," "providing an additional \$2 billion for." Under the topic of education, there are six promises, and the phraseology is such as to leave one in no doubt that the government has been remiss and should be doing more.

Carter's education goals are "increasing the federal share of," "increasing federal expenditures to," "establishing a comprehensive," "improving," "initiating," and "supporting."

On the subject of welfare, President Carter truly said the other day that "I can't shape the vocabulary of the nation, obviously," and that he had therefore decided to rename welfare "a program for better jobs and income." That way he may get the political support to continue and expand welfare programs. This ambivalence about welfare is reflected in the rhetoric of his promises as compiled by Eizenstat. There are, again, six promises, and they begin with the words ensuring, removing, streamlining, terminating, enacting, and removing.

Here, for a change, there is not an increasing in sight, but when the day came for Carter to present his new "better jobs and income" proposals to the nation, he had to concede that they would cost \$2.8 billion more than the current cost. Carter had really tried to hold the line on this one, too. But the "additional funds" he promised, by way of a consolation prize, "will be used to make important improvements in our original plan." It was, of course, a relief to know that this additional money was not being used to weaken the original plan.

What about Carter's "housing goals" in his campaign proming of There is a slight edge to teacher's tongue here: "resuming," "striving," "establishing," "making it clear that. "Parks and Wildernesses" is another in structive grouping. Here government's

role is a matter of "adding more,"
"expanding the," "restoring and protecting," "allowing public input in,"
"having an open and responsive," "reorganizing and simplifying," "developing," "calling on," "recommending
immediate action," and "supporting
appropriations of funds to purchase."

"Environment: Air Pollution" promises to be another busy realm for government, as follows: "enforcing strictly," "not delaying," "requiring manufacturers to meet," "requiring that major new plants," "encouraging less reliance on automobiles" (notice the negative phrased positively here), "supporting enforcement of."

Can anyone believe, reading this, that there is any way in the world government can be diminished? The way the promises are phrased tells us so much about whether government, in that area, is perceived as being potentially beneficial or harmful. For example, which agency do you think has three promises associated with it, the first few words of which are as follows: "Refusing to use the," "Not using the," "Not objecting to a joint committee"? If you guessed that this agency employs spies and has been much in the news in recent years, you were right. Or look at "Military Intervention." Two promises, imperatively negative: "Never intervening for the purpose of [overthrowing a government]" and "Never again becoming militarily involved in."

But these are the exceptions. Evidently the vast majority of government programs are still perceived positively. For every "reducing" there are ten promises of "increasing." The book is littered on every page with a kind of verbal homage to the dual notions of growth and enforcement-the very problems of government that more and more people in this country are apparently becoming restless about. Every page, it seems, has its requiring, its ensuring, its establishing, instituting, involving, coordinating, enacting, bolstering, helping, providing, reforming, upgrading, increasing, increasing, increasing. The book could almost be read as a panegyric to the notion of accretion.

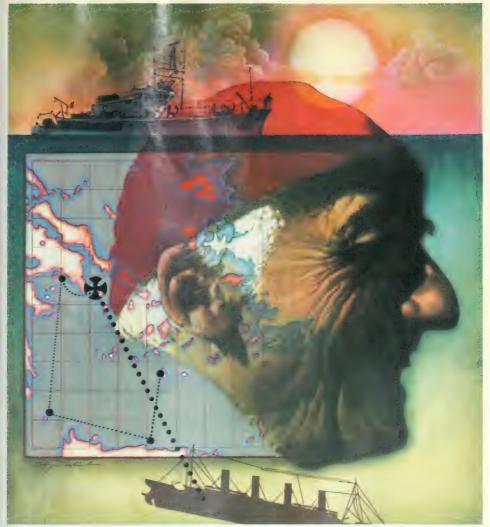
How is it possible for someone to travel about the country for two years, shaking hands with people and telling them he wants to be their President, and telling them at the same time he will do less for them than has been done in the past? He adds that government has its limits, that good intentions often have bad results, that the individual should be more self-reliant—and that is why he wants to be President. I submit it is scarcely possible to imagine this. Word and deed contradict one another too blatantly. This was noticeable when Governor Brown belatedly began campaigning in 1976. He started off with his novel antigovernment pitch, but with each passing primary he seemed to become more respectful of government.

By contrast, of course, the scenario that we have become accustomed to over the years—that of the candidate actively seeking the post in which he will do more and deliver more—is consistent to the mind and eye; rhetoric and action are in harmony. In this sense social democracy as we have become accustomed to experience it seems to have been modeled uncon sciously on the ratchet—an instrument that can move very easily in one direction but not at all in the other.

It is often said of President Carter that he sends out confusing "signals." Perhaps the most confusing thing about him is that he is a man of strongly activist inclination who has come along at a time when passivity in the Presidency may be what most people want But it is hard to see, at present, how anyone could campaign successfully or a platform that was deliberately "weak er" than his rival's, and especially not Jimmy Carter, who, when apprised of James David Barber's analysis of the Presidency along two axes-ac tive/passive and positive/negativesaid that he "would be active, and l think positive in approach." One car hardly blame him for declining the in vitation to label himself passive and negative. Is that an invitation anyone would accept?

As far as government is concerned we still live in a time when less is worse and bigger is better, as Eizen stat's book makes clear. But perhapionly just. If the climate of opinior with respect to government continue to change, we may soon be on the lookout for someone who can solve the greatest puzzle of representative de mocracy: how to reverse the ratchet or government. Only then will it be possible to run "against Washington."

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 197



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The production of "The Cousteau Odyssey" specials for PBS is made possible by a grant from Atlantic Richfield Company to KCET, Los Angele expressly for the funding of the broadcasts. The specials are produced by Captain Cousteau and Philippe Cousteau in association with KCET





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Harper's

GIVING **YALE**TO CONNECTICUT

A modest solution to the financial crisis of the private university

by William F. Buckley, Jr.

IN RECENT MONTHS I have been asked repeatedly by representatives of Yale University to make a public declaration urging contributions to the university's capital fund. I dealt with the first such communication most tactfully, uttering an evasion, stuttering off like a member of the Drones Club. It did not work. A second request came in. I had, this time, to say no, but I begged off giving the reasons why. A third request came in, and there was then nothing to do-I was back against the wall: my correspondent had never learned Machiavelli's axiom that one should not cut off the enemy's line of retreat. And so I was driven to write, in what I swore would be my last exchange on the Yale question. And what I said was:

"What's the problem? Why doesn't Yale donate itself to the state of Connecticut?"

SENSE OF MISSION

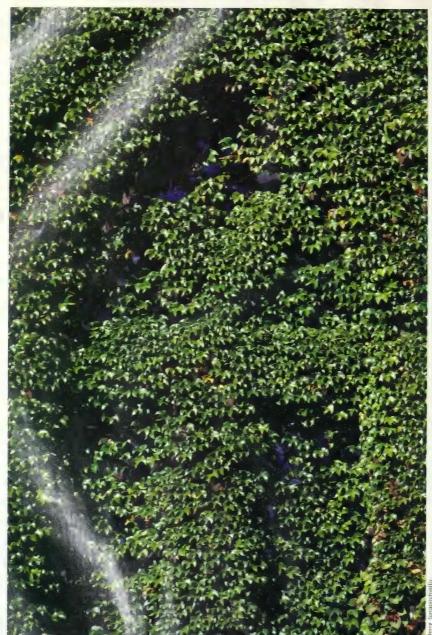
YAPPARENTLY DISTINCTIVE problem is that I still cannot come to terms with a university that accepts the philosophical proposition that it is there for the purpose of presenting "all sides" of "any issue" as impartially and as forcefully

as possible. I believe that a university should take sides, that it should be free to dedicate itself to what Charles Seymour, president of Yale during my term as an undergraduate, described as "the training of spiritual leaders." Without a sense of mission, a private university is incomprehensible. I tried to say as much a generation ago, in God and Man at Yale. In that book, I professed concern for the ascendancy of religious skepticism and statist idolatry, arguing that Yale did not propound the cause of God and man and that it had accordingly lost a sense of mission.

As a remedy to this sad state of affairs, I suggested that the alumni should concern themselves with the purpose of a university; that, if mind and conscience led them to the conclusion, they would be not only free, but compelled, to decide that certain values should be encouraged, others discouraged. That, necessarily, this would give them, through their representatives, the right to judicious hiring and firing, precisely with the end in mind of furthering broad philosophical objectives and cultivating certain ideals—through the exposure of the undergraduate body to cogent philosophical arguments.

The book aroused a storm of controversy. It was denounced by the educational establishment on almost as many grounds as there are university departments—for its ethics, morals, philosophy, religion, and economics. But behind the screen of intellectual debate, the

William F. Buckley, Jr., is the editor of National Review and the author of a forthcoming novel, Stained Glass (Doubleday). This article has been adapted from the introduction to a forthcoming reissue of God and Man at Yale (Gateway Editions).



educators were saying that college is a cultural sanctuary from the commerce of life, that such concessions as periodically are made by university officials are purely rhetorical. Actually, they were saying, no interference is possible. All ideas must start out equal, (All ideas are equal!) To make demands on a college is totalitarian, fascist, Communist, something condemned by all men of understanding, reaching back to Thomas Jefferson. How widely he was used during the controversy! "Subject opinion to coercion," Prof. Philip Kurland of the University of Chicago Law School quoted him. "Whom will you make your inquisitors? Fallible men; men governed by bad passions, by private as well as public reasons. And why subject it to coercion? To produce uniformity. But is uniformity of opinion desirable? No more than of face and stature . . . difference of opinion is advantageous.'

And, of course, who would disagree that men are fallible? But does that mean we can rely, at the margin, other than on men? On whom was Jefferson relying for remedies when in 1821 he wrote to General Breckinridge to complain of "seminaries [where] our sons [are] imbibing opinions and principles in discord with those of their own country." Did Jefferson wish to do something about it? Or was he describing only a situation which could not be corrected, because men are fallible, dominated by passion? No. Jefferson continued, "This canker is eating on the vitals of our existence, and if not arrested at once, will be beyond remedy." If not arrested by whom? Surely not the state. We would all agree on

Not quite all. The state would prove to have its uses. In those days President Seymour used to warn urgently and repeatedly against accepting federal aid to education on the grounds that it would bring federal interference. President Seymour retired in 1950. In the succeeding generation, major private universities became totally dependent on federal funds. Remove the federal subsidy to Yale (35 percent), or to Harvard (25 percent), or to MIT (65 percent), and what would happen to them? The notion of mere trustees influencing the choice of textbooks was-and isthought scandalous; but the same people who called such interference fascism backed, or were indifferent to, legislation which twentyfive years later would permit the Attorney General of the United States (ironically, a former college president) in a Republican administration, executing laws passed by a Democratic Congress, to pry out of a thoroughly private association—the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers—the promise to de-

stroy a textbook called The Appraisal of Real "It is the Estate in which appraisers are advised that the ethnic composition of a neighborhood in fact influences the value of real estate. Under the proposed consent decree, the institute agrees to strike from the present (sixth) edition of its textbook all the improper language. Specific textbook revisions have been prepared. These changes "will be included in the seventh edition of the text" not later than September 5, 1978. Sixty days after the decree is entered, the institute "will commence a review of all booklets, manuals, monographs, guides, lexicons, and ... other instructional material published under its auspices" to assure that they too conform with the text revisions. And those opposed to the influence of trustees called fascistic a summons to free citizens freely associated, exercising no judicial or legislative power, to communicate their ideals at a private college through the appropriate selection of texts and teachers.

ideological conviction of many Christian modernists that the road to Christianity on earth lies through the federal government."

INTELLECTUAL. **BLASPHEMY**

T WAS INFURIATING to the hostile critics that a man as eminent as John Chamberlain, the literary critic, should have consented to write the introduction to God and Man at Yale, and, indeed, Prof. Fred Rodell of the Yale Law School held him personally responsible for the notoriety of the book ("It was doubtless the fact of a John Chamberlain introduction that lent the book, from the start, the aura of importance and respectability"). But it was too late to ignore it. Life magazine did an editorial (cautious interest in the book's theme); Time and Newsweek ran news stories, the Saturday Review a double review; and after a while there were reviews and news stories about the reviews and news stories. The critic Selden Rodman, although he disagreed with the book and its conclusions, had said of it in Saturday Review, "[Mr. Buckley writes with a clarity, a sobriety, and an intellectual honesty that would be noteworthy if it came from a college president." (Compare Herman Liebert, from the staff of the Yale Library, writing for the St. Louis Post Dispatch: "The book is a series of fanatically emotional attacks on a few professors who dare to approach religion and politics objectively." Note that collectivist economics and agnostic philosophy suddenly became the "objective" approaches. That they were so considered at

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Yale was of course the gravamen of the book. which this critic, in his fustian, was witless to (Cognize.) (Oh, yes, Fred Rodell. "I deem it irresponsible in a scholar like Selden Rodman to dignify the book as 'important' and 'thoughtprovoking.") Max Eastman had written, in the American Mercury, "He names names, and quotes quotes, and conducts himself, in general, with a disrespect for his teachers that is charming and stimulating in a high degree. . . . This perhaps is the best feature of his book, certainly the most American in the old styleits arrant intellectual courage." (From the encephalophonic Mr. Rodell, his voice hoarse: "I deem it irresponsible, in a scholar like Max Eastman, to shower the book with adulatory adjectives.")

And so on, for months and months. The widespread objection was not only on the point that to suggest an affinity between the eschatological prospects of heaven and hell and the correct role of the state in achieving full employment was something on the order of blasphemy. It was fueled by the ideological conviction of many Christian modernists that the road to Christianity on earth lies through the federal government. Although these criticisms flowed in copiously from Protestant quarters, they were on the whole most bitter in the fashionable Catholic journals. Official Yale took no official position, but was very busy at every level. The Yale Daily News ran analyses of the book by six professors, only one of whom (William Wimsatt) found anything remotely commendable about it. The series was introduced by an editorial of which a specimen sentence is "When the Buckley book has succeeded in turning the stomachs of its readers and lining up Yale men categorically on the side of that great 'hoax,' academic freedom, Bill Buckley will, as Professor Greene suggests, have performed a great service to Yale.

In the Yale Alumni Magazine the book was treated with caution, but I was offhandedly coupled with a notorious and wealthy old crank called George Gundelfinger, a gentleman who had gone off his rocker a generation earlier and periodically drowned the campus with nervous exhalations of his arcane philosophy which heralded as the key to the full life a kind of platonic masturbation ("sublimate pumping," he called it). Copies of McGeorge Bundy's review in The Atlantic Monthly were sent out to questioning alumni, Meanwhile, in the trustees' room, a plan had been devised to commission an inquiry by a committee of eight alumni into "the intellectual and spiritual welfare of the university, the students, and its faculty." The chairman was Henry Sloane Coffin, former head of the Union Theological

Seminary and former trustee of the Yale Corporation. And among its members was Irving Olds, then chairman of the board of United States Steel Corporation, thus effecting representation for God and man. The committee was surreptitiously set up during the summer, in anticipation of the book's appearance in the fall, but its clear function of unsaying what the book said was acknowledged even in the news stories.

ALE DIDN'T HAVE an easy time of it. Too many people knew instinctively that the central charges of the book were correct, whatever the inflections distinctive to Yale. Felix Morley, formerly president of Haverford College, had written in Barron's, "[Buckley's] arguments must be taken seriously. As he suggested, and as this reviewer from personal knowledge of scores of American colleges can confirm, the indictment is equally applicable to many of our privately endowed institutions of higher learning. Mr. Buckley, says John Chamberlain in the latter's foreword, is incontestably right about the educational drift of modern times." It is confirmation of Morley's generalization that, twenty-five years later, references to religion and politics that were then eyebrow-raising seem utterly bland-almost conservative, in a way. What is unconscionable in the current scene isn't that an economics teacher should come out for a 100 percent excess-profits tax; or that a teacher of sociology should mock religion. What is unconscionable today is an inaugural address by a president of a major university including such an injunction as the following: "I call on all members of the faculty, as members of a thinking body, freely to recognize the tremendous validity and power of the teachings of Christ in our life-and-death struggle against the force of selfish materialism." That passage is not from the inaugural address of Jonathan Edwards at Princeton in 1758, but from that of Charles Seymour at Yale in 1937.

So Yale had that problem—that most people suspected that heterodoxy was rampant—and an additional problem which it needed to handle most deftly (and, on the whole, did). I made the suggestion in my book that the alumni of Yale play a greater role in directing the course of Yale education, that they proceed to govern the university, through their representatives, even as the people govern the country through theirs. This suggestion had a most startling effect. Yale's problem was to flatter its alumni while making certain they should continue impotent.

"CRYPTO-FASCIST"

HE PURPOSE OF a Yale education can hardly be to turn out a race of idiots. But one would have thought that was what Yale precisely engages in. Walking out of the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena during the hottest days of the controversy, I espied the Reverend Henry Sloane Coffin walking in. I introduced myself. He greeted me stiffly, and then said, as he resumed his way into the hotel, "Why do you want to turn Yale education over to a bunch of boobs?" Since he had been chairman of the educationalpolicies committee of the Yale Corporation, it struck me that if indeed the alumni were boobs, he bore a considerable procreative responsibility. Certainly his contempt for Yale's demonstrated failure was far greater than my alarm at its potential failure.

He was not alone.

Bruce Barton, the anti-New Dealer at whose partial expense President Roosevelt had composed the rollicking taunt "Martin, Barton, and Fish," saw the need for reform. But by alumni? "As for Mr. Buckley's cure—letting the alumni dictate the teaching—what could be more terrifying? Are these noisy, perennial sophomores, who dress up in silly costumes and get drunk at reunions, who spend their thousands of dollars buying halfbacks and quarterbacks, and following the Big Blue Team—are they to be the nation's mental mentors?" I really had had no idea of the contempt in which "alumni" qua alumni were so generally held.

There are many grounds for disapproving of the proposal of alumni control. But the description, by some critics, of the state of affairs I sought led me to question my own sanity and then, finding it in good order, to question that of my critics. Consider the near-terminal pain of Frank Ashburn as he closed his long piece for the Saturday Review: "The book is one which has the glow and appeal of a fiery cross on a hillside at night. There will undoubtedly be robed figures who gather to it, but the hoods will not be academic. They will cover the face."

Gee whiz. Now it is important to remember that Frank Ashburn, then a Yale trustee, is a very nice man. He is, moreover, quite intelligent. He founded a successful boys' preparatory school, Brooks School, and years later, in his capacity as headmaster, he invited me to ad-



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dress the student body, proffering the customary fee. And I did, arriving without my hood; and to the extent it is possible to do so under less than clinical conditions, I probed about a bit, and Frank Ashburn was to all appearances entirely normal. But that's the kind of thing God and Man at Yale did to people, especially people close to Yale.

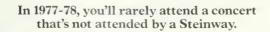
I must not let the point go, because one has to ask oneself why it is that supervision of the general direction of undergraduate instruction is so instinctively repugnant to non-juveniles. I do not know whether Robert Hatch, who wrote for The New Republic, is a Yale graduate, but for all the horror registered he might as well have been. He took pains, in his review, to try to explain what, in fact, I was really up to with my bizarre proposals. "It is astonishing," he wrote, "on the assumption that Buckley is well-meaning, that he has not realized that the methods he proposes for his alma mater are precisely those employed in Italy, Germany, and Russia. An elite shall establish the truth by ukase and no basic disagreement shall be tolerated."

It really wasn't all that astonishing that I did not spot the similarities in the methods I proposed and those of the fascists, Nazis, and Communists, because there are no similarities. My book made it plain that alumni direction could be tolerated only over the college of which they were uniquely the constituents; that alumni of institutions that sought different ends should be equally free to pursue them. Moreover, the ideals I sought to serve were those that no authoritarian society would regard as other than seditious, namely, the ideals of a minimalist state, and of deference to a transcendent order.

But the notion that the proposals were subversive was jubilantly contagious. Four months after the publication of the book, Chad Walsh was writing in the Saturday Review, "What Mr. Buckley really proposes is that the alumni of Yale should turn themselves into a politburo, and control the campus exactly as the Kremlin controls the intellectual life of Russia." "Exactly," in the sense used here, can only be understood to mean "analogously." Obviously there are no "exact" parallels between a state directing all education and enforcing a political orthodoxy, and the constituency of discrete educational institutions, within a free and pluralist society, directing the education of their own educational enterprises. Indeed, so obviously is it inexact to draw the parallel, the heretical thought suggests itself that conventional limitations on alumni are closer to the authoritarian model. A free association, within a free society, shaping an educational institution toward its own purposes, is practicing a freedom which totalitarian societies would never permit it to do. An obvious example would be a private German college under Hitler which prescribed that its faculty, in the relevant disciplines, should preach racial toleration and racial equality; or, in the Bolshevik model, a constituency backing a college that, athwart the political orthodoxy, insisted on preaching the ideals of freedom and pluralism.

ICHAEL HARRINGTON was in those days a socialist and a Christian. He would in due course repeal the laws of progress by reaffirming the one faith and renouncing the second. He wrote his review for Dorothy Day's Catholic Worker: "The frightening thing is that Mr. Buckley is not yet realistic enough for fascism. Mr. Buckley's aims can only be secured by fascist methods-coercion in favor of capitalists-a realistic conclusion which Mr. Buckley's five years in New Haven did not educate him to make." Neither five years' education in New Haven nor twenty-five years' education outside New Haven. The case for capitalism is infinitely stronger in 1977 than in 1950, having profited in the interim from the empirical failures of socialism, as from the scholarly accreditation of the presumptions of the free market. Besides which the word fascism loses its pungency when it is used to mean, pure and simple, the exercise of authority. Mr. Harrington, even then, was flirting with heresy, which would become his succubus.

Authority is licitly and illicitly acquired, by the democratic canon; and, once acquired, is then licitly and illicitly exercised. The "authority" to apprehend, try, and punish a lawbreaker is licitly acquired in the democratic circumstances of a society which, after popular consultation, makes its own laws, prescribes its own judicial procedures, and stipulates its own punishments-all subject to the rule of law. The line between licit and illicit authority in a secular society is, however, elusive; though it is generally acknowledged in the Judeo-Christian world that there is such a line, most resonantly affirmed by Christ's distinction between Caesar and God. It is an unusual experience for a libertarian to be catechized by a socialist on the theme of the dangers of coercion. Harrington's oxymoronic formulation-"coercion in favor of capitalists"-reminds us of the fashionable jargon in the commodity markets of the Left (alas, not greatly changed). His sentence is on the order of "coercive freedom," or "the slavery of the Bill of Rights."



(Steinway)	(Other)	
8	2	Atlanta Symphony Orchestra
5	1	Baltimore Symphony Orchestra
4	0	Boston Symphony Orchestra
7	0	Chicago Symphony Orchestra
8	2	Cincinnati Symphony
8	0	Cleveland Orchestra
5	0	Dallas Symphony Orchestra
6	1	Denver Symphony Orchestra
11	1	Detroit Symphony Orchestra
3	1	Florida Symphony Orchestra
4	0	Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra
3	1	Hartford Symphony Orchestra
9	0	Houston Symphony
6	0	Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra
9	0	Los Angeles Philharmonic Association
4	0	The Minnesota Orchestra
2	0	Nashville Symphony
6	0	New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra
11	0	New York Philharmonic
2	1	Omaha Symphony Association
4	0	Oregon Symphony Orchestra
7	1	The Philadelphia Orchestra
10	0	Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra
8	1	St. Louis Symphony
4	0	San Antonio Symphony

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Unless a "fascist method" can be distinguished from a plain old "method" by which the will of the entrepreneurial unit prevails over the will of the individual resolved subversively to gainsay that will, then, paradoxically, you are left without the freedom of the collectivity. The interdiction of that modest freedom on the hand organ Mr. Harrington is accustomed to cranking in his full-throated crusade for state socialism is not only inconsistent, it is positively unseemly.

It is worth pursuing the matter yet one step further, I think, in order to notice the review by T. M. Greene. Professor Greene was a considerable character on the Yale campus. I think he was the most quintessentially liberal man I ever came upon, outside the pages of Randall Jarrell's Pictures from an Institution. As master of the largest residential college at Yale (Silliman), he one day issued an order, in the interest of decorum, requiring students who ate dinner in the dining room to wear coats and ties. He was dismayed by the trickle of criticism, and very soon indignantly repealed his own order, apologizing for his lapse into dirigisme. He taught, as an explicit Christian, a course in the philosophy of religion which was widely attended; but I remarked in my book that in the opinion of his students he was engaged, really, in teaching ethics, not religion. (There's nothing against teaching ethics, but of course it isn't exactly the same thing.)

His reaction to the book, as published in the Yale Daily News, fairly took one's breath away. He fondled the word fascist as though he had come up with a Dead Sea scroll vouch-safing the key word to the understanding of God and Man at Yale. In a few sentences he used the term thrice. "Mr. Buckley has done Yale a great service" (how I would tire of this pedestrian rhetorical device), "and he may well do the cause of liberal education in America an even greater service, by stating the fascist alternative to liberalism. This fascist thesis . . . This . . . pure fascism . . . What more could Hitler, Mussolini, or Stalin ask for?" (They asked for, and got, a great deal more.)

What survives from such stuff as this is neplus-ultra relativism, idiot nihilism. "What is required," Professor Greene said, "is more, not also tolerance—not the tolerance of indifference, but the tolerance of honest respect for divergent convictions and the determination of all that such divergent opinions be heard without administrative censorship. I try my best in the classroom to expound and defend my faith, when it is relevant, as honestly and persuasively as I can. But I can do so only because many of my colleagues are expounding and defending their contrasting faiths, or skepticisms, as openly and honestly as I am mine."

A professor of philosophy! Question: What is the "ethical," philosophical, or epistemological argument for requiring continued tolerance of ideas whose discrediting it is the purpose of education to effect? What ethical code (in the Bible? in Plato? Kant? Hume?) requires "honest respect" for all divergent convictions? Even John Stuart Mill did not ask more than that a question be not considered as closed so long as any one man deemed it open; he did not require that that man, flourishing the map of a flat world, be seated in a chair of science at Yale. And this is to say nothing about the flamboyant contrast between Professor Greene's call to toleration in all circumstances and the toleration he showed to the book he was reviewing. An honest respect by him for my divergent conviction would have been an arresting application at once of his theoretical and charitable convictions.

The sleeper, in that issue of the Yale Daily News, was William Wimsatt. The late Professor Wimsatt, the renowned critic and teacher, was . . . a Catholic! Not an uppity Catholic. He was, simply, known by the cognoscenti to be one, and his friends found that charming. But under the circumstances,* the pressure on Professor Wimsatt to Tom must have been very nearly unbearable, and his conciliatory motions must be weighed charitably under the circumstances. He denounced God and Man at Yale as "impudent," inasmuch as its author "used the entree and confidential advantage of a student and alumnus to publicize so widely both embarrassing personalities and problems of policy which are internal to the relation between administrative officers and alumni." A so-so point which, it happens, I dealt with in the book itself, in my discussion of the emasculating hold the Yale administration exercises over its alumni; but, in a sense, also a point gainsaid by the universal interest provoked by the book, which interest focused not at all on its gossip value involving any one or more professors (only three of the hundred reviews I have reread bother even to mention by name any individual professor named in the book).

Protected by such rhetorical cover, Professor Wimsatt went on to say some very interesting things. He began, for instance, by suavely blowing the whole administration position about religion at Yale. "The prevailing secularism of the university is palpable," wrote Professor Wimsatt matter-of-factly. That's what I said. But lest that should shock, he added, What else is new? "What else did Mr.

^{*} of my own frequently remarked membership in the Catholic Church.

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It was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor. It was the first to put the laser

to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for

Chicago's lightwave system. Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal planes etch faster than its per-

pendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why

innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

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Buckley expect when he elected to come here?"
He went on to say, in effect, that a "modern"
university cannot orient itself other than to
fashion. "What would he expect of any modern
American university large enough to be the
representative of the culture in which he has
lived all his life?"

Mr. Wimsatt was here carefully avoiding the point. Obviously a modern, acquiescent college will not buck the *Zeitgeist*. This begs the question whether under certain circumstances it might do so, and certainly begs the question whether idealistically active alumni are entitled to apply pressure on it to do so.

But, despite himself, Professor Wimsatt was getting hotter and hotter. "It is more fundamental to ask . . . what is actually right, and how far any individual may in good conscience tolerate or assist the teaching of what he firmly believes wrong. If I knew that a professor were teaching the Baconian heresy about Shakespeare, I should think it a pity. If I knew that a professor were preaching genocide, I should think it a duty, if I were able, to prevent him-even though his views were being adequately refuted in the next classroom." That buzz saw ran right through the analysis of Professor Greene, adjacent on the page, leaving it bobbing and weaving in deathagony. But nobody noticed, "As Mr. Buckley so earnestly pleads, it is indeed very far from being a fact that the truth, in such matters of value, is bound 'to emerge victorious,' It would be easy to name several doctrines, not only genocide but the less violent forms of racism, for instance, or an ethics of premarital sexual experiment—which the present administration of no university in this country would tolerate."

PRECEPT AND INDOCTRINATION

comment on the grander points involved, to climb out of the polemical fever swamps and look with a little detachment on the purely economic question. When I wrote this book, there were reviewers who defended the factual generalities, indeed went so far as to say the points I made were obvious. Yale's teachings were distinct from Yale's preachings—"this rudimentary fact of life," Dwight Macdonald commented, "Buckley is rude enough to dwell on for 240 pages." On the other hand, very few reviewers (certainly not Macdonald) were prepared to associate themselves with my

prescriptions-though some of them acknowledged nervously that, any way you looked at it, there was a paradox in the circumstance of alumni agitatedly supporting the cultivation of values different from their own. I think it safe to say that no fully integrated member of the intellectual community associated himself with my position on academic freedom. In March of this year Irving Kristol, a professor, editor, author, and philosopher of unassailable academic and intellectual standing, included in a casual essay in his regular series for The Wall Street Journal (which space he shares with such other scholars as Robert Nisbet and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.) the comment, "Businessmen or corporations do not have any obligation to give money to institutions whose views or attitudes they disapprove of. It's absurd to insist otherwise-vet this absurdity is consistently set forth in the name of 'academic freedom.'" The prose is an improvement on my own in God and Man at Yale, but the point is identical. Yet no one rose to say of Professor Kristol that he should be wearing a hood and that he was introducing fascism to American education.

Indeed, the educational establishment, although it rose to smite my book hip and thigh. has since then tended to find it more useful to follow the counsel of that generic class of prudent lawyers who advise their clients to say, "No comment." Even now I rub my eyes in amazement at the silence given to eventshistorical, sociological, and even judicialthat tend to confirm and reconfirm the factual claims of my book, and to give support to its theoretical arguments. There was, for instance, the A. P. Smith case of 1953 (A. P. Smith Manufacturing Company v. Barlow). I should like to be able to refer to it as "the celebrated A. P. Smith case," But it is not celebrated at all. It is unknown.

What happened was that a New Jersey manufacturer of valves and hydrants made a gift of \$1,500 to Princeton University, and a group of minority stockholders sued, saying in effect, "What does Princeton University have to do with the fortunes of the A. P. Smith Company?" The case was tried and most vigorously defended, with star witnesses moving on and off the witness stand—not because of the \$1,500, obviously, but because the precedent was deemed very important.

Well, Princeton and the management of the A. P. Smith Company won. Two courts, the Superior Court of New Jersey and the Supreme Court of that state, on appeal, affirmed the corporate validity of the gift. Why then is the case not more greatly celebrated?

Because the price of victory was academic

freedom as commonly understood. The A. P. Smith Company, in its defense brief, took the position that by giving money to Princeton it was advancing its corporate purposes strictly defined. The defense brief said: "The Smith Company turned to philanthropy not for the sake of philanthropy but for the sake of selling more valves and hydrants."

How's that again?

But there was no recorded objection from representatives of Princeton University, Expert witnesses were called. One of them was Irving Olds. Our old friend! Chairman of the board of United States Steel! Mr. Olds testified soberly on the stand that "our American institutions of higher learning can and do perform a service of tremendous importance to the corporations of this and other states. through acquainting their students with the facts about different economic theories and ideologies. With the good educational facilities provided by these institutions, the courses of instruction will and do lead the student body to recognize the virtues and achievements of our well-proven economic system; and, on the other hand, to discover the faults and weaknesses of an arbitrary, government-directed and controlled system of production and distribution."

That testimony by Mr. Olds was given approximately on the first anniversary of the release of the report of the Yale committee to investigate the charges leveled in my book, and Mr. Olds had then put his signature on a document that said, "A university does not take sides in the questions that are discussed in its halls. The business of a university is to educate, not to indoctrinate its students. In the ideal university all sides of any issue are presented as impartially and as forcefully as possible. This is Yale's policy." Now the only course in comparative economic systems being taught at Yale at that time was the one described in my book. The professor who taught it proclaimed himself an ardent socialist in the British tradition, and defended the socialist alternative to the free-market system, which one would suppose is not the system that, in the understanding of A. P. Smith, the lower court, the higher court, and Irving Olds, promotes the selling of more valves and hydrants.

The worst was yet to be. The lower court, in authorizing the gift, ruled: "It is the youth of today which also furnishes tomorrow's leaders in economics and in government, thereby erecting a strong breastwork against any onslaught from hostile forces which would change our way of life either in respect of private enterprise or democratic self-government. The proofs before me are abundant that Princeton

emphasizes by precept and indoctrination [precept and indoctrination!] the principles which are very vital to the preservation of our democratic system of business and government. . . . I cannot conceive of any greater benefit to corporations in this country than to build, and continue to build, respect for and adherence to a system of free enterprise and democratic government, the serious impairment of either of which may well spell the destruction of all corporate enterprise." I cannot think of a more excruciatingly embarrassing victory in Princeton's history.

Dumb judge? I invite you to find a denunciation of him by an official of Princeton University. The decision was appealed, and went on to the Supreme Court of New Jersey, where another dumb judge affirmed the lower court's decision, and made it all worse. Because he reminded the "objecting stockholders" that they had "not disputed any of the foregoing testimony" asserting the service Princeton is performing in behalf of free-market economy; and the court reminded them, paternalistically, that "more and more they [private corporations] have come to recognize that their salvation rests upon a sound economic and social environment which in turn rests in no insignificant part upon free and vigorous nongovernmental institutions of learning." Princeton didn't take its \$1,500 and go hang itself, but one can imagine the gloom in the paneled office where its officials met to open that judicial valentine.

"I wish to declare myself on the side of the university with a mission. If we are not on that side, then why the struggle to maintain the 'privacy' of the university? To what end?"

NLESS THE GREAT CONCEPTS which have been traditional to the Western world are rooted in a reasoned view of the universe and man's place in it, and unless this reasoned view contains in its orbit a place for the spirit, man is left in our day with archaic weapons unsuited for the problems of the present." I don't know who wrote that sentence, which appeared in an editorial in the Boston Pilot, but I wish I had written it because with great economy of expression it says, really, everything my book sought to say. It leaves unsaid only this. Is there a role for the non-academician in formulating that "reasoned view"? Or if not that, in catalyzing that "reasoned view"? Or if not that, in providing genial ground in which to cultivate that "reasoned view"? It is on this point that I declare myself, a generation after the event, on the side of the university with a mission.

If we are not on that side, then why the struggle to maintain the "privacy" of the university? To what end? Consider for a moment the proposition that Yale donate itself to the

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state of Connecticut. The mechanical problem, as it happens, is virtually nonexistent. There is a thing called the Yale Corporation. It literally "owns" Yale. If the trustees of Yale were to vote tomorrow to give "Yale" to the state of Connecticut, there would be lots of amazement and thunderstorms of indignation—and no recourse. Obviously the state of Connecticut would accept the gift. We are talking about several hundred million dollars of real property, and \$500 million or so in endowments. What then would happen?

To tell the truth, I don't know that anything much would happen. Obviously, there would be changes at the corporate level. Instead of fourteen trustees, ten of them elected by their predecessors, the balance by the alumni, there would, presumably, be fourteen (or more; or fewer) trustees named by the governor of Connecticut (who is already ex officio a trustee), and confirmed by the state legislature. Would these be a scurvy lot? That is hard to say. If you look at the board of the University of California you will not find a significant difference in the profile of its membership and that of Yale today. The University of California, particularly in recent days, has its share of flower children; but lo, so does Yale.

What else would be different? Standards of admission?

Why? The University of California at Berkeley is as hard to get into as Yale. A state university can be "elitist" and get away with it provided there are other universities within the system that will accept the less gifted students.

The curriculum would be less varied?

I don't think that would necessarily follow. There is a luxurious offering at Yale of courses in the recondite byways of human knowledge, wonderful to behold. But—that is also true of the University of California.

Excellence of faculty? The University of California has the highest concentration of Nobel Prize winners in the country. It is simply no longer true that the most gifted scholars insist on joining the faculties of privately run universities. As for the maintenance of a Yale tradition within the faculty, the incidence of Yale-educated faculty members continues to decline, consistent with the modernization of Yale.

What about the quality of undergraduate truction?

There are a lot of complaints about the mega-university, large lecture courses, graduatestudent instruction. But these complaints are also increasingly lodged against Yale and Harvard as well as Berkeley, and as the economic noose tightens, economizing at the expense of the student is likelier at private colleges, whose resources are limited, than at the public universities, whose resources are less limited.

The quality of undergraduate life? Why should it be affected? Yale has insisted it can show no genealogical preferences—neither would the state of Connecticut; neither, of course, does Berkeley. Would state ownership interfere with undergraduate social life? How? There is only a single fraternity surviving in Yale; there are dozens in many state colleges. Yale's senior societies are unique, but they are privately owned; and in any case, their survival (so heatedly opposed, for instance, by the recent chaplain of Yale, among others) would hardly be the pivotal justification for withholding the gift of Yale to the state of Connecticut.

And consider the advantages! Yale's painful annual deficit is a mere added calorie in the paunch of Connecticut's deficit. Those who desire to contribute to Yale to promote specific activities there could continue to do so, even as there are private endowments at Berkeley.

And—the most interesting point of all, I think—what, in the absence of specific objections, are the philosophical objections? The sense of the swingers in the social-science faculty even twenty-five years ago was to prefer the public sector over the private sector. I cannot think what arguments most of the distinguished teachers mentioned in my book would use to oppose in principle turning Yale over to the public sector.

OW, HAVING SAID ALL THAT, let me say that I know why Yale shouldn't be turned over to the state. Because there are great historical presumptions that much of the time the interests of the state and those of civilization will continue to diverge, and unless there is independence, the course of civilization is neglected. Individual professors can raise their fists and cry out against the howling of the storm: but professors so inclined are resident alike at Berkeley, as at New Haven. The critical difference is the corporate sense of mission. At Berkeley that sense of mission is as diffuse and inchoateand unspecified and unspecifiable-as the resolute pluralism of California society. At the private college, the sense of mission is distinguishing. It is, however, strangled by what goes under the presumptuous designation of academic freedom. It is a terrible loss, the loss of the sense of mission. It makes the private university, sad to say, incoherent. That is what I was trying to say, then and now.

HARPER'S NOVEMBER 1977

AMERICA'S INNOCENCE ABROAD



T WAS YET another of those moments when all that seemed to stand between Henry Kissinger and world order was the naive incompetence of his own subordinates. The

subject that day was Portugal. It was mid-1974, and surely that subtle aloofness in the receptionist's manner as Stuart N. Scott, American Ambassador to Lisbon, was led into the Secretary of State's office, was an omen.

At first, the Secretary listened impassively as Ambassador Scott propounded his heretical thesis that the Portuguese revolution must be treated as something other than a gratuitous affront to Henry Kissinger's personal need for strategic orderliness. But his patience disintegrated as Ambassador Scott plunged into American foreign-policy apostasy. The only possible way to stop the Communists in Portugal, Scott warned, was for America and its entire diplomatic, military, and intelligence establishment to do absolutely nothing at all.

If the U.S. government kept the CIA on the leash, if it did not dabble in assassination in Lisbon and secession in the Azores, the Ambassador emphasized, then democratic forces would win the first free elections in half a century, and the country would remain a faithful U.S. ally. But to do what America, what Kissinger himself, had done in Chile and Greece and Indochina, Scott warned, would not only drive Portugal out of the NATO alliance, it would create "the greatest self-fulfilling prophecy in history," and turn Portugal into the Cuba of Western Europe overnight.

As the Secretary replied, the venom was diluted with despair at the widening discrepancy between America's decadent softness
and the undiminished
tumescence of his
own genius. Did not
the Ambassador understand that the entire southern flank of
NATO was crum-

bling? Could he not grasp that France was a can of worms, Italy a basket case, Archbishop Makarios a Red—that America's only reliable allies were the Greek colonels? The Communists were sure to win the Italian elections. Now the Communists were subverting Portugal too, and all the U.S. Ambassador could propose was that America behave like some pitiful, helpless giant.

A few months later, a similar scene was enacted in the same office. This time the muddlehead called on the carpet was Mario Soares, the socialist leader of Portugal. Like Scott, Soares explained that if America minded its own business, his Socialist party would defeat the Communists. Again the Secretary's bitterness was moderated by contempt. "You will be the Kerensky of Portugal," he announced. It was then that Kissinger made up his mind. Not only must the Portuguese Communists go. Soares must go too. As the first step, that dunderhead U.S. Ambassador must be sent packing as well.

So Ambassador Scott was fired publicly for rank incompetence, and driven from the State Department in disgrace. In early 1975, Kissinger's hand-picked choice as Ambassador, Frank C. Carlucci, arrived in Lisbon. Throughout that city of eighteenth-century buildings and twenty-first-century wall posters, the Communists, with relish, and the Democrats, in dismay, waited for the dirty tricks, for the

A foreign policy of bungling arrogance and misguided altruism

by T. D. Allman

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ultimatums from the U.S. Embassy, for the civil war to begin. Carlucci's instructions were explicit. Do for Portugal what two of Kissinger's favorite Ambassadors, John G. Dean and Henry J. Tasca, had done for Cambodia and Greece. Forget the carrot. Use the stick. Rid the Portuguese of their silly notion that democracy was anything other than a code word for strategic surrender. Get Portugal back on the team.

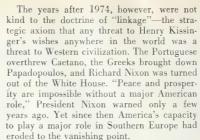
Yet soon both Kissinger and Alvaro Cunhal, the Portuguese Communist leader, found themselves grievously disappointed by Ambassador Carlucci. Truth to tell, his cables could have been written by Ambassador Scott. Don't do a thing, Carlucci urged Kissinger, just sit tight. Meddle, the new Ambassador added, and NATO soon would have its first Communist member.

Carlucci's job—perhaps Portuguese democracy too—was saved by the Old Boy network. Carlucci had been Donald Rumsfeld's roomate, and Rumsfeld was Jerry Ford's fairhaired boy. Confronted by his own Ambassador's insubordinate refusal to destabilize an allied government, Henry Kissinger averted his eyes from Portugal the way a famous surgeon turns his back on a patient who is about to die.

"When Henry found Jerry wouldn't let him fire Frank," a high official later commented, "he did what he did when Indochina went down the tube. Henry's number-one priority was to preserve his own reputation, to make sure others took the blame."

A renaissance of democracy

RECENTLY RETURNED to Southern Europe after an absence of two years or more. Back then, in those melodramatic days of shuttle diplomacy and tape erasures, the conventional wisdom had held that Watergate and the Indochina defeat, to say nothing of such acts of Congressional impudence as the scrutiny of the Central Intelligence Agency's budget, were imperiling the future of freedom itself. To practice democracy, so the official argument ran, was to subvert it, by endangering the entire U.S. security system from which our freedoms derived. And when Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Turks, and even Americans, too, exercised their prerogative not only to criticize Dr. Kissinger, but to remove from power those leaders upon whom he had conferred his confidence, the Secretary had tried to bring the world to its senses by convoking an emotional press conference in Austria.



I packed my suitcase with trepidation. Surely by now the Kerensky of Portugal would be about to be eaten alive by its Lenin, and with Franco no longer in Spain to defend traditional American values, a dictatorship of the proletariat was inevitable. With the CIA unable to pass black bags stuffed with lire to the Christian Democrats, surely red flags would soon fly over Rome too. In Greece the moans of collectivization would echo off the marble pillars of the Acropolis, and from their bases in Cyprus the Soviets would smile as Turkish commissars tortured liberal democrats.

Instead I found a pattern of peace, a modicum of social progress, a veritable renaissance of democracy-all combined with far less U.S. intervention in its allies' internal affairs than at any time since the beginning of the Cold War. For the first time since the promulgation of the Truman Doctrine, freedom of speech, press, and political association is respected by every U.S. ally in Europe. In spite of the periodic pronouncements in Washington on the dangers of free political choice, more than a dozen national elections have been held in Southern Europe, from Portugal to Turkey, since 1974. Parties committed not just to human rights, but to the U.S. alliance, have won them all.

In Turkey—where Congress was accused of endangering U.S. strategy by suspending military aid—anti-Communist parties have formed the government following two successive national elections. In Greece—where Kissinger believed the colonels were the only alternative to anti-American chaos—supporters of the conservative prime minister, Constantine Caramanlis, won 220 out of 300 seats in free parliamentary elections. In Spain—where King Juan Carlos was so ill-advised as to legalize the Communist party—moderate liberals and socialists have reaped the harvest of democratization.

But it was in Italy where Kissinger's Spenglerian alarums of doom were proved silliest of all, where that most cherished notion of the Kissinger claque in the media, bureaucracy,



and think tanks was laid bare in all its fatuous absurdity. Whatever Kissinger's manifold insensitivities elsewhere, his apologists always claimed, his intuitive comprehension of his native continent was a marvel of clairvoyance. In the end, Henry Kissinger revealed that he possessed the same understanding of Italy as he did of Cambodia or Angola.

From 1974 to the summer of 1976, the impending Communist victory in Italy was bandied about as proof of the irresponsibility of the Secretary's critics. Just when what was needed to save Italy was the same kind of hardheaded, open-ended, interagency interventionism that had characterized the American success story in Chile, here were Congress and the press emasculating America's capacity to defend its vital national interests. With the Lockheed and CIA scandals inhibiting U.S. involvement, the impending Communist victory, months before the Italians went to the polls, was elevated from the realm of the putative to the status of geopolitical immutability.

"I give the rest of Western Europe three to five years," one person on a first-name basis with the Secretary of State announced a month before the June 1976 Italian elections. "All my Italian friends have bought farms in Ne-

braska,"

Happily enough for Giovanni Agnelli and Sophia Loren, if not for the analytical powers of the U.S. government, this new domino theory of Eurocommunism was unsubstantiated by events. The Italian elite was spared a future of covered-dish church socials and Italy's Communists did what they have done in every election for a generation: they came in second. The amazing thing—considering the bankruptcy of the Christian Democrats' policies—was not that the Italian Communists did so well, but that they did not do even better.

The Italian election posed a fundamental question about the entire ethos of U.S. foreign policy. "We cannot let a country go Communist, simply because of the irresponsibility of its people," Henry Kissinger had declared, propounding the essence of his foreign policy during Richard Nixon's first term. But even after the Nixon Presidency disintegrated, the voters of Southern Europe showed themselves to be considerably more responsible than those who presumed to tutor them. Even when they were not bribed into doing it by the CIA, or browbeaten into doing it by the State Department, or blackmailed into doing it by the Pentagon, might America's unruly, ungrateful allies nonetheless possess some small capacity to act in their own self-interest? Could it be that the cause of American security, even of plain old anti-Communism, was best served when the American cop was not patrolling the block? In the years since Kissinger dismissed Ambassador Scott for suggesting that the Portuguese voters were capable of making an intelligent choice, Soares's Socialist party has routed the Communists in two national elections, in a Presidential election, and in nationwide municipal elections.

During 1975, the year the American intelligence community was on the defensive at home and Portugal's political future hung in the balance, Ambassador Carlucci restored U.S. prestige in Portugal, retained the Azores bases, kept the Soviets out of Portugal, and kept Portugal inside the NATO alliance. He achieved all this not merely by ignoring Dr. Kissinger's instructions, but by defying the entire interventionist premise of U.S. foreign policy since World War II-by pursuing what might be called a policy of masterful indolence. As Alvaro Cunhal made speeches about the menace of U.S. subversion, Carlucci reduced the U.S. Embassy staff. When the pro-Communist leader of the fifth provisional government, Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, accused him of fomenting a right-wing coup, Carlucci, with studied conspicuousness, busied himself building a new embassy tennis court. "Carlucci was something new for us," remarked Vasco Correira Guedes, a Portuguese historian and political commentator, "an American diplomat capable of diplomacy.

While restraint paid off in Portugal, interventionist orthodoxy nonetheless prevailed at the opposite end of Southern Europe. No backtalking bureaucratic bunglers stood in Henry Kissinger's way in Cyprus and Greece, and thus two high-ranking U.S. officials, Rodger P. Davies, the U.S. Ambassador to Cyprus, and Richard Welch, the CIA station chief in Athens, found their missions ended somewhat differently from those of Ambassadors Scott and Carlucci, Ambassador Davies, a strong advocate of arms shipments to the Athens junta, was murdered in Nicosia in 1974 by outraged Greek Cypriot nationalists. Mr. Welch was gunned down near Athens in 1975 by Greeks similarly piqued by U.S. support of the dictatorship there. If the esteem the United States now enjoys in Portugal is understandable, the least that can be said of these two crimes is that the motives were under-

standable too.

"Makarios is a very big man for such a small island," Kissinger once remarked when the archbishop, like Soares, had the temerity to disagree with U.S. policy. Thereafter Dr. Kissinger behaved like a very petty man for the Secretary of State of such an immense

"Even after the Nixon Presidency disintegrated, the voters of Southern Europe showed themselves to be considerably more responsible than those who presumed to tutor them."



T. D. Allman AMERICA'S INNOCENCE ABROAD country. In 1974 agents of the Greek juntausing U.S. guns and ammunition and led by U.S.-trained Greek officers—mounted a harebrained coup against Makarios and the entire delicate balance keeping Greeks and Turks from each others' throats. The coup no doubt would have collapsed in hours, and peace been restored, had not the American Secretary of State perceived in the crisis yet another brilliant opportunity to manifest his credibility to Congress and the Soviets by conjuring up yet another reactionary client regime in the eastern Mediterranean.

In the ensuing tragicomedy of American statesmanship, Kissinger's gratuitous meddling transformed Cyprus from a tourist paradisinto a partitioned island of barbed wire and refugees. He also achieved a feat of diplomatic prestidigitation previously considered impossible by managing to make America simultaneously the most hated country in both Greece and Turkey.

If the lessons of Portugal were never learned, the lessons of Cyprus were soon forgotten. "The United States cannot pursue a policy of selective reliability," Kissinger sniffed, as he parachuted munitions on Phnom Penh and unleashed his brief, disastrous vendetta against Angola. It was left to Jerry Ford, however, to mouth in all its mindlessness the essential U.S. strategic doctrine that failure everywhere was the consequence of America's failure to intervene, that every success must be credited to the manic little gnomes at Langley and the National Security Council.

"We have been successful in Portugal, where a year ago it looked like there was a very great possibility that the Communists would take over in Portugal. It didn't happen," Ford rejoindered, when his critics dared to suggest that all the CIA's clandestine operations and all of Henry's pyrotechnics often did more harm than good. "We have a democracy in Portugal today."

Ambassador Carlucci had no comment, and Mario Soares laughed all the way to the ballot box.

LL AMERICANS must understand that, because of its strength, its history, and its concern for human dignity, this nation occupies a special place in the world."

Though they resemble them closely, those were not Jimmy Carter's words when he announced his worldwide crusade for human rights, and sent Rosalynn and Andy Young off to hold tent revivals in Africa and Latin America. They come from a speech Richard

Nixon made just before he invaded Cambodia.

Times have changed, but the rhetorical continuity of American foreign policy reveals an overlooked truth. From the age of manifest destiny to the era of détente, America's relations with the external world have remained ensnared in that misapprehension of causality psychiatrists say explains both the benign and pathological variants of clinical schizophrenia. Whether the victim of the disorder imagines he is General Patton or Albert Schweitzer, the defect of ratiocination is the same: the patient cannot distinguish between his inner needs and the outer world, between the limits of reality and the infinity of his own volition.

No doubt Jimmy Carter's affliction is less malign than the Nixon-Kissinger psychosis. But beneath the new policy lie the old symptoms. Just as once it was supposed that smart bombs could erect a viable South Vietnam, so now it is believed that American good intentions will cause Bantu and Boer to love one another. In a nation supposedly instructed in its limitations by its recent failures, Jimmy Carter in a matter of months has demonstrated how little America has learned. Recycling the moral absolutism of John Foster Dulles, the rhetoric of John F. Kennedy, the ethnocentrism of Lyndon Johnson, and the global pretentiousness of Richard Nixon into a bright new foreign-policy package, Carter has not so much dispelled the old illusions as made them newly fashionable.

We were the world's gendarme then. We will be its itinerant moralist now. So where once we ostracized evil, now we hasten to open embassies in Havana and Hanoi lest even those we formerly harassed be denied access to our goodness. The President's conviction that it is morally right to recognize Peking is matched only by his sense of moral obligation toward Taiwan. He detests the arms trade and believes in Saudi Arabia's right to have a modern army. He loathes torture and loves the shah. Shall we give the Panamanians the canal, or keep it for ourselves? Our President has devised a treaty that purports to do both.

In Algiers some years ago, I found myself in a cafe, composing a list of that tiny, deprived minority of states it was the daily business of U.S. diplomacy neither to defend nor to destroy—countries with which, for one reason or another, we in fact had no diplomatic relations at all: the Vatican and Cuba. China and Andorra. Mongolia and the Maldives. Albania and Bhutan. At that time, both Syria and Cambodia. Iraq, Liechtenstein, and Algeria itself, which, even though it then had no U.S. Ambassador, no CIA station chief, no

military attachés, no AID mission, and no glossy brochures from the U.S. Information Service, nonetheless seemed content enough to sell us oil and buy back our technology. I had spent a month in Algeria, managing somehow to survive without the protection and guidance of an official U.S. mission.

What is more, Algeria had demonstrated a truly unexpected capacity to get along without one either. It had won its independence without American aid. It was retaining its independence without American help. Of course Algeria did do all sorts of disreputable, un-American things. It disagreed with U.S. policy in the Mideast and Indochina. It rounded up political prisoners, censored the local press, and rigged the local elections. But then so did the governments of neighboring Tunisia and Morocco-which were just chockablock with busy American officials with just enough time in their crowded calendars to inform a visiting journalist how indispensable the U.S. presence was to American security, and to world peace and progress. It suddenly occurred to me what the watch merchants of Vaduz and the cadres of Shanghai, the pearl divers of Gan and the scarlet-robed cardinals of the papal Curia, all had in common, besides no American Ambassador to invite to their cocktail parties: unlike our allies and adversaries, they were causing the United States of America no trouble.

Until recently the Horn of Africa caused us no trouble, and we made no trouble for the Horn. For decades, however, we did lavish money, expertise, and weapons systems on neighboring Ethiopia. Our Peace Corps volunteers taught its unemployed intellectuals to read Marcuse and wear their hair like Angela Davis. Our FBI agents pitched in by teaching Haile Selassie's secret police a thing or two. The Pentagon transformed the Imperial Ethiopian Armed Forces into yet another bulwark against the menace of geopolitical instability. Meanwhile we had no diplomatic relations at all with Somalia, in spite of its vital strategic position astride the Horn. Ethiopia, like all dutiful client states, cost us much money, and in return gave our Ambassadors and CIA agents and AID officials that international treasure beyond all price, the illusion of influence.

Somalia, in contrast, cost us nothing and was more valuable to the Pentagon than the Azores bases and the Greek junta combined. For without that fabled Soviet naval base at Berbera, what would our base at Asmara have spied upon? Without the growing Soviet threat on the Horn, how could Congress have been talked into paying for Diego Garcia? Today the results in Somalia and Ethiopia are the

same as they earlier were in Portugal and "Kissinger Cyprus. The Ethiopians detest us as much as the Cypriots do. But while the Ethiopians parade around their prefeudal villages proclaiming the dictatorship of the proletariat, the rulers of Somalia now are as eager to go on television with Barbara Walters as is Dr. Castro.

Not too long ago, however, when he was asked where American diplomacy might take the offensive, Jimmy Carter singled out Somalia. So the fate of Ethiopia now stalks that hitherto unmolested and untraumatized country too, thanks to the continuing importance of being earnest in our foreign policy. One wonders what diplomatic horrors will erupt when we finally have full-scale embassies in Havana and Peking. Cuba is only ninety miles off our shores, and China does have one-quarter of the world's population. Are the risks of diplomatic relations really worth it?

Trop de zèle

OUTHERN AFRICA and the Mideast afford the types of problems American statesmen traditionally have been unable to Junderstand, let alone solve. It would hardly become an American foreign policy, after all, if it were based on the un-American premise that some problems surpass the capacities even of the Brookings Institution and the National Security Council to solve. But external reality, if not the wish-fulfillment apparatus in Washington, indicates that another Mideast war may be inevitable whatever we do, and that not even American know-how and virtue can spare Africa the historical consequences of centuries of racism and unequal development.

In foreign policy, success has many parents. When the next Arab-Israeli war breaks out, or the negotiations in Africa break down, Arab and Israeli, black and white, no doubt will concur that failure is America's bastard child. And the genealogy may well be warranted, for Jimmy Carter is the true heir to Woodrow Wilson and Richard Helms. What unites his human-rights policy with the Fourteen Points and the CIA's fascination with mind-control drugs is that traditional American delusion that, if only America can devise the right political or chemical formula, then the world will stop being what it is, and become what we wish it to be. Medical science to date nonetheless has had little success curing those who imagine themselves to be Napo- 5 leon Bonaparte by putting them in command 5 of great armies. Like so many of the ills Amer-

achieved a feat previously considered impossible by managing to make America simultaneously the most hated country in both Greece and Turkey."



T. D. Allman AMERICA'S INNOCENCE ABROAD ica's global activism is supposed to cure, the malady afflicting our own foreign-policy perception may have no remedy, and the only treatment may be merely palliative.

"Surtout, pas trop de zèle," Talleyrand was fond of telling his diplomats and secret agents. If the American millennian impulse cannot be exorcised, that maxim nonetheless may provide the best guidance for coping with a zealous world and with our own zealous instincts. No doubt shutting down all our embassies and CIA stations might cause us nearly as much trouble as keeping them open does. But it would add a sense of proportion and a structure of priority to the conduct of U.S. foreign policy if we stopped, every now and then, to consider how seldom what we do, or do not do, really decides whether we succeed or fail -that is, whether reality winds up corresponding to our wishes or not.

N RECENT YEARS we have "lost" Indochina and Ethiopia and Angola. We have "kept" Portugal and the Philippines and Morocco. We also have "won back" Egypt and Chile, at least in the sense that Moscow has lost them. What is clear in retrospect is that all these geopolitical alterations may well have occurred whatever policy the United States did or did not pursue, and that, in total, these changes have affected our lives, and the security of our country, far less, one way or another, than most persons could have imagined at the time. What held true in the past no doubt will be equally true of the future. Democracy in Greece and Spain and Portugal, to say nothing of India, broke out quite independent of Henry Kissinger's distrust of it, or Jimmy Carter's faith in it. While no reverse causality operates either, it hardly would be astonishing to see a tsunami of repression sweep the world now that America has enunciated its fine new foreign-policy principles.

To return to Southern Europe, indeed, is not so much to find the answers being asked for in Washington as to be instructed yet again in the irrelevancy of America's questions.

Can the Eurocommunists really be counted on to be independent of Moscow? We forget that Communists already rule four Southern European countries, and that if the averages in Yugoslavia, Albania, Rumania, and Bulgaria hold true, at least three out of four Eurocommunist governments will cause Moscow far more trouble than our NATO allies ever do. But aren't the Eurocommunists only pretending to believe in human rights? Won't they kill off democracy even if they don't follow Soviet orders? The real question is whether any gov-

ernment or ideology-no matter what it doe -can convert Italy, for example, into a func tioning nation-state. I should be much more astonished to see the Italian Communists suc ceed, should they eventually gain power, when Garibaldi and Mussolini failed, than to see them stab the "historic compromise" in the back. Similar questions pose themselves in Greece, where, under democracy and dictator ship alike, socioeconomic power remains in the hands of a small plutocracy. Mario Soares is finding inflation a far more formidable adver sary than the Portuguese Communists, and in Spain the economic miracle was in trouble even before Franco died. Under military of civilian rule, inside or outside NATO, there seem no solutions at all to Turkey's problems

It is instructive that, no matter how many times it is born again, U.S. policy so seldon addresses itself to those kinds of questions Indeed the real question in Southern Europe today, and practically everywhere else, is one that neither Henry Kissinger nor Jimmy Carter has ever asked. Why is it that in spite of our global pretensions, in spite of our unceasing activism on every continent for thirty years in spite of our serene faith that it is the destiny of the world to become like us, the American Dream has come true in so few places?

In spite of all our bungling arrogance and all our misguided altruism, the extraordinary thing is not that we so often make ourselves seem foolish and contemptible, it is that American freedom, American affluence, and American technology still can enthrall so much of the world. In both Lisbon and Istanbul, this takes the form of two immense, costly, and useless suspension bridges spanning the Tagus and the Bosporus. Neither carries much traffic. Neither marvel of engineering has transformed the local economy. Instead what one really sees arching above these two capitals of vanished empires, over these two waterways where no armada has ever arrived with a historical solution, are two symbols. No less than the illiterates lining up to mark ballots, the Tagus and Bosporus bridges show how powerful even in these two least American of NATO alliesthe one fundamentally Asian, the other essentially Latin-American-is the dream of modernity, progress, and freedom.

Americans of course intended no lesson for the Turks and Portuguese when they built the Golden Gate Bridge, no more than we set out to teach the world a course in constitutionalism with the Watergate crisis. But they, and all the rest we presume to tutor, will not fail to be instructed by what Jimmy Carter says when the sermon stops, by what he does when he is not in his pulpit.

HARPER'S NOVEMBER 1977



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Building jetliners, spacecraft and fighter planes occupies much of our time, but minds that meet aerospace challenges often come across solutions to other problems. After a fire at the Government Records Center in St. Louis, for example, our engineers set our space simulation chambers to work saving millions of watersoaked records. Tons of soggy papers were placed in vacuum vessels and dried. Priceless records were recovered. We've since dried museum artifacts, even bundles of accidentally-doused uncashed checks. "There are times," it is said, "when business shouldn't be all business." We agree.

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foundations. We made more than 100 thousand to support the foundations of the trans-Alaska pipeline. So as the hot oil flows above the permafrost, remember that spaceflight played a role.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

THE HAMMER AND THE SICKLE

by David Suter

Sartre has written that a tool is an idea congealed. The hammer and sickle, through which the Bolsheviks wished to convey the union of peasants and workers, are simplifications of ancient tools. Though the origin of use of the combined forms is lost to history, it is possible to trace it, iconographically, to the old crux gammata, the Greek cross that prefigures our modern condinate axes. When hooks are added it becomes—Heil Hitler!—the Hakenkreuz, mistaken by the Nazis for a Nordic rune. Bend one arm: Workers, Unite! A further







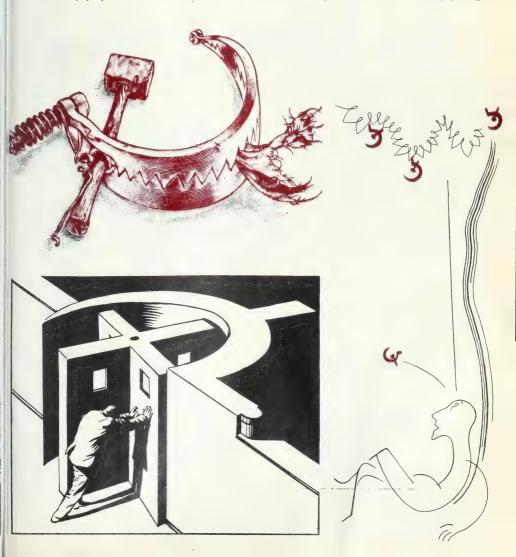


transformation gives you ultimate harmony, yin and yang.

This sequence moves along a cultural spectrum that I see also as a matter of sexual aesthetics. The Communist form, for example, appears blatantly heterosexual, the sickle's enclosing curve gently crossing a bluntly masculine instrument. The swastika, an advance in ideology, seems less organic and less humane.

Visual satire, or political illustration, is less limited than spoken satire because it has within its range of attack not only people and ideas but symbols—the representations of power, the graphic apotheoses of an idea. With the repeal of detente, I have discovered how easy it is to use a symbol for transmitting invidious meaning. It is quick and efficient and clear. Yet this very ease makes me aware of an uncomfortable ambiguity, for lurking in the satire is the power of the original symbol; through its recall an oblique, if unintended, tribute is paid.

David Suter, a free-lance artist, is a Journalism Fellow of the National Endowment for the Humanities at the University of Michigan.



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LAND OF COTTON

A story by Gilbert Sorrentino

JOE DOYLE was born a bastard whose natural father's name had been Lionni, or Leone. I have no idea what man owned the name Doyle. Let's imagine his true sire to be a loudmouth who spent his days in a candy store in the Bronx, reading The Green Sheet and betting hopeless long shots. When one speaks of the People, one must remember that Joe's father is always to be included among them. Whole novels, inexplicably, have been written exploring such characters. Perhaps these novels allow them to persist.

Along about the time that Joe decided that he would be a "writer," his father's name shifted in his head so that he came to think of it as Lee. In any event, he led everyone he knew to believe that he believed that the name was Lee. Ah, mystery. Why his father would have changed his name from Lee to Lionni was unexplained, but such a puzzle only served to make everything more hazily romantic. Once an aberration is seized upon, its possible variations are virtually limitless: consider advertising. Soon after this, Joe came to consider himself, I swear it, a descendant of Robert E. Lee, and the dear old shattered South, the grand old decayed plantations, the beautiful old smoldering mansions became part of his heritage. It might have been true if things had been a little this way, or a little that way, right? So Joe perhaps thought of it.

This spangled rubbish was useful to Joe's life; with it, he could wrench his father out of roachy shotgun flats and busboy jobs in Horn and Hardart's and fold him into pink clouds that glowed with the light of romance. He was no longer the man his mother had often bitterly and mockingly described to him, an unemployed lover in a Crawford suit-with-two-pairs-pants and Woolworth's rose-oil pomade shining his hair to oilcloth, but a quixotic, footloose hero whose rebel blood drove him to disappear from the verminous kitchens in which Joe had grown up. Joe, of course, had this same imaginary blood.

He kept all this glittering lost glory subtly in the background, exposing it discreetly when it could get him something, and functioned off its energy. It was indeed an engine of sorts, and did not at all interfere with his job, his social life, or his "writing." Joe became what he called an artist-and how he loved that word; I can hear him now: "Well, as far as Flaherty being an artist ... "-because to be an artist was to be the stubborn Reb in retreat. He began to write poems, actual words, count 'em, words, on actual paper. It was "interesting," and admitted him to a world that seemed to offer more than the world of, say, numismatics. That the poems were indeed accepted as art has little bearing on this storyalthough I suspect that it is not so much a story as a minor change upon a common fable. The world is filled with talented and intelligent people who produce arty bits and pieces by which other talented and intelligent people are somehow nourished; they get what they need for their ailments. Sometimes I think it is all nothing but Joes with their variants of sham honeysuckle and Alabama nights on the one hand, and on the other those who come within range of that nailed-together glamour. It is all exciting and everyone is very pleased.

oe first met Helen Ingersoll in 1965, some five years after he manufactured his paper-magnolia legend. He and a friend, Ed Manx, had gone to a poetry reading at a grim, creaking little theater downtown, just off Second Avenue. I believe the theater is now a macrobiotic restaurant or a "head shop"—it is not my fault that the generation's nomenclature is spectacularly ugly. The poet was a smudgy friend from the Fifties who had been living in the Southwest for years and had returned for a month or so to attend to some family matter. His current poems were about freedom and adobe and white sand,

Gilbert Sorrentino is a poet and novelist.

Gilbert Sorrentino LAND OF COTTON

mesas and mountains, in the way that Robert Frost's poems are about America-that is, these concepts were laid on like high-gloss enamel. One can imagine the scarred little table behind which the bard sat, his can of beer and black spring binders at his elbow, reading, oddly enough, from a book of verse he had published almost ten years earlier; at a time when he had entertained a powerfully unreal conception of his gifts. He read these old poems as if they were examples of youthful aberration. Which is to say that he laughed at what he now considered to be their "boudoir sentiments"-his term. When Joe asked him about New Mexico or Colorado or some other chic wasteland, he said, "I never knew what a long line could be, baby, till I saw those mountains." You get the idea. Joe and Ed drank from a pint of Dant that Ed had in his raincoat, their faces fixed in a blank, intense look behind which boredom crawled and scuffled. At the intermission, they went across the street to a bar and never got back to the reading.

Joe began talking to Ed about Hope, his wife, how terrific she was, how lovely, how understanding and intelligent, what a son of a bitch he had been to her, and yet, and yet, what good friends they were now that they were separated. I'm certain that he even did a few time steps to the old tune that goes, "We see more of each other than when we were together." He could be a master of nausea without half trying. She was doing well, working as a secretary-receptionist-girl Friday in an uptown gallery devoted to the What's Selling School. She really had great taste, Joe said; she felt useful now, truly involved with the art world she had always just touched the edges of. I can almost see Hope's lacquered face placid among the wares on display; I can almost hear her telling some broke painter, desperate in his wrinkled tie, to bring in a selection of color slides. They drank some more, silent in the contemplation of Hope's splendor. Then, just for the ride, and because he was a little drunk, Joe went uptown with Ed to see Helen.

She had asked Ed up to advise her on the right mat and frame for a small ink drawing that she had been given as a gift, and while Ed and she talked things over, Joe walked around the apartment, looking at her small and somewhat precious collection of pictures and books. He was, one might say, zeroing in on his intentions regarding this attractive woman. She was mature—another word that Joe liked; she was the Sarah Lawrence or Barnard alumna who had been around. Life had used her, as she had used life, and so on. Joe felt as if he were strolling into a relevant movie, all pained faces and swallowed dialogue and blurred focus. He helped himself to another vodka and caught Helen's eye. She seemed delicately faded to him; there was something irrevocably broken about her. He slouched against the wall, gallant and aristocratic; against the tattered and streaming gray sky of his mind the Stars and Bars cracked in the wind.

On the way downtown, Ed told him that she was forty-two and undergoing chemotherapy treatments for leukemia. To Joe, this was an unexpected perfection-how could she resist, her tragedy upon her, the gift of himself that he would offer? Joe's opinion of himself was based solidly on his being a product of that solipsistic aristocracy that clumps itself about the nucleus of art-which latter gives it breath and rationale. His own poems were a small contribution to the meaningful, were they not? He was, in his sham individuality,

a dime a dozen. So was Helen.

Joe didn't know this about Helen-nor did he know it about himself, certainly. Helen, in fact, qualified for him as representative of that breeding and careless grace with which his fabulous past was suffused, and she took her place in that misty locale where Joe's father sipped juleps and played croquet on emerald lawns, the sun dazzling off his white flannels and linen cap. There was a patina he felt he could scrape and strip off her very person and place on his own in mellow and lustrous layers. For Helen, Joe was young enough to be interesting, but not so young as to be gauche and trite in his desire. So they became lovers. I don't know how to say this without seeming either cold or vulgar, but Helen thought of Joe as a last fling. Joe's feelings concerning Helen were, as you will have guessed, cold and vulgar.

Concerning Helen's past, there isn't much to say. She had hacked and hewn out a lopsided icon that passed for taste, had achieved an arresting face, and had been twice married to vaguely creative men who were moderately successful in vaguely creative jobs-the sort of men who wore ascots and smoked little Dutch cigars. In her thirties she had painted a little and clumped through a few parts in off-off-off-Broadway theater; a modern-dance class and a poetry workshop were also buried in the sludge. You will understand that she was a female counterpart to Joe. The one element that totally differentiated her from him was the fact of her critical illness: death and disease are impenetrable masks behind which the pettiness and shabbiness of personality are absolutely obscured. That we tend to forgive or overlook the flaws of the doomed probably saves us all from total monstrosity. But it must be borne in mind, however ungenerously, that Helen was a shambles of half-baked ideas, insistent on her thin skin yet an opportunistic traitor to her husbands and children, the latter now grown into drugs and therapy, sickened by the mother who embraced the "idea" of, for instance, Mick Jagger as Prophet with a moronic fervor. Young, young, she was forever young as she slid toward her death, brandishing a copy of The Village Voice.

It is important to know that Joe thought, in the first weeks of their relationship, that it was his "art" that had seduced her; it had always been his "art" that had brought him his platoons of rutting young women-it was a subtle hook that he used to snare them and then lift their skirts. And if "art" failed, Dixie would materialize out of thin-very thin, indeed-air. When Joe discovered that this was not the case with Helen he was nonplussed. then hurt, then angered. She simply took Joe to be another charming and aesthetically intense young man-much like her husbands and previous lovers. She was right, but no one had ever before so squarely confronted Joe with the fakery of his life and its picayune products. He moved in a world of fakes like himself, so that their mutual interest lay in interdependent lying. Joe thought of himself as a "coterie" poet of carefully controlled outputand so did his friends. Now, suddenly, here was Helen, who with unfeigned equanimity treated him as the amateur dilettante-in Joe's case the phrase is not tautological-he was and always would be. It never occurred to her that Joe thought of his fabrications as poems. One night she said a poem of his reminded her somehow of saltwater taffy. That's not bad at all. Joe wasn't used to this sort of comment on his work; he had never got anything like it from Hope, who thought of him as a serious and neglected artist, although she would not have recognized art if it fractured her skull.

"Concerning Helen's past, there isn't much to say. She had hacked and hewn out a lopsided icon that passed for taste, had achieved an arresting face. and had been twice married to vaguely creative men."

OE AND HOPE had dinner together once a week-they were civilized and understanding and good friends and so on. How they rang and rang again each boring modern change. Hope was aware that Joe and Helen were having an affair; Ed Manx had told her about Helen, and Joe had corroborated the tale-and how. In her mind it was a "friendly" affair, and somehow good for Joe: good, mature woman to discuss art with her husband-oh, once in a while they discov-



Gilbert Sorrentino LAND OF COTTON ered themselves in bed together, but that was almost an accident, or the price one pays for the nurture of beauty. Over her shrimp cocktail she was reliably bright and engaging, Peck and Peck all the way, with plenty of small talk about some up-to-the-minute painter "into some wild things." Her eyes were blank with that flat stare peculiar to natives of Southern California, the ocular equivalent, one might say, of a slack mouth. She had practiced for years to achieve it, God knows why: I suspect she confused it with sang-froid. Ah, she still had something for Joe; he looked at her with false warmth and affection and she looked back, laboring to emulate his falsity. What moments divine, what rapture serene.

T'S NICE AND TRANSPARENT," Helen said one night of a new poem that Joe modestly represented as a "breakthrough." Joe had been writing for five or six years and each year had one of these breakthroughs. His poems neither changed nor improved, but there was, in his insistence on aesthetic discovery, an illusion for him of amelioration in his jottings. Joe was one of those "writers" of whom one constantly thinks as a tyro; then one day the realization that the person has been pottering around for ten years or so crystallizes. It is enough to make one a Yahoo. "I mean it's very-clear, yes, right. Transparent." Joe, in a rage, but silent, reclining on the couch under the ink drawing whose mat and frame had brought out its weakness, allowed her to unbuckle his belt and open his trousers. It was she who was controlling him! What a bitch he thought her. He watched her face disappear in the lace of her slip, her arms above her head graceful and quick. A horny old bitch. He might as well have been a truck driver or a plumber or a goddamned teacher the way she so casually used him. A journalist or editorial assistant who wanted to write a novel! God! At that moment, he began to hate her, his spurious heritage stirring him to combat, gallant. She gently pushed him back on the couch and reached behind to unhook her brassiere. Old raunchy dumb bitch.

So Joe began to speak of her, vulgarly and openly, at the bar in which he was something of a figure. It was a mean and poisonous place of third-rate painters, hangers-on, dedicated filmgoers. and arty idiots, pots and looms in every pocket, who were just passing through. The controlled and amused voice came forth from his expertly hirsute face, his Italian leather jacket was creased—so—in soft, elegant folds. He joked of her tremendous passion for him, her raging and almost "embarrassing"

sexual hungers, the luscious nightgowns and intriguing underwear she bought to excite him. It was pathetic. He felt it almost his duty. Her tears. Her moans of gratitude. Where did they think he got this leather jacket? Nothing like an old broad! He and his auditors shuffled and chuckled, a bunch of regular guys that la vie d'art would never change. His words punctuated the long tale of malice and vindictiveness and failure that the bar spun out endlessly.

self progressively more ridiculous by trying to be vivacious and girlish for Joe—who rarely went out with her anymore. She played right into the hands of his shabby stories about her, so that when they did meet someone that Joe knew, her behavior was such that Joe all but snickered and winked. He was contemptuous toward her, rude and arrogant—he assaulted her, getting even and getting even again for that "saltwater taffy," that "transparent," her sexual aggressiveness, the Italian leather jacket. Those ragged cavalrymen of his fantasy rode their broken nags out of the morning mists, bent on slaughter.

As it would happen, Helen, with the predictability of melodrama, fell in love with Joe. He was so delicate, so vulnerable, yet so proud. At the moment that Joe realized that, he lied that he and Hope were thinking of "trying it again together." He was precisely if not subtly cruel.

EVISITED HER almost daily at the hospital during her final confinement, bringing her flowers, magazines, books—once, quite unbelievably, he had turned almost recklessly mean. What was there to lose? He occasionally held her hand and felt generous and forgiving. I like to think that Joe considered these small attentions instances of a refined sense of noblesse oblige.

He of course went to the funeral in a new midnight-blue suit: nothing could have kept him out of the first rank of mourners. What is surprising is that Hope went with him. Joe stood there in the calm morning, his face a marvel of abstraction, Hope beside him, her flat stare finding useful employment, in a strikingly severe black-and-silver dress that she had bought a month earlier for an important opening. They were so anxious for each other that they kissed and clutched and fumbled in the taxi home from Queens. Perhaps it was the first step to trying it again together.

HARPER'S NOVEMBER 1977

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

The old adversary culture has become the new orthodoxy

by Joseph Epstein

T A RECENT DINNER PARTY someone mentioned that an able and honest investigative journalist has a new book soon to appear on the subject of Lee Harvey Oswald. While the book does not alter the general view of the assassination, it does, apparently, make what were described at table as "some interesting new connections." "What," I found myself asking, "do you suppose he would take to suppress this book?" More than I could hope to afford, as it turned out, for

hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid for television and paperback rights. Good for the author, I thought, but too bad for the rest of us—or at least for that portion of us who have no appetite for the continuing tumult of the great American conspiracies.

Take this new book about Oswald. I should be pleased to learn anything that would, once and for all, put an end to questions about the assassination of John F. Kennedy. But my strong suspicion is that nothing of the kind Joseph Epstein is the editor of The American Scholar. He teaches in the Department of English at Northwestern University.



inita Siegel

Joseph Epstein A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE will come about. Twenty-five years from now, anywhere from ten to fifteen new books on the subject will have appeared. The general line on the Kennedy assassination will have been revised, and the revisionists in their turn rebuked. The last word on the subject will probably never be heard, and this for a number of reasons: true gaps in the evidence, the political passions engaged, and the abiding love of conspiracy cases, which has become something close to a national political pastime.

Or consider the great conspiracies of our age generally: the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Hiss-Chambers case, the Rosenberg case, and, : . . . : never came to trial, the Oswald case. Each has by now a literature of its own, which s regularly added on to (already this year two new books have appeared on the Sacco-Vanzetti case i. Each has its own tortuous chapter in the history of American public opinion. Each case, providing as it does a field day for the disputatious, actually presents two discrete conspiracies, for one side holds that the defendants were in fact guilty, while the other side holds that the conspiracy can be laid to the government for suppressing crucial evidence.

However penetrating the scholarship or furious the journalistic energy devoted to them. these various conspiracies shall probably never know resolution. Too clearly do they reflect our national political divisions-reflect them and, as important, fuel them. Heavy emotional investments have been plunged into each of them. If one ran a checklist on twentieth-century conspiracies in the United States. most Americans would probably vote a straight ticket: Sacco and Vanzetti, Hiss, the Rosenbergs all innocent, and Oswald somehow tied to the CIA, a fact artfully suppressed by the FBI. Or Sacco and Vanzetti, Hiss, the Rosenbergs all guilty, and Oswald a lone and left-wing nut. Some few people might split their ticket. My own inclination would be to vote Sacco and Vanzetti possibly innocent, Hiss probably guilty, the Rosenbergs guilty of espionage but undeserving of execution: and Oswald may have acted alone or with the aid of the KGB the Marine Corps Band-whichever the case, it seems to me of lesser moment than the of assassination itself.

The great American conspiracies

I we no most of us arrive at our opinions about the great American conspiracies? Judging from my own conduct, the least prominent among the ways is through laborious investigation of the

evidence. Commission reports, hallistic studies trial records, Woodstock typewriters, consol tables, Zapruder films, Jell-O packets, microfilm, strident claims and vehement counter claims—who has the time to wallow and sifthrough all this? Or, having the time, who would wish to spend it thus? Something ther is about too deep study of these conspiracie that either encourages fanaticism or shrivel the soul. They require prolonged study but denot seem to repay it.

Rather than arriving at our opinions throug investigation of evidence, then, most of u arrive at our opinions about the great cor spiracies through what might politely be calle our general views-and, less politely, the b ases inherent in our politics. In this respect the great American conspiracies serve the sig nificant function of keeping us as a nation po litically divided. Each of these conspirac cases is neatly calculated to fire already smo dering political fantasies: the Communists ar everywhere in our midst is one of them; th other is that the most serious threat of total tarian dictatorship has always come from with in the United States government itself. So th great American conspiracies lie there, like scab from an old wound too tempting not t pick: and there has never been a shortage of people with itchy temperaments and nails lon enough for the job.

Is there no way out of this divisiveness, n relief from suppurations brought about by th continual scratching away at old wounds Time alone does not seem an effective healin agent. In better than half a century, it has don little to calm the passions invested in the Sac co-Vanzetti case. Not all the facts about th great American conspiracies are known; when large bodies of fact are known, many of ther are in dispute. Where journalism has failed where history has thus far failed, might not li erature, which has at its best dealt with trut above fact, win through? Precedent, after al exists, and in plenitude: Dostoevsky's under standing of Nechavev in The Possessed, Tu genev's of the young generation of nihilists i Fathers and Sons. Conrad's of the anarchist in Under Western Eyes, Malraux's of revolu tionary idealism in Man's Fate.

Why have there not been similar America novels centering upon Sacco-Vanzetti, His Chambers, or the John F. Kennedy assassing tion? All are first-class subjects, potentially magnificent stories that have been ignored a time when many American novelists have claimed that there are no more stories to tell and instead prefer to skate figure eights of vituoso technique on the dime-sized rink that their sensibility. Do they shy away from such

subjects because they feel that their art is too pure for the grubbiness of political subjects? Partly, perhaps, but not altogether. Two contemporary novels, The Book of Daniel, by E.L. Doctorow, and (more recently) The Public Burning, by Robert Coover, do take up the Rosenberg case, although each in its own way is unsatisfactory, for reasons I shall get to presently. Is there, then, some serious defect in the education or mental equipment of many of our novelists that renders them stupid before a great subject?

I, for one, think that there is, and that they suffer under a crippling defect, which is their membership in the entity that has come to be known-though not as well as it should beas the adversary culture. In the preface to Beyond Culture, a collection of essays published in 1965, Lionel Trilling first made mention of this phenomenon. Trilling there dealt with it sketchily, and though he touched upon it elsewhere, he never returned to the subject with the concentration of a full-dress essay. But he was on to something of crucial importance. Beginning in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and having its apogee in the first quarter of the twentieth century, the adversary culture, as Trilling viewed it, derived its quality from what he described as "the adversary intention, the actually subversive intention, that characterizes modern writing." In its positive program, the adversary culture's purpose was to give its adherent a certain detachment from his larger culture as well as a point of view "from which to judge and condemn, and perhaps revise, the culture that produced him." The function of the adversary culture, according to Trilling, was, through art and thought, "to liberate the individual from the tyranny of his culture in the environmental sense and to stand beyond it in an autonomy of perception and judgment."

Although Lionel Trilling had himself been educated in the art and thought of the adversary culture, his opinion of its influence, as he grew older, was less than sanguine. Once the culture of an elite minority, the adversary culture had grown in the number of people who had adopted its program to the point where, such was their coherence as a group, "it is possible to think of it as a class." Most of the adherents of the adversary culture had come from the middle class, which it considered its enemy, and upon which it made over the years many a successful raid: challenging middle-class assumptions, excoriating its values, capturing its young. All of which was right enough, for it is through such conflicts that culture changes "How much more comforting to believe in conspiracies entered into by establishments than to believe in that greatest of all conspiracies—the conspiracy of human ineptitude and fallibility."



Joseph Epstein A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE and a new synthesis is established. But as a class, with a character and power of its own, the adversary culture, again to quote Trilling. "has developed characteristic habitual responses to the stimuli of its environment."

THE ADVERSARY CULTURE needs to be distinguished from the counterculture, whose last embers are now dying out a decade after it reached its zenith. though the latter could not have run so long a course, or perhaps have begun at all, had the former not paved the way for it. The counterculture was formed in reaction to a dirty little war and in response to newfound freedoms, but having to do with costumes and appetites and having a populace in flux-youth, that transient class-it was by its nature ephemeral. Being anchored in large part in drugs, it also had its self-destructive aspect. But the adversary culture goes on, its stream runs deeper, its current stronger, and its drugs come in the form of certain fixed ideas. To be of the adversary culture is to offer the widest latitude to experiment in art and idealism in politics; to be for liberation in nearly all areas of private and public life; to condemn tradition in favor of a golden day in the future; and to be, invariably, on the side of the individual against the state, the minority against the majority, private freedoms against public responsibilities.

Fine sentiments all, or nearly always fine sentiments, but the problem with each among them is precisely in its becoming, as Trilling carefully phrased it, "habitual," and thus unthinking. When I see a policeman beating up a man, said George Orwell, I do not have to ask whose side I am on. Ah, but what if the policeman is struggling with a man he has justly arrested for child molestation, or for planting a bomb in a subway? In any conflict between my country and my friend, said E. M. Forster, I hope I have the courage to choose to side with my friend. Ah, but what if one's friend is a Nazi fully prepared to act on his political beliefs? Neither Orwell nor Forster is a figure beloved by the adversary culture-Orwell's anti-Communism poses it a problem, as does the quiet tact of Forster's homosexuality—but then the adversary culture is itself an eclectic entity, and these are sentiments it finds congenial. The adversary culture holds certain ideas, and these dispose it, in the United States more than anywhere else, to an intense distrust of country that borders on hatred.

This distrust has potent political consequences. It also entails a release from moral complexity. Founded on fraud, made to prosper through exploitation and expropriation, and now as always sustained by the villainy of coarse self-interest-here is a gloss on American history that most adherents of the adversary culture would accept without qualification. Simplify, simplify, invoke the philosophers, and how much simpler one's judgments of public life become if one can reliably as sume that in any conflict between the United States and another nation, or block of nations or even individuals, the United States is inevitably and ineluctably at fault. How much more comforting to believe in conspiracies entered into by establishments than to believe in that greatest of all conspiracies—the conspiracy of human ineptitude and fallibility.

That the ranks of the adversary culture have been drawn chiefly from the affluent and the educated is not altogether surprising. Pre cedent for conduct of its kind exists in the mer and women in Hollywood in the 1930s whose enormous salaries earned during the depression had the effect of turning them, guiltily, to Com munism and fellow-traveling. Not that pros perity involves a tacit contract to mute serious criticism of the country that made one's pros perity possible, but neither ought it to drive one into criticism that involves a staggering dimension of unreality. (And also a staggering dimension of comedy: Mercedes in the drive way, Marx on the bookshelves-the adversary culture, like that of the Hollywood Stalinists has never been known to suffer unduly from a keen sense of contradiction.) If the Hollywood Stalinists felt guilt, those of the adversary cul ture who today are ready to believe the wors about their country feel that they have been

Cheated out of what? Out of, in large part a place in the maelstrom of history. To have been born in the United States sometime over the past seventy years is for the most partexcluding having been born a Negro under the old Jim Crow laws in the South-to have been born historically lucky. No wars within our shores, no revolutions, no dictatorships, no bouts with totalitarianism, no true sign of rea decline except in the spirit of our countrymer —life in the United States has been, compara tively and mercifully, dull. One way to liven i up is to despise the country, to see in America the incarnation of all that is most rotten and unjust and dangerous in the world. Among other benefits, this brings with it a heightened sense of living at the forefront of history. Thus a writer such as Lewis Mumford, who ought to know better, can refer, in the pages of The New Yorker, to "Hitlerism, Stalinism, and Nixonism," as if the three—a madman, a monster, and a bumbler of low character-are



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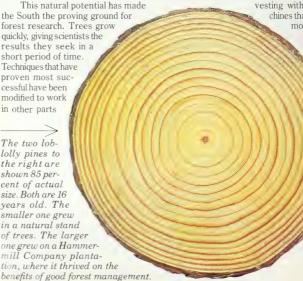
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let passes unnoticed.

To make possible such a comparison something rather extraordinary had to have happened in the United States over the past three or so decades. What has happened is that the ideas of a man like Henry Luce, set forth in his brief book. The American Century, have been dealt a serious and irreversible defeat. That America had a sacred mission in the world. that the small (and largely Protestant) town provided a splendid way of life, that American business was synonymous with civilization itself, that in its battle with Communism America's position was one of Christian rectitudeail these, and other notions associated with them, were subjected to a harsh scrutiny, chiefly in universities, and found not merely wanting but ridiculous, as indeed they were. Scylla thus avoided, the ship was steered flat on in the direction of Charybdis: America was wholly corrupt, the middle class was entirely repressive, American capitalism was unrelievedly destructive, and American foreign policy was little more than American business by other means, and filthy business it was. These now became—and remain—the received opinions of the adversary culture.

Alienation 101

DVERSARY CULTURE is not so much experienced as it is learned. In literary studies in American universities, the way for it has been smoothly prepared. The modernist writers have become entrenched in the curriculum. Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Beckett-these became the great literary figures. As they were taught, their views-the jig is up, the game is over; in short, the wasteland outlook-became not merely prominent but dominant. That these views were taught in wildly oversimplified form is not beside but part of the point. Eliot's Waste Land is precisely a wasteland because in it tradition has been cut off at the root ("feeding a little life with dried tubers"). That the politics of the modernists were vastly different from the polities of those who taught them-Eliot was a Christian royalist, Pound a confused fascistwas also skirted. Thus, a chirping voice of the adversary culture such as that of the critic Morris Dickstein can exclaim, as he does in his book Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties, that the past decade, given over as it was to the free form of experimental protest politics, was a time "when politics becammodernist."

Over the same period American literatur cast off its former status as a dependency of English literature to become a full-blown sub ject of its own. But it was a subject taught with a special twist, for American literature, in th classroom, became a literature chiefly of alier ation. To take up but a single period, th 1920s, the writers most sedulously studie from it in American universities were and re main: F. Scott Fitzgerald, who taught that American success was a sham: Sinclair Lewis who taught that both American business an the middle class were a sham; the early (thoug not the late) John Dos Passos, who taught that American capitalism was a sham; and Ernes Hemingway, who taught the attractions of ex patriation. Theodore Dreiser and Willa Cather writers of greater gravity and more comple vision, went largely neglected. A special Mar Twain, the "I got to light out for the territory Mark Twain, has been got up for classroom consumption, as Kenneth S. Lynn has recentl noted in an essay entitled "Welcome Bac from the Raft, Huck Honey," and taught t the exclusion of other aspects of Twain. Me ville's despair was emphasized, as was Haw thorne's loneliness and Henry James's inabilit to survive in the unaesthetic air of the Unite States. The lesson to be derived from this is un mistakable: America is a bad place for writers

All these things are not untrue—an alier ationist strain can clearly be made out in Amer ican writing-but they are not the whole truth The reasons that this strain was singled ou italicized, and endlessly repeated are compl cated, but not least among them is that th most powerful American critics were then selves proudly writers against the America grain, and not merely literarily so. Malcoln Cowley, F. O. Matthiessen, Newton Arvin F. W. Dupee, Edmund Wilson, the major cri ics and teachers, were at one time Communist or fellow travelers. At their behest dissider voices were drowned out. The early Van Wyc Brooks, a writer who found almost nothing t admire in the American literature of the pas was widely lauded; the later Van Wyck Brooks who tried to give American writing a focal cer ter through his literary histories, was soundl put down. He had, as Malcolm Cowley wrot when The Flowering of New England appeare in 1936, "withdrawn from the battle.

From what battle? one might ask. The battle against business, the small town, the middl class, then (though assuredly not now) the academy—against everything, in short, that use to travel under the banner of American Philitia. But that banner has since been lowered

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Philistia long ago ran up the white flag. Today businessmen go to plays by Bertolt Brecht. Johnny Bench hangs abstract paintings upon the walls of his Cincinnati apartment, Lenny Bruce died something akin to a national hero. The New York Review of Books, with its distaste for all American politics, foreign and domestic, has long been the most favored sheet in the major American universities. The New York Times Book Review, sadly aping its betters, goes in for a tinny Sunday radicalism. Time and Newsweek traffic in an even more watered-down version of the same thing. Investigative journalism, the job of getting the goods on business and government, has come to be among the young the nation's most honored occupation. The adversary culture now bids fair in America to become the mainstream culture.

MONG US TODAY reside two full generations of American novelists who, through their college education, have been brought up on the bitter diet of literary modernism and the tradition of alienation from their country. The assumptions of left-wing politics join in them with the hopelessness implicit in the assumptions of modernism-and the combination does not make for a cogent or even very readable literature. The sense of wonder is lost upon these writers, as is any feeling of human destiny, the great subject of the novelist. Nor are they much taken up with the moral imagination. The problems in their novels all have ultimately to do with such abstractions as the system (see Joseph Heller's Something Happened), or the modern predicament (see Donald Barthelme's stories), or abstruse laws of the physical environment (see Thomas Pynchon's Gravity's Rainbow). If the nihilism of such writers seems unearned, it is because, for most of them, it is college learned. However great the technical virtuosity they might command, for all their skill what they cannot do is tell a story, and part of their complaint is that there are no more stories to tell. Trust the tale, not the teller, invoked D. H. Lawrence, but these tellers have no tale to tell.

In The Public Burning, the problem is not the system or the modern predicament or the universe but the United States. Robert Coover's is a novel notable for embodying all the assumptions of the adversary culture in literature—the conventional left-wing opinions, the nihilism, the interest in technique over plot and character; and herein, one might have thought, lay its special, if only, value. Every so often a book appears that puts an end to all other books of its kind. Philip Roth's Portnoy's

Complaint accomplished such a task for comi novels about the American Jewish family; at ter Portnoy, there was nothing left to say about the subject. One had hoped that, with luck The Public Burning would do the same for th point of view and style of the novels of th adversary culture. But no such luck. Instead of finding in Coover's novel a dead end for shak assumptions, critics found cause for rapturou acclaim. In New Times Geoffrey Wolff describe The Public Burning as (caps and all) "a Grea American Novel," adding, "The book's effect -but not its manner-is anarchic, subversiv of public order and decency; it libels half th country and will scandalize the rest." In Th New York Times Book Review, Prof. Thom as R. Edwards describes the book as "an extra ordinary act of moral passion, a destructive device that will not be easily defused." In Th New Republic, Thomas LeClair, with only m nor reservations, refers to it as "a majo achievement of conscience and imagination, Praise of the same order has come from Theo dore Solotaroff. We sleep tonight-criticism stands guard.

In a slim volume of 1954, The Rosenber Story, which had its origin in a series of mawle ish articles in The Daily Worker, the author Virginia Gardner, recounts being discourage in her task by the Rosenbergs' attorney, Emmanuel Bloch, who told her: "You won't fin many people who knew them, or if they d they will be afraid of you. And if you did ge them to talk, what could they say? They wer such . . . no, I'm not going to say ordinary peo ple-but ordinary progressive people. Believ me, they led unexceptional lives. Now, if yo were a novelist. . . . " Let pass that party drive about "ordinary progressive people" and "ur exceptional lives," and Emmanuel Bloch wa absolutely on target: the Rosenbergs are splendid subject for a novelist.

Two novel

Before coover took up the Rosenberg another novel about their famous case was written by E. L. Doctorow, with whose enormously popular Ragtim the Coover book is now being compared. Dottorow's Rosenberg novel is entitled The Boo of Daniel, and though he shares the politics Coover and other of the university novelist he is a novelist of a different order. His nove have plots and characters—or, as Trollope one put it, true vehicles and real passengers. But the bone Doctorow is a writer of the adversary culture. If any evidence of how widspread the assumptions of the adversary cultures.

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ture have become is wanted, none could be more decisive than the immense popularity of Ragtime. That novel, once scheduled to be made into a movie by Robert Altman (another prime adversary-culture figure, the cinematic counterpart of Doctorow), posits, after one has duly recognized its energy of invention and its rhythmical prose, that American history has been one giant swindle—corrupt and bigoted and collusively run by businessmen and politicians who are moral monsters. Brought out in paperback in 1976, Ragtime was, one might say, the adversary culture's Bicentennial offering.

Unlike The Public Burning, The Book of Daniel does not mention the Rosenbergs by name. Doctorow calls his couple the Isaacsons, and instead of giving them two sons, as the Rosenbergs had, he provides them with a son and a daughter. It is the son, Daniel, whose book it is: he narrates the novel, and it is from his point of view that we acquire such knowledge of the case against his parents as the novel offers. The time of the novel is more than a decade after the Isaacsons-Rosenbergs have been executed, though there are flashbacks to Daniel's childhood. The daughter in the novel ends up a suicide, driven to the act, we are given clearly to understand, by the desperation inherent in the fate of having had parents who were unjustly electrocuted for conspiracy to commit treason against their country. The scenes and settings-bleak Bronx. the radical rallies of Manhattan, prison on visitors' day, the death house-are, as always with Doctorow, very well drawn.

But Doctorow rigs his novel, in ways both little and large, and for what can only be political purposes. He makes the Isaacsons dirt poor, for example, assigning the father to running a small radio-repair shop, whereas Julius Rosenberg, though born poor to immigrant parents, was an electrical engineer who had worked for decent salaries at various civil-service jobs: he was even a bit of a failed capitalist, having gone belly up in a machine-parts business in which some of his relatives' money had been invested. In The Book of Daniel the man who turns in the Isaacsons is a craven dentist, an older man envious of the Isaacsons' vouth and covetous of Daniel's mother. He is a man with little to lose who does what he does out of petty and spiteful emotion, whereas in fact it was Ethel Rosenberg's brother. David Greenglass, whose testimony did them in, and he had a very great deal to lose. David Greenglass's wife. Ruth, had only a few weeks before delivered her second child, and had vet to recover from an accident that left her with severe burns. Had David Greenglass not testified against his sister and brother-in-law, who (according to his testimony) had wanted him and his family to flee to Mexico, Ruth Greenglass might have had to go to prison along with her husband. Of David Greenglass. Rebecca West, in The New Meaning of Treason, writes: "Though what he had to do must appear forever horrible, it must be remembered that he had to choose between his sister and his wife, and he chose his wife, in circumstances when he must have felt a special tenderness for her."

Doctorow does not hide his own politics in The Book of Daniel. These are straight antianti-Communist and, by extension, radical revisionist on the subject of the Cold War. He has his narrator quote such revisionist historians as William Appleman Williams and David Horowitz. Daniel himself views the Cold War thus: "We may tentatively define Cold War as a condition of incipient bomb-falling hostility by which the United States proposed to apply such pressure upon Soviet Russia that its government would collapse and the power of the Bolsheviks be destroyed." Well, a novelist is entitled to his politics, and the only important question in connection with them is what imaginative uses he makes of them. But what a novelist, particularly a political novelist, cannot be permitted to do is raise thunderous moral issues and then scamp them. Scamp them Doctorow supremely does, for, after all the sympathy he rouses for the Isaacsons-Rosenbergs of his novel, he never comes forth to say whether he thinks them innocent or guilty of the crime for which they were executed. At one point Daniel remarks, "In any event, my mother and father . . . went to their death for crimes they did not commit." Yet later he says, "I find no clues either to their guilt or innocence." More than literary ambiguity is involved here. Innocence or guilt is decisive.

If the Isaacsons-Rosenbergs were innocent, then they are fully deserving not only of our sympathy but of our rage at their lives' being viciously snuffed out. But if they were guilty. then a different set of questions and issues must be considered. If they were guilty of believing that the Western world was unfit to survive, and acted upon that belief by betraying Western secrets about the manufacture of the atomic bomb to the Soviet Union, then the question is: Did they deserve to die for acting upon their beliefs as they did? This is a question that does not preclude sympathy for them even if they were guilty, but it does, at the same time, call for a different, graver response than rage at the barbarity of one's own country.

Another point arises, which is that if Doctorow had chosen to deal more evenhandedly

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with his material he might have written a better, perhaps even a great, novel. To writers who complain that there are no more stories to tell, the Rosenberg case stands as a direct refutation. Dostoevskian stuff sticks out all over it. The conflict in the heart of David Greenglass offers but an inkling of what might have been done. The machinations of the American Communist party, which at first wanted to separate itself from the Rosenbergs, then recognized the mileage to be got out of them in propaganda, could have been played off against the ambitions of those involved in the prosecution. That the case was one of Jews being prosecuted by Jews and defended by a Jew before a Jewish judge is scarcely the least novelistically interesting point of the Rosenberg case. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg themselves, who basked in their perverse glory, who allowed their children to be used for propaganda, who wrote (if they actually wrote them) letters to each other from the death house that show nothing so much as the disappearance of their personalities in the larger cause into which they rushed to lose themselves, have much to teach about the effect of politics upon the human heart. (After the Brooklyn Dodgers beat the Phillies, Ethel writes to Julius: "It is the Dodgers' unconquerable spirit which makes people love them. But where they have especially covered themselves with glory is in making an important contribution to the rooting out of racial prejudice.") Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Conrad, Malraux, though each had his own politics, would immediately have seen in all this matter that far transcends mere politics. Yet Doctorow, locked as he is into his adversary-culture orthodoxy, can do little with it. "The atmosphere of orthodoxy," Orwell wrote, "is always damaging to prose, and above all it is completely ruinous to the novel, the most anarchical of all forms of literature."

LONGSIDE The Public Burning, however, The Book of Daniel is almost serene in its disinterestedness. On page 532 of Robert Coover's 534page novel, a character named Uncle Sam sodomizes a character named Richard Nixon. ("This . . . this is not happening to me alone, I thought desperately, or tried to think, as he pounded deeper and deeper, destroying everything, even my senses, my consciousness-but to the nation as well!") Ostensibly about the Rosenberg case, Coover's novel is in fact an unrelieved bout of national self-hatred. Technically, The Public Burning is a travesty, but an especially grotesque one, even as travesties go. What Coover is travestying is American na-

tional life, and in all its aspects: its politics, its history, its popular culture—the works. The vessel of his contempt is Richard Nixon. Questions about the innocence or guilt of the Rosenbergs are not really dealt with; that they were framed and then executed as a ritual of national purification is assumed from the outset; they were "the expiatory victims of the cold war," as Coover has it. Although Richard Nixon had little to do with the Rosenberg case, he is dragged in to do heavy symbolic duty in Coover's comedy of disgust. "And even though finally I didn't have all that much to do with the Rosenberg case itself," Coover has Nixon remark, "I always felt that-indirectly anyway -it was my baby." And: "To hell with your goddamned McCarthy Era! I'm the one!

Like drugs and excessive fornication, Richard Nixon appears to be a subject that cannot be profitably turned into literature. A hollowness has always been at the center of his public persona, and the reason for this hollowness is that there is apparently very little inside, for the private Nixon, insofar as we have been allowed to glimpse him, appears not much different from the public one. An additional difficulty is that as a stock comic figure he has been done to death. Television and Vegas comedians, drugstore mimics, everyone has had his go at him, Philip Roth took an unsuccessful shot in Our Gang. After his defeat for the governorship of California in 1962, Nixon announced to reporters that they wouldn't any longer have Dick Nixon to kick around. What he could not have known was that, after the press had finished with him, the novelists were waiting in the wings-with the historians doubtless warming up even now.

If it does not command much courage to mount one more attack on the already ravaged Richard Nixon, neither is Coover notably courageous in his other choices of target: President Eisenhower, the Supreme Court (minus Justices Douglas and Black), General Mac-Arthur, the whole of Congress, Time magazine. (Even allowing for its historical setting, there is something oddly dated about The Public Burning; the week of its publication, for example, Time, known in the novel as the National Poet Laureate, printed an almost sentimental essay entitled "An Elegy for the New Left." So much for Henry Luce's American century.) Much of the humor in the novel has to do with armpits and masturbation, bad breath and ructations. The character Uncle Sam, who is meant to represent boorish and brute American power, carries on his ravings (in phonetic spelling) in the language of Southwest tall tales, part Davy Crockett, part Lyndon Johnson, Communism is represented as a char-

"Ostensibly about the Rosenberg case, Coover's novel is in fact an unrelieved bout of national self-hatred."

Joseph Epstein A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

acter named the Phantom—Phantom, one gathers, because Coover appears to believe that Communism does not quite exist, or at least not in seriousness, except as an excuse to rile up the populace and offer vent to the sleaziest ambitions of American politicians. How pleasant it would be to introduce Mr. Coover to Mr. Solzhenitsyn!

Now, the early 1950s, the period of the Rosenberg case, was scarcely the happiest period in our political history. The political sky had been darkened by all sorts of chickens come home to roost: the Soviet Union, no phantom, had Eastern Europe in its grip; the United States had backed the wrong man in China, and, as began to be clear, with irreversible consequences; Klaus Fuchs, the German-born British scientist, had been caught and had confessed to stealing secret information about the atom bomb and turning it over to the Soviet Union; the American showing in Korea had been less than glorious. The nation, for good reason, felt itself on the run; some of the shoddiest elements in political life briefly held the upper hand. These elements were ultimately routed, though there is no guarantee they might not rise again, which is reason enough for the period not to be forgotten. But what can be the point in remarking, as Coover has his Uncle Sam do, apropos of the Rosenberg trial, "'So all that courtroom splutteration was a frame-up,' he blustered—he was in a ferocious state-'what trial isn't?' "Most trials aren't; in fact, few are, and if this isn't allowed, then no conversation on the subject of America is possible. The chief issue about the Rosenbergs is whether they deserved to be executed, or whether they were propelled to their deaths by a malevolent combination of their own zeal and the hysterical political atmosphere of the time.

But Coover is interested, above all, in picking the scab. Such plot as his novel has deals with the duplication of the Sing Sing execution chamber in Times Square the night the Rosenbergs are to be put to death, and involves the preparations for this spectacle and Richard Nixon's attempt to cash in on it. An orgy takes place in Times Square; the Supreme Court Justices are made to slip about in elephant dung; Congress (all ninety-six Senators of the time are mentioned by name) is ridiculed from different angles; Nixon appears to speak to the gathering with his pants down, and "I am a Scamp" smeared in lipstick on his behind by Ethel Rosenberg after his bungling attempt to make love to her.... But you will perceive the general drift.

Almost interminably long, utterly predictable in its opinions and its choice of heroes and villains, technically inept in places (Nixon's speech, for example, is laced with phrases from the Sixties and Seventies, such as "get it together" and "charisma," as well as academicisms, such as "Wagnerian scope" and "epiphany") - who needs or wants or could find justification for such a performance? It is a sign of the times—and also of the New York Times, in its Book Review-that in its pages the glut of The Public Burning, its kitchen-sink construction and sophomoric heavy-handedness, was described, with only an occasional cough of academic qualification, in the following inflated language: "At its best, Coover's description of this saturnalia [in Times Square] reads like a dazzling conflation of Blake's Prophetic Books, Pope's Dunciad, the Walpurgisnacht in Faust, and the grossest underground cartoons," The same reviewer, Thomas R. Edwards, also found a moral in this mess of a novel: "The evident villains of the past, villainous though they were, aren't the sources of evil but its agents, dupes, or victims: the evil is us, the aimless determination of a people to be doing something-anything-to assert our being and its power, rather than have to know too clearly what we are, and why." The evil is us-perfect! When everyone is guilty, no one is responsible.

"Of modern criticism," Lionel Trilling wrote, "it can be said that it has instructed us in an intelligent passivity before the beneficent aggression of literature. Attributing to literature virtually angelic powers, it has passed the word to readers of literature that the one thing you do not do when you meet an angel is wrestle with him." Yet when a novel of the trashiness of The Public Burning is praised as "an extraordinary act of moral passion," perhaps the time has come to go to the mat. "Unacknowledged legislators of the world," Shelley called the poets and, by extension, all literary artists, but what strange legislation some among them now seem to be backing. The mandate of the artist, the reason behind his claim upon our attention, has always tacitly involved the assumption that he speak above class or party or faction and on behalf of a special and higher truth: the truth of history, of experience, of the heart. Having become imbued with the commonplace views of the adversary culture, most of them chose instead to sing about the fall of civilization, to juggle their received opinions, and to tap dance in the rubble of history. The adversary culture, as a book of the kind of The Public Burning glaringly demonstrates, has run to the end of its string, showing itself for the smelly little orthodoxy it has become. Itself now firmly established, it stands sorely in need of an adversary.

HARPER'S NOVEMBER 1977

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

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THE REINVENTED WORD

by Charles Nicol



The Silmarillion, by J.R.R. Tolkien. Edited by Christopher Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin, \$10.95.

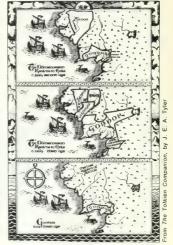
MAP IS AN abstraction, a simplification of reality. There is a special kind of fantasy novel—sometimes a very realistic one—that includes a map. For the nap to be convincing, however, the acvel must demonstrate that beneath it ies a far more complex landscape. Furthermore, the map must be used: a linear journey will not suffice; the path of the novel must cross it in various directions, and insist on circumierence rather than radius. Norman Wailer was able to perceive this as a young man; The Naked and the Dead

explored the dark domain of the imaginary island of Anopopei.

Language itself sets up a different kind of map, through which an area of reality can be seen. Benjamin Lee Whorf presented the classic linguistic argument that "every language is a vast pattern-system . . . in which are culturally ordained the forms and categories by which the personality not only communicates, but also analyzes nature, notices or neglects types of relationship and phenomena, channels his reasoning, and builds the house of his consciousness." Of course, a linguist who argues that language determines the world is no more trustworthy than a philosopher who says that the unexamined life is not worth living, or an economic historian who believes in Marxism, or a fish which thinks the world is water. Nevertheless, since language helps determine our perception of the world, and any writer is confined to language to express himself, an author who tries to create a new world with old words is likely to

The reality of a novel's territory depends on whether the grid of words is drawn tight. For imaginary lands, new words are required; terra incognita must become recognized and labeled or it can't be put on the map. And we must see our author as a translator who has attempted to mediate between another world and our own, a writer forced by irreducible facts to include a few untranslatable terms. Richard Adams, for instance, managed to sug-

Charles Nicol is the associate editor of Science-Fiction Studies and an associate professor at Indiana State University.



gest that the rabbits of Watership Down had great reserves of language as well as maps of the Down.

It is disheartening to watch an author fail because he has no reserves; his world starts out as an independent creation and slowly dissolves into a shadow image of our own. Edgar Rice Burroughs created a new Garden of Eden but let it go to seed; his new Adam, Tarzan, thought differently from other men because his first language was the speech of the Great Apes in which the lion was Numa, the elephant Tantor, and men were those contemptible creatures, the tarmangani. But Burroughs wrote too fast and refused to revise; moreover, he never drew a map, so his Africa was soon overpopulated with lost civilizations, monstrous mountains, and vast deserts full of prehistoric beasts. Tarzan's own language stopped growing after the first half of Tarzan of the Apes, so the remaining twenty-some volumes were retellings of dead worlds.

Nearly all of the science-fiction novels that reached a wide audience in the last few years employed some kind of linguistic paraphernalia. Even Robert Heinlein's mediocre Stranger in a Strange Land had college students looking for ways to grok each other. Kurt Vonnegut's delightful Cat's Cradle was not only set on a fictitious Caribbean island, it had natives who spoke an indecipherable dialect of English and a wild guru who spouted such concepts as wampeters, foma, and granfalloons. Ursula Le Guin wrote a novella whose title is sufficient for an anthropological understanding of its particular planet: The Word for World Is Forest.

Science-fiction writers are professionals, faced with special problems and using language in a special way; their novels have no reserves either. But there have been other people, among them the Brontës and J.R.R. Tolkien, who created imaginary worlds out of necessity or amusement, and lived in them for years before they decided to commit them to print; these amateurs are the odd, primitive genii, the creators of concrete daydreams. Their worlds have real weight, with reserves of language and imagination, and elaborate histories or languages or geographies underlying every turn of the almost incidental plot. These are essentially one-book authors, who write because they have a world of their own to share. And these authors have special readers, who assume the burden of elaborating the unstressed details and carrying the dream beyond the bookends.

For a century after the Brontes published their resonant novels and quickly died, one after another, readers searched for some family secret, some explanation for the deep harmonies between the three sisters and their literary achievement. The secret was simple, but undiscovered until Fannie E. Ratchford's landmark study in 1941, The Brontes' Web of Childhood: the girls had set up a series of imaginary African kingdoms with a set of toy soldiers as the heroes, and had devoted countless hours to the elabora-

tion of these fantasy kingdoms, dramatizing and lyricizing their chronicle in tiny books packed with minuscule handwriting. This elaborate fantasy continued through childhood and well into adult life; meanwhile, the kingdom had divided into Angria (masterminded by Charlotte and brother Branwell) and Gondal (controlled by Emily and Anne). The reality of these fantasies was such that after Charlotte, the last survivor, published a selection of Emily's Gondal poems, they were assumed to be Emily's personal confessions. Now scholars have realized that the Brontës' novels have their roots in the sisters' imaginary drama. Heathcliff, for example, has an earlier avatar in the imaginary kingdom. Apparently the plot was established early; what counted was the embellishment, and parts of the saga were told and retold endlessly.

H. AUDEN ONCE reported at a meeting of the Tolkien Society that its hero "lives in a hideous house—I cannot tell you how hideous—with hideous pictures." Tolkien's most recent biographer, Humphrey Carpenter, elaborated on Auden's remarks:

As a man of sophisticated tastes, he was astonished by the apparent ordinariness of Tolkien's life-style, and by the conformity of the house in the suburban road. This life-style did not specifically reflect Tolkien's own tastes; on the other hand, he did not exactly object to it—indeed, there was an ascetic side to him which did not even notice it.

"Ascetic" seems inaccurate. but there certainly was another side to Tolkien, a side where his suburban house did not exist, a long train of thought that ran on tracks far from contemporary England. Tolkien spent much of his time on the milk train to Middle-earth. He thought in languages—two of them—that no one else knew.

The adult life of J.R.R. Tolkien was dull by any external standard. By the time he went to Oxford at nineteen, an orphan, all the patterns of his life had been set: he was now the ward of a priest, and would never waver in his Catholicism; was already—over the priest's objections—seeing

the girl he would eventually marry had relished his classical education and formed a club with three othe boys from his Greek class; had rean not just Chaucer but the more esoteri dialects of Middle English, discovered Norse mythology, and begun to stud. Gothic grammar; and, most important, was already tinkering with way to improve the linguistic validity of his private languages.

Tolkien was, as we have seen, no alone in the creation of tongues. Twin invent private languages quite fre quently, and most children enjoy alter ing public speech into private code such as pig Latin. Indeed, Tolkien first private language, Animalic, i which the names of animals replace other basic English words, was in vented by two cousins. With one of them Tolkien went on to create a ne language in which words from other languages substituted for English in dizzy polyglot; and then, as he learne the rudiments of linguistics, Tolkie began to create true languages rathe than mere ciphers, languages wit their own grammars and their ow etymological histories.

Those two invented languages, on with a grammar analogous to that c Welsh, the other related to Finnish slowly evolved into Sindarin and Ouer ya, the Elvish tongues of The Lord of the Rings-indeed, Tolkien once sai he would have preferred to write th book in Elvish. These languages wer not just an eccentric hobby but th wellsprings of Tolkien's creativity they defined and circumscribed hi genius, and if we are to understan what made Middle-earth more tha merely a place in a novel for juve niles, we must begin with his privat words.

Tolkien was a linguist, but not on who dealt with living speech. Profes sionally, his concern was with th early stages of English; as a youn man he researched etymologies for th Oxford English Dictionary, and late edited works in the West Midland dia lect of Middle English-including th wonderful tale from the Arthurian cy cle, Sir Gawain and the Green Knigh Words meant something different t him than to the rest of us: they wer multilayered objects through which h could detect the pentimento of a earlier world, and the brilliance of hi scholarship lay in his ability to recor struct the milieu of a Middle English romance through a subtle analysis of its vocabulary. This talent for diving deep into language also provided the impetus for his literary creations; as a poet might become inspired, so the etymology of a word might strike Tolkien with the force of an illumination, For instance, his short story set in early England, "Farmer Giles of Ham." was the result of speculation on the name of a hamlet east of Oxford. Worminghall ("dragon-hall"). And his brilliant essay "On Fairy-stories" begins with a long meditation on the word fairy, wherein Tolkien considers he primary authority of the English language, the Oxford English Dictioniry, and corrects its methods of definition, its descriptions of usage, and even a crucial inaccuracy in historical ritation.

Or take the prime example, the invented word that eventually made Tolicien famous. Like all teachers Tolkien ived in genteel poverty, and he earned small extracurricular income from grading examination papers—a skill ike any other that, once mastered, alows the mind to wander, sometimes nto unpredictable pathways:

One of the candidates had mercifully left one of the pages with no writing on it (which is the best thing that can possibly happen to an examiner) and I wrote on it: "In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit." Names always generate a story in my mind. Eventually I thought I'd better find out what hobbits were like.

thought I'd better find out what hobits were like. Tolkien is quite serious:
nee he had written down the word,
tobbits existed. He had the ability of
tiewing his own language acts as inlependent agents, and of watching
hem generate further language acts.
He did not consciously invent Midlle-earth; he discovered it.

Tolkien described this process of liscovery in "Leaf by Niggle." Niggles an exceptionally harassed painter, but the way he produces paintings, by liscovery rather than conceptualization, is also exceptional. To see Tolien at work, just substitute the word wobbit, which had come out of the Jue and landed on that blank sheet fa student's exam, for the initial leaf n Niggle's painting.

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There was the property of paragraph which parkered in it is not began with a lear cought a remained, and it became a men out the mee grew, sending our recentsons inches, and Children of the moon tanadatal today. for the come and semied in the the letter of the parameter of the second and the s 🖅 nung she Pres, and behind s the uze for zoos in the leaves of Lington's country degan to tom and there were gumbers in a load court procé quit tore 1 au 1 condervice up that convert the control of ville he mak atem and ages a line in in an ate edgen on the greek with Noon obe common tenome in the state he had or get a boot to the tan up and diann or purely in a much here, and fulfuts for a made to

Every just of Todden's canvas requited elich ration, those strange birds had to be unembed to Meanwhile, the justice was reletilessly growing. "Leaf in Nigrie" was written when The Lord the Entigs

as ingunuing to unnow take, and so unnow a program of labour and the program of labour and the program of the program as the program of the program and the program of the

Ne ber Norde nur Tilkien is om et el e th capturing chara ter, but in puening spaces. Nuccle's caner in Tubers som has been munkî m ed mil a ma, jînweven me to the fave the same printers Vice to first his place before in a ling fourney amb being and the But in the storm the First V and the Secret Vices t ential. If his industry, a live imir alim to the labourable he mas intented in the months as est and a present Titule thes as take we are small as in which to see the en and I walked of the fongs. The set be but E sh timpues, and T in ist be

At the year of Talkien's Le the years languages Soft as about elegal private Soft. In the soft last believe that and lenguages trains which they are the deliberation tilectors

language until it no longer serves as a vehicle for communication, yet still allows them to restructure reality. No doubt when the adolescent Tolkien first heart to oreate private languages, he or things to say that he could not - rmst himself to sav: his mother had uso fired: he was inceresced in a girl: and a priest was his guardian. Like any addlescent he probably exhibited neurotoc behavior: but. Eke any artist, he turned that behavior into art. Contimually applying more stringent rules to his artificial languages, he transformed them into a creative activity. But as his crivate world became more lutil it became more in ispenient. more demanding, and more real: Tolkien was beset by two elves who kept taking about Middle-earth, and he was forced to listen:

The echapparents's shought, take the poets, may be determined more by the edigentials of his language shan through a usually as The autonomy or automatory or establishment shought has been automatory put by [one researcher] who remarks than to part be predeterment. It may no part be predeterment. It is automatory to part be predeterment. It is automator to fractal the forest produces of the Language of Schoolson and the Language of Schoolson.

The thought behind The Lord of the Alongs is of visually that of the poet, not the a minishrenic but it did proceed in To kien's head "automatically". I lause the cassage because it singles out the process by which thinking can coweed independent of its thinker, by "the extremmes of his language." This us. I thanks the central fact of Tolkien's genius Bemause he was not only highis sensitive to findustry structure, but was institutely applying these rules to his private languages, the "predeterraliced relationships which inhere in language" operated on those special Languages with remultied firms, so that they grew and independently generated a world, without Toucien's ve-Still All he had to do was to find it. Like Nigrie's priture. Token's writing was a process of discovery.

Much as not world—the one we see —as described in English, a language whose only function is to describe that wild, and whose limits are, for some if us interminous with the ends of the map of its language. To the extent

that we think in words. Middle-ear is real.

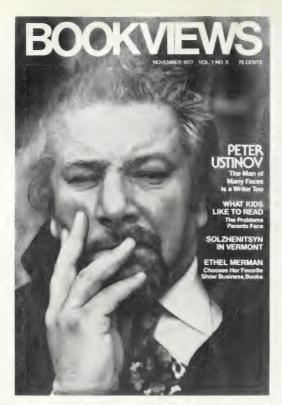
HE MIDDLE-EARTH we kno from The Lord of the Rin is in its Third Age, and bo that world and its langua are the products of long historic process. The Silmarillion, on the oth hand, is a collection of "the mythological" and legends of the Elder Days." To kien worked on it his whole adult lit As he explained a number of years ag he "had little hope that other peop would be interested in this work, esp cially since it was primarily linguist in inspiration and was begun in ord to provide the necessary background 'history' for Elvish tongues."

Although Tolkien worked on I mythology for over half a century, t legends contained in it were esta lished quite early, according to l son Christopher. "But it was far i deed from being a fixed text, and d not remain unchanged even in certa fundamental ideas concerning the r ture of the world it portrays; wh the same legends came to be retold longer and shorter forms, and in d ferent styles." Christopher had rhoose among all these texts: it w not a simple matter of finding the l. est manuscript, since various sectio were revised at various times, at there was no consistently revised te For instance, the earliest recorded se tion was "The Fall of Gondolin," fir written in 1917, the present versi of this chapter, which occurs late The Summerallion, is extremely terse. most a mere outline, and I would gue is close to that original copy in sty There were other problems: "In I later writing mythology and poet sank down behind his theological a thorsethical precompanies: fre which arose incompatibilities of tone

What Christopher Tolkien asset bled from his father's tortuous colle tion of manuscripts is smooth, constant, and of high seriousness. Whinot exactly boring, great sections a very heavy going. like those books the Bible we can barely remember I mame:

The Ewi's jolk who sought him the same of and Olwe took the large in the Free and separate to a second the same separate





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what's coming.

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rame never again across the sea to Valinor so long as he lived, and Meina returned not thither while their ealm together lasted; but of her here came among both Elves and Men a strain of the Ainur who were with Ilivatar before Ea. In after days to became a king renowned, and his reople were all the Eldar of Beleinal; the Sindar they were named, he Grey-elves, the Elves of the Twight, and King Greymantle was he, Ilu Thingol in the tongue of that and.

The plot of The Silmarillion might summarized briefly as follows: in a beginning, Eru created the Valar, to created Middle-earth out of their ng. One of the Valar became evil, wever, and was known by the Elves Morgoth, "the Dark Enemy of the orld." In the midst of Morgoth's inmerable attempts at corruption and struction, the Elves created the Silarilli, three wonderful jewels whose story was intimately connected to orgoth's partial success in defiling world.

The works that make up The Silwillion are of varying interest and rying styles, but all seem ancient, t works to read for pleasure so much documents to study when one has time, somewhat along the lines of at miscellaneous Finnish epic, the ulevala. A few sections have been exnded-I was tempted to say, by er authors, so effective is Tolkien's agination-because their drama was more interest to current tastes. Tolen wrote The Hobbit forty years ago, d at that time began to revise these gends for publication; fortunately, became involved with The Lord of 2 Rings instead. But even after comsting that massive chronicle, Tolkien ed more than twenty years-and all 3 Silmarillion needed was revision! at he failed to finish shows not so 1ch procrastination as the intimate nnection between the work and Tolen's Elvish languages: he could not ish one and not be finished with the

Like the narrator of Nabokov's la, Tolkien had to die into his work. curious, difficult production, not ally for the general reader but ablutely required for Tolkien's serious mirers, The Silmarillion is the greaty, strangest monument in Middlerth.

THE FALL POETRY



ohn Diele

by Hayden Carruth

A Blessing Outside Us, by Hilda Morley. Pourboire Press, \$3.50.

The Gold of the Tigers: Selected Later Poems, by Jorge Luis Borges. Translated by Alastair Reid. Dutton, \$8.95; paper, \$3.95.

The Fourth Dimension: Selected Poems of Yannis Ritsos. Translated by Rae Dalven. Godine, \$15; paper, \$6.95.

Another Kind of Autumn, by Loren Eiseley, Scribners, \$9.95.

Anne Sexton: A Self-Portrait in Letters. Edited by Linda Gray Sexton and Lois Ames. Houghton Mifflin, \$15.

days among poets, one hears the same complaint. It runs like this: If you're a woman and a feminist and take a reasonably sexy photograph, you can get your first poems published by Doubleday or Random House with no trouble at all, even if they're rotten; but if you're a man, forget it. Like all unfair statements, this has a grain of truth.

So I begin this fall's report with Hilda Morley—the other side of the coin. Morley has been writing poetry Hayden Carruth is poetry editor of Harper's. for years, excellent poetry. As wife of the composer and teacher Stefan Wolpe, she lived at "Black Mountain" during the great days there of Olson, Duncan, and Creeley, and she has lived also in New York, New England, and Europe. You would think she must have known at least some of the right people. Yet over the years her poems have appeared in only a handful of magazines, and until this year she had no book; even now, A Blessing Outside Us is published by a very small, subsidized press. But it is worth searching for. It is a splendid book.

I don't know if Morley's neglect can be ascribed to sexism, but I suspect as much. How else can one explain her consistent rejection for twenty-five years or more when so many less talented poets, chiefly men, have been accepted and acclaimed?

Here are the opening lines of a love poem titled, misleadingly, "For Sappho":

Neither honey nor
the honey-bee, she said
neither honey...
& I wander with her here
along rock-cliffs
sides of hills stony as the cliffs of
Lesbos
If for his sake Phaon

sea for lack of his love for lack of him flung herself headlong into the darkening water

I for your sake would live always even on the edge of those stone pathways

plucking the dry rosemary

she threw herself down into the

This is an absolutely sure lyrical voice, it seems to me. Notice how simple the language is, not a rhetorical gesture, not an unnecessary adjective, yet heightened by interweaving lines, cadences, and tones, by urgency of feeling and fineness of perception. It is not the flat vocalizing foisted on us in reams these days. Not a line, word, or spacing could be changed. And it goes on in this quality for pages.

Not that her book is big. It contains about forty poems and must be only a sampling of what Hilda Morley has done. We want more. We want a publisher who can assure accessibility. As far as I know, A Blessing Outside Us is, in spite of its publication in virtual eclipse, the book of the year in American poetry. If it does not lead to recognition of Morley's accomplishments, this will be everyone's misfortune.

ITH JORGE LUIS BORGES we have another kind, perhaps another degree, of writer. The Argentine has done what no recent North American has done, namely, made himself a complete and public man of letters in the European sense. In him the whole spirit of modernismo is represented: venturesomeness, philosophical grounding, loyalty to sensuous experience, acceptance of ultimate creative responsibility in the void between object and word, between being and nothingness. And in Borges it is accomplished without affectation, with no strain whatever.

He has written of primitive times, for instance, when the poetic and prosaic were one. "Everything must have been tinged with magic. Thor was not the god of thunder; he was the thunder and the god." That is the ideal, that unity of feeling—impossible in the conditions of modern self-consciousness. Yet Borges has striven toward it. He has tried to create—in word, image, story—a place where the mind may

rest, if only for a moment, in the consonance of meaning and perception, idea and thing.

Now we have translations of poems selected from two recent books, originally published in 1972 and 1975. The themes are time and history, old age, his own blindness, dreams; dreams especially, because Borges has found much strength in dreaming, that paradigm of the poetic act. "The dream . . . consisted, oddly enough, not of images but of slow, specific words. The voice which spoke them was not his own, but resembled it." So he has written about one of the people in his poems. But how many of his own poems and fictions have come to him in this way, or nearly in this way? (No one would deny him his craftsmanship.) Perhaps a good many.

There is song in Borges, but its musicality is more than the sound of words. It is the harmony of things and feelings never before brought together so precisely or in quite this way. One cannot help being impressed by the composedness of Borges. He is not fazed by the existential horrors he so relentlessly confronts; he is beyond that. And just this composedness is what Alastair Reid has caught in his translations. The Gold of the Tigers is neither too finicky, like some of the pedantic or exegetical translations we have had recently, nor too personal and appropriative. It is good old-fashioned translating, close to the tones and cadences of the Spanish originals.

Rae Dalven's work in translating selected poems by Yannis Ritsos is not as strong as Reid's, but it is important anyway because Ritsos is important. Now in his sixties, Ritsos is probably the best living poet of Greece, certainly the best known. He seems, in fact, an exemplary figure in modern European history, almost a mythic hero. Underground or in prison or exile, Ritsos has spent his life opposing Greek tyrannies from the Nazis to the colonels, and on top of that has fought a long battle with tuberculosis. One wonders how he could have produced so much. Yet his works include many books of short lyrics and patriotic poems, many translations, and a number of important long poems based on classical themes: more than twenty-five books since 1937. Some of his poems, set to music by Mikis Theodorakis, have become almost folk songs among

Greek workers and resistance fighters.

But Ritsos is by no means a folk poet. His poems have finish and elegance. Many are little stories, compact moments of experience, whose meaning emerges only obliquely from the details Ritsos has assembled. Here is "Secret Independence," written in a concentration camp:

These five clouds, almost identical,

look familiar to us

and somehow vaguely pleasant most likely their number, most likely the awareness that we can still count or just observe. Later we noticed the nuances—a rose cloud dissolving in violet. Then the whistle was heard. We got up. They counted us one by one in front of the gate. We

were smiling
knowing full well that we had been
left out

of their count, with the five clouds and the new moon.

Notice the change from present tens to past: the opposite of ordinary nar rative practice. A telling, and I woul say crafty, effect.

We cannot judge the tone or othe verbal qualities of Ritsos's poetry from the translations in *The Fourth Dimer sion*, but we can judge the man, the qualities of his imagination, his understanding. He is widely honored in Europe (twice nominated for the Nobel Prize), even widely loved, and now we too can make his acquaintance, thought is worth pointing out that two chis important long poems not include in this book, *Helen* and *Orestes*, as we as some short poems, translated by other hands, have been published altred in the Canadian magazine *Exile*.

have a different case. An other Kind of Autumn is the last book of poems he completed before he died earlier this yea. It is neither better nor worse than hother books—meaning that, in mopinion, it is quite bad. All his wor prose and poetry alike, is repetition overwritten, spoiled by gross purp smudges on nearly every page. I suppose the question now is whether on the was a writer at all, as other considered here are writers, i.e., an ists. The answer is no. Then was he

rifted amateur, the sort who leaves us, is if by accident, a piece of naive elomence so charming or powerful that we cannot ignore it? Again the answer s no. He worked hard at his writing, byiously. For my part, I believe that vhatever personal failings may have ontributed to his bad writing, the real ause was the overwhelming power of is own vision. It carried him away. No matter how completely we undertood what he was saving, he could not relieve that we really understood, and o he battered us with rhetoric. It didn't rork: it never does. No matter how nany adjectives you pile up, which is ssentially what Eiseley was doing, you annot make the message of your orignal noun any stronger.

His vision was ecological disaster, as e know. It was convincing, and still —very, very frightening; which is by his books achieved popularity, if nat's the right word. He told us our oom, and we were as fascinated as ny bird staring a snake in the eye. nd perhaps because at moments he slaxed a little from his terrible, obsive task, he did leave us a few passive task.

sages, a few individual poems, which are effective as writing after all. The new book has "We Are the Scriveners" and "Hope to See Morning," possibly one or two more. I haven't room to quote them. But I'm sure Eiseley's faithful readers will find them, and then in time they may filter into the general literary consciousness.

Finally, a book of letters-livelier than most poetry. Anne Sexton's letters. Sexton had control of only two things in her life: her writing and her death. We know how painstaking she was with her poems, making draft after draft after draft. A comma might worry her for weeks. It was the same with her death. Her letters were utterly spontaneous, for instance, thrown off at lightning speed, often written in states of intense emotion; yet she made carbons of every one and filed them meticulously. It was part of the methodical suicide. Well before her death she had appointed her literary executors and her official biographer (this at an early age), had chosen the archive for her papers, had asked her friends what they wanted for mementoes; I wouldn't be surprised if she had composed her own obituary. But of course she had—in dozens of poems if not elsewhere, and in these letters too!

It is a quite remarkable case, and Linda Sexton, her daughter, and Lois Ames, her friend, have done a remarkable job in selecting and editing the letters, splicing them together with narrative explanations. The result is a biography, largely in the subject's own words, as she would have wished. There are omissions and some disguises inevitably, to preserve the privacy of others still living, but these in no way impair the value of the book. The question now is not how good Sexton's poetry really is, though that will have to be answered someday, but rather how representative her life was. She lived on a tightrope and she fell off. So have other people. Is it enough to say, as some do, that these are cases of individual "sickness"? The malaise is too widespread, this humiliation in life, victory in death. And it is all acutely spelled out in Anne Sexton's let-

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SINS OF OMISSION

by Judith Rascoe

True Confessions, by John Gregory Dunne. Dutton, \$9.95.

he'd do something like this. John Gregory Dunne's last book, Vegas, was a scabrous and hilarious memoir of a summer he spent with "the Snopses of the free enterprise system," as he put it. He hung around Las Vegas with a private detective named Buster Mano, a hooker named Artha who was studying cosmetology, and Jackie Kasey, a lounge comic with dreams of glory. They were surrounded by pseudonymed lowlifes of every variety, including the hapless fellow named Harold Pugh who'd run out on a \$2,700 marker, and whom Buster caught while Harold was setting up a patio display in a model home.

In the midst of Vegas the author reminisced a bit about his Catholic boyhood—Verbum Dei School, in Hartford, Connecticut, where Eddie Toomey explained self-abuse on the principle of wielding a bat for the Red Sox; and what confession was like at Portsmouth Priory, in Rhode Island, where the Benedictine monks were more lenient than grammar-school pastors toward a schoolboy's sins of the flesh. "The Catholicism of my childhood," the author remarked, "remains the one salient fact of my life."

I wonder if Dunne said, "Eureka!"

That is, I wonder if he woke up in the middle of the night to find True Confessions all right there in his head—that priests and detectives, Irish Catholicism of the Fifties, Los Angeles (his home these days), and Harold Pugh had recombined themselves into a tale of fraternal rivalry, politics, and murder. Maybe he'd gone to bed that night reading Dashiell Hammett, another lapsed Catholic and patron saint to several generations now of crime novelists writing about mayhem in Southern California.

Probably not. Writers don't have it that easy. You write a few lines of Judith Rascoe lives in Los Angeles. "Kubla Khan," and then somebody knocks on the door. Dunne may have had to sweat blood over this book, but the result is one of those novels in which all the elements fit together so aptly and simply and apparently naturally that it seems, like vodka and orange juice, a truly inspired combination.

Yet what is inspiration, anyway, but a kind of psychic jackpot? A writer's voice, his history, and his obsessions click in the right combination-and sometimes he'll also have a spot of luck. When Dunne wrote The Studio, for instance-a mordant portrait of Hollywood in the collective person of Twentieth Century Fox-he brought to his task a quick eye, a ruthless sense of humor, and a seismographic alertness to gossip. If the people at Fox had had the sense God gave a mule, they wouldn't have let Dunne cross Pico in their direction; but apparently they got confused about what he was there for when John first walked through the gates, and he wandered at will for quite a while-weeks, I think. It was a funny

The author of True Confessions is, for my money, a very funny man indeed, and if we weren't in mixed company I'd quote a few of the choicer bits. But the humor is blasphemous, scatological, and obscene. Which is perfectly appropriate to this story of a corrupt homicide detective and his brother, a priest, who share a taste for comedy, high and low; a ghetto instinct for finding the edge; and a fine Irish sense of sin. Two players in a game that includes the police, the construction business, and the archdioceseand the grisly murder of a dumb and pathetic little hooker whom the papers celebrate as "the virgin tramp."

It's not just a murder story. It's not just funny. It reminds me a little of those novels Graham Greene is pleased to call his "entertainments." You can take them lightly or consider their dark side. Yang and yin. That fine Irish sense of sin is at bottom implacable. That's why we laugh.

Whereas macabre humor in the last analysis is inseparable from terror and serves as a defense mechanism against the fear of death... —Vivian Mercier

The Irish Comic Tradition

Gallows humor has been part of th murder-story genre for years. As mysteries get closer to the realities of crime they speak in the voice of "the hard boiled detective"—that's to say, the assume an ironic and wisecracking at titude toward the grimmer facts of life

It's also a very Irish sort of humo (which is part of what I mean when say elements fall into place in this nov el)-and it doesn't just spring from the Famine and the Troubles. You hea it a thousand years old in the Tain Be Cuailgne, the big Irish epic of cattle raid, battles, and heroes. It's a cool pitiless humor; but then there's often something cool and pitiless in the Irisl temperament-Bernard Shaw knew i and spoke of the terrible mocking laughter of the place. I've heard it is the stories my aunts and my mothe and my grandmother told on the bacl porch at night. Grand storytellers the were, these nice ladies, but the joke were often cruel. Honor Tracy once pointed out that it's the English, no the Irish, who are romantic. The Irisl are just occasionally sentimental-with a nervous look over the shoulder, for there's likely to be a brutal joke com ing up. Take kissing the Blarney Stone for instance; to do it you must be held by the ankles and lowered off the castle wall. A grand jest for all if you fellthat's the deadpan, authentic humor o the Ould Sod, and you hear it in True Confessions:

She sliced up her girl friend there, then tried to flush her down the toilet. There she is telling Jerry how she couldn't fit the head down the crapper and she begins to cry. Really bawl. "There, there," Jerry says. With that brogue you could cut. "There, there, it's the sort of thing that could happen to any one of us."

Grotesque humor is equally inseparable from awe and serves as a defense mechanism against the holy dread with which we face the mysteries of reproduction.

> -Vivian Mercier The Irish Comic Tradition

HE JOY OF SEX" is not an Irish notion, as everybody knows. "Sex and Death" is more in the Irish line. Consider Fatal Deirdre, and ferocious Queen Medb of the Tain. They're the ancestors of the tough and deadly women in those hardboiled detective novels I mentioned before. (Of course they're women seen from a man's point of view. We haven't heard a great deal from Irishwomen in all these centuries. You can go to Edna O'Brien for a different perspective, but it happens her heroines are apt to inspire a good deal of holy dread in their lovers.)

The formidable sex. Nuns especially—they flock through *True Confessions* and seem mild as milk (my favorite's he one who wants to leave her convent to become a professional bowler). The iellows know better, and resort to all orts of jokes, remembering the holy errors of their schooldays, who shot for he kneecaps and taught you to believe orever, despite all the evidence of the world, that the end never justifies the neans.

Tom Spellacy, the detective, has a vife armored with madness, a daugh-

ter who's a nun and looks like a black battleship ("a walking Hershey bar"), a a girlfriend who talks dirtier than he does in bed, and a madam for an old pal. He reflects: "It was just that she was always in control. And always had been. Like all the women he had ever known."

Reading that put me in mind of the Sheela-na-gig, a particular Celtic gargoyle. I spotted one years ago, in Ireland, while climbing around a ruined abbey church. There was a small stone figure high up on the wall of the roof-less nave, set where it would have lurked in shadow when the church was built, and now exposed and pitiful, like a bat surprised by the sun. The Sheelana-gig has the form of a scrawny, leering woman, who crouches, legs apart, and with both hands spreads wide her huge genitalia.

The posture of these figures is always the same (Mercier says sixty to seventy still existed in Ireland until about the 1930s), but occasionally one merely stares, with the amoral gaze of an animal. Once she was the goddess of creation and destruction, probably—then half a joke, a spook in the shad-

ows. But never quite forgotten, in Ireland at least. ("He never gave enough of himself to women to fail them. He knew it and they knew it.")

Holy dread.

EATH, SEX, and the Catholic church.
St. Patrick held up a shamrock to explain the Holy Trinity. The Irish got the idea: something separate yet indivisible. A mystery, it prompts confusion. Similarly sex and death and the teachings of the church seemed indivisible for generations of children, creeping to confession:

Each and every act, if deliberate, contrary to the holy virtue of Purity—be it in thought or desire, in look, gesture, word or deed, is a Mortal Sin, and as such must be mentioned in Confession intelligibly, yet modestly.

—Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Catholic Laity Baltimore, 1888

Those were the days before everybody went to analysts, joined groups,



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JACK BASS ON WALTER DE VRIE

beat the stuffing out of pillows in admiring circles of their peers. Going into that dark confessional, hearing the little window begin to slide open—that was the real thing; it can still make me cringe to think of it:

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.
 How long has it been since your

last confession?

—Twenty-four years, Father.

—I see.

Like root-canal work without anesthesia. But policemen and priests know that there are worse sins than those against the holy virtue of purity—and that a good confession and a perfect act of contrition are made once in a blue moon.

True Confessions is about all sorts of confessions: the confessions of nuts who call the police after every big murder and the confessions of priests to other priests and the confession a petty crook makes to a cop outside the gas chamber and the dying confession of a pillar of the community.

You might say that what is at issue, finally, between Detective Lieutenant Tom Spellacy and the Right Reverend Monsignor Desmond Spellacy is who has the greater power to enforce a judgment of sin. The cop tells the priest: "People don't lie in confession. ... Because there's no percentage in lying to you, is why."

Like George Higgins, J. F. Powers, and the late Edwin O'Connor, John Dunne has the Irish-American talent for writing about politics-in the broad sense of all exercises of power-with relish and wit. He knows how the police and the church both trade in favors and find the means for their ends. Tom is a onetime bagman, a veteran of Wilshire Vice and its network of bribes and tipsters. Desmond is chancellor of the diocese, adept at putting the muscle on powerful Catholic laymen and acting as the cardinal's hatchet man. The thread that begins with Tom looking at a severed corpse in a vacant lot keeps twisting around a fellow named Jack Amsterdam, building contractor and entrepreneur of corruption, who's now chief construction contractor for the diocese—and thu the thread leads on to Des, who's beet trying to unload Jack ever since Ton told him how Jack put a man in clothes dryer. The game is who's going to get Jack first—Tom or Des. (Don' assume, by the way, that this has to mean Jack was the murderer.)

In The Book of Kells there's a drawing of two men who sit face to face tugging at each others' beards; the beards curl upward to disappear into vast, intricate knot. Only with patienc can you trace the line and make ou whether the two men are in fact on and the same in substance. So it i with Tom and Des—Cain the hunte and Abel who has the Lord's respecttugging at either end of the story' thread. Bound together because of an in spite of themselves. "You and me, says Des, "we were always just a coupl of harps."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Jeffrey Burke

Cannibals and Kings: The Origins of Cultures, by Marvin Harris. Random House, \$10.

Marvin Harris, head of the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, puts forth a chain of cultural determinism which links the paleolithic hunter to the chairman of Mobil Oil. In simple terms, the first energy crisis was averted when a hunting band, faced with dwindling herds of prey, recognized the necessity of not just gathering the wild grain, but planting and harvesting it on a regular basis. Prodded by an unfavorable shift in his environment's resources, man accepted the more reliable cost-benefit ratio of agriculture. And as man continued to regard survival as a priority, the demand for food energy forced him to accept other developments, such as war, male supremacy, the state, cannibalism. even the religious taboos on certain animals. Professor Harris supports his analysis of the ecological origins of these "advances" with evidence from archaeology and, where possible, by direct analogy with current primitive cultures. Recent history strengthens his concluding argument that fuel energy has replaced food energy as the determining factor in cultural development, for which reason, he warns, the monopolistic cartel is the least sensible method of dealing with dwindling fuel resources. Although a rather curious coda to this fascinating and well-written anthropological study, in Professor Harris's great chain of becoming the admonition has a valid place.

Samuel Johnson, by W. Jackson Bate. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$19.95.

For general readers who come away from James Boswell's cherished trove of quotation and anecdote eager to see more of the man behind the verbal mountain, this new biography provides Jeffrey Burke is staff editor of Harper's.

just such a comprehensive view. Puli zer Prize-winning biographer W. Jack son Bate gives a thorough account of the life itself, manifesting from th start an interest in the "inner man. What in less competent hands migh become the turgid presumption of psy chological probing is, in Professo Bate's, some very sensible conjectur on, for example, the effects of Johnson early acquaintance with physical pai and disfigurement; on the important as role models of two radically differen men during Johnson's adolescence; an on the writer's lifelong struggle with fit of deep depression. Regarding the las Professor Bate analyzes each of the ma jor writings both as literature and a reflections of Johnson's progress i that struggle, thereby blessing the unio of biography and criticism with mos fruitful thought. Bartlett's aside, John son sustains a reputation second onl to Shakespeare's because, to put plainly, he practiced what he preached the life and work are all of a coura

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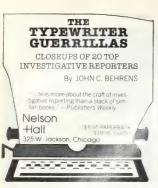
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BOOKS

geous and moral piece. To put it in Professor Bate's more eloquent words: "The deeper secret of his hypnotic attraction, especially during our own generation, lies in the immense reassurance he gives to human nature, which needs—and quickly begins to value—every friend it can get."

Whiskey Man, by Howell Raines. Viking, \$8.95.

In telling a familiar story well, Howell Raines, a Southern journalist, has made a safe and satisfying choice for his first novel. Brant Laster returns from college to his small Alabama home town, where, it is rumored, Franklin D. Roosevelt will make a whistle-stop on his 1932 campaign. But FDR passes through, and so, eventually, does Brant, after settling the accounts of adolescence with a number of characters, each implicitly defined and confined by the prefix town. The town wise man, the town belle, the town bootlegger, the town buffoon, and others all share in Brant's postgraduate education, imparting lessons the sum of which has been coined for all time as "You can't go home again." The stock nature of this truth and these characters, however, is not so diminishing as might be expected, because the period and the town are so well evoked that everything else draws life from them. At a time when pretension can seem essential to launching a literary career, Raines has done very nicely without it.

Maxwell Street: Survival in a Bazaar, by Ira Berkow. Doubleday, \$14.50.

However much habit has accustomed the American consumer to the cleanliness and convenience of a supermarket or department store, an open-air market still draws a crowd eager to jostle and haggle through dirt, noise, and confusion. Chicago's Maxwell Street, hub of the Jewish ghetto and central to an area fed since the late nineteenth century by nearly every wave of immigration, at one time flourished with block after block of pushcarts, wooden stalls, card tables covered with wares. Today you can still buy "a used toothbrush, socks with no toes, ... an outboard motor, a raucous rooster, an authentic mink coat." But the street's commercial and cultural mix has bee severely reduced by urban developmen arson, riots, and general neglect.

Ira Berkow, a sportswriter who, from age eleven until he began college hawked nylon stockings on Maxwe Street, relates the development and ever tual decline of this melting-pot marke He draws on newspaper accounts wit their repeated predictions (as early a 1895) of the street's impending doom on his own years growing up therethe third generation to do so; and o the oral accounts of more than fift Maxwell Street regulars, from Jak "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, a Capone lies tenant, to Adm. Hyman Rickover. Th numerous photographs, the balance of standard and oral history, of journa ism and Berkow's feeling and colorfu descriptions lend liveliness and variet to this serious cultural record.

Refiner's Fire: The Life and Adventures of Marshall Pearl, Foundling, by Mark Helprin. Alfred A Knopf, \$10.

Marshall Pearl, an enigmatic orpha raised and educated in New Englan affluence, takes his peculiar sensitivit to light on a Kerouackian tour of America, through a brush with th Rastafarians in Jamaica, and across th Atlantic to fight, as his thirtieth birtl day approaches, in the October wa and to find his true father. And that but a thumbnail in the complex anato my of Mark Helprin's Bildungsroma a fascinating adult fairy tale that fabulous in both the old and curren sense of that word. Imagine Fielding Tom Jones reborn into the twentiet century with Laurence Sterne as mic wife, a modern picaresque dancing i and out of reality, the whole writte with these words of one of its chara ters in mind: "English. What an e static language, a language to fill th boots of the greatest dream, a language of milk, a language of jewels. In itse it is worth more than nations. It strive and it loves, in words and phrase." (such stuff is this first novel made. The is, should the literary puritan frown of merely pleasurable prose, much in th way of meaning here, but a reader first and lasting impression will mo likely be that of hours of self-indu gence. For your penance, take or newspaper daily.

HARPER'S/NOVEMBER 19

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THE FADED LAUREL CROWN

The Nobel Prize bears the : :- n of nineteenth-century optimism

by Christopher Hitcher

N THIS CYNDIAL age of mass toduced Oscars, Tonys, and I mys,
it is usual and even de receive for
the worldly-wise to hery "pothumoing" and similar keeps of feetshism. Yet the best and the brightest also
seem to require the reson of positive remitted and a Nobel Prine confeets on its and a feet of dullars),
but also in the organization of an achievement—a path briken, a disor uponed.

In the general unconstitus, and in the a tive awareness of the zifted of all natures. Alfred Nibel's imprimatur is unimpeachable. It has an almost Olymthan quality of infamiliary Perhaps the comparison is more and than it seems, Both Votel and Baron Pierre de Cruberum, who revived the Olympiad. were heirs to a nineteepth-jentury optimusm about the covaring influence exerted by science, progress, compention, and international exchange it is new a fasht nable communitate to see the Clympu Games as a moral equivaent of war, but not even the sight of Paul Newman and Edward G. Robinson in The Prize has tarmished the Note: made Am no smentists, artists. and intellectuals at least, the thea of world order based on rationality and natural selection persists.

Nobel was a Swedish munitions king with a conscience, wet his work force paid for the trial and error with which he developed dynamite. He did not like the way the world was changing, and once observed that "a new tyranny, that of the dregs of the population, is lurking in the shadows and one can almost hear its distant rumble." This is not to say that Nobel could not transpend the prejudices of his time. After making the conventional bequests and dedications, he commanded of his executors and relatives that:

the subject of my remaining estate shall be directly in any securities and shall be another a fund, the intervent is shall be annually distributed in the norm of prizes to that how being war, shall have been treated be precised to manked the greatest benefit on manking if the sold intervent shall be distributed for greatest shall be distributed for purposed to the purpose of the full state of the most important discovery or invention within the field of physics; one part to the person who shall one proper to the purpose of the purpose of the person who shall be present when the present which we will be present when the present which we will be present when the present which we will be present when the present when the present when the present which we will be present when the present which we will be present which we will be present when the present which we will be present which we will be present when the present which we will be presen

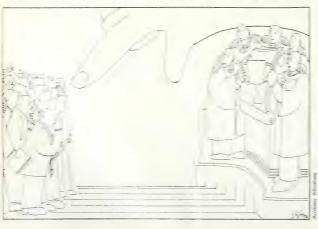
hack made the mest amperiant chemical discovery or improvement; one pure so she person who shall have made the mass importone distinctly whichen the demain or physiciaty or medicine; one part to the person who shall have produced on the field of liversoure the most customanding work or an Sidealustic tendency, and one part so the person who shall have done the most or the best work for traserminy among numeras, for she abo-Other or secretary armies and for the helding and promotion of peace CONTRACTORS.

The range of such a bequest wi considerable enough for its tim There is, nonetheless, something a li tle pious about its tone, somethin perhaps, of the slightly chilly for pensons capitalist, sure of his own vi turus and godly view, politely incred lous at those who do not share it. was not a had view to take: the virtu were solid enough and have lasted. B over the intervening decades, the limit of Scandinavian rationalism have been met more and more often. Sometim the bump against the buffers of reali has been audible and embarrassin Rather as the first two Secretaries Ge eral of the U.N. were optimistic Sca dinavians who came to grief, so No el's name has become synonymous wit one of the most poignant pieces tokenism in the modern world.

bumps have been inflicted of the Nobel Prize for Peace.

is difficult not to be trite, be some cliches are walled, and the owhich characterizes our century as the century of total war is apt enoug Global wars, continental wars, colon wars, wars of genocide and occupation guerrilla wars, cold wars humaninas not had a moment's peace.

In this woeful epoch, Nobel's disco ery of dynamite has played a diminist security Huther u a Brash surnal



ng, now almost marginal, role. The rony is not that he was himself a man of violence but that he believed, in the ever onward and upward" spirit of its age, that science would be a great senefactor and servant for mankind. Elements of this optimism survived the irst world war, and where they flowered the Peace Prize was usually contered on them. In 1927 Ferdinand Buisson intoned in his Nobel lecture:

From the day war conquered the skies nothing could check its progress. It is now possible to drop, from unmeasurable heights which dely any defense, tons of chemical products, some capable of destroying the largest cities of the world in a matter of hours, others of spreading terrible diseases over vast areas, making resistance totally impossible.

Nobel addresses are often agonizingfrouching in retrospect. It was Chief thert Luthuli, the heroic opponent of partheid, who said in 1960, "By comarison with Europe our African revoation—to our credit—is proving to be rderly, quick, and comparatively loodless."

There are further ironies in the way ne Peace Prize is awarded. On sevral occasions it has gone to instituons rather than to individuals, but nore often than not these recipients nly serve to emphasize the element of stility in the honor. The International ted Cross, which won the prize in 917, 1944, and 1963, is, after all, an rganization which accepts war as invitable and tries to palliate its effects. he same can be said of the Office of ne United Nations High Commissioner or Refugees (1954). And it comes as surprise to see some laureates, such Theodore Roosevelt or Austen Chamerlain, on a list of peace crusaders.

Still, in the record there are some gures who should not be forgotten. ake Bertha von Suttner. an Austrian riter who devoted much of her life trying to prevent the first world war, nd who died exactly one week before arajevo. She saw the threat of vionce and hatred all around her, and ther novel Die Waffen nieder ("Lay bown Your Arms") she aroused an attraordinary sympathy and following. "You praise death so highly that you eem it worthy of being suffered by our God Himself, in agony bleeding, menting, on the cross. The most

honorable and enviable death is in your opinion the one found in homicidal struggle.")

As in her case, and in the years after the 1914-1918 war, the main virtue of the prize has been "throwing a line" to beleaguered opponents of tyranny and militarism. Among these were two who were refused permission by their governments to accept the prize in person. Carl von Ossietzky, the German pacifist and democrat, was a victim of Nazi persecution in 1935, and in 1975 Andrei Sakharov ran up against Soviet obscurantism. These prophets were without honor in their own countries. Ossietzky was actually in a concentration camp when he received the award, but the howls of the German press at the time are reminiscent of more contemporary special pleading. ("A shameless provocation," "An insult to the new Germany.") His lawver embezzled the prize money.

In 1973, however, there took place a piece of tragicomedy which has permanently devalued the prize. It takes a lot to make Norwegians throw stones and snowballs at a car carrying their popular old King Olaf, but they threw them all right when he turned up for the award of the Peace Prize to Henry Kissinger. It just didn't seem appropriate, somehow, that the man who gave Nixon's policy its intellectual veneer should be in receipt of the same honor as Ossietzky and Martin Luther King. Nor did it seem especially appropriate for his co-laureate, Le Duc Tho of Hanoi, whose country and party were renowned precisely for their skillful use of force. (Le Duc Tho avoided embarrassment by contemptuously declining.) Above all, the award had been made for a nonexistent achievementthe Vietnam cease-fire and the ignis fatuus of "peace with honor."

The Rome newspaper La Stampa commented that the award was "an encouragement to those who would declare war only to be able to stop it again," which is the best pronouncement available on the Christmas bombing. Scandinavian rationalism took a bit of a pasting that time, as it did by the omission of a Peace Prize to Mahatma Gandhi, who was never recognized by the Nobel Committee. There seems to be no satisfactory explanation for this oversight, except the possibility that at the time the committee was preoccupied with the onset of

World War II and later by the establishment of the U.N. Still, 1946 would have been a good year for Gandhi. Unfortunately, Emily Balch and John Mott appeared to have a better claim, the latter perhaps for his outstanding work as foreign secretary of the YMCA.

A number of Nobel Peace Prize-winners have been associated with the U.N.-Cordell Hull and Dag Hammarskjöld, for example. The prize itself, and the pattern of its dispensation, invoke the same mix of optimism and hypocrisy as the institution on the East River-as, indeed, did Nobel himself, when he wrote to Bertha von Suttner, "My factories may well put an end to war sooner than your congresses.... The day when two army corps can annihilate one another in one second, all civilized nations, it is to be hoped, will recoil from war and discharge their troops."

VERY YEAR, between the autumn and the first of February, various committees of the Nobel empire begin to solicit nominations and recommendations. It is not an entirely easy task. Tim Greve, the secretary of the Norwegian Nobel Institute, comments about the Peace Prize endorsements that "a lot of letters are from nuts, obviously, but we get some very moving ones, too, about some relative who has been unusually saintly and kind, or some doctor who has created peace in someone's mind. We're in a situation where literally anybody from some nurse in India to the pope can be nominated." In the main, though, each Nobel Committee writes to properly qualified sources requesting names and advice. It is, of course, an automatic disqualification to recommend yourself. But specialists from all over the world cooperate in the spirit of international kudos-from all over the world, that is, except for China, which has so far not shown any interest in joining the Nobel orbit.

Then the prize-awarding institutions take over. There are four of them. The Royal Academy of Sciences handles the prizes in physics and chemistry and the recently created prize for economics. The Royal Caroline Medico-Chirurgical Institute takes care of the prize in physiology or medicine, the Stockholm Academy addresses itself to literature, and the Nobel Committee of the

Norwegian Storting (Parliament) solemnly considers the weighty question of peace. The reason for the division of labor between Sweden and Norway is that the two countries were united at the time of Nobel's will in 1895 and the establishment of the Nobel Foundation in 1900.

By way of illustrating the procedure and its vagaries, the scientific awards provide more controversy than might be imagined. Straight away they are up against the provision in Nobel's will which stipulates "the preceding year" as the qualifying period. Obviously in science and medicine it is extremely difficult to evaluate the worth of such recent work, Indeed, in 1926 the award for medicine went to one Johannes Fibiger for a theory (on the induction of cancer by metabolic by-products of parasitic worms) which was simply and patently false. This little-known episode has hung over the awarding bodies ever since, and the "preceding year" stipulation is not very rigorously enforced. Then there is the question of the achievement to be recognized. In an age which has started to develop a positive skepticism about technology, it is not always uncontroversial to meet Nobel's original insistence that the research must have benefited mankind. In his time, more meant better, unambiguously.

Still, in combating what they call the "evaluation lag," the committees are assisted by 3,000 scientists from all over the world, who recommend and monitor the candidates. As far as possible, those foundations and institutes consulted are rotated, and seldom asked twice in succession for advice. This also contributes to the international scatter (known as "Guatemala's turn" by cynics).

There is a certain coziness about the board which supervises this. The foundation's president, Ulf von Euler, is a physiologist and an ex-laureate (1970) whose father won the Chemistry Prize in 1929. Not a freemasonry exactly, but in the family all right. To avoid further Fibigers, the scientific worthies often err on the side of caution, and some of the awards lack sparkle. Additionally, the nature of modern research makes it more and more likely that teams and groups will have to be included, yet the will makes this more difficult than it ought to be. Then there are foolish exceptions and anomaliesbest evidenced by the omission of psychiatry as a qualifier for the medicine award (where is Freud?). But the finest tale of all concerns, as might be expected, the case of Albert Einstein.

Einstein got a Physics Prize all right, though rather belatedly, in 1922. But not for his work on relativity or the Brownian movement (in both of which he had been the pathbreaker par excellence). He got it for his work on the quantum, a subject which at that time was so ill defined as to be, as it were, unquantifiable. By way of counter example, this is like nothing so much as arresting Al Capone for tax evasion. Nor was this all. The committee did not announce its decision until 1922, though the award was for 1921. The committee preferred safe but hardly "scientific" achievements, like that of their 1912 laureate, Nils Gustaf Dalen, for "the invention of automatic regulators for lighting coastal beacons and light buoys during darkness or other periods of reduced visibility." Beneficial, yes, but...

A word about funding. The Nobel Foundation disposes of considerable capital. Its board is made up largely of academy and scientific members. But it also includes the country's two leading bankers-Tore Browald and Marcus Wallenberg. Through their efforts, the board has switched from its prewar habit of sticking with government bonds to an active investment policy. In 1973 the fund made a profit of 6 million kronor, which boosts the prizes considerably. Of the 60 million it invests in equities, 7 million was in non-Swedish companies at the last count. There is a distinct preference for the multinational in Nobel's investment portfolio, but Stig Ramel, the board's young chief economist, insists that, for instance, he would never invest in ITT or other "dubious or debatable" concerns. Nobel-patronized companies are not officially made known, but it is stimulating to imagine the high-minded board meetings at which investments are discussed. An interesting spinoff is the Nobel Prize for Economics, endowed by the Bank of Sweden, and inaugurated in 1969. It has, generally speaking, always gone to exponents of impeccable orthodoxy (Samuelson, Hicks) or extreme conservatism (Havek, Friedman), or to Scandinavians (Myrdal, Frisch). Havek lived up to his iconoclastic reputation by denouncing the whole idea of the prize as so as he got it.

Near the end of the year-of-the-Polymorphous-Perverse (which is to say in the fall of '69) there were rumors he would win the Nobel. Then a perfect flurry. An inquiry from the New York office of UPI....

"It's impossible," he said. After twenty-one years of public life he had the equivalent of a Geiger counter in his brain to measure the radiation of advancements and awards in the various salients, wedges, and vectors of that aesthetic battlefield known as the literary pie.

—Norman Mailer

The Prisoner of Sea

HERE CAN HARDLY BE a litary figure in the world wh heart would not beat faster he or she were to hear w Mailer's author heard: "The word fr Stockholm is that..." There has a tainly been a very low level of mesty about declining the award where comes (Pasternak in 1958 was one do so, and there is some reason skepticism about how much he w pressed into it. Sartre said no, but th you are.)

In a sense, the record of the ac emy on literature is quite a respecta one. At least, that is, almost every ally famous writer has got the palm some stage. But there is a slightly P kinsonesque aspect to the process. To virtual compulsion to award the prevery year has led to some slight strained accolades. There is not, should not be, any chauvinism in world of letters, but who really reme bers Frans Eemil Sillanpää or Hen Pontoppidan? And were they reagiants at the time?

It probably means more to writthan they like to admit. Not only there the coarse fact of a large su and guaranteed reprints of half-forg ten work, but there is also the honor one's own country which the writer often denied. A pity, in that conte that the persecuted Hermann He didn't get his until 1946. A puzzle, that context, that Bertrand Russell Sir Winston Churchill got theirs at or got them when they did, and for erature at that. Either would have be more eligible under other headin though possibly too "controversia"

Hemingway regretted the razzmatazz afterward, saying, "You finally fight your way ashore and the bastards hit you over the head with a life belt." Rudyard Kipling (class of 1907) accepted it eagerly, even though he was celebrated for refusing honors of any other kind.

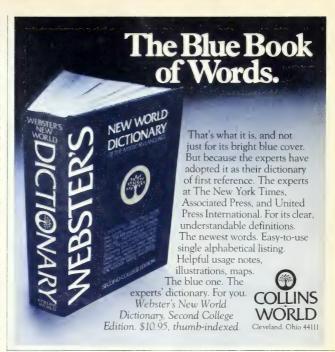
Roy Campbell was thinking of the leftists of his day when he referred, in a scornful Thirties poem, to those "who bum the laureate crown." And there are other, less crusty writers who have a distinct feeling that their kingdom is not so much of this world, that the answer of the true writer to such recognition is "Who needs it?" Nabokov would probably have taken that view, but the academy never saw fit to make him the offer, and he, along with Borges, is one of the outstanding lacunae in the prize-awarding process.

There is also the thorny problem of Nobel's bequest. How on earth to establish an "idealistic tendency" in literature? And how to appoint judges who are capable of detecting and assessing it? No doubt Sigrid Undset (1928) had it. But did Gide have it? Did Anatole France have it? Does Samuel Beckett have it? Does literature exist to encourage humanism. or to show its shivering and pretentious limits, the vanity of human wishes? Not very many people dispute Neruda's greatness as a poet, but there could be no consensus on his idealism, and as a Marxist he would have had to criticize Pr any consensus that arose.

All writers have a tremendous ambivalence about the desire for recognition of their craft, and the need to eschew false glamour. Here, as in other fields, the Nobel decision-makers can often spotlight and assist some persecuted or isolated figure like Solzhenit-syn, but they very seldom do this properly, and it must be counted a disgrace that they ever decorated Mikhail Shokokov, whose eminence is due to the suppression of other writers and whose practice is, as Yevtushenko once otherself.

a Robert Graves, who claims to have a hot line to the Muse herself, often damns actions by writers which might offend her. Her judgment on the scramulable for the Nobel would be a diverting in hing to hear. As Blake remarked, "In Ja Commercial Nation, impostors are abroad in every profession."

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MEDITATIONS ON THE LETTER

Z

by William Saroyan



ZZZ IN THE American comic strips both ancient and modern signifies sleep: it is supposed to represent the sound of breathing, the sound of snoring. The sound might be spelled zuzz, but, zzz or zuzz, the sound does not seem to accurately or even unimportantly inaccurately represent the sound of a sleeper's breathing.

Can it be that it has always meant to represent something else? Something like unconsciousness?

If so, why should being asleep be approximated by zzz or zuzz?

Let that rest; it is important, but it is not crucial.

My summing up of zzz in American comic strips is incomplete, for zzz is also the sign of sawing, actual sawing with a saw, through a branch of a tree or through a piece of lumber, but this also connects to sleep, for the breathing of some sleepers sounds like the action of certain saws—inhale, exhale, back and forth, zzz in, zzz out, and so on. Let that also rest.

It is still not important, although sleep itself, to which we move steadily through all of our time, is as important as anything else we have, and it has engaged the thought and speculation of everybody since the beginning of dreams and the remembering of them.

We come out of sleep when we come out of the womb. The mother's mystic body is constant, and all of her tides and tie-ins with everything everywhere are constant in the womb, which is itself the equivalent of the universe and everything unknown about everything, and the first arena of human connection with private and racial sleep.

Coming out of there suggests that we go into something like it again when we stop being out, when we stop breathing, when we put it all away, or permit it all to be put away, and remember nothing, and have no way of guessing what happens after we are gone. We don't even know if the word gone is the proper word, for it clearly may not be at all, leaving one's private life in one's private body and one's private adjuncts of the body, mind, memory, soul, leaving the marvelous mechanics of ebb and flow, of breathing, of cellular death and birth, of intake of matter in the form of grass and its byproducts, including flesh of fish, fowl, and animal, leaving the constant chemical action of processing intake to outgo, bread and onion and wine to a light brown outgo, leaving all of it may not be leaving at all. Still, we think of death as a departure, at least from our survivors: anybody dies, he's gone from himself and from everybody else.

A man's relationship to where he has come from and to where he is going is close and intimate, although traditionally mainly ignored: everybody must sleep soon enough during the course of one turn of the apportionment of light and dark, one turn of twenty-four

William Saroyan is the author of The Human Comedy and My Name is Aram.

hours; some sleep for ten hours, som for eight, some for six, some for four and a few for only two, and another two hours in naps.

But whatever the portion of sleep of of the full twenty-four hours may be nobody goes for very long with his connection to sleep severed—not being able to sleep does seem to render the marmad, all his balances and procedure are impaired and he is literally a lenatic

Birth is birth and death is death in matter how you look at them, most likely, but birth is also death, and cor sequently death may very well also birth—the religions certainly mushave picked up the hint soon after the picking up of hints became unavoidable.



ZAVEN MINASIAN WE

my mother Takoohi's sister Parran zie's son, and he died in 1968 in F Paso, at the age of sixty. We were goo friends from my eighth year to m twenty-eighth, when he sued Vanity Faifor publishing my story "Little Caruso," alleging that my comic view of his ambition to be a Metropolitan Oera star discouraged Eddie Arakelia from financing his singing lessons i

New York, I told Frank Crowninshield at lunch that I would pay for any loss sustained by Vanity Fair, but the famous editor said such legal actions were commonplace, forget it. In the end the matter was settled out of court for something like \$1,000, about half of which went to Zav's lawyer. We were friends because we were precisely the same age, had large ambitions, and shared a compulsion to take great risks and to gamble everything, without reservation-life itself.

I bet my life that if I was not a published writer by the age of thirty, I would be nothing-a full refuser, and for that reason alone likely not to be permitted to live. The story that ended my apprenticeship contains within its wift short form the title: "Applicaion for Permission to Live."

I had good luck.

Zav had good luck, too, for he was never not his own man, at any rate. If he didn't sing in opera, he damned vell did in life.

Zav and I also shared a quality of behavior which is described by the vord, in the language of our families, avzak. This word calls for a small porion of definition: to begin with, it is ot an Armenian word, it is Turkish, out in our family it ceased being Turksh and not only became Armenian, it ecame Saroyan, it became Zav's word, and my word, and we used it and we new what it meant, for it was placed pon us by our elders to describe the tyle with which we refused to take nything too seriously, all the while aking nothing at all less than totally eriously, if you can guess about that eeming contradiction.

The Turks pronounce the word earer to zevzek than our zaavzaak, but hat is also the way languages touch pon one another and stay alive and re given new vitality.

An example of zavzak behavior and tyle might be this: the son of a pomous man of wealth has come to Emeron School in neat expensive shoes hile the rest of us are barefooted.

One of us says to him, "Got your noes on?"

That's all.

That constitutes the style of being

The boy with the shoes on his feet, irely innocent enough, may not even ispect that he is being ridiculed, and e may smile shyly, whereupon the

barefooted boy says, "Your father's got money, has he?"

If the boy also accepts this remark, he is told. "You live in a fine house?" And then, "Among your ancestors

are kings? And on and on until the son of the

rich man begins to suspect that he is being slowly trussed and put over a fire for roasting.

But the range of zavzak behavior is great, and the game has unlimited variation and subtlety. It is never so amusing as when two experts, such as Zav and myself, belittle one another po-

It is health-giving, of course, and if nothing else causes laughter, and prevents the need of the hired help of a psychiatrist-something no Saroyan would permit because it would seem a foolish bargain to pay money to somebody just to listen to an hour of comic talk. A Sarovan would say to the psychoanalyst, "Got your notebook?" The game would be on, and the racket would be shot.

The order of the kids of Armenak Sarovan and his bride, Takoohi Sarovan, was Cosette, 1899, named after the girl in Les Miserables, of course, read by my father, totally unknown to my mother: Zabel, from Isabelle, most likely, but called by all of us Zabe, 1902; Henry, 1905; and myself, 1908.

Siblings fight it out, and why shouldn't they, everybody is unique, and so impossible: thus, Zabe and I got along reasonably well, and Cosette and Henry seemed to understand one another.

Zabe certainly took my side in disputes. When the going was very bad for me and I was trying to improve matters by petty gambling on Third Street in San Francisco, at Breen's Rummy Parlor, and at the Kentucky Club, and at the Barrel House, and I was sweating out not making any sense at all, or having any luck worth a damn, I walked from 348 Carl Street in San Francisco one night to Zabe's house on Fourteenth Avenue in San Francisco, walked very slowly after a full day of gambling and not winning more than a quarter now and then, only to lose it back, and finally not having a nickel for carfare, to get home for a meal of bulgur pilaf with yogurt.

Zabe had heard from the rest of the family that I was gambling, and she had probably been instructed to use her

good influence, to the end that I would find a job and start making sense.

Instead of giving me a bad time, however, Zabe placed a silver dollar in my hand, and then asked me to sit down at the kitchen table with her family and have some coffee and homemade apple pie.

That was a big event in my life at that time, and ever after.



ZEVART IS A WORD as

well as a girl's name: the word means blithe, sunny, wholesome, and in a sense surely it may be said that it means rosy, for the Armenian word for rose is vart.

Not everybody is lucky enough to have a blithe nature, but whoever has it can also have all of the black rage that the soul knows and still somehow soon enough be equal to quiet acceptance, resignation, the will, and the ability to move along-in light rather than in darkness. Finally, zarmonk: it means

It is an important Armenian word, both in the church and out of it. One experiences zarmonk by both the unaccountably good and magnificent, and the unbelievably bad and destructive: the same astonishment, the same wonder, the same disbelief applies to all opposites. I like that. If you love the sun, you know zarmonk; if you hate evil, you experience zarmonk.

The sun is wonderful, but, in another way, so is evil.

Someday perhaps I will write about zahlah, a very special word, even to an illiterate of Armenian, Turkish, Kurdish, Arabic, Hebrew, and all languages excepting possibly English. It has to do with the pain that comes from being nagged.

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Solution to the October Puzzle

Notes for

"From Forth the Fatal Loins"

The title is a quotation from the prologue to Romeo and Juliet—"From forth the fatal loins of these two foes/A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life?—whic provides the clue for the words in the shaded squares, STAR-CROSSED and LOVER: appropriately crossed. The other four pairs of lights, equally crossed, are ROMEO an JULIET, BEATRICE and DANTE, TRISTAN and ISOLDE, and LIZ and DICK.

Across: 1. ci(H)te, reversal; 4. pop-in-jay; 8, anagram; 10. Co.-Co.; 11. homonym 1. Ma-O; 13. t(hr.)ill; 14. F.-due(reversal); 15. as-per-se; 16. anagram; 20. O in anagram of Surtep; 21. two meanings; 25. anagram; 27. anagram; 28. anagram; 28. G(r)eeks; 30. uncle(an); 31. sea-sons; 32. s(tripper)-naked. Down: 1. hidden; 2. T-ropes; 3. hi(gh)-C.C.-up; 4. p(a)e(a)ns; 5. anagram; 6. two meanings; 7. yell-ow bell-die(anagram); 9. homophone; 12. R.-or-rim, reversal; 14. fast-backs; 17. see page; 18. a(it)hes, G-H-1; 19. two meanings; 22. two meanings; 23. (A.C.)costs; 24. (s) Eries; 25. anagram of "boun(d)s"; 26. O.K.-A.M. (reversal)

PUZZLE

TIXES AND SEVENS

Richard Maltby, Jr. (with acknowledgments to Zander The Listener)

his month's instructions: The clues to words of six and seven tters are grouped separately. Solvers must determine where ich answer belongs in the diagram, using the answers to the imbered clues as guides

All answers can be found in Webster's New Collegiate Dicmary, except for the first seven-letter word, which is in hambers' English Dictionary, and one common colloquialn. There are three proper names.

This puzzle also allows me to introduce to Harper's solvers

ae 16Å, which is my favorite clue. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 122.

1	2	3		4		5	6		7	8	9
10								11			
12					13						
			14					15			
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17	18			19					20		21
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29							30				
31					32						
33	1					34					

CLUES

ACROSS

- Store I came in first from the wrong direction (4) Break truce and change the whole picture (5)
- The definitive manifestation of the human comedy is a crime (12)
- Resisting . . . not me . . . nevertheless . . . (12)
- Let into a hospital, a doctor comes back with sex appeal (5)
- Potentially explosive situation in Vietnam (4)

DOWN

- Rock dance (4)
- Ruffled pleat rose, in part (5) Slave man with fortune (5)
- English notable mounts queen-it's part of the way you get to the top (5)
- Mechanism of car thief, if following curve (5)
- Outrageous rents for fliers (5)
- Poet's under spell, then somehow around one (5)
- Scotsman chosen by voice (4)

SIX-LETTER WORDS

- a. Like going around sour after rolling over in beds
- b. Mind the man following sneaky spy around
- c. Suit resulting from auction attempt almost goes to arbiters d. It's necessary to climb any ancestral tree
- e. Very much peripheral to intimate religion
- Radical students without cheer with revolution in pieces
- Father-to-be (third person, dialect)
- h. Works like certain drawers in secret chests
- Topless ugly women are irritations
- You can choose between them or exchange it here
- k. Once again, does something bad for gums?
- 1. Little scream heard, striking pad (two words)

SEVEN-LETTER WORDS

- a. Sticks to the bassoon
- b. Weird-or just not very shrewd?
- c. Person leaving post sounds redundant!
- d. Loesser composition again demonstrates a low-down put-on!
- e. From broth I'm developing blood clots
- f. Concentration produces additional money when short
- g. Penetration, in a sense
- h. Sticky goo holds curls back-nobody wants them
- Shake it in marble
- Measure layer first, then go after a husband
- Stab in a riot-don't do it
- 1. Palladium is one place you're at home in

INTEST RULES

nd complete diagram with name and address to Sixes and vens, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, Y. 10016. Entries must be received by November 11. Sendof the first three correct solutions opened will receive a e-year subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed the December issue. Winners' names will be printed in the auary issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "Many Moons Ago," are Jill McConnell, Park Ridge, Illinois; Sue Unterman, Los Angeles, California; and Mrs. Peter Pritchard, New Milford, Connecticut.

For beginners: The instructions above explain the specific rules for this week's puzzle. For a complete description of cluesolving principles, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Puzzle Clues, Reprint Department, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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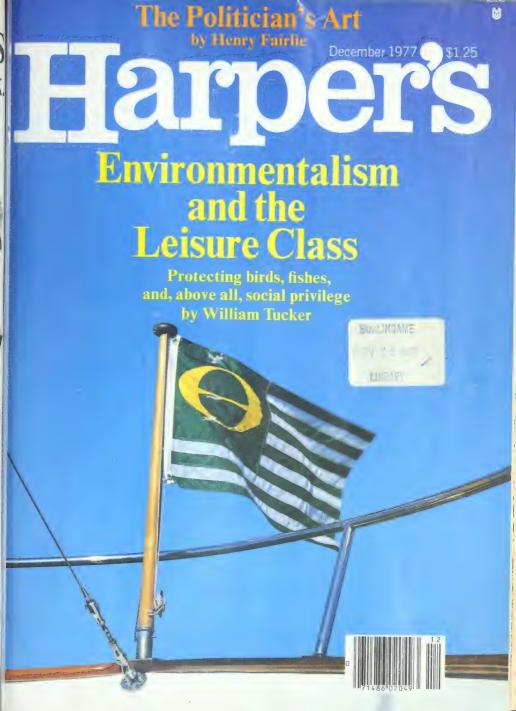
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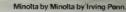
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LETTERS

The effete society

Why did *Harper's* print Norman Podhoretz's "The Culture of Appeasement" (October)? It makes good study material for budding clinical psychologists, but *Harper's* seems an odd place to publish it. Is your magazine short of manuscripts? Was the article "planted" by your marketing consultants to test the readers' loyalty and affection? If so, it comes perilously close to "testing to destruction."

I should admit, however, that I found the article informative. I had not previously realized that Winston Churchill fought the Battle of Britain almost singlehandedly while England's ubiquitous faggotry sneered and jeered from below. The reason for the prime minister's victory would become apparent later with the postwar revelations of the Nazis' sexual kinkiness.

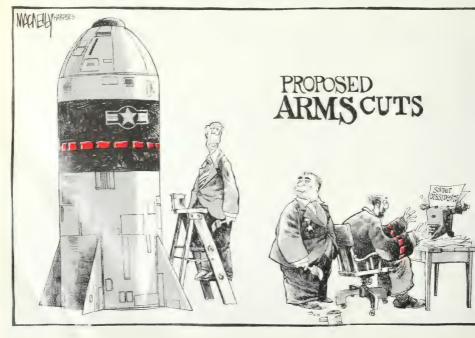
Mr. Podhoretz will surely be cheered by recent reports that many Russians are, to put it politely, not heterosexual. He might want to check this out more carefully with Anita Bryant, who may have better, harder data on where the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. stand in their relative "queer quotients." The CIA isn't talking, and it's a touchy subject at the FBI.

Perhaps Harper's published Mr. Podhoretz's piece of Cold War rhetoric for its nostalgia—to call back the days of Dwight David "Shoot 'em all" Eisenhower, of Tail Gunner Joe, of 29-cent hamburgers and 15-cent cigarettes.

On the other hand, since the Russians read all this stuff (probably more

for amusement than for intelligence may be that the article was inter to throw them off guard, to imp them that effete America is bul with fairies and hanky droppe when in fact it is glutted with cra from coast to coast, as many homic as not. So far from losing the Viet war, the U.S. succeeded in provin the world that Americans can m and slaughter people as gleefully wantonly as anybody else-and, t be known, they were not much di ent during World War II. Seen in light, the Japanese attack on F Harbor was just a kamikaze fling.

Summarizing, the Communists I little to fear from Mr. Podhoretz, if a smiling American banker is c ing to dinner, they had better c the spoons. Ah! Now I know why



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article was printed—purely for the readers' amusement. Damn! The Russians knew it all along. JAMES E. LEE Salem, Mass.

The old New York Times

In his critical analysis of the New York Times (Cutting Velvet at the New York Times, October) Earl Shorris has permitted his disaffection with the "new" New York Times to distort his judgment about the "old" New York Times as well.

He states that the "old" Times "initiated nothing; it drifted along behind the nation." If, as the context clearly indicates, he was talking about the editorial page of the "old" Times, his accusation is demonstrably false. The editorial position of the "old" Times could fairly be criticized by those who disagreed with it; but what cannot be truthfully stated or implied is that the Times editorially "drifted along behind the nation."

The very early opposition (1964) of the Times editorial page to escalation of the American military involvement in Vietnam-literally years before it became fashionable to oppose the war -is too well known to warrant further elaboration. Similar positions of leadership, against then current trends of public opinion, were taken by the Times editorially on such controversial issues of foreign policy as recognition of Communist China by the United States and its admission to the United Nations; reopening of Cuban-American relations; curbing arms sales abroad; recognizing Palestinian rights, and many, many other bitterly disputed questions.

On the domestic scene, too, the Times was no less willing to take the initiative. The Times's steady defense of the environment antedated by more than a decade the explosion of popular interest in this question in the later Sixties. On countless other critical domestic issues, from McCarthy to Agnew, from reform of the abortion laws to reform of Wall Street, from urging Nixon to resign (nine months before he did so) to warning-long before the roof fell in-that New York's fiscal policies were courting disaster, the Times has consistently exercised both leadership and initiative.

Mr. Shorris's inference that the Times editorially "drifted along" is

belied by the facts and reveals astonishing ignorance of what the *Times* actually said and stood for during all those years. JOHN B. OAKES Senior Editor

> The New York Times New York, N.Y.

(Mr. Oakes was editor of the editorial page of the New York Times from 1961 to 1976.)

Earl Shorris was mistaken when he wrote that Book World was out of business. It is published every Sunday in the Washington Post. We intend to continue.

HARRY M. ROSENFELD

Assistant Managing Editor The Washington Post Washington, D.C.

EARL SHORRIS REPLIES:

I do not understand how one can infer from the context of the article that I was speaking only of the editorial page when I said that the Times "initiated nothing; it drifted along behind the nation." To arrive at that inference one would have to believe that objectivity and only objectivity guided the editorial choices of the rest of the Times. It would in fact have been incorrect to lay the entire burden of the old New York Times upon Mr. Oakes's editorial page, which was often well ahead of the rest of the paper in taking up new ideas.

For the *Times* to arrogate to itself the initiation of the antiwar movement, however, is to mock memory. Most of us recall that in 1964 Lyndon Johnson was the peace candidate. And the *Times* was for peace. When the Johnson Administration turned to war the *Times* accepted war. The initiative for peace came from people marching in the streets, from the radical magazines so often criticized by the *Times*, from draft resisters, politicians, businessmen, poets, singers, priests, but not from the *Times*,

The one exception is probably the defense of the environment, and that is fitting; for an unmitigated defense of the environment in an industrial society where 25 million people live in poverty benefits the comfort and the future of the rich at the cost of the present lives of the unemployed and the poor.

Regarding Mr. Rosenfeld's letter, I was referring to Book World when it

was a discrete section appearing in seeral newspapers.

U.S.A., In

"Jimmy Carter's Ruling Class" (Cober) is good as far as it goes, be Roger Morris doesn't take the next st to explain the facts of political life finds so disturbing.

To blame it all on the importar attached to wealth isn't the whole sto By 1831 Tocqueville had already not about us that "nothing is greater more brilliant than commerce; it tracts the attention of the public a fills the imagination of the multitue all energetic passions are direct towards it." What has changed is a the importance of wealth but the intutional structures within which wea and power are accumulated and us We have moved decisively from ent preneurial capitalism to corporate c italism, and politics-like all other r jor activities-has been transformed the process. By now it seems only r ural, almost inevitable, that the rul elite be drawn from the corporatereaucratic institutions that domin American society—our economy, r itary, science, schools, media, medici law, and every other important sec Each day the government must deal timately with these corporate str tures, and who knows better how manage the job than the people v run them? If, along the way, gove ment helps these same institutions flourish (for example, by permitt vertical integration throughout the ergy industry), that is understanda enough under the circumstances. I also understandable that the gove ment itself should become organized a corporate structure even Congr with its perquisites, staffs, expense counts, and growing remoteness fr ordinary life-since these structu predominate everywhere else. The tion that Jimmy Carter, by virtue being a self-proclaimed "outsider"much an outsider as any naval offi multi-million-dollar agribusinessn and governor of a major state car -would attempt to reverse or even rest these tendencies was one of tl heady illusions that is the stuff of F idential campaigns.

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Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha1

doubt he is one of the people Max Weber had in mind when he wrote, in 1904, "No one knows who will live in this cage in the future."

EDWIN FOGELMAN Minneapolis, Minn.

How to fund the arts

Regarding Lewis H. Lapham's "Beggar's Opera" (October), I have a modest proposal.

Congress has 535 Representatives and Senators. West Point scholarships are allocated one per district, and so are many other things. Let us therefore allocate federal arts money in this natural, logical, democratic way. We need:

I. A 'million-dollar arts center for every Congressional district. This would easily eat up more than \$500 million.

2. District artistic competitions for \$10,000 prizes, judged by a panel appointed by the local Congressman. Topics could include pictures of wheat fields, steel mills, or other local scenic attractions; portraits of the district's Congressman (no warts); et cetera. Precinct committeemen with an interest in the arts might be suitable appointees to the judging panels.

3. Each arts center could include reproduction of famous works of art so that every schoolchild could have a chance to see the Mona Lisa, Egyptian mummies, et cetera. It would be far cheaper to run off 535 reproductions at a time than to follow the present foolish practice of art museums' bidding millions of dollars for works by artists who aren't even American and have been dead for hundreds of years.

4. Theater, music, and the dance could also be encouraged. Depending on each Congressman's personal artistic tastes, he could either give out dollar-a-ticket subsidies to all local little-theater groups until the district money allocation ran out, or limit the subsidies solely to those whose productions he enjoyed.

5. A poet laureate could also be appointed in each district and commissioned to produce odes from time to time on suitable topics, such as the election of his patron.

Some people may object that eq sharing by Congressional district is reasonable, since a disproportion amount of artistic talent is concentrated ed in places like New York City. N sense! Most of that excess talent there by migration anyway. Why sho a genius have to move to a noisy, crit ridden city in order to get the rec nition he deserves? Why should peo in his district be deprived of his ent? There are more than a dozen C gressmen from the New York are their artistic allocations should be qu adequate for artists who happen come from Brooklyn, the Bro Queens, Manhattan, or Staten Island

Billions of dollars can easily be sp on the arts if only we give the mal adequate thought. There has been much elitism! No new spending p gram can succeed unless a winning litical coalition can be assembled!

GLENN T. WILS Edwardsville,

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1



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THE RETREAT FROM DEMOCRACY

Letter from the editor

by Lewis H. Lapham

S OFTEN AS NOT these days I run across people who seem to think that democracy is a peaceful idea. They talk about the incessant disagreement within the society as if it somehow did violence to the laws of nature. Having observed that the United States cannot provide all of its constituencies with enough of everything (water, education, justice, appearances on the Johnny Carson show), they worry about riots in the streets. The other afternoon, at a conference of public-spirited citizens, I met a woman who recently had discovered that the setting aside of land for a bird sanctuary in Massachusetts would entail the loss of tax revenue for a township that already could not afford to maintain its schools. The news listurbed her. She had been encouraged to think of democracy as a pastoral; it alarmed her to learn that civil rights could interfere with property rights, that he common interest occasionally required the suppression of a private inerest. She talked a good deal about personal liberty and the freedom of expression. After listening to her dissuss these subjects for the better part of an hour. I had the impression that he imagined the democratic idea to be omething easy, quiet, orderly, and safe.

I notice similar assumptions in the etters from readers of the magazine vho wonder why *Harper's* publishes so any criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they bject to these criticisms, but they

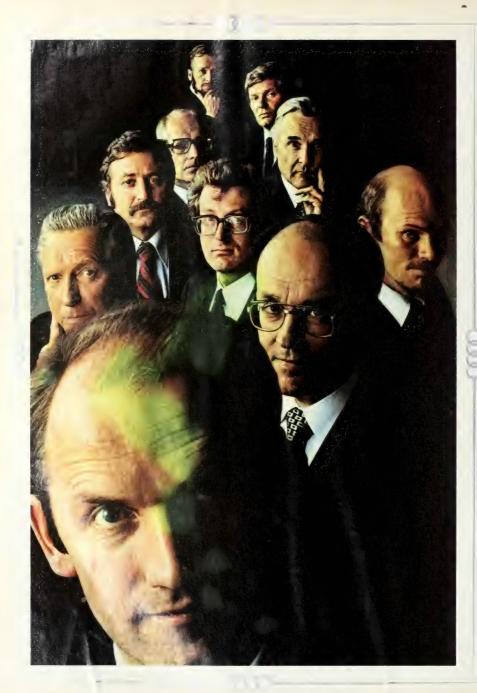
worry about the magazine's hope for the future. If so little can be expected of the cultural ministries and the big media (referred to by one reader as "an army of occupation"), then what will become of succeeding generations and the promise of the American experiment? Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfectibility of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I don't know how to answer such questions except to point out that democracy is neither easy, quiet, orderly, nor safe. It assumes conflict not only as the normal but also as the necessary condition of existence, and it defines itself as a continuing process of change. Change implies movement, which implies friction, which implies unhappiness. The structure of the idea resembles a suspension bridge rather than an Egyptian tomb. Its strength, which is the strength of life itself, depends upon stress and the balance struck between countervailing forces. The idea collapses unless the stresses oppose one another with equal weight-unless enough people have enough courage to sustain the argument between government and the governed, between city and town, capital and labor, men and women, matter and mind. Transposed into the biological realm, the democratic idea corresponds to the process of evolution, which also expresses itself in the transitory nature of its forms Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

and which, like democracy, offers no permanent coalitions.

Over the past twenty years, as the world has come to be seen as a more dangerous and chaotic place than was dreamed of in Dink Stover's philosophy, the Darwinian interpretation of democracy has fallen out of popular favor. For the most part it has been replaced by sentimentality and nostalgia. A considerable number of people have been persuaded to think of democracy as a summer vacation or as a matter of consensus and parades. In the ensuing confusion they come to imagine that the United States constitutes a refuge and a hiding place from the storm of the world. The general eagerness to avoid making trouble results in the intimidation of the American mind. The retreat appears to be taking place across a broad front, in both the intellectual and political sectors of opinion. As follows:

The loss of belief in history. A few weeks ago in the New York Times I noticed an article by a professor of American history at Harvard who announced "the irrelevance of the past." He had abandoned the hope of teaching his subject because he found little purpose in it. He had discovered, together with everybody else in the country over the age of twelve, that times changed and horsemen passed by. This made the professor sad. He wondered what was the point of holding up the example of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in the United States,



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an age that the professor associated with abundance, to students living in the twentieth century. The latter-day students lived in what the professor conceived of as an age of scarcity. It didn't occur to him that his students had paid a tuition of approximately \$7,000 a year to listen to his lesson of despair or that the abundance of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was available to only a privileged few.

The professor, unfortunately, speaks with what appears to have become the voice of eminent authority. I hear the same melancholy statements not only in academic quarters but also from book publishers and presidents of corporations. They find no practical value in the study of history, particularly if it cannot be made to serve the interest of tomorrow's news.

The decline of scientific research. Within a week of reading the professor's report from Cambridge I read a corollary item in the paper about the absence of speculative research in the sciences. Between 1965 and 1976 the federal investment in such research dropped from \$126 million to \$29 million. Fewer patents were being awarded to American inventors, and fewer American scientists were publishing research papers. What little research was still being done tended to be subservient to a military or industrial

The disappearance of objective fact. If speculative research produces nothing but dangerous or irrelevant equations, and if history constitutes nothing more than a tale that is told, then what is the point of assigning significance to objective fact? Everything becomes relative, a matter of opinion and interpretation. The reporting of the news becomes what Daniel Schorr describes as "an allegory of events." A few numbers remain convincing (among them the Nielsen ratings, the tabulation of the public-opinion polls, and the price of Saudi Arabian oil), but, for the rest, what does it matter if people believe what they want to believe? Who can possibly know what the Communists have in mind, or how a nuclear holocaust might come to pass? Edward Teller might know what he's talking about, but so might the astrologer on East Fifty-second Street or the Mexican child who beheld a vision of the Holy Virgin walking on a nountain in Sonora.

The retreat into the caves of religion. The courage of the human mind always presents itself as an affront to whatever idols have been set up as the local godhead. But people who have lost faith in themselves, who no longer possess their own history or trust to their own experiments, no longer can summon the courage to imagine their own future. They subside into a state of holy dread, waiting for signs and portents, seeking to make peace with anybody who will promise them another twenty minutes of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The President of the United States consults with the Lord about the decisions of State and informs the faithful that they must preserve their meager stores of light against the coming of the dark. If this means paying ransom to our Arab benefactors (benign emirs who found Aladdin's lamp buried in the desert), then we have no choice but to pay the ransom, and be careful to say nothing about extortion.

The perception of the world as a barren heath (known chiefly for war and the threat of war, for famine and the threat of famine) makes it convenient to pronounce the world an illusion. The decay of the temporal order provides the spiritual order with proofs of its omniscience.

The worship of nature. The druids of the environmental movement foretell the drying up of the oceans and the giving over of the fertile land to the deserts of industrialism. They condemn the principle of evolution as a false doctrine, and so they overlook both the ruthlessness and the improvidence of nature. When listening to the more eloquent of their prophets, I often wonder if they might not be confusing ecology with a kind of primitive pantheism. They seem to populate the fields and the forests with anthropomorphic deities. The gods of light and energy appear in "soft" and familiar shapes, friendly to the woodcutter and the shepherd, as if they were hamadryads dwelling within giant redwood trees. Monstrous trolls inhabit the labyrinths of nuclear reactors. In New York, Governor Carey volunteers to stand on a runway at Kennedy Airport in order to prevent the landing of the Concorde, and it is as if he means to offer himself as a sacrifice to a weird spirit of the

The disavowal of politics. Once man

has been recognized as unredeemingly corrupt(destroying the wilderness, building machines, wasting resources, lapsing into greed and cruelty), then it becomes necessary to remove him from the administration of the state. This results in the pretense that conflict doesn't really exist, that even the most stubborn and irreconcilable differences can be resolved by committees of impartial experts. The state must remain as innocent as an unreclaimed swamp, and this requires removing the political motive (i.e., the corrupt or human motive) from all decisions of national consequence. The procedure reminds me of the early church fathers who amputated their genitals in order to rid themselves of temptation.

Instead of building dams or suspension bridges, the faithful build fortifications of monolithic grandeur.

The faith in bureaucracy. Just as the modern architectural genius takes comfort in gigantic and presumably impregnable forms, so also does the organizational genius delight in gigantic and presumably omniscient bureaucracies. The idea of an angry argument between consenting adults changes into the idea of a benevolent state giving succor to a class of frightened children. The officials who protect the mystical entity known as the public interest make laws and regulations that add not only to their number but also to their thrones, powers, and dominions. Collectively they represent a class of secular ecclesiastics. Just as an eighteenthcentury clergyman depended upon the church for a benefice, so also does the twentieth-century functionary depend upon the state.

The bias against risk. In Wall Street people talk about the shriveling of the money markets, and in the intellectual markets people talk about the unwillingness of writers to say anything that might get them in trouble with the Book-of-the-Month Club. Elsewhere in the country, small businesses complain about the inhibitions imposed on the entrepreneurial spirit by the web of government regulation (so extensive that even hospitals must submit forms and explanations to 170 regulatory agencies), and the larger corporations make demands for protective tariffs. Companies merge or imitate one another. Like the bureaucracies, they seek refuge in combinations of immense size.



BY T. H. WHITE

The Ungubiated Confusion of Planning Flagriching Frongue of Silvia Townsend arter

This is the final chapter of the rale asts for White is touching, profound, funny and tragic story will is the true and intended ending of the great work and contains some of White's best writing... filled with poignance and marvelous

Úmiversity () Texas Press Bull 18 Bulletin Texas 181 ()

Wendell Berry

s our comemoran, salar Edward Hodey, alven, march of the will not break as long as the vand upholds him!" (James I die a double of the appointment of our healing, a utopian poet-legislator like William Blake "(Donald Hall V.Y.T.mes Book Review).

The Unsettling of America Culture & Agriculture

sine time cogent books of the decade, and in its claims for a neam neam relationship, one of the most revolutions. — His add Steaner

SIERRA CLUB BOOKS THE EASY CHAIR

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A COMMONWEALTH'S CHOICE

The troublesome question of Puerto Rico's independence

by John Bartlow Martin

HE FUTURE OF Puerto Rico has provoked angry confrontations at the United Nations; serious bombings in New York, Washington, and Chicago, as well as in Puerto Rico itself; and debate among liberal intellectuals and political leaders on the mainland, many of whom favor Puerto Rican independence. Although the debate usually focuses on what is best for Puerto Rico. the island's status also affects the mainland, for we have important political, economic, and strategic interests there. Indeed, in the question of Puerto Rico's status lies a time bomb potentially dangerous to us. As the Carter Administration-with the Congress-considers a new canal treaty with Panama and normalization of relations with Cuba, the question of Puerto Rico's future is likely to acquire new urgency.

Puerto Rico is beautiful, with rustling palms and puffy trade-wind clouds,

John Bartlow Martin, former Ambassador to the Dominican Republic, is the author of the recently published Adlai Stevenson and the

fertile plains and a spiny central mountain range, everything very compactit is only 150 miles from one end of the island to the other, and every inch is jammed with people. San Juan is, in little, Los Angeles, laced with looping freeways, poisoned with exhaust fumes, and spiked with towering luxury hotels. Mainland penetration is everywhere-McDonald's hamburger stands, supermarkets, Holiday Inns. Puerto Ricans love big Detroit cars, color television sets, and American gadgets, Yet despite so much Americanization, Puerto Rico remains Spanish-its principal newspapers and its television and radio broadcasts are in Spanish, its narrow streets and pastel buildings look Spanish, and nearly all its people speak Spanish within their own families. Puerto Ricans look well off. The University of Puerto Rico has some 32,000 students, and, more than in most Caribbean lands, they follow their fathers into white-collar jobs. Factories dot the countryside. Bulldozers are ripping up scarce farmland, building mile upon mile of boxy little concrete houses for

workingmen; Puerto Rico, fertile as it is, cannot feed itself and imports oranges from Florida. If you drive into remote villages, you will not see the bloated bellies, the red hair, and the nakedness of childhood hunger so common in other Caribbean islands. And you will see few beggars but throngs of well-dressed men and women: this is a welfare state. But beneath the beautiful, prosperous facade the island is deeply troubled.

Rico from Spain in 1898, we did not expect that it would ever achieve state-hood. By successive acts of Congress, however, Puerto Ricans acquired the right to elect their own legislature (in 1908), the right to American citizenship (in 1917), and the right to elect their own governor (in 1947). Puerto Rico seemed to be drifting toward statehood. But Luís Muñoz Marin, the first elected governor, in 1950 reversed this drift, proposing to the U.S.



Congress that it grant the island the status of Estado Libre Asociado de Puerto Rico, or "commonwealth." Congress adopted a commonwealth compact. Under it, Puerto Ricans are citizens of the United States, they may emigrate freely to the United States, they have no voting representation on the floor of the United States Congress, they elect their own governor and legislature, they pay no federal taxes (but their own taxes are approximately equal to ours), they receive federal subsidies and U.S. Social Security payments (half of all Puerto Ricans are eligible for U.S. food stamps), they are subject to most federal laws of general application, their goods enter the U.S. market duty free, and they have the protection of the U.S. armed forces. In making the case for commonwealth, Muñoz argued that it gave Puerto Ricans the best of both worlds-the dignity of independence and the economic advantages of statehood-without the burdens of either.

Ever since, Puerto Rican politics has divided three ways—among those who favor commonwealth, those for statehood, and those for independence. In a 1967 plebiscite, supporters of commonwealth status won with 60.5 percent of the vote. Supporters of statehood had 38.9 percent. Independentistas boycotted the election; most people thought they could have polled 10 or 12 percent.

Initially Muñoz, a skillful and charismatic political leader closely allied to FDR's New Deal, set Puerto Rico on a course that seemed headed toward socialism-land reform, agricultural development, and public investment in new industry. Soon, however, he reversed himself-switched his emphasis from agriculture to industrialization, from public to private investment in industry. Operation Bootstrap-as Munoz christened his program to expand and industrialize the Puerto Rican economy-was from the outset a phenomenal success. American factories were attracted by tax exemptions, cheap labor, and other incentives. In 1967 Puerto Rico's per capita income for the first time exceeded \$1,000. and the World Bank officially designated Puerto Rico's as a developed economy, the only one in Latin America.

But as time passed, Bootstrap floundered. Industrial production leveled off, the economy showed signs of stagnation, the new industries were automated and capital-intensive, and by 1976 unemployment was estimated at nearly 30 percent. The welfare state expanded, far beyond the mainland's. Debt and taxes increased. Puerto Rico, though lacking oil, proudly acquired its own petrochemical complex, a Caribbean status symbol—then the Arabs quintupled the price of oil and nearly ruined the island. Prices skyrocketed. Food, fuel, and fertilizer—Puerto Rico, no less than other Caribbean lands. needed all three but could not afford them. Bootstrap's heyday was over.

Since Muñoz retired in 1964, the governorship has passed back and forth between his commonwealth party and the statehood party. The independence party has been a small third party. Statehooders and independentistas agree on only one thing-that commonwealth status is colonial status. and degrading. By and large statehooders are conservatives, the commonwealth leaders are left-centrists, and the independentistas are leftists. The commonwealth party has been aligned with the Democratic party on the mainland, the statehood party with the Republicans, though this relationship appears to be shifting: President Carter has friends in the statehood party, whose young leaders are less conservative than its elders.

In the elections of the 1970s, as recession deepened, the question of status was smothered by economic and personal issues; and when the statehood party won in 1976, it won explicitly not on the statehood issue but on economic issues (just as the Quebec separatists won that same year). Shortly before leaving office, President Ford remarked that he thought Puerto Rico should become our fifty-first state. This startling proposal-we have always taken the official position that the Puerto Ricans' future is for them to decide —offended about half the Puerto Rican political leaders and embarrassed the other half. The defeated outgoing governor, who favored a commonwealth, declared that Ford's proposal denied Puerto Ricans the right to self-determination; the victorious incoming governor, even though he favors statehood, ignored Ford's proposal and tackled economic issues; and somebody, probably extremist independentistas, planted a big bomb at the ROTC headquarters at the University of Puerto Rico.

Although President Ford's stat ment was no doubt intended to gratif his statehooder friends in Puerto Ric its principal result was to strengthe the independentistas. Statehood is the position that most violently inflam their passions. Their appeal is to la guage, culture, dignity, sovereignt differentness; above all they resist b ing swallowed up by the mainlar colossus. Statehood and independent are the poles of Puerto Rican politics commonwealth attempts to reconci them. Thus commonwealth has tende over the years to blunt the cutting edg of independence. But when Ford's stat ment briefly made it appear that stat hood might be imminent, the ind pendentistas suddenly came to life.

EARS AGO, the independent party was the second stron est in Puerto Rico. It was nationalistic and anti-Amer can, favoring such tactics as arme frontal assaults on police barracks. I dependentistas tried to assassinate Pre ident Truman and did shoot up tl U.S. House of Representatives. The pa ty declined in the 1950s and 1960s, yea of commonwealth's and Bootstrap greatest success. In 1970 its new leade Rubén Berríos, seeing commonweal and Bootstrap falter, and noting indu trial stagnation and widespread uner ployment, added socialism to indepe dence and began denouncing not on U.S. dominance but also the unequ distribution of Puerto Rican weal and the rapacity of giant U.S. priva enterprise. At about that same time, President Nixon's "low profile" becan no profile at all in the Caribbean, vi tually the entire area made a shar turn leftward-toward statism, nation alism, and alliances with the Thir World countries. For the first time th Caribbean, if not hostile to us, was in

Berrios, an attractive, able youn lawyer, talks the language of the ne Caribbean leaders—demanding nation alization of natural resources and stat control of industry, denouncing our ur just terms of trade, our CIA, our wain Vietnam, and our unfair Panama Canal treaty. In 1973 he and other independentista leaders, joined by the Cuban Ambassador to the U.N., took cause of Puerto Rican independence to the United Nations. Twenty year

earlier, after Puerto Rico voted itself commonwealth status, the U.N. had removed Puerto Rico from its list of nonself-governing territories. Then in 1973 Cuba and the Puerto Rican independentistas urged the U.N. to put Puerto Rico back on the list. The Decolonization Committee adopted a resolution that affirmed Puerto Rico's right to self-determination and even independence, requested the United States "to refrain from taking any measures which might obstruct" those rights, and decided to keep the question under continuous review. The U.S. denounced this as "blatant interference" in our internal affairs, and when the question came up again in 1975, we successfully pressured the committee to postpone consideration indefinitely. Nevertheless the issue would not lie down. Berríos declares it will be brought before every U.N. session and eventually will win; Cuba, raising it repeatedly, obliged Secretary Kissinger to announce that our reconciliatory course toward Cuba "will not survive Cuban meddling in Puerto Rico" (and Angola); and independentista extremists continue to detonate bombs in New York and elsewhere.

Berrios and other independentista leaders argue against statehood thus: Puerto Rico would lose its attraction for American industry if subjected to full federal taxes; it would become a resented welfare burden on the other states; Congress would find it difficult to grant statehood since there is nothing to balance politically against Puerto Rico's admission (as Hawaii and Alaska balanced each other): Puerto Rico would remain a foreign body among the other fifty states but would cast nine votes in the Electoral College as well as two in the Senate and seven in the House. Finally, while Berrios personally disavows violence, he does not hesitate to imply its threat-he says that any serious attempt at statehood "would unquestionably precipitate a wave of violence" in Puerto Rico and in the United States.

Berríos considers independence essential to full democracy and "a decent way of life." Independence, he suggests, with a true socialist's moralism, would require sacrifice and austerityhe seems to think Puerto Ricans spend too much money on cars, television sets, and gambling. He acknowledges that independence would change Puerto

Rican "access to U.S. money markets"; he would look to "international organizations" and to friendly nations with oil, such as Venezuela, which, he says, is already helping poor Latin-American countries. (But Venezuela's loans bear interest at approximately commercial rates.) The end of duty-free access to U.S. markets "will require readjustment," he admits, but this would be overcome by import-substitution manufacturing. (Most authorities have concluded that import substitution can go only so far before the economy stagnates.) Berríos favors development of Puerto Rico's natural resources, including petroleum, nickel, and copper (though these have yet to be proved). Private and public debt would have to be refinanced (but how?). The government would intervene directly to bring about a fairer distribution of income and wealth. Social Security and other federal transfer payments would be "phased out"; U.S. corporations would lose "their privileges and monopolistic hold," and the military and security interests of the United States would be subordinated to those of the Republic of Puerto Rico.

Currently, mainland liberals tend to favor independence-commonwealth and Bootstrap have fallen on evil times, and Third World support for independence reinforces the liberals' own embarrassment at what they regard as lingering colonialism. Nonetheless, it is almost certain that this small island. if cast adrift on the Caribbean as an independent nation, shorn of Social Security and food stamps and other federal benefits, obliged to pay for its own defense and welfare systems, deprived of duty-free access to U.S. markets, deprived of untrammeled emigration to the mainland to siphon off discontent, unable to feed itself, virtually devoid of natural resources, and confronted with closing American factories, would sink. Several independent Caribbean states, bigger than Puerto Rico, less overpopulated, and far more richly endowed with minerals, are foundering. One can hardly view Puerto Rican independence with confidence,

It seems likely that sentiment for independence is stronger in Puerto Rico than the small vote of the independence party would indicate. Muñoz always feared the latent strength of the independence movement and believed that many people who favor a common-

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A COMMONWEALTH'S CHOICE

wealth would, if forced to choose between statehood and independence, choose independence. Precisely therein lies the potential for mischief of President Ford's proposal. By bringing statehood to the fore, he may have galvanized those favoring independence and given them an urgent rallying cry-"Resist absorption!"

If Puerto Ricans did choose statehood, they would almost surely do so with a large and violent independentista minority in their midst-a split society that calls forth visions of Northern Ireland, with Washington sending the Marines to quell riots and prop up the new state government. It is possible that such fears, together with the urgency of economic problems, have led the new governor to set the status issue aside.

RECISELY BECAUSE he feared independence sentiment, Muñoz said that a commonwealth was not a permanent solution but instead was an evolving institution, always subject to development and revision. It may need tinkering with now. Perhaps the provision that makes federal laws applicable in Puerto Rico unless specifically (and unilaterally) exempted by the U.S. Congress should be modified to give the Puerto Ricans more voice in what laws shall apply. Puerto Rico's representation in Washington should be rearranged: since it is not sovereign, it cannot treat with the State Department; under Kennedy and Johnson it dealt with the White House, but that was an informal personal arrangement; and so it has been thrown back into Congress, an essentially unworkable arrangement since Puerto Ricans cannot vote in federal elections. Puerto Rico needs some formal connection with the executive branch-perhaps Washington and San Juan should exchange chiefs of liaison (as we do with Peking); perhaps we should establish a Bureau of Puerto Rican Affairs in the State Department or the Interior Department or both (to create a permanent bureaucracy interested in Puerto Rico); or perhaps a White House connection should be institutionalized. Such arrangements would promote our closer relationships with all three factions: commonwealth, statehood, and independence. Other modifications of commonwealth status may be in order. It may be that the commonwealth ha run its course, that history is not against it, and that it can save itself if at all, only by modification.

It is time we recognized that th United States has an important interes in Puerto Rico's future. We would lik to see the Puerto Ricans friendly to us or at least not hostile, and certainly not allied with any inimical extrahem sphere power. We hope that how w deal with them will do us credit in the eyes of the world. We hope that a Puerto Ricans upgrade their own so ciety, those Puerto Ricans who com to live with us on the mainland wi be better educated and better able t support themselves and to contribut to our own society. We want them t remain hospitable to U.S. investmen and a market for U.S. goods. And a though in the day of jets and missile the Caribbean may be less vital to ou own defense and national security tha in Monroe's day, it is still on our from tier and it is still a potential base from which a hostile power might launce military operations against us, still source of strategic raw materials, an still on a major seaborne logistic rout through which we resupply our ow West Coast and the west coast of Sout America-and Puerto Rico is the key stone in the arc of islands that guard the Caribbean's approaches. Our stra tegic interest in the Caribbean has a ways overridden all other interests. great nation treats its near neighbor lightly only at its peril. And to th Puerto Ricans we have ties that bin us more closely than to any other Ca ribbean people.

For the present, commonwealt seems to be the status that best serve the Puerto Ricans' interests and ou own. Time may change that, and w should prepare for change, even for explosive change. We dare not le Puerto Rico slide lest it slide in a d rection we do not like (most diplomac is aimed at preventing bad thing from happening). All this means w should pay heed to Puerto Rico an rearrange our relationship with it. W must, before it is too late, devise a se of policies that will enable us to liv in harmony with Puerto Ricans wheth er they choose statehood, common wealth, or independence. Only the can we honestly-and safely-entrus the choice to them.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 197

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED

An unspoken faith reunites those in retreat from the Sixties

by Erazim Kohák

T IS AN ARDUOUS road, the long trail from the dramatic precipices of the late Sixties to the everyday world of love and labor. Its crumbling macadam, wending through the encroaching forest, is worn far more by the rigors of New England winters than by any weight of passing traffic. Forgotten rows of stone amid the birch and maple recall a time when these were the fields and pastures of another America. Here and there, cellar holes and cemeteries cluster around abandoned mill sites, mementos of men who harnessed streams with stone and timber to create America's first Industrial Revolution. Today the houses are far between, weatherbeaten, and fringed with the trinkets of poverty-the cords of firewood stored up against the winter, clotheslines flapping in the autumn wind, and rusting wrecks awaiting some unforeseeable use.

The road from the Sixties twists and winds among them, turning to dirt now and again, then to deep, stony ruts which mark our powerful machines engineered for cloverleafed ribbons of concrete. Here, on the rutted tracks, the streamlined missiles of our highroads stand out awkwardly in their futuristic obsolescence. The concrete maze to which they belong, the once-proud

achievement of our affluence, has turned out to be a Moebius strip, returning endlessly, pointlessly unto itself. Only the rutted tracks may still prove to lead somewhere. Those who travel them are searching for a path we lost when how fast? replaced whither? as our passionate concern. Those rutted trails, leading back from the blindness of our Fifties and the frenzy of our Sixties, through an American past to an American future, are the roads of the farflung brotherhood of St. Joseph.

To speak of a brotherhood may be presumptuous. The men and women who scattered from the cities of the Sixties to the hard and rocky land of their forefathers are bound by no religious rule, serving in no humble rhythm of prayer, labor, and praise as did the brothers of another age. For that matter, St. Joseph may seem a misleading patron to invoke for them. It is too easy to imagine him as a respectable master of the carpenter's trade. dabbling in cabinetmaking and coopering in the manner of his time, a true pillar of blue-collar respectability in his small town of Nazareth-a pity about that boy of his, but you know you just can't keep young people out of trouble these days....

For all that, the metaphor may not

be altogether inappropriate. For a brotherhood need not grow only by the devout imposition of religious rule and a humble submission to the discipline of monastic hours. It can also be born of a shipwreck stripping men of the trinkets of pride and folly which separate them, of an urgent common need which renders those trinkets irrelevant. And it can also grow of faith and hope, but of that it is best to speak softly. Hope is the substance of things not seen, faith the evidence of things hoped for. They are intensely private, best spoken of through silence. Among the wayfarers clearing the roads back from the Sixties through the New England forests, it is the shared experience of shipwreck and of need that stands out starkly, justifying the metaphor of brotherhood.

It is the unspoken faith, retreating behind a veil of silence, which justifies the invocation of St. Joseph, who, through his daily work, blessed the precious bond of love and labor which we had lost in the juxtaposition of meaningless labor and arbitrary rewards born of the proud affluence of our Fifties. That bond was our most precious inheritance, giving meaning to labor Erazim Kohák teaches philosophy at Boston University.



and reality to ideals, uniting the body and soul of America. It was also our most grievous loss in the years of peace and prosperity. The hubris of the Fifties and the frustrated frenzy of the Sixties equally reflected that loss. Labor without love produced an overwhelming, absurd affluence, love without labor an impotent, murderous rage. We had forgotten that it is labor, not rage, that gives reality to an ideal, that it is love, not affluence, that gives worth to the goods of this world. It would be vain to restore law and order to the streets and pride to those who bear our country's flag if we were to fail to recover the bond of St. Joseph, the redeeming fusion of love and labor.

More than anything else, it is that bond for which the brotherhood is groping along the rocky fields and rutted tracks abandoned by its fathers. Follow one of those tracks with me. Though old daguerreotypes of the hillsides show endless pastures broken only by stone fences, you will pass through a dense, tangled forest of hemlocks and birches struggling high for a ray of sunshine: nature, too, will overcrowd land violently cleared and wildly overgrown. But as you pass the crest of the hill, you will come upon signs of fresh clearing. Here stumps are yielding unwillingly to ax and tackle amid high barriers of cut brush. The actual clearing is as yet barely wide enough to grow vegetables in their season, with some to spare for canning or drying against the winter, but the hog in its pen is busily rooting out next year's plot. The geese hiss alarm at your approach, the rabbits sniff at you in their hutches. Only the chickens go on scratching busily away. Here humans are once more struggling wayfarers, not the heedless lords of all they survey.

The house at the end of the clearing speaks of labor unassisted by bulldozers and backhoes. The foundations are fieldstone, the sills roughly shaped oak; the boarding rises unplaned to a square-pitched roof. Within, the single room centers around the glow of an iron stove and a kerosene lamp. It is cluttered with all the accouterments of daily living which a modern architect would tuck away in sectioned rooms and cubbyholes, centrally heated and electrically lit. Not so here: privacy would have to be bought at the cost of the lifegiving warmth of seasoned oak burning in the stove. The stepladder reaching up from the cone of light to a sleeping loft opens the only possible other dimension: heat rises through the loose ceiling, and you can carry up a lantern with you. Willa Cather, who is buried not far down the road, would understand. This shell of stone and timber around a cast-iron stove is still the home of a family, not a stack of modules into which humans are tucked with computerized efficiency. The room simply does not isolate; even the plants hanging in the windows in place of curtains bind rather than separate the within and the without.

There is only one note to startle Willa Cather: the half-finished walls are lined with books, rows and stacks of bound volumes-children's books, books of theology, chemistry, philosophy, fiction, as well as of farming and construction. The man who raised this house may once have been a chemist, a public-relations executive, or an engineer possessing a prestigious doctorate. At early mass, his erect posture and the bearing of a cultivated man still set him apart, yet the hands clasped in prayer are those of a laboring man, groping for the lost link between love and labor. It might have occurred to him, and then again it might not, yet he is a Brother of St. Joseph.

HERE ARE OTHERS, along other roads, at different stages of the way: the brotherhood straggles uncertainly along a road dimly sensed in an ancestral memory rather than clearly seen and consciously laid out. At the bend of another rutted track, an ancient orchard is bearing fruit again. The tangle of dead branches has been cleared away, the brush scythed; there are fresh, hardy grafts on the old trunks, and crates spaced neatly for the harvesting. None of the four young men who restored the orchard is nearly old enough to have earned a doctorate, much less to have launched a business career and/or a cultural revolution. They were no more than the splinters that flew when the Sixties felled forests, too bewildered to distinguish between self-destruction and self-discovery, too insecure to admit that there may be a difference. Fragments of trite rhetoric still clutter their conversations: the street robbed them mercilessly of their full cultural birthright. Theirs is a quest not for a transformation, just for a toehold on reality. Yet they, too, have found their way along the rutted track to the stones, the timbers, the land.

The house they inhabit-for they are still too insecure to dwell therein-is not a pioneering shelter raised by their own labor. It was old long before they were born, but, were it not for their care, it might now be no more than another cellar hole filling slowly with fallen leaves, brambles, and saplings Now it is cluttered with orchardman's tools, pots, bits of clothing, and all the flotsam of a house that is not yet a home. In a less pretentious age, we would have said that it lacked a woman's touch. This is what the houses of the early settlers must have looked like before the women and children followed the men who had been driver ahead by the hunger for soil and soul In God's good time, they will follow here, too, but first the young men toiling in the old orchard must discover what they are seeking. None of them I am sure, has ever heard of St. Joseph yet surely St. Joseph knows them for his own.

Beyond the orchard the road across the mountain has lain abandoned ever since the motorcar displaced the horse and wagon. Follow its overgrown ruts passing cellar holes surrounded by the remnants of old plantings, lilacs, red and white currants, gooseberries, ar old apple tree or two. If you poke around, you will turn up a discarded block or the rib of a rust-eaten scythe The house on the southern slope, amid a well-tended clearing, will greet you with a different mood. It has been restored with antiquarian care. Its core is two ancient log cabins, transported beam by beam in a battered truck from somewhere in Appalachia. Now those beams have been lovingly reassembled chinked, and covered outside with hand-cut clapboards. The narrow windows are leaded diamonds of old glass; each hinge speaks of hours of patient labor with penetrating oil, naval jelly. and emery cloth. The three young men caressing the ancient timbers back to life live in a spartan shell around a wood stove at the back-home enough for people who have something more important to do. Each of them works at a manual job somewhere in the vicinity: their pooled wages provide for incidentals like food and clothing and essentials like pegs and hardware for

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A very different dedication—yet they, too, belong to the wayfaring brotherhood that chose to leave the world behind in a quest for a unity of love and labor.

There are others, though their number would be hard to ascertain. In the state of mind and economy of which Robert Frost spoke as north of Boston, their way of living stands out for the most part only by being voluntary. In other respects, they blend with their neighbors, for whom manual labor is a fate rather than a vocation. It would be easy to conclude that, in choosing that vocation, they are simply finding the level of their competence—that, having filled their college years with psychodramatic self-indulgence, they were just not equipped to match the expectations of their imposing degrees. In some cases, it may even be truethough even when it is, it is a trite truth, hiding from us something we badly need to see and hear. I have wandered along the rutted tracks, meeting people I had known, people I thought I knew, and people I had yet to come to know, sharing the warmth of their stoves, the intimacy of their lanterns, the work of their fields, and the hospitality of their tables, and have come away convinced that the far-flung, anonymous brotherhood of St. Joseph -and, in light of James 2:14-26, that of St. James-has something precious and important to say to us all.

Yet just what is it? The brothers of St. James are not as articulate as their isolated predecessors, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, or Robert Frost. They are more numerous, but hardly enough so to be numerically significant. Even by the most generous of estimates, they represent no more than a minute fragment of those caught up in the maelstrom of the late Sixties. At least as many-or, more precisely, as few-of that multitude sank into the demiworld of methadone maintenance. Salvation Army hostels, and marginal unemployment punctuated by jail sentences for vagrancy and petty theft. Both groups are numerically insignificant compared with the vast majority of their peers, who passed by somewhat delayed but altogether conventional stages through adolescence to an equally conventional maturity, making little impact on arrival for all the clamor of their journey. Whatever their flaws and virtues, the brothers of St. Joseph cannot be presented as typical products of the late Sixties.

Equally unconvincing are the attempts to present them as the wave or even a modest ripple of the future. To be sure, a crowded planet must develop a less wasteful technology and more modest habits of consumption than those to which we have become accustomed, but the work of discovery and reorientation must be done in the cities, where the crowds are-together with the laboratories, universities, factories, and all the resources of civilization. Even if the brotherhood were genuinely self-sustaining and independent of the society it takes for granted, the woods north of Boston are not nearly extensive enough to contain the world's overpopulation. A pioneering existence not only presupposes a sustaining hinterland, it also requires vast tracts of open land per capita. Presented as an example for the multitude to follow, the brotherhood of St. Joseph would self-destruct.

Then what is it that the brotherhood offers? Recalling the roads I have traveled in the last eight months—and the road we have all traveled in the past twenty years—I would say that. more than anything else, the brotherhood is acting out a metaphor.

HAT IS something rather less grandiose and more fundamental than a type or an example, though also something much harder to define. A basic metaphor, the shared image of life's cohesion, can be quite ethereal, yet it is what binds a civilization and raises it above the level of dull preoccupation with the satisfaction of its needs, even on the highest levels of affluence and complexity, to the level of a culture. Those who act it out, as the cultured homo humanus did for ancient Rome or the monk and the knight for the Middle Ages, are inevitably as few as the cowboys and frontiersmen who acted it out for the America of another century. Yet their role is crucial: in acting out a metaphor, they provide a community with a beacon, a set of reference points which serve to fuse its acts and its ideals. A living metaphor is not just an act, limited to its own intrinsic significance. Nor is it just an "ideal"-that can be no more than a vain illusion or a self-justifying rationalization. Rather, it is the symbolic fusion of the ideal and the actual which makes persons of the naked apes and a people out of persons.

The America of our postwar "peace and prosperity" seems, in retrospect, a land that had lost its basic metaphor. It had ideals aplenty: the Eisenhower years abounded in noble rhetoric, promising freedom to the oppressed, plenty to the deprived, and, most of all, perennial rewards to ourselves for our own virtue. Yet that lofty rhetoric remained largely irrelevant to our daily lives. We were busy enough: our economy boomed, living standards soared. But it was a pointless, self-serving affluence which had little relation to our professed aims and ideals.

At the time, the few who noted the schizophrenia of our acts and ideals were little heeded. For a people living down the deprivation of the Great Depression and the effort of the war, effortless ideals and even pointless prosperity were enough. The loss of a unifying metaphor passed largely unnoticed. It was our children who, in good faith, seized upon and exploited the dichotomy of our ideals and our acts. We had given them everything except a metaphor, the ability to see the continuity between love and labor. That continuity is evident enough when it is acted out by a father who goes out to the woodshed on a stormy night and comes back, hands chapped and raw with cold, bearing an armload of freshly split wood for the stove. It becomes immensely difficult to discern when father disappears with the morning rush hour in pursuit of some incomprehensible activity while in the house the heat rises as by magic at mother's touch of the thermostat. The villain is not technology: technological complexity has been with us, increasingly, ever since humans first used hoes rather than hands to dig up roots. As it grows complex, it simply makes the task of keeping the unifying metaphor clear and fresh ever more urgent. That was a challenge we did not

In the age defined by the separation of love and labor even false prophets became credible. It became easy to see labor as a pointless obsession of compulsive men which should be left to machines, it was easy to believe that love requires no more than noble sentiments unsullied by effort. It required

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" B&WTCO

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conspirators and agitators-though ev were not lacking-to produce the ralyzing schizophrenia with which nerica responded to the crisis of Vietm, responding with shipments of purseless materiel and outbursts of frenad rhetorical idealism to a situation rich, more than anything, required subordination of materiel to an al and the translation of ideals into rposeful effort. The conspirators and itators, such as there were, were no re than sycophantic parasites: Amer-L our America of the Fifties, had itf nurtured the twin incubus of the e Sixties.

HE SIXTIES exploded in a frenzy of pointless production and impotent idealism because the Fifties had obscured the methor which binds love and labor. A neration for whom heat was an inenable right assured by touching a ermostat quite understandably rejectwith supreme scorn what it perived as the obsessive work ethic of ir fathers-and equally understandly felt betrayed and rejected when, ming of age, it found itself without nother to turn up the thermostat or end its clothes. It turned to cold-waflats and torn clothes in the name an idealism which, alienated from labor which makes love effectual. less predictably turned to frustran, rage, and self-destruction. Witht a unifying metaphor, love without or turns to hate, labor without love drudgery. The collapse of the "culal revolution" was as tragic as it was edictable: it was the application of dichotomy of the Fifties.

But what of all the countless millions Americans who never exploded, ver smashed a window, sold an ounce heroin, staged a demonstration, or ised the banner of the successive "hees" of the revolution, from Che Guera to Chairman Mao? There were many who, all through the Sixties, pt the faith, kept the home fires burng and the homely clichés clicking. orned and scoffed, they labored pantly, cherishing and preserving the mes their children were abandoning, uggling to preserve the civilization tich their children were so ready to stroy in their innocent self-righteousss. Patiently and not so patiently y carried on the labor which paid the price of the "liberation" in whose name their children (with their aging sycophants) derided them as drudges. What of them?

In a way, the collapse of "the movement" should have been their hour of triumph. For, after all, in their way they had prevailed. They had preserved what they had sought to preserve. Unlike the survivors of other revolutions. the heirs of the Sixties do not face a scorched wasteland where only Draconic discipline and arbitrary force can preserve the barest wherewithal of human coexistence. Instead, they are inheriting a still functioning society capable of assuring them of both freedom and security. Unlike in the aftermath of almost any revolution, the judicial system, the processes of government, the educational system, the economy have been preserved-and that is no small triumph. Yet along the rutted tracks where

dwells the brotherhood of St. Joseph you will meet not only the former rebels but their erstwhile opponents as well. In the house one of them raised on an ancient mill site there lingers something of the neatness of the suburban dreams of the Fifties. Up on the half-loft, there is a large desk with a typewriter and a drawing board, surrounded by a working scholar's library. The labor of scholarship goes on here, patient and undramatic, as once it did in a suburban home or a city apartment. Here, though, the desk is lit by a kerosene lamp and the heat rises from a wood stove in the large single room below. The mudroom is cluttered with the same axes, wedges, saws, and splitting mauls. As you walk along the reemerging wagon road to the nearest passable highway, you pass the same signs of a man returning to long abandoned land. The orchard is being cleared, there are the same piles of brush and cords of split wood with a promise of future vegetable gardens.

The man who raised that house was one of those who toiled on while the Sixties erupted around us, one of those who cherished and preserved all that the Sixties sought to destroy—one of those who might be said to have "triumphed." Yet for him, as for so many, that triumph turned hollow, the strenuously preserved, precious shell of a life turning empty and crumbling in the hands that for so long strove to preserve it. For the sickness of the

Sixties was not only the revolt of impotent and so destructive "idealism," it was also the sickness of labor which, in its persistence, had lost its purpose. The problem was not the puritan ethic, which is precisely a fusion of love and labor, but its bifurcation. Today, this man, too, is one of the brothers of St. Joseph and St. James, seeking the metaphor which would heal the rift.

The culture shock on returning from north of Boston to the cities is tremendous. It is not simply the dirt, the noise, the frenzied, unreflecting clamor of empty ideologies and loveless labor. The roots are deeper: the old pressures are still there. There is still the government and the corporations, one pressed, the other pressing to interpose themselves between our love and our labor. There is still the self-justifying production and the self-righteous rhetoric, the emptiness in place of a unifying metaphor.

Yet the cities, too, are changing. It is no longer unquestioningly self-evident that big is beautiful and radical is right, or that anonymous labor is its own virtue while rewards are "rights" that ought to be equally anonymously bestowed. Growth to more mature humanity is always a slow, almost imperceptible process-only dehumanization can be rapid and radical. Yet it may not be insignificant that tenement dwellers are rehabilitating their own housing, that governments are becoming concerned with the quality of our environment, or that corporations are speaking of-and, who knows, perhaps even considering-the social utility of their products. Nor is it insignificant that the Americans, including the urban Americans, selected as their President. after a father figure, a flashy playboy, a crafty politician, and a slick lawyer, a man whom they perceived, rightly or wrongly, as a small-town farmer.

The change of mood is undramatic, subtle, and complex. Its causes and components are enough to keep sociologists busy for decades. But I am not a sociologist. I am a philosopher, and I have wandered the rutted trails north of Boston. I find it hard to avoid the impression that the most basic event is philosophical rather than sociological or economic—that a new metaphor is imperceptibly reuniting America, the living metaphor of the brotherhood of St. James and St. Joseph.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1977

THE OFFICIAL AVANT-GARDE

Art that brings forth chaos from nothingness

by Sally Helge

HE FOG IS everywhere. One drives north from Buffalo on U.S. 104, across the neck of land that separates the algae-choked Lake Erie from the pond of insecticide waste that is Lake Ontario, following the northward-flowing Niagara River. Fog chokes this, the eastern blade of the industrial crescent that describes its huge are across the southern shores of the Great Lakes, a thick yellow fog through which one discerns only forms of mechanical life -armies of power transformers marching across wasted fields, banks of refinery tanks where pipeline oil is processed, corrugated-sheet-metal sheds and temporary wooden lean-tos, earthmoving equipment with attendant heaps of dirt and rubble. Plumes of mist shoot up from the great falls, but only a practiced eye can distinguish them from the sulfurous vapors that steam forth from the giant chemical plants.

Rounding a curve on 104, hard by the Tuscarora Indian Reservation, a curious miniature of the landscape through which one has just passed comes into view. The half-completed frame of an abandoned tower stands sentinel over a green construction shed, an overflowing garbage pail, and an aimless ridge of flung-up rubble. Uniform piles of earth trace mysterious patterns on a barren plain. The skeltons of four large wooden huts teeter at the edge of a rocky hill, their situation affording an excellent view of a Sally Helgesen is a contributing editor of Harper's.

clump of shale shards and, beyond that, a squat, fortresslike structure of concrete and brick enclosed by iron railings. In the distance a green gorge drops down to the river, which is greener yet with algae, the river where men set traps for sturgeon only twenty years ago.

What can this strange patch of land be? Perhaps the cast-aside dream of some maddened real-estate speculator, or maybe a theme park with industrial waste as its theme, a thoroughly modern playground for the children of local plantworkers condemned to breathe the yellow fog and die young from emphysema? One wonders. Upon entering Lewiston, however, one discovers that this strange parody of the wasted landscape, this rusty little tip of the great crescent's blade, is in fact a gift from the state of New York to the public, intended for use as a sort of open-air gallery, and that the stark shapes and half-finished structures which fleck the land are commissioned works of art.

Four years ago these 200 acres of landfill. cracked dolomite. and refuse dumped by the Hooker Chemical Company were christened Artpark, and each summer since then the public has paid living expenses, weekly stipends, and allowances of up to several thousand dollars for materials to an increasing number of artists, each of whom spends a month making a piece on the site. These pieces—earthworks, "ritualistic" performances, environmental renderings like those glimpsed

from the highway-are officially av garde, and as such conceded to aesthetically difficult. And yet the : at Artpark believes that the gen public can be lured into an "encoun with them by the \$7.5 million the (for that is what the fortress turns to be); by the daily cooking den strations; by the gift shop selling ported wooden toys and kitchen u sils; and by the cheery food st which offers little except popcorn, I Duds, and hot dogs, the steamy of of which leaves the hungry visitor ing in vain for a taste of whatever simmering away in the gourmet of hut. These facilities are called "ac points," but a look at what he is b offered access to is enough to conv the visitor that he should perhaps take the Milk Duds and run.

NE TRUDGES about Arti under the glare of the sum sun, stopping occasionally a handful of tourists to gla at, say, a small, dark "sacrificial" wherein twenty-two human skulls arranged, with a few animal skele heaved in among them. One walks young violinist who is trying to bot the echo of her electrified instrum off the Canadian cliffs across the r gorge, but the generator she uses amplification sounds like a jackh mer and puts one in mind of m subway construction rather than charming sylvan vignette, discourage leisured contemplation. One wat an eight-millimeter color film w highlights seasons past: a scul named Richard Fleischner is shown by ing a thirty-two-foot-square woo structure of connecting corridors l ing nowhere around an interior sp filled with a huge closed box. Two l boys on their bikes stop by. They v to know if it is a maze. No, replies artist, you can't get lost inside. what's inside, the boys want to kr Nothing, the artist says, nothing at He faces the camera and explains he doesn't want people to think of



Artist at work

roject as art, and would prefer it if ney "just relate to it as space." This ould seem a not unreasonable ambion, for, like everything else in the orld, the structure is space, and it is ifficult to imagine anyone not relating it as such; but it is just such an obous abstract consideration which ust be called forth to explain a work which emptiness is the only content. Emptiness, ugliness, decay. Such are e grand themes so often evoked at rtpark. And yet hardly do they have chance to stir in the visitor's breast sense of quiet melancholy (sic transit, cetera), or to engender the fabled ace which passeth understanding at is rumored to flood the soul of the server who gazes upon nothingness; r sucked into the void from which intent has fled is a confusion of explaitions, diagrams, theories, maps, footites, references, mythic hearkenings, id philosophical rationales, compann documents and ideas which define id translate and generally take up ace. And should the artist by chance sdain such ornaments, satisfying mself with a minimal comment ("I st want them to relate to it as ace"), the Artpark staff stands ready dress up the piece, not by pasting extraneous bits and scraps, of course -God forbid the integrity of a rubble ap be disturbed!-but rather by iotographing the piece in each stage execution, videotaping or perhaps ming it, interviewing the artist and king his statement, making the makg of the piece into an event, into a ece itself, which can be chronicled pamphlets, magazines, catalogues, e annual report, and provide matter r photographic museum retrospecres. Thus does the staff clabber the nse air that steams forth from the arby industrial plants with those ickening agents peculiar to modern reaucracies; thus do works which ight disappear altogether if observed a purer atmosphere assume weight d bulk, if not meaning. Where once t might have given shape and form chaos, what one sees here is an art at brings chaos forth from nothingss. And indeed, it is fortunate for ste bureaucracies which promote the Its that they have so malleable a form emptiness to work with, fortunate at what the New York Times hailed cently as "Blank Art" is the prevailg style of the Seventies. For this form,

or rather formlessness, suits perfectly the operations of bureaucracy; it assumes with case the shape and characteristics of that machine which is all technique and no content, which conceives in multiples but gives no issue, which expands without effort and blankets everything beneath an orderly rubble of filed and sorted data, covering it with a shroud thick enough to conceal the purposelessness at the center.

What brought me driving north along Route 104 then was an apprehension of this fog, an intuition that the new jargon of the avant-gardeall the talk about process and documentation and mass accessibility-might be a sort of streamlined chatter tailored to serve the needs of the modern bureaucrat, mimicking his love of complex method, his infatuation with senseless duplication. Of course I might have chosen any of a number of arts bureaucracies with the object of examining the composition of the fog and identifying its peculiar vapors, but I was drawn to Artpark because I guessed the fog there might be particularly thick, being mixed as it is with the cloying fumes of pious environmentalism. Artpark promotes a kind of art in which impermanence and mutability are considered virtuous because, as its publicity director, Sharon Edelman, says, "We don't want objects sticking around taking up space," because, as its visual-arts director, Rae Tyson, says, "Artists need to get some kind of consciousness about ecology." Thus does a peculiarly willful form of ineffectuality pass by innocuously wearing a gentle, whole-earth smile; thus is an embrace of despair masked by a goodygoody, up-with-people optimism that tames the wildness of individual expression, packaging it to suit the promotional techniques of the modern bureaucrat wearing a cheery T-shirt issued by the state.

HE ESTABLISHMENT and growth of Artpark is a familiar story, furnishing the obligatory scenes we all know by heart: the local promoters' desire to attract tourism when industry moved away, the successful lobbying for state funds, the nice profits for the construction firm that got the contract to build the theater, the stormy resignation of the first director, the rapid ascendance of those

with a talent for raising private funds to supplement the yearly state grant, the unquestioned commitment to expansion. Examining the artfully screened usclessness and petty waste that might be found at Artpark is of little interest to me, for such things may characterize any such venture; that Artpark is an expansionist bureaucracy concerns me only in that as such it spawns bureaucratic art.

My own introduction to this form came in an appropriately institutional setting, when I attended a well-received show at the New York School of Visual Arts in 1970, a show called simply "Air Conditioning." I entered a room distinguished only by the hum of a big ugly Fedders, a bare light bulb, and a few movie cameras affixed to the walls. Sheaves of mimeographed statements were available at the door, statements which I remember as quoting Hegel and Schlegel and Schopenhauer and scores of other dense German philosophers, statements which I imagine were meant to lend philosophical coherence to the event. Because there was nothing else to do, patrons stood around the empty room in glum clusters, paged through the incomprehensible statements, and then moved on. I took some furious notes-"cracked, peeling ceiling," "yes, but what does that mean?" -and ended by writing angrily across the top of my notebook, "The Emperor's New Clothes!" But of course I had missed the point entirely, for the cameras at their corner posts and the garbled statements were the clothes; the emperor was not naked, he was simply clad strangely in the scraps and tatters of ideas. Since that day I have often stood in museums and galleries, gazing at heaps of stones or twistings of wire or pencil marks scratched on the walls; I have watched people reading mimeographed sheets and seen them being taped, and I have come to understand that these statements of intent and records of happening are not beside the point, they are the point. They are meant to fill the empty space where once a David might have stood.

ICHELANGELO CAMPED all through the winter in the cold dusty hills of Carrara, searching for perfect blocks of white marble from which he might fashion the tomb of a pope. He sought

p transform matter; he sought also to transcend time, believing it seems that one man's expression could speak to those who lived long after him. For this he had need of immutable stone that would not crack or crumble or pit. His concern would be antithetical to the spirit of Artpark, where each piece done during the summer must be gone by Labor Day. Some are dismantled and shipped off to galleries, while others are simply abandoned to the elements or taken apart so that the materials can be used again for something else. "Of course some artists are still very precious about their objects,' explains Rae Tyson, "but the trend is moving in the other direction. I've really seen it change from where I stand, and we at the park are trying to encourage it."

Tyson and I mounted his tractor and toured the spoils pile, a fifty-acre former chemical dump. "Look at that," he urged, pointing to a shredding heap of black-and-white fabric molded over some chicken wire and rotting into the earth. "We call it Cow Piece. The artist just left the park, and already the sculpture is decaying. Organic material," he explains. "It breaks down into mulch."

Cow Piece is not, like a tomb of Carrara marble, intended to last forever.
With Cow Piece, one comes to the

end of certain things.

With Cow Piece, a man no longer looks on sylvan figures painted on a Grecian urn and dreams they speak to him of timeless truth and eternal beauty.

With Cow Piece, a man no longer imagines death cannot brag that his mistress wanders in its shade because his sonnet has made her immortal.

With Cow Piece one does not sail to Byzantium in search of monuments of unaging intellect.

"I thought an artist was supposed to reach outside time," said Richard Mock, who was spending a month at what he called "the government art camp" north of Buffalo. "But here that kind of thinking is wrong. You're supposed to dig the idea that your work is going to be destroyed, and groove with it because somehow that's environmental."

With Cow Piece, it seems, we have come to the end of the faith that art leaves something to the future, that one man's expression can speak to those who live long after him. We come to an acceptance of futility, what we might call a manifesto of sterility.

A California sculptor named Lloyd Hamrol made a piece at Artpark he called Soft Wall, a fifty-five-ton construction of soil-filled burlap sacks. After he finished, visitors kicked it and children jumped on it, and the earth crumbled out of the sacks. The artist didn't mind this. He said later that he understood it as "a process ... known as affirmation of Self through negation of Other." That he was the Other that was being negated did not disturb him, and he appeared gratified that the destructive fury of random observers had vented itself upon the fruits of his labor. Such a spirit is hardly one to assert itself in the face of a ticking clock.

Yet such a spirit appears not as masochistic but as right-thinking when seen through the rosy lens of environmentalism. That Cow Piece will soon turn to mulch means not that it will be destroyed but that it will live on, transubstantiated, born again as fertilizer. For Cow Piece (ashes to ashes) is mortal, like sylvan figures, like the poet's mistress, like the Medici who lie at rest, but not like the ode, the sonnet, or the markle tomb.

But can that which makes no claim to be immortal yet be art? And if it is not art, what is it?

Without the "precious object" which Tyson derides, the only conceivable definition of art is something that has been made by an artist. At Artpark a sculptor named Charles Fahlen tried to raise a reinforced-concrete disc on its side, saw it slip and crash and crumble, and concluded that the scar it left in the earth was a piece of art nonetheless. By the new definition, he was right, for he, an artist, had made the gash. Perhaps this is why art bureaucrats are so eager for the public to see pieces as they are being made, perhaps this is why the Artpark catalogue tells us that "here, process is clearly emphasized over product." Only by showing that an object, however unlovely or devoid of content, however mutable, was made by a certified artist, can anyone claim with assurance that it is art. And this of course gives the bureaucrat a real job to do. I mean, if the only way you can know something is art is knowing it was made by an artist, you can't just have anybody going around claiming to be an artist. You have to have some sort of official guin the business of certifying. You have to have documentation. And a platike the "government art camp" privides both.

NE PAIR of artists who real have their documents in ord is Helen and Newton Harr son. Since the beginning the decade they've flown to Chicago, Paris, to San Francisco, to Texas ar New York, showing what they describ as "postconceptual art" in museums an galleries, and at institutes of every sor They give exhibitions, they give pformances, they receive grants, they a the subjects of articles, catalogues, a views, their bios are impressive, ever thing's really shipshape. It's just a littly hard to say what they actually do.

At Artpark their project is relative ly simple: they're reclaiming the spopile, reforesting the wasted land. That nice. Of course this work is encur bered with other "works," such as vi eo interviews and hand-tinted phot murals detailing their progress, the machinery of publicity and the proce of proposal being dignified with the title of "work" these days; neverth less, something real is being done. Ar indeed, this is perhaps the first time that an environmental proposal cor missioned from this duo may actual be realized, even though environment proposals themselves are their specia ty. Usually they content themselves wi compiling the data, imagining solution and presenting their ideas artistical (hand-painted maps, nice lettering, cetera). With "postconceptual" a there's no need to worry about getting things done.

Take number eight in their Surviv Series, the Salton Sea Project in Sout ern California. They came up with th idea that this sea, which has becon so saline because of pollution that it technically dead, might be the perfe place in which to breed a particul kind of crab native to Southeast Asi They got a grant from the Scrip Institution of Oceanography to study the mating habits of the crab; they penne some philosophical poems about the project which they called "medit tions"; they whipped up some nice ph tomurals for gallery shows; Newton g to write about his work in a nation

art magazine, describing his aesthet

sures: "Formally I am intrigued by of irontality of the structure's contrast the delicacy of the physical process the brutality of the crabs themselves. joy the funny tension between the ide surface, the water surface, and . I underwater"; but that's about as as it went. Nothing was ever done "I it the sea, and all those ecological-. | selpful Scylla serrata crabs went it back to Southeast Asia after hav-:heir mating habits documented for ry exhibitions. "The farmers conthe Imperial Valley where the Sal-Sea is," explained the Harrisons' Josh when I asked him why his nts had failed. "But you couldn't in they failed, because what they did a piece. Politics wasn't part of it." keep things in an art-world con-" Helen Harrison told me. "And In we try to reach outside of that e awkward. We just hope the comity sees what we do so we can some impact."

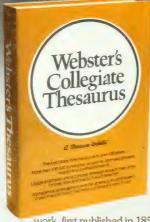
ist hoping didn't get the Harrisons far with the Imperial Valley farmbut at Artpark they are having I t they call an impact, for they are ng fresh earth down on barren 1 :es. Artpark gives the Harrisons a of e where they can do more than just on another show with hand-tinted als detailing impossible projects, Artpark can do this because here ody's interests are at stake. Here sts can play safely and undisturbed, ision a little more paperwork for state, and vanish without leaving a e. They can be effective, corralled :his way.

It's a start," says Josh Harrison as first few truckloads of dirt arrive he spoils pile, forgetting perhaps the fifty acres he is at such labor eclaim lie amidst hundreds of thou-Is of the most ravaged, despoiled s anywhere on earth.

In this sort of thing, people are the " explains an optimistic young man ed Cam who describes himself as of the Harrisons' extended famhe is unaware, it seems, that hun-Is of thousands of people, who ed are the key, work upriver at ker, at Niagara Power, at Carbodum, breathing the thick yellow turning the steaming wheels of an 10my wealthy and secure enough to end a few harmless millions on a ernment art camp.

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glance 369

glad adj 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted < he was glad to be on

syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted

rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful

idiom filled with (or full of) delight

con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful

2 full of brightness and cheerfulness < a glad spring

syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant

rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber

gladden vb syn PLEASE 2, arride delac



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THE POLITICIAN'S ART

Our statesmen have been persuaded to remove themselves from the fray

by Henry Fairlie

Partial The Most unexpected fact about Jimmy Carter after almost a year in office is that he is uncontroversial. There are no pitched battles sitting rooms about the President. His ame is raised; quickly it is dismissed. There almost more talk about Rep. Thomas P. Neill, who has rashly been discovered to be man of rare wisdom and skill, a reincarnaton which surprises many who have known mover the years in Massachusetts.

This lack of excitement is general. Only 'illiam Safire can sustain much passion, as he ies to prove that any President must be as bad is Richard Nixon, and any Vice-President as ad as Spiro Agnew, the two masters whom he erved with almost as much dedication as he erves himself. The Presidency has lost luster the past decade, and luster is clearly what mmy Carter has not restored to it. Perhaps does not wish to do so—he may well not either the exciting or the disturbing figure hom his admirers and his critics imagined—at there is something that both groups miss his performance. It is worth trying to idenfy what that is.

Judging by his performance so far, one can resee no great calamity in the next three or ven years, except perhaps the most telling ie, that he will leave a feeling of frustration ith politics as such; that his administration ill only reinforce the already too widespread ea that politics can and does achieve nother, and that our lives are not greatly improved id not even much touched by it. For what mmy Carter seems to be offering the Amer-

ican people is yet another unpolitical President. A man who in many respects is superbly equipped as a politician seems to be earnestly striving to be something else; and one suspects that he may pray at the foot of his bed each night, "Lord, let not thy miserable servant be only a politician, let him be a good President, a valid, relevant, meaningful, viable President, O Lord."

This criticism might be made of most of his immediate predecessors. The last truly political President of the United States was Harry Truman, and if he is something of a folk hero today, it is partly because one can even now feel the very stuff of a politician in his weave. Beyond him, of course, was FDR, the man who always crossed the line before his rivals because, if he found that he was behind them, he merely turned on his heels and ran in the other direction, and, since all the spectators had their eyes on him, they thought that the winning line must be wherever he chose to run. But in the past quarter of a century there has been a steady effort, conscious and unconscious, to depoliticize the Presidency. If the Presidency is in trouble as an institution, it is not so much because it has become imperial as that it has been made increasingly unpolitical.

But there is more to it than that. Politics itself is in danger of being depoliticized. This danger is not only American. In all of the democracies there is a "credibility gap" about the activity of politics itself, caused less by the words and deeds of politicians than by a general lack of understanding of what politics can and should attempt to do. Many of the crit-

Henry Fairlie, a British journalist residing in America, is the author of two forthcoming books, The Parties (St. Martin's Press) and The Seven Deadly Sins Today (New Republic Books).

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icisms that are made today of individual politicians are really no more than an uncomprehending and ignorant censure of the political life as such. In response to such misconceptions, which seem sometimes to be malignant, even politicians try today not to be politicians.

People usually begin by defining politics as the handmaiden of some lofty purpose. Although I am all for lofty purposes in their place, this is putting the cart before the horse. It is the activity of politics that defines the purpose of politics. But if a lofty definition is wanted, the purpose of politics is very much what Dean Acheson says is the purpose of foreign policy: "To maintain and foster an environment in which our national life and individual freedom can survive and prosper." That is enough to elevate us, and we may turn to ask what it is that politicians do, in ways that could hardly be bettered, by arts that are not to be found elsewhere.

Honor guards

Presidency. It was only last year that the transition from one President to another became "The Transition," that it was talked about as if it were some kind of beatification. Of course the problems of passing

the Presidency from one man to another a peculiar in America, with the long interval h tween election and inauguration. They ha often been debated, committees have example of the been debated. ined them, and Congress provides what see absurdly large sums of money to make t transition orderly. But it was only last ye that the transition was talked about as T. Transition, as if what is by definition a sta of nonbeing is in fact a state of being. Peop were described as Members of the Transitio as if they were members of the Order of t Garter, and there are still people in Washir ton who did not get the jobs they expected who sulk about the place saying how ha they worked for The Transition.

This is ludicrous, but also dangerous. O danger is that it seems as if something impe tant is happening when what is happening only routine. But, more than that, The Tran tion is an extension of the campaign, when t campaign is over, and for that reason it is u political at the very moment when the Pr ident-Elect should be transforming himself to a politician. By whom is he surround during The Transition? By the campaign st that helped him win the election. There m seem to be nothing wrong in this. But the fa is that election campaigns in our democraci are becoming more and more unpolitical character. Less and less are they won by p iticians acting as politicians, with the help political parties and of advisers who are the



selves politicians. They are won by politicians acting as media stars, with the help of personal bodyguards of centurions whose political experience is slight. It is these who surround the President-Elect and then the President and, as a result, the campaign is carried into The Transition, and from there into the Presidency, and the depoliticizing is at once institutionalized.

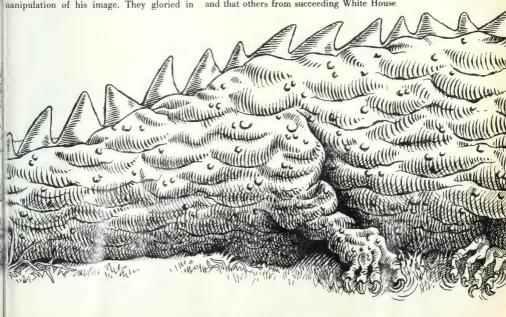
"Jody Powell is the most dangerous man in the country," a wise and usually mild-spoker. man said to me one evening, and although I think that he gave the wrong reasons for his opinion, his remark was to the point. Jody Powell is not a politician, and there is no hint in him, either in his public performance or even in the most fleeting moment of conversation, that he will ever be one. This may be said of Hamilton Jordan as well, and of most of the present White House staff; but it may also be said of the White House staffs of most ecent Presidents. A President will be a poliician insofar as he chooses to be served by polticians, and not by the centurions who had arried him to victory in his campaign.

Franklin Roosevelt of course dipped into is campaign staff to form his very personal dministration. But the contrast makes the soint: an election campaign was then still political; it had not yet become a media event. Roosevelt's staff did not think that they could ut their man in office by their own ingenious nanipulation of his image. They gloried in

the politician in the man-it was the politician in him that they served—and so they, too, learned to be politicians. They did not try to protect him; he needed no protection. They did not form a circle round him with their shields, like a band of medieval knights guarding their sovereign's body as the fount of honor. They could say, as FDR's assistant Louie Howe once did in answer to a request from him, "Tell the President to go to hell." A man as devoted to Roosevelt as Harry Hopkins was nevertheless himself a pure politician, searching out his own intuitions of what could and needed to be done, and ready to pit them, as deviously and abrasively as any politician, not only against those of his colleagues who were no less politicians, but even against those of his master. At no time in twelve years did the White House of Franklin Roosevelt ever resemble a court.

It is a long time since we have had Presidents surrounded by men like these. We have had the nonpoliticians, what I call the centurions: Kenneth O'Donnell and Ted Sorenson, Bill Moyers and Jack Valenti, John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldeman, and now Jody Powell and Hamilton Jordan. There has not been, and is not now, a true political instinct among them. Their Presidents were, and are, to them largely media creations, packaged and presented by them; and it is no coincidence that Moyers and Valenti are now employed in the media, and that others from succeeding White House

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staffs have followed them, and will no doubt follow in turn from the present White House. Here is where the depoliticizing of the Presidency has its beginning.

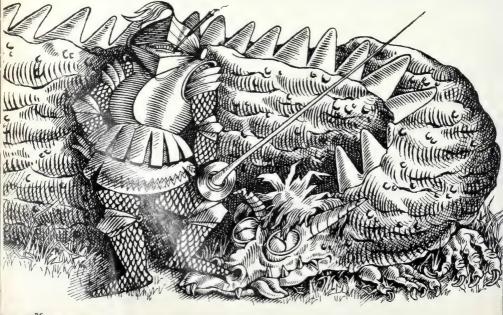
Unlike the journalism of the past, the media are the enemy of politics. The media make their appeal to a popular audience which is counted only by its numbers. But the business -and the genius-of politics is that it does not just count votes, it weighs them. It sifts through the mass to find what is individual and significant, and election campaigns used to reflect this. The politician on the stump in those days always seemed to be searching out one face in the crowd. That was the importance of the heckler. Separating himself from the crowd as an individual, he dissolved it into a gathering of individuals. The politician had to answer him. But there are no hecklers now. There is only the camera, the glazed eye of the crowd, an undifferentiated mass among whom the politician cannot sift.

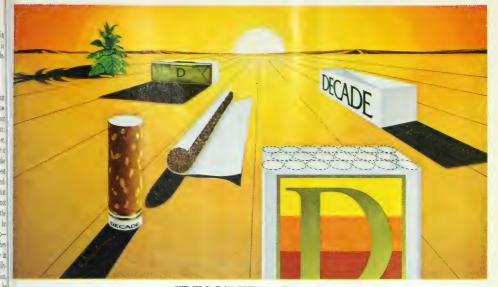
The crowd has no support to give a politician when he tries to govern from Washington. The public in the opinion polls cannot vote for his bills. The interests and personalities amongst whom he must maneuver are not represented or reflected in the media. The campaign staff with its eye on the media is of little use to a President once he is in office. Yet such are the prestige and influence of the media that Presidents will forfeit their abilities as politicians in order to follow what are

imagined to be the media's insights. The mareason the Presidency is being depoliticized that Presidents have been persuaded to depoliticize themselves.

HE MOST IMPORTANT FACT about who politicians do is that they do not kno what they are doing. Their task is no to make a profit, like a businessman to fight a battle, like a general; to win a cas like a lawyer; to ready us for salvation, like priest; to write a book, like an author; to make a boot, like a shoemaker. There is no real te or measure of what a politician does. A po itician must deal from day to day with what Bismarck called imponderabilia. He canno even choose his materials-it is one of th faults of the nonpolitician to believe that h may-for these are in the end only twopeople and events-and for the most part the are givens in any situation. Human nature i the raw, and great events in the making: will nilly these force themselves on his attention and he must respond to them in the arena h has chosen, where the spotlight of publicit shines on everything he does.

Dean Rusk once said that the foreign polic of the United States had to be conducted in world in which there are perhaps fifty change of government every year. This is not ver different from the past. Richard III has menjoyed a high reputation since his death, ye





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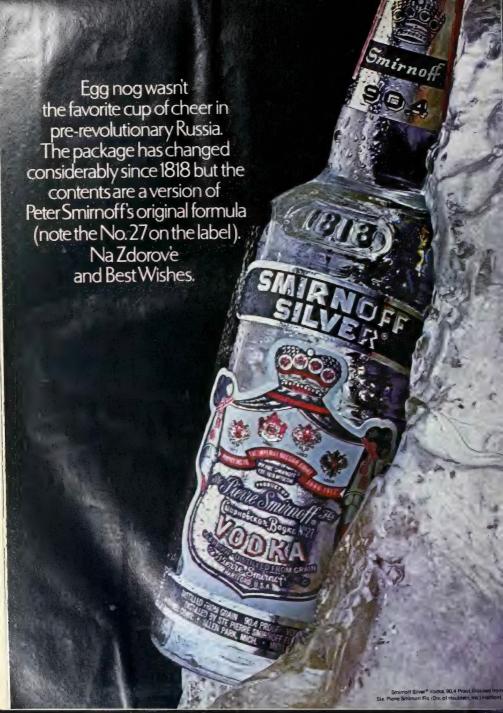
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he acted wisely and justly when he seized the throne, giving his divided realm an unusual measure of peace. When he turned abroad to try to make peace with the countries which still threatened his country's security, he was baffled at every turn by the sudden changes of government. He sent two learned envoys to treat with the pope, but Sixtus IV died during their journey across Europe, and months of patient diplomatic preparation were wasted. This is not much different from an unexpected change of government in Israel as the result of a parliamentary election, and it is with such imponderabilia that politicians must live.

This is no less true in domestic policy. The support that a politician needs is always shifting, never reliable, will change under his feet from day to day, even hour to hour. The politician who says that he is taking a stand on some issue will, if he is wise, cross his fingers, and mutter under his breath that it is only shifting sand on which he has a footing. Richard Nixon could not live with this uncertainty in political life. In fact, he did not really like politics at all, so he tried to circumvent its processes. But if this was true of Nixon, it was no less true of Kennedy, although he responded in a different way. He also tried to get around politics, either by dazzling appeals to the public, before whom he appeared like a Byzantine emperor, clad in gold and suspended between heaven and earth, or by guerrilla actions that were designed to circumvent the political process.

President Carter has also believed that he may make appeals to the public, even though in his case they are undazzling, only to find that between elections the public does not have any vote that is useful to him. There are instead many publics, interests, and individuals, with many votes which shift this way and that. Even if he could arouse the public to believe with him that there is an energy crisis, which is highly improbable in any case, its support would only marginally increase the chances of his energy program in Congress. The public is not political except as represented by pol-

iticians in political institutions.

We may go further. If the most important fact about what politicians do is that they do not know what they are doing, it is no less true that they must try to exercise power in conditions in which there is no ready-made power to exercise. "You claw and clamber for power," Harold Macmillan said to me one evening, "and what do you find when you get it?" He slowly opened his empty hand: "A Dead Sea fruit." At about the same time his main rival, Hugh Gaitskell, said to me: "You should write a book about power some time, because

when one gets to the top one finds there is no such thing." Yet these two men were the leaders of highly organized and disciplined parties, which can be held in line in the Commons even when their majorities are as small as they are today.

One of the dangers to a new President in America is that his triumph in the election, the ballyhoo of the transition, the extent of the changeover in the White House and the rest of the Executive Branch, give the impression that he has more power than he in fact possesses, and distract attention from the unchanged character of many of the political relationships in Washington which will determine what he can do. All Presidents have echoed Roosevelt's cry that people thought, because he was President, when he ordered a thing to be done, it would therefore be done. But the reason lies less in the nature of the Presidency than in the nature of politics. There is no greater misconception in politics than that there are levers of power, which have only to be seized in order to do what one wishes; and the phrase "levers of power" should be banished from political commentary and from political science.

There are few things more haunting or illuminating in this respect than the complaint of Woodrow Wilson after he became President: "Everything is persistently impersonal. I am administering a great office . . . but I do not seem to be identified with it; it is not me, and I am not it. I am only a commissioner, in charge of its apparatus, living in its office, and taking upon myself its functions." The complaint echoes down the years. "My God," exclaimed Garfield, "what is there in this place that a man should ever want to get into it?"; and, during his last year in office, Hoover perhaps understandably exploded, "This office is a compound hell." Well, they usually try to get back, as even Hoover did, but we must take their comments seriously.

Winston Churchill used to talk of his "black dog," the bouts of melancholy which dogged his footsteps, as they do those of many politicians. One may find psychological or even physical explanations, but what really dogs them is the feeling of how little they have been able to accomplish. To have climbed to the top, apparently to have held so much power, but then always to find that they are standing on shifting ground, always to depend on support that is never reliable, always to be at the mercy of events that they are unable to control and people they cannot command, and always in the end to accomplish so little of what they set out to do-this must make the black dog even hairier than ever. When he was

"Less and less are elections won by politicians acting as politicians. They are won by politicians acting as media stars."

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Henry Fairlie
THE
POLITICIAN'S
ART

told that Napoleon had died, Talleyrand merely observed: "That is only news now, it is no longer an event." To have stood where great power is supposed to be, but to find at the end that one holds only a Dead Sea fruit in one's hand, and that one's death is no longer an event: it is no wonder that politicians are an unusual breed.

The joy of combat

OLITICIANS ARE NOT managers or administrators, even though some of them, including Jimmy Carter, are tempted to present themselves as such. They are at the mercy of the very forces that they usually perceive more intuitively and acutely than others. Few politicians have understood and pondered those forces more deeply and at last with more foreboding than Caesar. He could claim to have saved Rome from its sickness, but he also knew the price and knew even that he might have to pay it. There is every reason for believing that he was aware that he would be assassinated when he left home on the Ides of March, and that he refused to save himself; the cost must be seen, the example must be set, the lesson must be learned, and it was as a man brooding on the nature of power, and the unpredictability and fierceness of its occasions, that he at last went out to meet the assassins' knives.

Politicians are unusual in their origins as well as their ends. That they are ambitious may seem obvious, but their ambition has an edge to it. A one-term governor of Georgia, barely known on the national scene, decides that he will be President, and in less than four years he manages it. This may be remarkable, but it is remarkable as an example of a more general fact about politicians, which helps to illustrate the nature of politics. Given that the way to the top in politics is so uncertain, what is surprising is how many politicians, who in the end reached the top, set out to climb the greasy pole in their youth, and even in their boyhood. This is a kind of ambition, not only because it is for the highest place, which is sui generis.

One can understand the young Caesar swearing to avenge his beloved uncle, the great and injured Marius; most young men of his class in Rome, anyhow, were groomed for politics from childhood. One can also understand Charles James Fox, brought up in the atmosphere of Holland House, using his school holidays to scamper off to Parliament as soon as possible, to follow closely the protracted debates. "Charles." his father wrote to his mother, "will

hardly come from the House of Commons be fore I am in bed." These were born to politics But what of Disraeli, a Jew in a country in which the disqualifications against Jews wer still many, determining very early what hi destiny would be, and accomplishing it with no advantage but that which he supplied? What even of Grover Cleveland, educating himsel in a law office in Buffalo by reading Black stone's Commentaries, finding himself locker in the office library one day when everyon else had left, and vowing then and there "Some day I will be better remembered," the choosing a political career and advancing in with amazing rapidity?

What of David Lloyd George who, as country boy from Wales, peered down at th Commons for the first time, and decided a once, when he was not yet in his teens, that one day he would conquer that assembly What of Woodrow Wilson telling us, "The profession I chose was politics; the profession entered was law. I entered the one because thought it would lead to the other." What of Harold Macmillan, who tells us, "If I remen ber aright, by the time I started to go to a li tle day-school in London I had already mad up my mind that the most probable and attrative arena for my efforts in the world would be in the world of politics. . . . At any rate, b the time I had a year or two at my preparator school, my mind was made up. I would go it to the House of Commons"? This young an bition soon expanded: "If Dizzy had mad himself leader of a party and Prime Ministe by his own unaided efforts, could not I have a go?" Such quotations can be multiplied.

The quality of this ambition must be unde stood. The politician is not ambitious simple for advancement; he is not setting out to clim the executive ladder to the head of a corp ration. Neither is he-at least, he should no be—ambitious for money; nor is he really an bitious for power, for the very reason that w have given, that he seems to know already that it is not power that will be his reward, eve if he reaches the top. He is ambitious to a in the arena of politics, and if he is truly an bitious it must be the national arena. Who interests him most in this arena is not the e ficient running of a large organization, not th administering of policy, but the day-to-day combat, the rushes and rallies, the routs an discomfitures, in which the whole pulsing liof the nation is brought to a focus, under h eyes and within his touch. From this comb there will be no rest, and he wants none.

We must be careful neither to seek nor adulate politicians who do not enjoy this combat. The overzealous way in which his not

political centurions shield a President today is the greatest disservice to him. It isolates him from the very activity in which he should most lustily be engaged, and for which he presumably entered politics in the first place. What is worse is that Presidents themselves seem now to try to conceal that they are engaged in daily hand-to-hand combat. They must not appear before us with any sign that blood has been spilled, and that they have done much of the spilling, but must instead present themselves as men who are loftily above the strife. Jimmy Carter is seldom the politician when he appears at his press conferences or addresses us more directly, a man who won his way to the top by bloodshed, and by bloodshed must sustain himself there. He comes before us as if each time he had been immaculately conceived, or perhaps found among the bulrushes.

Since there is no ready-made power for the politician to exercise, he must remake his power day by day. The coalitions that he must form will be of the moment, for the moment, a succession of alliances whose composition will vary from occasion to occasion, and issue to issue. This is what Harry McPherson, the brilliant assistant to Lyndon Johnson in both the Senate and the White House, calls the art of making a majority, even if it is only for one

bill, and will dissolve the next day on another bill. It is the essential work of a politician in any circumstances in any country, yet it is exactly at this point that all the popular prejudices against him come into play, as he is criticized for maneuvering, for wheeling and dealing, for compromising.

ET THE ALLIANCES, and the methods by which they are made, are honorable; and they could not, in fact, be made or maintained, except by honor. When Cicero created his formidable alliance against Caesar, he wrote to his two new allies that he regarded their agreement as a foedus, and it is the binding force of a treaty which must infuse even the day-to-day alliances that politicians make, for the only sanction behind them is the spoken word of each of them. Hubert Humphrey finds it hard to say anything harsh about anyone, but in his remarkable volume of memoirs, The Education of a Public Man, he writes of an election party in California in 1968: "Jesse Unruh isn't here. and I'm glad.... He proved so often that he can't be trusted." This is the ultimate condemnation of a politician; the essential code of trust between politicians has been betrayed, because the only thing to be trusted is the

"There is no greater misconception in politics than that there are levers of power, which have only to be seized in order to do what one wishes."



Henry Fairlie
THE

POLITICIAN'S ART politician's word; and it is worth emphasizing that this code can be broken by Presidents and their assistants as well as by members of Congress.

No one has described the code better than Humphrey: "You work as openly and honestly with your opponents as you do with your own political colleagues, particularly when you have votes to win. Everyone must know what the rules are, what the game plan is. You don't lie, cheat, or cut corners." He tells of his association with Willis Robertson of Virginia, a stalwart opponent of the civil-rights bill that Humphrey was trying to push through. "When a liberal colleague had slipped the traces and we were shy a body for a quorum call, I'd find Willis and he would come down to the Senate floor, never letting me down when I needed him." Other cooperations are numerous and well known-that between Herman Talmadge and Joseph Clark, for example-and their point is to ensure that the Senate is "a legislative body and not a debating club," based on what McPherson calls "the mutual acceptance of responsibility and concentration on the tasks in hand," one helping hand by a member to be returned in kind when he needs it.

Humphrey and McPherson are both severely critical of some of the doctrinaire liberals in the Senate, who sometimes seem to prefer being righteous to helping a bill pass. Their words for them are harsh: that they act in isolation, and therefore are not as effective as they might be; that they are quixotic and often abrasive; that they do not trouble to learn the rules of the Senate, so that the conservatives (who are always masters of the rules) run rings round them, even when they are bringing forward bills which they profess are closest to their hearts. The strictures are deserved. Whether or not there is a place for philosopher kings, there is no place for philosopher politicians; and one can sympathize with Disraeli, who, whenever John Stuart Mill rose to speak in the Commons, tipped his hat forward and exclaimed, "Ah! the governess!"

In the circumstances in which he must act, the politician's most important art is that of retaining his flexibility and his capacity for maneuver, and exploiting them to the full. Talleyrand would never have served his country (or his succession of masters) so well if he had not been what his enemies called "the master spider." Franklin Roosevelt would never have accomplished so much if a gleam had not entered his eyes when he heard the hint of a stratagem. It is inflexible men who lead their countries to failure or calamity, and themselves to disgrace, and one of the most destructive characteristics of Richard Nixon was that, al-

though he may have been an unprincipled man, he could nevertheless be an inflexible one, a dangerous combination.

Humphrey at one point criticizes Johnson because, in his wish to be unpolitical as President, "he took great pleasure in talking about how many civil servants he had promoted, as though they would make him non-political." Just as a part of Johnson's skill and enjoyment in the Senate was his flexibility, so it increasingly seemed that, while he was in the White House, he was not so much inflexible on the war as that he had lost the ability to retain and enjoy the opportunity for maneuver at all, This flexibility of movement was what Roosevelt meant when he described himself as a quarterback, and without it a politician is useless. There is clearly not a good quarterback in the White House now, at any level.

The model politician

HE DISAPPOINTMENT which one senses among those who would like Jimmy Carter to do well is not, though they may think that it is, that he is more "conservative" and less "liberal" than they expected, but that he does not seem to be a politician who has politicians around him. If he were a politician, his "liberalism" or "conservatism" would at least move effectively in intelligible directions, which would allow one to see that politics matters and deserves our highest forms of allegiance and participation. Even those who would simply like the country to be governed feel much the same about him. He seems to have the wrong set of antennae in the White House, ears wrongly tuned to the wrong forked tongues; for it must be remembered that nonpoliticians as well as politicians have forked tongues, and their sycophancy is often carried to the point of undutifulness,

I am trying here to set against the nonpolitical Presidency of Jimmy Carter a model of what a politician should be. I am about to expand both the model and my criticisms. But it is first necessary to repeat that in many respects he is well equipped to be a politician, but that he is subject to countless pressures that entice him, as they have persuaded others before him, to prove or at least pretend that he is not first and last a politician. In our democracies for most of this century, the activity of politics has been under attack by the whole of our "culture" in the broadest sense, and the political realm has been persistently disdained by the other realms. It is not only a cynicism about the life of politics, but a failure and even an unwillingness to try to understand what its purposes are, that is paralyzing our free societies for any great endeavor, and breeding instead only populations of sullen and whiffling activity.

Let us begin with points already made, and

proceed from there:

1. We suffer from a false conception of the public. The public is not by itself a political body. It has no political voice, no political institution of its own through which to act. It does not even have a political existence unless and until a politician welds part of it into a political force.

2. The idea of the public is destructive of democratic and free government. This may seem to be a liberal or left-wing idea; it is in fact a reactionary idea. It is the right wing that always summons the phantom of the public to

resist any political or social change. 3. The media are the child of the public: the public then becomes the child of the media. The media are in this the opposite of the newspapers of the past, which differentiated between different publics, each appealing to its own; now the concentration of newspaper ownership and the television networks has reduced these separate publics to an undifferentiated mass. The exact symbol of this media public is the CBS-New York Times surveys of public opinion.

4. The undifferentiated public, the media which feed it, and the public-opinion polls which mainly serve commercial masters-all reflect the dominance of an economic realm that is bent on the suffocation of the political realm, the only opponent it really has cause to fear.

5. The economic realm subdued the cultural realm with little more than a flick of its fingers. It bought it. The disappearance of the avant-garde is not a cultural phenomenon, but a political one. Art sold out to the economic realm, and has proceeded to do its bidding,

and contemn the political realm.

6. So, in the absence of religion, and given the frailty of art when asked by itself to bear any burden for long, we have only our politicians to defend us against the economic realm, whose predominance has always been understood to be a source of disorder in any society. This is not a question of being a "socialist" or a "conservative," for capitalism or against it, but of recognizing that when the economic realm rules a society unchallenged it subjects all other realms, and so leaves us without their support and the whole society in a state of disorder and discontent, if only for the obvious reason that we are all (not least our artists and writers) easy prey to any incitement of our natural greed.

What we must require of any politician,

"liberal" or "conservative," "left-wing" or "Presidents "right-wing," is that he understand that he represents a realm which is, so to speak, our last court of appeal against the other realms in our societies that threaten to subject us. The objection to having big business represented so strongly in the high places of an administration is not so much that the interests of big business as such will be too easily given an advantage, although that also may be true, but that the economic realm is so menacing that the political realm cannot afford to invite it in as a Trojan horse. When Dwight Eisenhower criticized the military-industrial complex-a phrase which did not spring unpremeditated to his lips; he had been working his way toward it for some time-he was defending the political realm against two other realms, both of which had grown too powerful. He was in fact more of a politician than is usually realized, and he specifically said that what ought to be political decisions were being taken increasingly by the military and by big business. He is the last President to have been so bold; but then he was leaving office.

seem now to try to conceal that they are engaged in daily hand-tohand combat. They present themselves as men who are loftily above the strife,"

THE NONPOLITICIANS by whom Jimmy Carter is surrounded-the Jody Powells and the Hamilton Jordans, to say nothing of the Pat Caddells-have not the slightest notion of the realm they ought to be defending. Carter himself may have an inkling, but he does not really ask to be reminded. Those who served Roosevelt in his administration bore him messages, at any time of the day or night, of the carnage that they had seen, in which they usually had taken part. He lapped it up. Brought news of conciliation, he thought at once that something must be wrong, and he stirred the pot again. This is one reason the political realm need not be feared as others must be. As we have already seen, it is never at one with itself; it is always too divided to govern us too harshly; it seldom has a single objective to which to subject us; someone is always ready to defect, and so come to our rescue.

We know that we have an unpolitical politician if he does not enjoy the game: enjoy being in office, of course enjoy such power as he imagines he may have, enjoy even the winning, but above all enjoy the game when it is played to the hilt. When Disraeli saw that he was about to be fiercely attacked from the opposite benches, he just tipped his top hat over his eyes and pretended to slumber; any attack will be blunted if it has to be addressed to the rim of a top hat. When he was about to Henry Fairlie
THE
POLITICIAN'S
ART

produce one of his "good things" in a speech, he reached for his handkerchief in the tail pocket of his frock coat, and elaborately mopped his face with it; even the strongest men on the opposition benches quailed at the sight of that handkerchief, and his attack was thus reinforced before it had begun. On the floor of the Senate before a crucial vote which he seemed likely to lose, Lyndon Johnson would bring out his inhaler and sniff it, roll his eyes to heaven in supplication, lounge and loll and seem to be distracted, until he bounded from his seat, to "reason together" with some Senator whose vote he had suddenly decided he might win, and on the Senator's shoulder he rested his huge head, as into the Senator's ear he whispered his seductions.

Franklin Roosevelt was of course the master of this contrived imperturbability. The stories of him are endless, but I risk one that is less well known. After the outbreak of the war in Europe in 1939, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Marriner Eccles, had a luncheon appointment with him to discuss its possible effects on the American economy. He found FDR in the company of William Mc-Adoo, pol talking to pol, and as they ate their lunch, Roosevelt made no attempt to tell Mc-Adoo he should leave. Then as McAdoo at last left, in scampered Fala, and the President took a ball from his desk, threw it to Fala who brought it back to be thrown again, and so it continued for several minutes. At last he invited Eccles to begin his statement, but at once the President's attention was lost as FDR stared across the room and bellowed: "Well, I'll be goddamned, Marriner, do you see what I do?" Eccles saw all too clearly: Fala had defecated on the rug. A guard was summoned and ordered to rub Fala's nose in the mess, and there followed a lengthy postmortem of the event. Eccles was again invited to begin, but "Pa" Watson entered at that moment to say that Roosevelt had another visitor waiting for him by appointment. "The hour set aside for a luncheon discussion with the President had expired," Eccles glumly added.

He said it was ludicrous. But was it? Perhaps FDR thought that, so early after the outbreak of war, Eccles would have nothing valuable to report, but that he had better see him. Perhaps he merely had other things on his mind. Perhaps he simply needed to relax from great events. Perhaps he was simply engaged in the continual process of sizing up those with whom he worked. But what is certain is that a politician who is not capable of such imperturbability under the strain of great events will not be a good politician. It is what Harold

Wilson means when he says that "a statesman who can't sleep is no good."

For a politician not to enjoy the gameand to have the stamina for it-is for him no to understand the game he is in. Nixon die not enjoy it; neither did Hoover, who could not suffer "its silly indignities," and was worrier. As Churchill once said to Macmillan "Politics are a steeplechase, not a flat race One never knows what will happen." One maalways fall, and the man who in these circum stances does not remain content, as the English politician and journalist Leopold Amery pu it, "to believe that the game itself is good and that one plays one's best for one's chosen goals," will be nervous and oversensitive; and these in turn will make him too suspicious until he imagines that his opponents are reallhis enemies, tries to circumvent the game it self, and meets an imagined conspiracy with a real one of his own.

But one must notice more about the enjoy ment, the playing of the game for its own sake It is the politician's acknowledgment that he does not know what he is doing, that he can not tell what may be most important on hi agenda, or set any inflexible priorities excep the broadest. It is the besetting sin of the non politician that he must order and determine priorities, and in this Jimmy Carter seems to be the compleat nonpolitician. His energy pro gram has suffered from two primitive faults He chose to make it a priority when there wa no possible chance that the American people would agree with him; and he put in charge of it a nonpolitician who is about as sensitive to political considerations as a bulldozer would be to an anemone in its path. James Schlesin ger bids fair to be the Robert MacNamara o the 1970s, pulling Presidents down about hi ears. A program which has been announced as a priority, run by a man who does not un derstand even the primers of politics: the com bination can result only in a "package" pro gram, and the most likely thing to happen to a "package" bill is that it will be torn apart bit by bit, until there is not even one clause of it that can be easily saved. This is not how a politician would have done it. He would have done what Roosevelt did when faced with the Great Depression: sent to Congress a score—a hundred-measures all of which were claimed to be for the emergency only, and when all or them were separately passed-lo and behold -there was a federal program, and forty years later there it still is.

The enjoyment of the game is a way of re taining the flexibility that the politician needs and the inflexibility of the nonpolitician of even the poor (Continued on page 123)

ENVIRONMENTALISM AND THE LEISURE CLASS

Protecting birds, fishes, and above all, social privilege

by William Tucker

OUR YEARS AGO, while I was working at the Bergen Record, a suburban newspaper in Hackensack, New Jersey, a press release crossed my desk from the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, a small group with headquarters on Madison Avenue which, by its own advertisement, had been working for more than ten years to "save Storm King Mountain."

Although I had grown up in the New York area, I hadn't been living there much during the 1960s, and my memory of the whole Storm King incident was hazy. The most I could recall was the image of a majestic, looming mountain somewhere along the Hudson, a threat by Consolidated Edison of New York to do something terrible to it, and the recollection of protesters and entertainers strumming their guitars and parading in boats until the apparition had somehow been exorcised.

I doubt if I could have identified the Con Edison proposal as a pumped-storage plant. If I had been asked, I probably would have said it was a nuclear plant. I did not know at the time how many other people, including some of the principals of the controversy, would have responded in the same way.

Yet I was getting awfully suspicious about environmentalists. Their solutions to problems had an inordinate amount of impracticality about them, more than they would have tolerated in their own lives. The environmentalists in any given area seemed very easy to identify. They were, quite simply, members of the local aristocracy, often living at the end of long, winding country roads. They had learned the lessons of consciuous consumption and had allowed a certain amount of genteel rusticity to enter their lives. Instead of imi-

tating Greeks and Romans, they seemed to be patterning themselves after the English gentry.

The environmentalists knew the language of energy and ecology, and could describe a future filled with windmills and with bright sunshine radiating "inexhaustible energy." Yet one never got the impression that these people were planning to be part of it. The "soft energy" of the future was a vision offered to persuade people to forgo the nastier, more vulgar realities of the "hard energies" of the present. I knew this was mostly a lot of nonsense. Solar electrical generating stations would be massive installations, hiding acres upon acres from the sunlight. Storage problems could prove insurmountable. Solar heating on a large scale could mean rebuilding half the homes in America. When I questioned the environmentalists closely, I found these details rarely intruded upon their vision. "Have faith' was the rejoinder, while economics and matters of sheer quantity were dismissed. "We certainly can't go on the way we're going now" was the comment I heard over and over again. It was difficult to tell just which, if any, of these people really knew what they were talking about.

There was another thing that disturbed me about environmentalism. That was the way it always seemed to favor the status quo. For people who found the present circumstances to their liking, it offered the extraordinary opportunity to combine the qualities of virtue and selfishness. When the first environmentalists were showing up at town meetings arguing against new apartment houses, shopping centers, or whatever, it seemed obvious that they were acting out of the universal human impulse which makes people respond to incursions on their surroundings by saving, "Put it some-

William Tucker has been a reporter for several newspapers in the New York City area. Copyright ©1977 by Harpet's magazine. All rights reserved.

where else." Like everyone, the environmentalists wanted to be left with the illusion that they lived alone in nature without the assistance of other people. They had simply refined their arguments with talk about "ecosystems," "rare, endangered species," and "car-

rying capacities."

That was before everyone else began catching on to the possibilities of environmentalism. From 1972 to 1974, "protecting the environment" became the favorite argument in the endless debates over new development in the suburban area of Rockland County, New York, where I was reporting. People who would starve to death if they couldn't drive their cars to the supermarket were opposing new road construction because "fossil fuels are disappearing" and "we aren't going to be using cars anymore."

And really, there was nothing in it that was logically inconsistent with the tales of the original environmentalists. Nothing these first country prophets had said ever had much to do with sacrifice or self-restraint. If tweedy people living at the end of country roads with fireplaces in their living rooms could protect their "environments," why couldn't tacky people living in pink-and-gray houses at the end of cul-de-sacs do so as well? "Environmentalism" always seemed to work in favor of the people who were already established in "the environment." I didn't realize how true this was until I learned that a group of middle-class whites in Newark had been able to block a highly controversial low-income housing project by bringing a long series of challenges to the project's environmental impact statements.

In the course of about six months, I saw several garbage-recycling projects and an experiment in pollution-free burning of coal blocked by local residents who were "protecting their environment." It was easy to see that people who talked about "environmentalism" were not terribly concerned with things like re-

cycling, conservation, and biology

With all this in mind, I decided it might be worth taking a long look at the incident which is considered the "birthplace of the environmental movement," the Storm King Mountain controversy. I admit I started my investigation with certain anticipations. I expected to find a project that had been opposed by a small but determined group of wealthy people. This turned out to be correct. What I didn't expect to find was the degree to which the opponents of the project had managed to commandeer public opinion and win supporters among people whose best interests might have been served by supporting the plant. Among these was the entire government of the city of New York.

What is most astonishing is that the whole issue is still alive, miraculously embalmed in the deep-freeze storage of the court system. The crowds have departed, the newspapers have stopped covering the story, and no more than a few people can remember even the sketchiest details of the issue. Only Con Edison and its little band of determined opponents remain in dead-

lock, struggling far into the night.

The chronicle as it comes to us now is really a historical saga. The written record would probably fill a wall of bookcases. I have read the New York Times file on the subject, the Bergen Record file (which includes most AP dispatches), and several books relating to the subject; I have visited the Storm King area many

times, and interviewed close to forty people who played major roles in the controversy. Yet most of the testimony from the fifteen years of court cases and Federal Power Commission hearings is known to me only through excerpts and newspaper reports.

Nevertheless, there is a consistent pattern in the Storm King Mountain controversy, one which, I think, offers an answer to the big question—Why has this particular plant stirred up so much opposition?

The question has long tantalized nearly all the participants. One can see editorial writers, utility executives, residents of the Storm King area who favored the plant, and even the environmentalists themselves reaching for an answer over and over again. I wasn't able to make more than a few vain stabs at it until this year, when I went back and finished a book I should have read in college, Thorstein Veblen's Theory of the Leisure Class. There, in a slim fourteen-page chapter called "Industrial Exemption and Conservatism," found an explanation of "environmental" behavior which I believe goes far beyond the issues at Storm King Mountain. It bears most specifically upon our present industrial crisis-the prospect of fossil-fuel shortages, the conversion to new technologies, the support for "no-growth" economics, and the general future of the industrial system.

I believe the Storm King Mountain controversy contains a story that has never been adequately told but has enormous bearing on the future of our economic system. It is offered here in the hope that, once understood, it will not have to be repeated on a large

scale.

The Christmas-light demand

The leisure class is in great measure sheltered from the stress of those economic exigencies which prevail in any modern, highly organized industrial community. The exigencies of the struggle for the means of life are less exacting for this class than for any other; and as a consequence of this privileged position we should expect to find it one of the least responsive of the classes of society to the demands which the situation makes for a further growth of institutions and a readjustment to an altered industrial situation. The leisure class is the conservative class.

The Theory of the Leisure Class

N 1962 CONSOLIDATED EDISON COMPANY, the sole supplier of electricity to New York, was the giant of the industry. The company had some of the most skilled and innovative engineers in the business, and was generally regarded as the most progressive utility in the country. This was hardly a matter of chance, because whatever problems occurred in the utility industry were sure to happen first in New York City.

In the 1950s Con Ed had experienced almost nothing but major changes. The capital-short years of the depression and the diversion of resources during World War II had left the utility almost a generation behind in construction of new generating plants. In 1952 the company had eleven power stations, all of them in New York City and all but three built before 1933. They could produce a peak output to meet a demand of 3.3 million kilowatts.

But the arrival of new energy-consuming technologies—particularly air-conditioning—was changing the entire pattern of electrical consumption in New York City. Throughout the history of the utilities industry, peak demands always occurred at night. Right through 1957, the biggest strain on Con Ed's system occurred when midwinter lighting and heating demands were at their highest. Old-timers in Con Ed's control command could fondly remember a time when the annual peak usage occurred on Christmas Eve, when tree lights and toy trains put the largest demand on Con Ed's generators.

But by the early 1950s it was obvious that the city's systems were on the verge of enormous changes. Day-time peaks, particularly during the summer air-conditioning season, were growing in gigantic leaps and would soon be overtaking winter nighttime demands. Carrying summer loads was soon going to be the utili-

ty's biggest challenge.

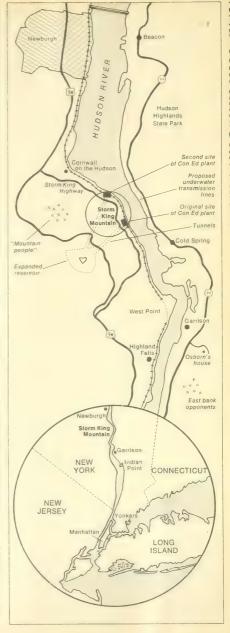
Con Edison responded with actions that can only be called appropriate. In the late Fifties the company contracted with the Allis-Chalmers Corporation to build a 1 million-kilowatt coal-burning plant—later to be nicknamed "Big Allis"—that would be more than twice the size of an existing plant, yet would hold off the

rising peak demands for only four years.

At the same time, Con Ed ignored the conservatism of other utilities and began developing a nuclear technology. The only atomic generating stations had been built by the U.S. government, and other utilities were avoiding the risks of pioneering in the field. But Con Ed did not have time for such caution. The company bought an abandoned riverside park at Indian Point in upper Westchester County and contracted with General Electric to build, for \$140 million, the first privately owned nuclear station in the world. Indian Point would provide only 237,000 kilowatts—less than the next year's projected increases in demand—but would open the way for larger efforts in nuclear technology.

On June 26, 1957, with both Big Allis and Indian Point One still in construction, the company passed a watershed. During the midafternoon of an extraordinarily hot day, Con Ed's demand rose to 3.5 million kilowatts. It was the first time a daytime peak had surpassed the annual nighttime peak, and it also put Con Ed over its own capacity. Electricity had to be imported from Long Island and New Jersey over lines that were originally built so Con Ed could sell power to neighboring utilities. All during the long afternoon, Con Ed executives sweated it out at the Manhattan control center, praying that the improvised system would work. Over the next three years, demand would grow at an average rate of 300,000 kilowatts per year.

IG ALLIS AND INDIAN POINT ONE came on line as scheduled, but the exasperating situation of "peak demands" was leaving Con Edison and other utilities playing a losing hand. New generating capacity was going to have to be added almost continually, yet this capacity would remain idle during most of the year. It was like building an extra wing on a house to accommodate a guest who visited only at Christmas. There were extraordinary inefficient



cies in building and maintaining generators whose average "load demand" over the entire year was only

about 55 percent of their full capacity.

The problem is that electricity must be used as it is generated. It cannot be stored in normal generating systems. The only proven method of storage—then and now—is "pumped storage," a system whereby water is pumped from a lower to an upper reservoir during offpeak hours and released during peak hours to create hydroelectric power.

A few utilities had built pumped-storage plants during the 1940s, and 50s, but they were clumsy, costly affairs. Two separate water tunnels were required—one for pumping, the other for generation. Then, in 1960, engineers perfected a reversible turbine that could serve as both pump and generator. One tunnel could be used for both purposes, cutting construction

costs nearly in half.

Several utility companies in areas where mountains and rivers would make pumped-storage systems feasible started exploring the new techniques. Con Ed did not make a deliberate investigation, but in 1961 one of its executives received a call from a manager at Central Hudson Gas and Electric in Newburgh, who said his company had been investigating what appeared to be two excellent pumped-storage sites on opposite sides of the Hudson River within five miles of Newburgh. The first, below Breakneck Ridge on the east bank, would suit Central Hudson, but the second, just south of Storm King Mountain, was too large for the Newburgh utility. It might, however, be on a scale required by the New York City company.

Con Ed made its own investigation of the Storm King site and found it was highly suitable for pumped storage. The generating plant could be tucked into a small inlet in the Palisades Interstate Park just south of Storm King. An upper reservoir for drinking supplies had already been developed about two miles behind the mountain. It belonged to the village of Cornwall, which lay just north of Storm King. The village would probably be happy to have the reservoir put on the tax rolls, and could be furnished with new wells by

the company for about \$3 million.

Working covertly to avoid land speculation, the utility acquired most of the property around the upper reservoir during the spring and summer of 1962. Then, in July, Con Ed broke the news to political officials in Cornwall. Mayor Michael Donahue was delighted—almost overwhelmed—at the idea of having the huge enlargement of the upper reservoir on the tax rolls. The benefits to the community would be enormous.

On September 27, 1962, village officials and Con Ed made a joint public announcement of the new plant, which they predicted would win quick approval from village residents and from the Federal Power Commission, the licensing agent. In his first interview with the press, Mayor Donahue, a Cornell-educated veterinarian who had grown up in Cornwall, noted, "There's no chance that the building will reduce the aesthetic qualities of the area" because it would be located "on the waterfront, not on the hills."

Five miles downstream however, a part-time resident on the east bank looked out the front window of his mountain retreat, one of many luxurious second homes in the area, and found a different view of the matter. William Osborn, an engineer whose family

owned 2,000 acres and a mountainside castle, and who served as president of the Hudson River Conservation Society, realized that he would have a clear view of the transmission lines that Con Ed was planning to string across the river to connect the Storm King plant to its circuits in Putnam and Westchester Counties. Osborn called a few of his neighbors in similar mountaintop hideaways and found that they too were upset about the plant, which would be visible from several lookouts on the east side of the river. Osborn, whose brother Frederick was a commissioner of the Palisades Interstate Park, was soon on the phone to Con Ed to see if it couldn't be persuaded to make a few slight changes in the layout of the plant.

At the time, "ecology" was an obscure discipline found only in a few biology textbooks, "conservation" was a movement whose main impetus had occurred around the turn of the century, and "environmentalism" was a word that didn't even appear in the dictionary. But most people familiar with the history of the Storm King Mountain controversy rightly consider William Osborn's phone calls to his mountaintop neighbors as the birth of the environmental

movement.

Hudson River vistas

HE SCENERY ALONG the Hudson River's 130-mile length from New York to Albany can hardly be characterized in a few simple phrases. Nor can its long history. Both are notable for their diversity.

The Hudson's scenery ranges from the rocky columns of the Palisades at the lower end to the dreamlike vista of the Catskills along its upper reaches; from the beauty of mountainside farms to the leaden industrial shores of Haverstraw and Newburgh Bays. The latter are two of the larger industrial centers that sprang to life during the early nineteenth century, when the Hudson became the main thoroughfare for most of the new nation's commerce.

Between them lies a stretch that has remained largely untouched. These are the Hudson Highlands. Here, for a length of fifteen miles, the mountains rise straight from the water's edge like the burly shoulders of huge animals. The stretch is the point where water from a preglacial lake broke through on its way to the Atlantic. It is the only breach in the Appalachian Chain, and thus forms a natural pathway from the Eastern coastline to the hinterland of the American continent, making the Hudson the nation's first main highway.

The highlands offered few footholds for commercial and industrial settlement, however; they served instead as a retreat for the wealthy. During the Revolution, they housed the biggest concentration of Tories in the thirteen colonies. As New York City prospered in the early 1800s, some of the area's most successful citizens began trekking up the Hudson to find solace on riverfront properties. The east bank of the river had been "estate country" ever since the Dutch made their first land grants along its shores while the west bank remained "Indian country," and was first settled only by small farmers who were willing to risk confrontations. As the nineteenth century progressed, the dis-

tinction remained. The Astors, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Roosevelts, and the Rockefellers all took up residence on the east bank, while the western shore remained in the hands of small farmers except for the large holdings of the Harriman family in Orange and Rockland County utilities.

The highlands were the scene of some of the more elaborate attempts to mimic European nobility. A succession of wealthy stockbrokers and businessmen built mountainside castles in the region. Some proved drafty and uninhabitable, and were succeeded by less ambitious but still impressive second homes. Eventually, many of the great estates became unmanageable and were sold to charitable institutions. But the little colony of wealth in the highlands persisted. A group of artists and admirers of the past clustered around it, and an aristocratic, inward-looking community was formed, with the hamlet of Garrison as its center.

In the cities to the north and south, the story was different. Commerce declined, and industries deteriorated or departed. A wave of urban-renewal projects in the 1950s sent displaced blacks moving from city

to city along the river looking for homes.

In the period of 1955-61, two striking incidents occurred within ten miles of each other on either side of Storm King. A group of wealthy activists moved an eighteenth-century mansion piece by piece all the way from Peekskill to Garrison after the federal government threatened to tear it down. It became the Boscobel Restoration, a minor tourist attraction. On the other side of the river, Newburgh was also briefly in the news. Exasperated by the number of welfare recipients moving into the community, the city manager, Joseph Mitchell, announced that all able-bodied welfare clients would have to perform city jobs to receive their payments. The directive was quickly overturned in the courts, but city officials said it had highlighted the community's economic plight.

Less than a year later, Consolidated Edison of New York arrived on the scene with a proposal to spend \$115 million to build a pumped-storage plant at the

base of Storm King Mountain.

An advance in technical methods, in population, or in industrial organization will require at least some of the members of the community to change their habits of life . . . ; and in doing so they will be unable to live up to the received notions as to what are the right and beautiful habits of life.

-The Theory of the Leisure Class

IGHT FROM THE BEGINNING, Con Edison was

willing to compromise. It may have been their biggest mistake. When Osborn made his objections known to Con Ed, the utility quickly agreed to move the plant around to the north side of the mountain, so that, instead of lying within the narrow gorge of the highlands, the plant would be facing the dilapidated scenery of Newburgh Bay, and sitting almost atop the burned-



opponents of Con Edison's pumped-storage plant portrayed the ludson of the past as an idyllic place. Actually, the boats r this 1864 scene are commercial schooners, which will soon e supplanted by the steamboat at center. Storm King

Mountain is at the right, with Cornwall's old waterfront build ings just visible at the edge of the picture. Con Ed's underground plant, proposed since 1966, would be less visible than the structures in the painting.

out ruins of Cornwall's abandoned waterfront. The company also agreed to run the power lines through an underwater cable beneath the Hudson. The relocation of the plant would mean a slightly longer tunnel, but it would also put the generating station within the village of Cornwall, which would make local residents even more willing to welcome the project. The additional expense would raise the total cost to only \$121 million. Osborn registered his satisfaction, Cornwall was even happier about the plant, and the matter seemed settled. But not quite.

Other owners of weekend homes and small estates on the east bank of the highlands were unhappy about the transmission lines, which, in some cases, would run near to or over their properties. If Con Ed was submerging its cables under the river, why couldn't it bury the lines near their properties as well? Con Ed executives replied that burying all the wires would run the costs far beyond acceptable levels for its New York City and Westchester customers. The estate owners

were not satisfied.

As they voiced their complaints, they heard that they had counterparts across the river in a little colony of about twenty-five families of wealthy New York City businessmen and attorneys with summer and weekend homes behind Storm King. These "weekenders" and "mountain people," as they were known in Cornwall, lived around a private compound developed in the 1880s by James Stillman, the president of National City Bank and one of the organizers of the Consolidated Gas Company, the forerunner of Con Ed. Stillman had been regarded as a nouveau riche when he tried to gain entrance to Tuxedo Park, the exclusive community at the other end of Orange County, Rebuffed, he expanded his family holdings at Storm King and started his own private community. Many of the current residents are descendants of the original families, although one of the reigning patriarchs. Chauncey Devereux Stillman, had moved further north, to Columbia County, where he kept a set of four-inhand coaches and raised peacocks on his property.

The "mountain people" were also unhappy about the new plant. A parade of bulldozers and construction workers threatened havoe for their quiet weekend retreats. Some would lose property holdings around the upper reservoir. In addition, the plant would mark a

kind of symbolic invasion of their privacy.

The "estate country" people made contact with the "mountain people," and together they talked about the possibilities of blocking the plant. One of the Cornwall people, Stephen Duggan, was a senior partner in the blue-chip Wall Street law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett. Duggan felt that if the group could harass Con Ed for a while, the economics would change and the company might give up the project. The Cornwall Stillmans polled their relatives and found they were nearly all opposed to the plant. Benjamin Frazier, a Garrison antique dealer who had led protest marches in front of the Boscobel mansion when the federal government had wanted to tear it down, felt the same technique might work at Storm King. Alexander Saunders, a Garrison resident, felt a case could be made for keeping industry out of the area, even though in 1964 he would move his own family business, a small tool-and-die factory, from Yonkers to the highlands. The group found its ranks joined by

another activist, Leopold Rothschild (not a real Rothschild), a well-connected New York City attorney who liked to hike in the Storm King area and had been active in conservation groups since an attempt to oppose construction of the George Washington Bridge in 1927.

They decided to attend Cornwall Village meetings and express their views, but soon found themselves facing almost unanimous public hostility. There were even a few threatening phone calls. Mayor Donahue, although quietly appalled that the "mountain people" might try to block the plant, made several efforts to mediate. Years later, when I visited his home, he told me of the time when he was invited "up the mountain" to a cocktail party where the Storm King project was to be discussed. "Nobody said much during the entire afternoon," he recalled, "but toward the end a retired West Point general took me aside and said, 'Look, we've got it nice and peaceful up here, why do you want to spoil it?' I bit my tongue and didn't say anything, but what I wanted to say was 'What about all the little people down there in the village who need this plant? Did you ever think about them?'"

Things did not look promising for the fledgling opponents during the early months of discussion, but in April 1963 Con Ed made a bad mistake. In its annual report, the utility printed an artistic rendering of the proposed pumped-storage plant. In an effort to highlight the technical aspects, the artist drew the plant larger than its actual size. As one writer would later describe it, the drawing showed "a portion of Storm King mountain missing, like a slice removed from a tub of cheese." Rothschild wrote letters of protest to both Governor Rockefeller and John B. Oakes, the edi-

torial-page editor of the New York Times.

Rockefeller, an aristocrat among aristocrats, made the half-serious suggestion that if the group didn't want the plant they should buy the mountain. (His brother, Laurance Rockefeller, was later to use the family money to buy the Breakneck Ridge site from Central Hudson.) Oakes, however, was more responsive. On May 29, 1963, the Times ran its first editorial on Storm King, asserting that "it is almost as bad to plunk down a couple of power installations right in the heart of one of the most stunning natural regions in the Eastern United States, Storm King Mountain" as it would be to put a power plant in the middle of Central Park. The paper had proudly taken its stand. It has not wavered one iota from its original position over the succeeding fifteen years.

Duggan, Rothschild, Saunders, and their associates spent the rest of the summer looking for checkpoints where the plant could be temporarily delayed. The village had waived a referendum on selling the upper reservoir, so they asked that the vote be held. The re-

sult was a 499-25 defeat in 1964.

The only other possibility was the Federal Power Commission, which would be licensing the plant under its authority to regulate all hydroelectric projects. The little group of opponents discovered the deadline for filing for appearance at the FPC hearings had already passed, but through Rothschild's connections they were put in touch with Dale Doty, a Washington, D.C., attorney who had sat on the FPC during the 1950s and had once persuaded it to reject a dam proposed in Wisconsin because it would ruin recreation for the area.

Doty was eager to argue a case before the FPC in which scenic and conservation values would be an issue.

On the evening of November 8, 1963, Rothschild met with representatives from four national conservation groups in the living room of the Westchester home of Carl Carmer, a popular historian who had written a book on the Hudson. Together they set up the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, an alliance of conservation groups that would devote itself to the Storm King case. Carmer was named honorary chairman, and Rothschild was elected president.

Through a combination of Doty's influence and the FPC's desire not to ignore any of the issues, Scenic Hudson was granted permission to appear at the license hearings even though the deadline had passed. Doty felt that a case could be made on the basis of the FPC's responsibilities to consider the total impact of the plant. He felt scenic values should play a part. For Rothschild, Saunders, Carmer, and Duggan, it was chiefly a matter of keeping the plant from going ahead on schedule. When the FPC hearings opened in Washington on February 25, 1964, they and their little band of followers from Garrisson and Cornwall were waiting to speak in their turn.

As population increases, and as man's knowledge and skill in directing the forces of nature widen... the habitual methods of carrying on the life process of the group as a whole, no longer give the same result as before... If the scheme according to which the life process... was carried on under the earlier condition gave approximately the highest attainable result... in the way of efficiency or facility... then the same scheme of life unaltered will not yield the highest result attainable... under the altered conditions.—The Theory of the Leisure Class

ON ED OFFICIALS believed that the huge, 2 million-kilowatt pumped-storage plant at Storm King would offer three major advantages to its electrical system.

First, it would solve the problem of peaking power at bargain rates. For an investment of only \$121 milion, Con Ed would be able to increase its current capacity of 5.5 million kilowatts by more than 33 percent, enough to carry it through to 1969. Building the same capacity with fossil fuel or nuclear plants would cost more than \$200 million.

Second, the Storm King plant would create greater efficiencies in Con Ed's existing systems. Instead of adding new generating capacity, it would use existing capacity more efficiently. Coal- and oil-burning plants could be operated at higher levels and would consume less fuel per kilowatt, just as cars burn gas more efficiently at fifty-five miles per hour. Con Ed would be able to retire four of its oldest, least efficient plants. This would be doubly important, since the oldest plants were the worst contributors to air pollution, a growing public concern.

The third advantage was reliability, an increasingly important concern among utilities in the early 1960s. As generating plants became bigger and as transmission lines stretched longer, the possibility of widespread power failures was increasing. Ordinary steam-driven plants could not cope with emergencies because it took from fifteen to thirty minutes to stoke them up to higher capacities. But a pumped-storage plant, with enor-

mous quantities of water sitting behind simple sluice devices, would be a godsend in an emergency. The Storm King plant could go from zero to 2 million kilowatts of power in less than a minute. The man-made waterfall could be used to restart other generators after a widespread power failure. The plant could prevent some blackouts and limit the effects of others.

Fifteen years later, New York City public officials would have done well to remember the reliability promised by the Storm King plant. The city had suffered two major blackouts in twelve years, the second leading to widespread looting and costing the city more than \$1 billion. But by 1977 hardly any political officials could recall more than a few sketchy details of what Storm King had been all about. And none could remember that the city itself had been the major opponent of the project for nearly ten years.

A conflict of interests

HE FPC HEARINGS added many novel aspects to what had formerly been a staid and pro forma proceeding. The members of Scenic Hudson presented their arguments under Doty's examination. Rothschild warned that the transmission lines running down the east bank of the highlands would cut a "raw scar" into the landscape. Saunders went even further. "This historic area will be permanently defaced," he warned. The plant would "set a precedent for other projects," while "crisscrossing the area with overhead power transmission lines would destroy many beautiful views."

Carmer made the most eloquent summation of Scenic Hudson's position:

We believe that ugliness begets ugliness and that nature's beauty, once destroyed, may never be restored by the artifice of man... We would offer the peace and healing our river gives, as it has always given, to those who seek its waters for respite from the tension of their lives... The real question is whether the river's national importance shall be sacrificed to these enterprises which would change the shoreline, lower high peaks [sic], destroy groves of trees... The Hudson answers a spiritual need more necessary to the nation's health than all the commercial products it can provide, than all the money it can earn.

Carmer's interpretation of Hudson River history was a limited one. It ignored the river's combined role as the first highway of the nation's commerce, the birth-place of the steamboat, the home of one of the nation's first railroads, and the breeding ground for many of its first industries. The suggestion was that the river would now serve only as "respite from the tension of [the] lives" of people who presumably made their living elsewhere. The same kind of reinterpretation of history was taking place along the river, where the interest arising from the Storm King case was bringing suggestions from conservation groups that power boats be banned on the river and no house worth less than \$50,000 be built on its shorelines.

The hearing officer, Edward B. Marsh, took their testimony into account, and in June 1964 recommended to the full five-member commission that the

plant be granted a license. Con Ed had proposed to || Tribune in a May 10, 1964, editorial which stated: turn the rotting waterfront area into a park, and Marsh, noted that recreation in the area would actually be improved. He said the plant would not affect the scenery of Newburgh Bay, but found sympathy with the argument that the transmission lines would despoil scenery in the highlands. He told Con Ed to find an alternative route that would take the lines behind the mountains at Breakneck Ridge. Marsh called the project "an exceptionally fine pumped-storage site" and suggested that Con Ed might even consider enlarging the reservoir to 12 billion gallons for storage of 3 million kilowatts of electricity.

But by the time Marsh was issuing his recommendations, it was obvious that the approval of the Storm King plant was not going to be a routine matter. The New York newspapers had discovered the issue and already, on the pages of every city newspaper (there were then seven), the "Storm over Storm King" was

brewing.

The fact that the usage, actions, and views of the well-to-do leisure class acquire the character of a prescriptive canon of conduct for the rest of society gives added weight and reach to the conservative influence of that class. It makes it incumbent upon all reputable people to follow their lead.

—The Theory of the Leisure Class

s soon as the New York newspapers woke up to the controversy in the early months of 1964. they lined up almost unanimously against the plant. Con Ed, after all, did not have a glowing reputation in New York City. For one thing, the utility made the mistake of charging people for the amount of electricity they used, whereas the other utili-ty, the New York City Water Department, charged according to fixed "frontage" charges that allow residential customers to consume unlimited amounts of water while extra costs were hidden on the tax rolls. Then, too, Con Ed was constantly digging up the streets to get at its hard-to-service underground lines. Its slogan was "Dig We Must for a Growing New York," and in 1965 Fortune magazine was to label it "the company you love to hate." So the discovery that Con Edison was planning to "destroy" a beautiful historic mountain somewhere up the Hudson certainly came as no surprise.

The issue was particularly suited to the practices of editorials. Reporters who visit the scene of a controversy are often forced to trim their sails and adjust their preconceptions. Finding, for example, that an entire village of 3,000 people—indeed, almost an entire county of 200,000 people—was in favor of the project was bound to give some pause. Over the years many extremely balanced stories questioning the "scenic" objections to the plant were filed from Cornwall. But editorial writers are under no such constraints. They can proceed without too much attention to details. In the case of Storm King, two fundamental misconceptions emerged: that Newburgh Bay was virgin territory rather than a declining industrial area, and that it was the highlands themselves that were threatened. What is interesting to note is that there was never any question about the economic advantages of the plant.

"Beauty over Electricity," proclaimed the Herald

The Hudson Highlands are ... a great scenic asset for all the people. And despite the great virtues of Con Edison's cheaper power, the fact remains that this industrial project (for all the intended landscaping works) will detract from nature's beauty.... It is well and good that Con Ed wants to bestow so many benefits....But an undefiled Storm King Mountain is worth more than cheap electricity.

The Times offered its own summation on May 23, 1964:

We do not dispute Con Ed's experts to the effect that this is probably the most economic and efficient means of supplying the next increment of power to meet New York City's constantly growing needs. If the required power plant is not erected at Cornwall but at some other place of less notable scenic and historic interest, doubtless the consumers of New York will have to pay more than they would otherwise pay for their power. We think this choice should be faced frankly; and we also think that in the present instance, preservation is worth the price.

The possibility of there being other sites for the pumped-storage plant was occurring in other people's minds, and at one point a reporter asked Rothschild if he was making any attempt to help the utility find a different location. Rothschild wasn't: "That's their problem," he said.

Holding action

COMPLETE REVIEW of the examiner's report would ordinarily take the full FPC about four months, but the mounting pressure of public debate was having its effect. The FPC did not issue its final decision until March 1965, nine months after the original recommendation. By then Scenic Hudson had changed its tactics and was mounting a many-sided campaign. The editorials in the New York newspapers had given the opponents of the project a strong indication that there was fertile territory to be mined among the city's celebrity-conscious media. Pete Seeger composed a ballad in honor of the mountain. James Cagney and Aaron Copland went on record against the plant

In August 1964 the conservationists, as they were being called, hired Selvage, Lee, and Howard, a small Fifth Avenue public-relations firm that had just finished trying to persuade the American public to take a more tolerant view of Portuguese colonial policies in Angola. James Cope, one of the more ambitious account managers, found himself immediately attract-

ed to Rothschild and his group.

Cope arranged a favorable story for publication in Reader's Digest. He also hit upon the idea of a "sail-in" around Storm King. On September 7, 1964, all seven New York newspapers carried broad coverage of the "waterborne picket line" protesting the plant. The Times noted that "fifty yachts, led by the Westerly, flagship of the New York Yacht Club," paraded from the Highlands Yacht Club in Garrison to Storm King,

(Continued on page 73)

EDWARD PENFIELD

POSTERS

Edward Penfield's *Harper's* posters, twelve of which we present to you to usher in and cheer and use throughout the new year, are the legacy of a man, a magazine, and an era.

America was late in catching on to a craze for posters that in the Gay Nineties was sweeping Europe, where artists like Toulouse-Lautrec, visually inspired by Japanese prints, were designing lavish advertisements for everything from cafés and cabarets to bicycles and cigarettes. In a move that is credited with bringing the craze across the Atlantic, Harper's decided, in 1893, to use posters to advertise each monthly is-

Penfield was art director at the time, and it seems the assignment fell to him. The artists in Paris were too distant

sue of the magazine.

to commission; their prices were too high. Penfield, however, fell in with the spirit of the task most naturally, and soon America was in the grip of

> poster fever. Attesting to this most vividly was the Nineties phenomenon known as the poster party, at which each person invited dressed in the manner of a poster character currently seen around town, and came prepared to strike the pose in the poster from which the costume was copied, in order that the other guests might have the fun of guessing which poster was being imitated, Rumor had it as well that Penfield's posters were so popular among collec-

tors that some months more posters than magazines were printed. In any case, Scribner's and Lippincott's, McClure's

and The Chap Book lost no time in enlisting their own poster artists. Thus the



Known as a retiring and reticent man, Penfield said little about himself or his work, with one notable exception. Of his philosophy of the poster he once wrote:

"A poster should tell its story at once—a design that needs study is not a poster, no matter how well it is executed. A poster has to play to the public over the variety stage, so to speak—to come on with a personality of its own and to remain but a few moments. We are a bit tired of the very serious nowadays, and a little frivolity is refreshing; and yet frivolity to be successful must be thoroughly studied. I think it was one of the Beggarstaff Brothers who said: 'Our designs

may not look as if much time was spent upon them, but I can assure you that it has taken all the artistic knowledge we possess to bring them to the simple state in which you see them.' Some posters, consisting of but a few lines and containing but a few broad masses of color, require a dozen drawings before simplicity and harmony of color are obtained. A poster, to be effective, must have the same qualities that a good painting possesses—color, simplicity and composition—but must be expressed in a different manner."

In 1901, after an output of seventy-five posters (from 1893 monthly through 1899), Penfield left his job at *Harper's* to pursue other artistic work—murals, book illustrations, greeting cards, calendars, and posters in the *Harper's* style for other companies.



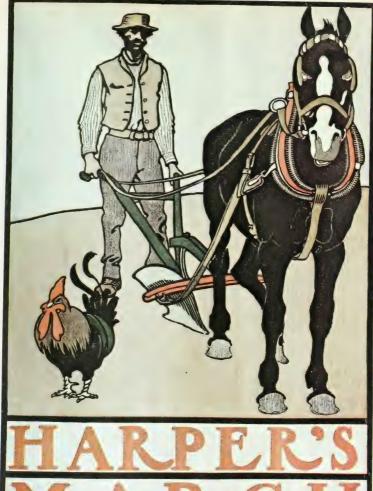


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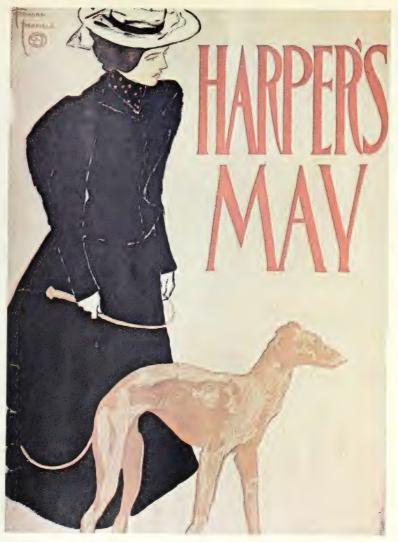
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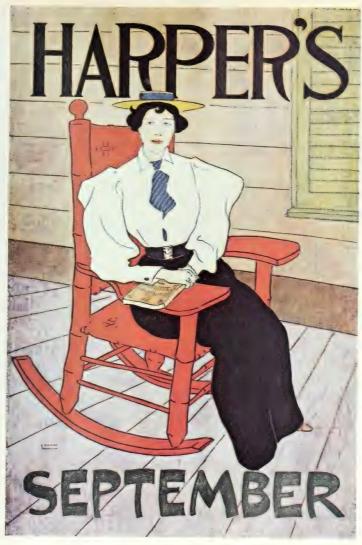
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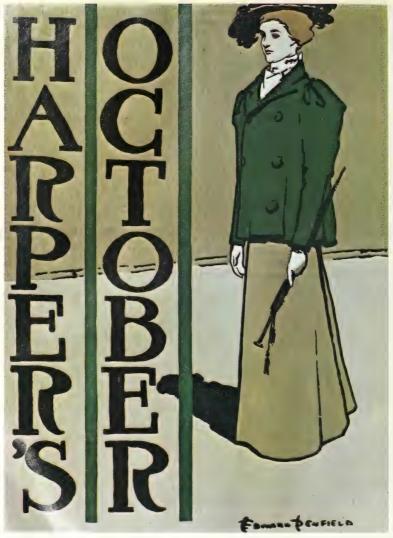
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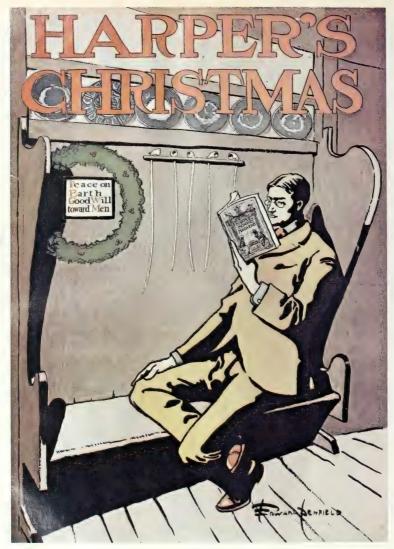


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A LUXURY COUPE THAT OFFERS MORE THAN THE MERE ILLUSION OF HIGH PERFORMANCE.



INTRODUCING THE BMW 630CSi.

This year, the Bavarian Motor
Works of Munich, Germany will
manufacture less than four thousand
3MW Coupes for the entire world.

Yet, what makes it so rare among the world's luxury coupes is that while all affect the racy lines and the trappings of the true GT car, the BMW 630CSi truly is one.

While the 630CSi features as engthy a list of luxury items as one could reasonably require of an automobile—supple leather, full-power accessories, etc.—it provides a driving experience so unusual, so exhilating that it will spoil you for any other car.

In proclaiming the BMW Coupe the best GT car in the world, Town & Country magazine's automotive authority put it this way: "Before advertising people learned that you an apply any name to any kind of ar, GT stood for Grand Touring, which, simply stated, means a closed, two-door car with considerable style and considerable performance...I can't think of a better expression of the GT idea than this car."

BENEATH ITS LUXURY IS A CAR WORTH OWNING.

If the Bavarian Motor Works is known for anything, it is superb, innovative engineering. And the BMW 630CSi is a direct reflection of this cache of engineering intelligence.

Its suspension—independent on all four wheels—is quick and clean through the corners; its steering sharp and accurate.

Its four-speed manual transmission (automatic is available) slips precisely into each gear. And its acceleration comes up smoothly, with the turbine-like whine so characteristic of the justifiably renowned 3-liter BMW engine.

SUPERB ENGINEERING SHOULDN'T BE CONFINED TO A CAR'S MECHANICAL PARTS.

Traditionally the domain of the stylist, the interior of the BMW 630CSi—while rife with creature comforts and complete in every sense—is ergonomically engineered to the nth degree.

All seats are orthopedically molded; both front seats are infinitely adjustable.

Controls are within easy reach and all instruments are instantly visible in an innovative three-zone control panel that curves out toward the driver in the manner of an airplane cockpit.

So thorough is the integration of human and machine that the driver literally functions as one of the car's working parts—the human part that completes the mechanical circuit.

Intriguing? "...my feeling goes beyond mere respect...," writes the European automotive journal, Car, of the BMW Coupe

"This one for me, is the definitive BMW, the epitome of the character that the Bavarian company set out to develop..."

LET US ARRANGE A TEST DRIVE FOR YOU.

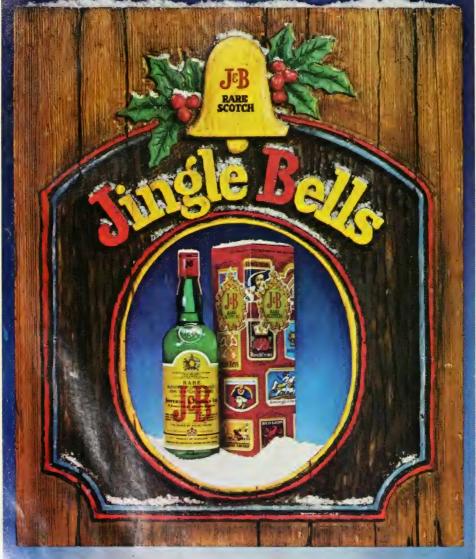
If you'd care to judge the BMW Coupe for yourself, simply phone us, toll-free, at (800) 243-6000 (Conn. 1-800-882-6500) and we'll arrange a thorough test drive for you at your convenience.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.



The sign of a rare welcome all over the world.



(Continued from page 56)

with "Commodore Chauncey Devereux Stillman, whose family gave the Black Rock Forest [behind Storm King] to Harvard in the 1920s," in command. Aboard the Westerly were Rep. Robert R. Barry of Westchester and State Sen. R. Watson Pomeroy of Dutchess County. "Opponents say the power plant will leave an enormous gash up Storm King and will set a precedent for defilement of the historic valley," noted the Times. The sail-in made Newsweek, and within weeks forty conservation organizations were offering assistance. The fight to "save Storm King" was becoming a na-

Senator Pomeroy was soon able to create an even more favorable publicity platform for the opponents of the plant. He offered his New York State Legislature Committee on Natural Resources as a forum for Scenic Hudson. The pretext was legislation on the development of the Hudson, but a reporter at the scene noted that "it became obvious that [the] purpose was to give those people opposed to the ... project an opportunity to express their views for the national press.

The Pomerov Committee hearings inaugurated a pattern which was to succeed over and over again as a delaying tactic for Scenic Hudson. Initiated after the official FPC hearings had been closed, their aim was to petition the commission to "reopen" the hearings to permit the presentation of "new evidence," which was placed on the record under highly favorable circumstances. Con Ed's attorneys, of course, were not allowed to cross-examine witnesses before the Pomerov Committee. When the "new evidence" was later subjected to stiff scrutiny, much of it proved to be fraudulent or nonsensical. But after the hearings had been closed yet again Scenic Hudson would return with more "new evidence" and ask for further reopenings.

The Storm King project has never at any time been disapproved or rejected by any court or licensing agency in the federal or state government. It has simply been delayed and delayed over and over again by agency and court decisions to reopen the hearings in order to consider "new evidence." In the entire fifteen years of the controversy, through literally tens of thousands of pages of transcript, the Federal Power Commission

has never finished hearing all the evidence.

The star witness at the Pomerov hearings was Alexander Lurkis, a recently retired chief engineer with the New York City Bureau of Gas and Electricity. Although the papers never mentioned it, Lurkis had been hired several months before as a paid consultant for Scenic Hudson on technical matters. He became Scenic Hudson's mouthpiece on "alternative" forms of generating electricity.

Lurkis shocked the hearings by testifying that Con Ed could produce adequate peaking power through "gas turbines," actually jet engines driven by the hot exhaust gases which Lurkis said could be run with

Con Ed's "surplus natural gas."

As it happened, Con Ed had no "surplus" natural gas. Federal price controls were already upsetting natural-gas distribution, and utilities were being rationed by the FPC. Con Ed had recently lost an appeal for more gas rations before the U.S. Supreme Court.

But there was another problem. Although gas turbines are very good for restarting downed generators. they would not be as useful as Storm King in supplying emergency power. Con Ed board chairman Harland C. Forbes wrote the New York Times: "Mr. II Lurkis . . . completely ignored the value of the Cornwall project's ability to provide immediately available operating reserve which cannot be furnished by jetengine equipment—a matter of extreme importance in maintaining reliability of our electric service to the people of New York City."

In fact, Lurkis's testimony proved so full of holes that Scenic Hudson eventually withdrew it after Lurkis had been cross-examined by Con Ed's attorneys before the FPC two years later. But the testimony led to a reopening of the hearings, and that was probably its

main purpose.

The second issue raised at the Pomerov hearings involved fish kills. Con Ed was already installing screening devices at Indian Point after encountering large fish kills there, but witnesses before the Pomeroy Committee said the problem at Storm King would be different. They noted that eggs and larvae from spawning fish would escape any kind of screening devices, and be sucked into the plant. It was a good point, and Con Ed quickly offered to spend \$175,000 to study the problem. But within days the newspapers were carrying statements about how "the Atlantic striped-bass population which spawns in the Hudson will be destroved for all time.'

Robert Boyle, an editor of Sports Illustrated, became a participant, forming the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, consisting of the two dozen or so commercial fishermen who still made a part-time living from the river, with "sports fishermen" like Boyle to handle the public-relations aspects. There was a certain irony here, since sports fishermen had long since destroyed major stocks in almost every river and stream in the Northeast, and the federal and state governments were annually spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for restocking so that they could continue their pastime. Con Ed also made an offer to restock the river if there was any significant damage to fish life. The opponents again were not satisfied.

But the Hudson River Fishermen soon found themselves facing a formidable obstacle which might be called "nature." Although it was not widely known, scientists were aware that there were tremendous mortality rates in the river, and killing large amounts of eggs and larvae would not necessarily mean disaster for the population. A single female striped bass lays up to 5 million eggs-enough to renew the river's entire stock. Only one egg in 1,000 ever survives to maturity. But such sophisticated understanding of nature's ways didn't tone down the opposition to the plant.

On March 9, 1965, the FPC approved the license for the Storm King plant in a 3-to-1 vote. Despite the acrimony, the impression remained that the conservationists had made important contributions in the hearings and that the utility was making every effort to accommodate them. If compromise had been the goal, there would have been enormous achievement. But the conservationists' purposes were quite different, and their success was to take a much different form.

The exigencies of the general economic situation .. do not readily produce, in the members of [the leisure] class, that degree of uneasiness with the existing order which alone can lead any body of men to give up views and methods of life that have -The Theory of the Leisure Class

CENIC HUDSON immediately filed an appeal with the Second Circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals, arguing that the FPC should reopen the hearings for more testimony on scenic values, fish life, and alternative sources of energy. Con Ed officials responded by charging that the opponents had "given up trying to defeat the plant on its merits" and were "trying to drag the project into a long war of attrition in the courts."

In any case, the FPC review had already taken far longer than expected, and, with the court case still pending, it was obvious that Storm King was not going to be on line in time to meet the growing power needs. So in November 1965 the utility announced that it would move up plans for a second nuclear plant at Indian Point. The project would cost \$90 million but would generate only 800,000 kilowatts—less than half the capacity of Storm King. For New Yorkers, electricity was going to be more expensive.

The dramatic power failure in the Northeast on November 9, 1965, illustrated the dangers of widespread blackouts. Con Ed officials said that Storm King could have shortened the blackout by restarting other generators, but the incident stirred little support for the

plant.

Scenic Hudson, for its part, was taking the final step into the big leagues of public relations by hiring Rod Vandivert, a Long Island advertising salesman, as its full-time public-relations director. Vandivert started going after Con Ed executives with a mixture of scorn and sarcasm that was to characterize the conservationist attack for many years. This year I visited Vandivert at his oceanfront home in a small, exclusive community on Fire Island. A big, shambling man with a firm handshake, he wore baggy dungarees and had a patch over his right eye when I saw him.

"We engaged in a technique you might call 'over-statement," Yandivert explained. "We learned how to do things like calling in stories to the newspapers on deadline so they couldn't get Con Ed's reaction until the next day, or several days later. The newspapers were very responsive. I remember dictating editorials over the phone to them dozens of times. All along, I think Con Ed was really the underdog in this thing."

I asked Vandivert if he ever thought that Seenic Hudson could simply drag the project on and on through continual rehearings and court delays so that Con Ed would finally give up. "Oh, I'd say we thought it about every third day," he said cheerfully.

The Court of Appeals took only until December 29, 1965, to throw out the first FPC license as "incomplete" and order a reopening of the hearings. The decisions, still regarded as the original landmark of environmental law, ruled that scenic and environmental issues must be considered in large projects, and that Scenic Hudson could intervene on behalf of the "public interest," even though its members had no economic standing in the case. Vandivert, for one, was willing to believe that the publicity campaign had played a part. "Court decisions aren't made in a vacuum," he told me. "Judges read newspapers."

HE SECOND ROUND OF FPC hearings lasted for almost four years. When they began on November 14, 1966, Lyndon Johnson was Pressident and the country was just entering the full-scale conflict in Vietnam. By the time the FPC issued its final decision on August 19, 1970, the Kent State shooting had already occurred, and Richard Nixon had been President for nineteen months. Yet this decision was also eventually remanded for further hearings by the Court of Appeals.

I will not attempt to go into anything more than an outline of the proceedings, but it must be noted that the FPC examiner and the commission itself took extraordinary pains to compile an exhaustive record on every aspect of the case. Scenic concerns, the threat to fish life, alternative forms of energy, and aesthetics of the Hudson were all discussed almost to the point of irrelevancy. At one point, the hearing examiner, Ewen G. Simpson, had to decide whether the upper reservoir would disrupt a scenic vista from a point twenty miles away. By the time the hearings were over, Con Ed had spent \$15 million on studies and attorneys' fees, while Scenic Hudson had spent \$1 million (the organization had managed to tap a foundation supported by the estate of Andrew Mellon.)

Before the hearings began, Con Ed announced that it could bury the entire plant on the Cornwall waterfront, raising the cost to \$169 million. They said that would solve the scenic problems, although Scenic Hudson continued to argue against a visitors' booth on the site. But the new plan created other problems. The Catskill Aqueduct, which carries 40 percent of New York City's water supply, runs under the mountain, and Scenic Hudson immediately claimed that it would be endangered. Con Ed offered to pay the entire cost of relocating the aqueduct 400 feet below the plant, but nothing definite was settled and negotiations dragged on between the city and the utility.

Throughout the hearings, reporters from the Times (now one of only three remaining newspapers) gave accurate and unbiased coverage, but the editorial page remained heavily confused on the issues. At one point, it was "discharges from the tailrace tunnels" that endangered fish life. At another, it was "thermal pollution." And despite the plans for an underground plant, the facility remained "on" Storm King Mountain, and wouldn't move to "near" Storm King Mountain until

1969.

The issue of air pollution also became a point of contention at the hearings. Scenic Hudson claimed that Storm King would actually produce more air pollution because they said the power to pump the water up the mountain at Storm King would have to come from fossil-fuel plants within New York City. They said the one-third loss of energy in the pumped-storage process would mean a 50 percent increase in fuel burning. Con Ed had long noted that it could buy off-peak power from neighboring utilities, and that in the long run Storm King would be pumped by nuclear plants. But the notion that Storm King would produce "more air pollution" slowly started to become an accepted fact.

The New York City government had also become

involved in air pollution before the FPC hearings, and in early 1966, Mayor John V. Lindsay set up a special Task Force on Air Pollution to negotiate with Con Ed. After several months of studying the problem, the task force decided that Con Ed was correct in its contention that Storm King would mean less air pollution. It signed a memorandum of understanding with the utility, agreeing to back construction of Storm King and help the company appeal to the FPC for more natural gas. In exchange, Con Ed would spend millions of dollars in cleaning up stack emissions, and would promise not to build any more fossil-fuel-burning plants in the city.

The city thought it had struck a good bargain, but the *Times*, in a May 19, 1966, editorial, remained un-

happy:

We deplore the unwarranted concession...to [support] a giant hydroelectric plant on Storm King Mountain. Some experts believe that this would increase rather than decrease air pollution here... Why should New York City for the first time inject itself into the controversy now, particularly when the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference promised to present expert engineering testimony of the availability of ample other power sources?

The "experts" on air pollution, of course, were also Scenic Hudson.

On May 23, 1967, Simpson closed the hearings after listening to over 5,000 pages of testimony. They

did not stay closed for long.

First, Scenic Hudson wanted to "correct" Lurkis's "expert" testimony, which had been refuted by Con Ed's cross-examination. Scenic Hudson petitioned to present another "alternative" plan, and its request was granted.

Its proposal, presented through attorney David Sive, representing the Sierra Club in the case, was that Con Ed should build a third nuclear generator of about 1 million kilowatts. It didn't say where. The remaining 1 million kilowatts needed in Con Ed's system would be supplied by turbines burning kerosene. There was nothing unusual at the time in conservationists proposing nuclear plants as the solution for energy problems. During the 1960s, the Sierra Club and other environmental groups supported nuclear energy as the best form of power generation.

On August 7, 1968, almost a year after the closing arguments had been presented. Simpson issued the first of three favorable reports on the plant. He said there was no alternative for equally reliable power for New York, and that the hazards to fish life would be minimal. While acknowledging that the mountain was "a surpassing scene," he noted that "it must be said that Storm King does not exist in an environment of untouched natural beauty as in the idyllic past, but rather is all but irrevocably associated with the present realities."

Responding quickly, the *Times* said: "[The] findings on the scenic effects are at odds with the virtually unanimous opinion among conservationists and nature lovers, who have no economic interest other than the preservation of a majestic national heritage." The paper found the conclusions on fish life suspect because Simpson said the plant should be monitored after it was constructed.

One week later, Con Ed officials announced they

might have to consider putting a nuclear plant in Long Island Sound, on an island near New Rochelle. The Times said that proposal must also be regarded "with great reserve" because of fish kills and radioactive wastes. Where New York City's power was coming from was obviously someone else's problem.

Even in cases where one recognizes the substantial merits of the case for which the innovator is spokesman... still one cannot but be sensible of the fact that the innovator is a person with whom it is at least distasteful to be associated, and from whose social contact one must shrink. Innovation is bad form.

—The Theory of the Leisure Class

ESS THAN TWO MONTHS LATER, New York City became the major opponent of the plant. On October 28, 1968, Deputy Water Resources Commissioner Robert Clark petitioned for a reopening of the hearings, saying that the negotiations over the water tunnel "had not been fruitful." It is difficult to assess exactly what happened, but it is interesting to note that when the New York City Democratic boss Carmine DeSapio was convicted on corruption charges in 1970, he was found guilty of attempting to extract bribes from Con Ed officials in exchange for permission to build over city water lines.

While the city was joining the ranks of the "nature lovers" opposed to the plant, the economic scenery around New York City was taking a turn for the worse.

In 1962, when Storm King was proposed, Con Ed officials said they thought they would have to provide 7.15 million kilowatts of power by the summer of 1969. The entire increase in demand could be met through Storm King. As the summer months of 1969 rolled around, Con Ed's seven-year-old predictions were coming in right on the button. The city set a midsummer peak record of 7.26 million kilowatts—only 4 percent above Con Ed's original predictions.

The only trouble was, power wasn't there to meet it. Indian Point Two was supposed to come on line by 1969, but the Westinghouse Corporation had failed to meet its deadline. (What with fish kills and environmental suits, the plant was not put into operation until 1974.) Con Ed contracted to buy 915,000 kilowatts of peak-time power from other utilities—the most expensive way to provide electricity—but was still left with only a 14 percent reserve margin, well under the industry standard of 20 percent.

On July 31, 1969, the troubles began. Big Allis fouled temporarily after the installers of a new turbine forgot to remove some insulating equipment. Under the increased strain, two older plants scheduled to be retired by Storm King also broke down. In a matter of hours,

more than 20 percent of the utility's power was gone. For the next two weeks, New Yorkers began to experience what quickly became known as the "power crisis." Air conditioners were turned off, manufacturing plants cut their schedules, businesses closed down. While people throughout the country were celebrating the first moon landing, New York City turned into a sweltering steambath.

Charles F. Luce, a former Undersecretary of the Interior who had just taken over as board chairman of Con Ed, said the problems were due to "a feeling on the part of the public that even though a particular new power plant were not built, somehow the needed power would be provided." He asked for "a better general public understanding that there must be additional power and that...we cannot provide it without some impact on the environment."

impact on the environment.

Vandivert, now being quoted regularly after every statement by Luce, almost as if Scenic Hudson had become Con Ed's alter ego, saw the problem differently, claiming that opposition to Storm King "is not a narrow conservation battle. It's really the public interest versus the big brother or big daddy approach of Con Edison, which assumes we should let it tell us what is good for the public." Scenic Hudson had obviously assumed the task of representing the public on power and energy as well as conservation.

By early 1970, Storm King was still far on the horizon, and Con Ed told the city it would have to build another oil-burning plant in Astoria. City officials were livid. Robert N. Rickles, head of the Department of Air Resources, called air pollution "already an intolerable public health problem." Jerome Kretchmer, head of the Environmental Protection Administration. said the battle over the Astoria plant would be "much deeper than the struggle at Storm King." But it was obvious to some city officials that power plants had to go somewhere, and the Mayor's Interdepartmental Committee on Public Utilities voted 3-2 in favor of Astoria.

But while city officials were voting to accept more air pollution, the corporation counsel's office was throwing in the city's lot with the nature-lovers of the Hudson. On February 12, 1970, after a previous rebuff, the city once again petitioned for another reopening of the hearings on a "non-quantifiable yet nonetheless real

hazard to the aqueduct."

Was the city simply interested in protecting its aqueduct? It seems unlikely, for, when examiner Simpson allowed a second reopening of the hearings in May 1970, city attorneys quickly said that they were opposed to the plant, whether it endangered the aqueduct or not, because of scenic considerations. "The city's concern is for the environment as well as economics," corporation counsel J. Lee Rankin told the FPC. "When we speak of preserving the area, the city is not talking about a superficial or cosmetic job; rather it seeks assurance that an area of exceptional natural beauty be preserved for future generations just as it is."

The Times rejoiced that "New York City thus joins the battle waged for years by Scenic Hudson Preservation Conservationists against utility incursions on the river." But, strangely enough, the Times had harsh words for Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, who was trying to block the opening of Indian Point Two after trial runs produced kills of 120,000 fish a day in January and March. "The right answer, given the imperative role Indian Point now plays in meeting metropolitan power demands," said the same editorial, "is not to shut it off precipitously but to see that its plant deficiencies are corrected. Proper steps are already being taken by the Atomic Energy Commission."

Potential fish kills at Storm King were intolerable, but real fish kills at Indian Point, where the problems were complicated by thermal pollution, could be corrected. In addition, Indian Point Two. which was built in place of Storm King, was "imperative," while Storm King was unnecessary. It obviously took the skilled

eye of a conservationist to be able to make such distinctions.

The power crisis

HINGS TURNED OUT to be much worse than anticipated during the power crisis of 1970. In May, Indian Point One was closed by a defective cooling pipe. Indian Point Two was still far from completion. Then, on July 21, Big Allis went down for extensive repairs immediately projected to last through midwinter. Con Ed had begun installing gas turbines over the winter as a substitute for Storm King; by mid-July one of the turbines had also failed, and Con Ed's total capacity was below the previous year's peak. The result was a summer in which voltage reductions and power failures became almost a daily occurrence. Even rush-hour subways didn't have enough power.

In its scramble for power, Con Ed paid premium prices, importing electricity from as far away as Canada, New England, and the Tennessee Valley Authority. Con Ed's profits, already at the lowest rates of any utility in the country, were getting lower. When another heat wave struck in September, voltage reductions were put into effect for the fifteenth time, and a blackout hit a sixty-five-block area in Queens. The Wall Street Journal quoted a Canadian woman who was cutting short a visit to Forest Hills. "You can have New York City," she said. Apparently others agreed. The steady exodus of manufacturing firms and corporate offices was suddenly turning into a rout. From 1969 to 1976, the city, now widely regarded as "unlivable," was to lose 650,000 jobs. Other factors certainly contributed, but the shambles of Con Ed's power system and its soaring rates didn't help. Nothing ripples through an economy more completely than the costs of energy.

On August 19, 1970, the full five-member FPC finally reached its decision to grant a second license for the pumped-storage plant at Storm King. It was Con Ed's one note of optimism for the entire summer. Still, in the midst of the power crisis, the Times took the trouble to be gravely disapproving: "Essentially nothing about the plan has changed in the seven years since Con Ed first proposed [it]," said the editorial, without considering that the whole plant would now be built underground. "We are glad that Scenic Hudson intends to carry on the fight in the courts."

Indeed, the possibilities of appeals seemed endless.

IX MONTHS AFTER the 1970 power crisis, seven litigants were appealing the FPC's Storm King license to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. They were the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, the Izaak Walton League of America, the Audubon Society, the National Parks and Conservation Society—and New York City.

City attorneys must have been dazzled by the company, for, by March 1, 1971, they were telling the Court of Appeals that the project "would be worse from an air-pollution standpoint than construction of additional plants in the city," and were calling the

Hudson Highlands "a national treasure" where it would be unlawful to license any site unless there was "a mandate that the site chosen be exactly restored" to its natural state.

But on October 22, 1971, the Court of Appeals upheld the license by a 2-1 vote, and by June 19, 1972. the U.S. Supreme Court had refused to review the decision. A challenge in the state courts followed.

Finally, in August 1973, after more than ten years of effort, the project was suddenly completely free of license requirements and litigation. City officials were furious. Grasping at straws, they took the only possible remaining action and cancelled their ten-year-old agreement to allow the village of Cornwall to tap the agueduct as part of the plan to replace the upper reservoir. That took another year to overturn in the courts.

Neither had Scenic Hudson run out of "new evidence." On the day of the final state-court decision. Albert Butzel, its new attorney, made a solemn and foreboding statement. "New and revealing evidence has been uncovered which raises serious questions about the viability of this proposed plant and the citizens need for it," said Butzel. "The evidence is so convincing that the Scenic Hudson group will petition the FPC to reopen the entire case." Butzel said the "new evidence" concerned "fuel cells" which were "just on the horizon."

But in truth the arguments about "alternative sources of power" were wearing a bit thin, particularly since Con Ed was so strapped for power that it was using its peak-load gas turbines for base-load generation, burning fuel at about half its normal efficiency. And so, Scenic Hudson decided to concentrate its best efforts on the fish study that had been made by Con Ed from

1965 to 1968 at a cost of \$450,000.

The report, supervised by a panel of high officials from the New York State Department of Conservation, the New Jersey Fish and Game Division, and the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife and Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, both divisions of the U.S. Department of the Interior, had found that the plant would draw in no more than 3 to 4 percent of the total number of eggs and larvae that drifted past during the May-July spawning season. Hydrological studies showed that the plant would suck in 4 percent of all the water that passed by the plant each day. Assuming an even distribution of eggs in the river would mean that about 4 percent of the eggs passing each day would be taken into the plant. Assuming that all those eggs would be killed (there was plenty to suggest they wouldn't be) meant that 4 percent of all the eggs that passed the plant would be killed. A fair percentage of eggs was spawned below Storm King and never passed the plant, so the final estimate was a 3.6 percent mortality rate of all eggs and larvae. Since 99.9 percent of all eggs and larvae died before maturity under natural conditions, the conclusion was that the plant would have no effect on the total fish populations,

Scenic Hudson, however, wasn't satisfied. They decided there was a "fatal flaw" in the analysis. The "flaw" was that the panel of scientists and federal and state officials had "forgotten" that the river was tidal. The group said that the eggs and larvae would be "washing back and forth" in front of the plant and would have "more chance of being caught." The Scenic Hudson members found a hydrologist who said that the river sometimes washed back and forth ten times in front of certain places in New York Harbor. They decided to multiply 3.6 percent by ten, arriving at a mortality rate of 36 percent.

The whole argument, of course, was a lot of sophisticated nonsense. The study had considered all the tidal movements and arrived at an average figure for the net downstream flow of the river. Once the average was known, it wouldn't matter if the river washed back and forth 10, 50, or 100 times, as long as the net flow had been determined correctly. The point was that the plant could take in only so much water per day.

It is easy to imagine the problem causing some consternation in a fifth-grade math class, but it is difficult to see this logic finding acceptance before such bodies as the Atomic Energy Commission and the U.S. Court

of Appeals. Nevertheless, it did.

Scenic Hudson had its "rebuttal" to the fish study. The problem was to get it on the record. But with their multiplying contacts in government and uncritical treatment in the press, this was a relatively simple matter. The target became Dr. Philip Goodyear, a marine biologist in the AEC who was strongly sympathetic to Scenic Hudson's cause and had been a guest speaker at a fund-raising dinner of the Striped Bass Fund, the financial arm of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association. Dr. Goodyear believed-undoubtedly with sincerity-that the three projected Indian Point plants, plus Storm King, would have significant effects on the river's fish life. Whether Goodyear acted with scientific integrity in the Storm King affair will have to be judged from the record.

Scenic Hudson's connection to Goodyear was Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, also sympathetic to its cause. (Since Connecticut was getting many of the corporate headquarters leaving New York City, he certainly had no reason not to be.) In October 1973 Ribicoff delivered the FPC fish study, plus Scenic Hudson's critique, to the AEC and asked for an evaluation "within two months." Dixy Lee Ray, chairman of the AEC. said it would take at least six months, but, as arranged beforehand, the report arrived on Goodyear's desk at Oak Ridge Laboratories after only two. "It was a situation where they knew what pitch was coming to them and we knew what hit was coming back at us," Van-

divert explained to me.

By mid-December, a "preliminary report" was back in Ribicoff's hands. Dr. Goodyear confirmed that the report was "in error" by ignoring the tidal movement, but did some fast footwork to show that "compensating errors" made the figures correct anyway. He then went on to make his own monumental error by deciding that the entire annual kill of 3 percent of all the eggs and larvae in the river would occur each day the plant was in operation.

"If [the estimated removal of 3 percent of eggs and larvae] is applied over a period as short as ten days, nearly 25 percent of the larvae population would be withdrawn," he reported. "If the daily removal estimate [is applied] over the entire seven-week [spawning] period...then approximately 75 percent of the annual hatch might be destroyed." The "daily" estimate, of course, was actually an annual estimate.

Ray attached a letter that was as long as the report itself, warning Ribicoff to "use caution in drawing conclusions" because of "the probable absence of completely adequate data." After reviewing the report, she added sardonically that she continued to believe that "a critical analysis of this problem would take a minimum of six months." But the cat was already out of the bag, and so by December 1973 Scenic Hudson was back in business. Within days, a letter was printed in the New York Times stating that "the Atomic Energy Commission has reported that the Storm King hydroelectric power project might destroy 75 percent of the annual hatch of striped bass in the Hudson River. Sen. Edward Kennedy asked the FPC for a "brief and worthwhile delay" because of the impending "destruction of 75 percent of the striped bass" off the coast of Cape Cod. Ribicoff sponsored an "information meeting" on the report, and a Congressional hearing was eventually arranged. The testimony was inconclusive, but the environmentalists simply declared themselves the winner and carried the "new evidence" back to the Court of Appeals. The court ordered the FPC once again to reopen the hearings for a new study on fish life in the Hudson.

Victory of attrition

HE "BRIEF AND WORTHWHILE" DELAY has cost Con Ed \$20 million—one-sixth the original cost of the plant. The money was spent for a third major fish study which took four years to complete, involved seven major universities and scientific institutions, and came to essentially the same conclusion reached by Con Ed's lone scientists more than ten years before—that about 4 to 5 percent of the eggs and larvae would be entrained by the plant, and that the total fish population would not be affected.

Two observations show that there may be something to the utility's side of the story. The three Indian Point plants now take in more water than the Storm King plant would, yet after nearly three years of operation AEC scientists admit that there is no evidence that any portion of the river's fish population has been affected. (The amount of fish scraped off the screening devices each day would fill an average bucket.) There are other pumped-storage plants in operation, and they have fish problems of a different sort. At the Muddy Run plant in Philadelphia, the problem is that eggs and larvae drawn into the plant quickly produce sizable fish populations in the upper reservoir. Their numbers can get to be a problem, and Philadelphia Electric allows fishing on the upper reservoir to keep them under control.

All this hardly matters now. The "long war of attrition" predicted by Con Ed executives in 1965 has been fought and lost. Con Ed's finances fell apart in early 1974—a direct result of the high costs of buying outside power, the utility's enormous tax burden (25 percent of its revenue from customer billings goes to taxes), the overwhelming expenses of having to buy low-sulfur oil for city generation, and the resistance to rate increases. The quarterly dividend was cut, and Con Ed's stock—already known as a "widows and orphans" holding (median shareholder, a fifty-year-old woman)—dropped to the floor. "We wanted them to go into receivership so that even we could buy them out

—then they would be a true public utility," said Vandivert. But instead the New York State Power Authority authorized the purchase of two uncompleted plants, and Con Ed managed to avoid bankruptcy.

The Storm King plant, of course, could probably have prevented the July 13 blackout. John B. Oakes, now senior editor of the New York Times: Walter Brown, director of the National Electric Reliability Council; and Rod Vandivert all agree on that. After all, that was what the plant was designed to do. City officials investigating the power failure said they were amazed to learn that "the generating capacity was available, they just couldn't bring it up in time." Con Ed, of course, had been saying that for fifteen years. The city investigation found that the crucial loss of power didn't occur until the last two lines from the north failed because they became overloaded carrying 2 million kilowatts. The lines from Storm King, which were to run along the same corridor, were to be designed to carry 2 million kilowatts.

But there is hardly a political official in New York who even remembers what the whole Storm King controversy was about. Ed Koch, the leading candidate for mayor, said the problem at Storm King had been "thermal pollution," and didn't know the city is still the major opponent, nor did Paul O'Dwyer, who has now been City Council president for four years. He said the plant hadn't been built because "Pete Seeger and the environmentalists all over the country didn't want it." (He is undoubtedly right.) State Assemblyman Andrew Stein, who has made a political career out of attacking Con Ed, said about Storm King: "I'm against nuclear plants. I think we should keep the ones we have, but I don't think we should build any more." Stanley Steingut, the Brooklyn Assemblyman who is Speaker of the State Assembly, also told me that Storm King was "a nuclear plant."

What is most remarkable is that Scenic Hudson itself now appears to be the city's expert on the matter. When I called Dr. Carolyn Broncato, staff director of the Mayor's Special Committee on Inquiry into Energy Failures, she admitted she remembered nothing about Storm King, but said, "If you want to know more about Storm King, call Al Butzel." When I talked with Carol Bellamy, who will probably succeed O'Dwyer as president of the City Council, she said that "the person to see on that would be Dave Sive" (the Sierra Club attorney).

Even Norman Cousins, the editor of Saturday Review, who voted in favor of Storm King as chairman of the Mayor's Special Task Force on Air Pollution, remembered vaguely that the problems had something to do with "radiation." When I asked him what he remembered best about the environmental opponents, he had one clear recollection: "They had a lot of lovely ladies working for them."

By virtue of its high position as the avatar of good form, the wealthier class comes to exert a retarding influence upon social development far in excess of that which the simple numerical strength of the class would assign it. Its prescriptive example acts to greatly stiffen the resistance of all other classes against any innovation, and to fix men's affections upon the good institutions handed down from an earlier generation.

-The Theory of the Leisure Class

ND SO WE ARE BROUGHT to the point where we can legitimately ask, What in God's name has been going on in New York City for the

past fifteen years?

The answer, I believe, can only be understood in terms of Veblen's analysis of leisure-class behavior. It was obvious to anyone willing to look that the opposition was coming from the petty aristocrats of the Hudson Valley who were annoyed that their solitude was being invaded by the advancing society. There was nothing terribly new about this. The Hudson River Railroad laid its tracks right across the front lawns of Washington Irving, John J. Audubon, and William B. Astor in 1842. All were upset, but eventually agreed to yield in the name of the public good. Yet in the Storm King case this did not happen. The question is, Why?

Both critics and defendants of the plant have always assumed that anyone standing in the way of progress could only be acting out of financial self-interest, and that, once a money interest was disproved, the opponents would have to be accepted at face value. The Times expressed this so perfectly in defending the conservationists in its August 8, 1968, editorial that it is probably worth repeating: "[The FPC examiner's] findings on the scenic effects are at odds with the virtually universal opinion among conservationists and nature lovers, who have no economic stake other than the preservation of a majestic national heritage" (my

emphasis).

Veblen, who found this interpretation of leisure-class opposition to progress naive, wrote:

When an explanation of this class conservatism is offered, it is commonly the invidious one that the wealthy class opposes innovation because it has a vested interest, of an unworthy sort, in maintaining the present conditions. The explanation here put forward imputes no unworthy motive. The opposition of the class to changes in the cultural scheme is instinctive, and does not rest primarily on an interested calculation of material advantages; it is an instinctive revulsion at any departure from the accepted way of doing and of looking at things—a revulsion common to all men and only to be overcome by the stress of circumstances.

But what about the newspapers and the politicians, who are presumably responsible for informing the public and acting in its interest—why were they so completely taken in by sophistries and the publicity gestures of the "environmentalists"?

Here is Veblen's answer:

Since conservatism is a characteristic of the wealthier and therefore more reputable portion of the community, it has acquired a certain honorific or decorative value. It has become prescriptive to such an extent that it is imperatively incumbent on all who would lead a blameless life in point of social repute [to share these views]. Conservatism, being an upper-class characteristic, is decorous; and conversely, innovation, being a lower-class phenomenon, is vulgar.

This is the puzzle that no one in the entire controversy was ever able to quite figure out. Voting to "save Storm King" gave each of the participants in the political arena the chance to participate in a noble cause,

to share an aristocratic vision. It wasn't a matter of money, it was simply a question of good taste. The effort might require of a person that he gaze upon the litter of industrial ruins on Cornwall's waterfront and see "a landscape rich in beauty and history," but isn't selectivity the key to being an aristocrat anyway? It wasn't money that was being passed out aboard Commodore Chauncey Devereux Stillman's yacht as it passed Storm King Mountain on that September morning. It was respectability.

The environmental vision is an aristocratic one, conjured at the point where an idyllic past blends nicely with an imaginary future. It can only be sustained by people who have never had to worry much about their security. They are, in Veblen's term, "industrially exempt" from the normal fluctuations of the economic

system.

Nuclear energy, for example, was part of that vision when it was a "bright promise" in the 1960s, but now that the realities are here it looks problematic. Tom Wicker writes in the New York Times:

In three decades of experience with nuclear power, the radioactive waste disposal problem has yet to be resolved. Plant decommissioning costs and problems are not fully known. Nuclear power has grown vulnerable to shortages, breakdowns, and poor productivity; the Federal Power Commission reported 229 plant-months of delay for such reasons at 24 reactors in 1974. The amount of electricity actually produced has averaged, overall, only 55 to 57 percent of full potential.

The litany could easily be made about any new technology. Nothing in the industrial system is "fully known" until it has been done a few times. The "55 to 57 percent" figure is a familiar one, however—it is the average production for the entire electrical industry, due to the problems of peak-load demands. In actual operation, nuclear plants have been slightly more reliable than fossil-fuel plants.

But Wicker has a brighter vision:

Solar energy, by contrast, is available everywhere, has no public opposition and offers no safety or environmental hazards. It is highly suitable for such low-quality energy demands as space and hot-water heating, while to use electricity produced by nuclear fission for such homely needs is an expensive form of overkill.

Solar energy, of course, has the advantage of not being a reality as yet. A small-scale solar electrical station would be enough to scare the wits out of any environmentalist (one square mile of collectors for a town of 30,000 people with little hope for reducing its size through technological improvements). In any case, if all the country's heat and hot water were produced from solar energy, the demand for electricity would decrease by less than 5 percent.

But the message here is clear, and it should not be obscured by the facts. Nuclear energy is "hard" and dirty" and involves nasty realities of life. Solar energy, on the other hand, is "soft" and "clean." It is most notable for the lack of effort it promises. The future will hold no more grubby realities such as digging coal out of the ground or drilling for oil—no more

handling of dangerous materials. There will be nothing to do but sit back and watch the windmills revolve and the sun shine. The correct word for the environmental vision is not clean or soft. It is genteel.

It is also a vision that will call us to disaster.

Veblen's great fear was that, as innovation fell behind under the retarding influence of the leisure class, society would split into two extremes—the permanently wealthy and the permanently poor. Each would be even more resistant to change for its own reasons:

The abjectly poor, and all those persons whose energies are entirely absorbed by the struggle jor daily sustenance, are conservative because they cannot afford the effort of taking thought for the day after tomorrow; just as the highly prosperous are conservative because they have small occasion to be discontented with the situation as it stands today.

Veblen predicted that this polarization in society would lead to the loss of the entrepreneurial classes, which operate under what he called "the instinct of workmanship." The result would be permanent stagnation.

The limits to "no-growth"

HERE IS NO DOUBT that much of our response to the present industrial crisis is being formulated by the leisure class marching under the banner of "environmentalism." This is not to say that we do not face enormous and critical environmental problems and that there are not enormous numbers of people who are dedicated to trying to solve them. My quarrel is with the political "environmentalism" that offers no reasonable alternatives but proposes solutions which entail delaying or abandoning present, feasible, and proven technology and "waiting for" solutions that are "soft," "attractive," and "just on the horizon."

The leisure-class environmentalists will be perfectly content to leave things the way they are, regardless of the economic consequences, since, as Veblen notes, "at any given time this class is in a privileged position, and any departure from the existing order may be expected to work to the detriment of the class rather than the reverse. The attitude of the class [is] to leave well enough alone."

The fundamental environmentalist assumption is that we can "stop growth," at least until the "right" solution to our technological problems comes along. This is foolishness. "Stopping growth" simply means falling behind, with all the economic consequences. It is only the accumulation of social wealth from previously successful technologies that makes it possible to introduce new technologies. The people of New York City will find this out when they realize that they cannot easily turn the clock back and adopt pumped-storage technology. In the 1960s the plant could have offered enormous savings. Now it would cost \$1 billion: the people of New York City can hardly afford it."

The great misconception about "stopping growth," is the assumption that things will stay pretty much as they are. They will not. The stagnation of the industrial system will not keep the numbers of the poor from

growing. On the contrary, the universal historical experience has been that people do not limit family size until they have achieved a measure of social security. The only way this can be achieved is by the continuing expansion of the industrial system. "No progress" doesn't mean "no growth," and those countries, such as China and India. that have spent the longest periods of their history struggling under the changeless mores of an entrenched leisure class are hardly noted for their achievements in population control.

The great appeal environmental solutions offer is that they can be worn like a badge of success. To say that one is an "environmentalist," or that one favors "no-growth," is to say that one has achieved enough well-being from the present system and that one is now content to let it remain as it is—or even retrogress a little—because one's material comfort under the present

system has been more or less assured.

To quote Veblen:

The institution of a leisure class, by force of class interest and instinct, and by precept and prescriptive example, makes for the perpetuation of the existing maladjustment of institutions, and even favors a reversion to a somewhat more archaic scheme of life (my emphasis).

Environmentalism has presented itself to us as a form of "science," but it only borrows the language of science to serve its purposes. It is not scientific, either in its origins or its methods. It could easily turn antiscientific, and already has in many instances.

Yet there is no doubt that the environmental vision is winning widespread acceptance and is having an enormous effect on our economy. The Edison Electric Institute, the research arm of the utilities industry, is now warning that large portions of the country face widespread power shortages and blackouts within the next few years because the introduction of nuclear technology is not going ahead on schedule. Environmentalists' opposition and regulatory delays have brought new construction almost to a standstill. Power reserves will fall below 20 percent around the Great Lakes by 1979, and in the Southeast by 1981. By 1986 reserves will have dwindled to 1.4 percent in North Dakota, Minnesota, and Nebraska, to 3.2 percent in New England and New York State, and to 10.1 percent in Illinois. Missouri, and Wisconsin. The nuclear-reactor industry says it is already facing "enormous erosion of skills" and "technological regression" simply because there is no work available in building new plants.

"We're going to see a crisis atmosphere," John O'Leary, deputy secretary of the new Department of Energy, said recently. "By the mid-1980s, we may have very severe economic consequences as a result of our improvident attitudes of the late 1970s."

Yet environmental opposition is now working to hinder not only nuclear-plant construction, but also offshore oil drilling, importation of liquid natural gas, coal-mining, gasification of coal, hydroelectric plants,

and practically every conceivable form of producing

Where is the power going to come from to meet the needs of the next decade and the next generation?

The environmentalists say there are alternative means available.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1977

POETRY

ON THE 32ND ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOMBING OF HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI

by Denise Levertov

A new bomb, big one, drops long way beyond the fence of our minds' property. And they tell us, "With this he war is over."

We are twenty years old, thereabouts-

ow stale uniforms an fall off our backs, replaced y silk of youth! Relief, ot awe, gasps from our touths and widens gnorant eyes. We've been used

the daily recitation of death's ultiplication tables: we don't notice ae quantum leap: eighty-seven thousand

illed outright by a single bomb, fty-one thousand missing or injured.

Ve were nurses, refugees, sailors, soldiers,

amiliar with many guises of death; war had ended our childhood. We knew about craters, torpedoes, gas ovens.

his we ignored.

he rumor was distant traffic. Louder ere our heartbeats.

summer was springtime:

The war is over!"

nd on the third day no one see from the dead at Hiroshima, ad at Nagasaki e exploit was repeated, as if insist we take notice:

eventy-three thousand lled by one bomb,

wenty-four thousand injured or missing.

amiliar simple-arithmetic of ortal flesh did not serve,

yet I cannot remember,

ad Sid, Ruth, Betty, Matthew, Virginia unnot remember August sixth or ugust ninth, nineteen-

orty-five. The war was over was all we knew and a vague wonder, what next? What will ordinary

e be like, now ordinary life as we know it

gone?

But the shadow, the human shadowgraph sinking itself indelibly upon stone at Hiroshima as a man, woman or child was consumed in unearthly fire—

that shadow
already had been for three days
imprinted upon our lives.
Three decades now we have lived
with its fingers outstretched in horror clinging
to our future, our children's future,
into history or the void.
The shadow's voice
cries out to us to cry out.
Its nails dig

into our souls

to wake them:

"Something," it ceaselessly repeats, its silence a whisper, its whisper a shriek,

while "the radiant gist" is lost, and the moral labyrinths of humankind convulse as if made of snakes clustered and intertwined and stirring from long sleep—
"... something can yet be salvaged upon the earth:

try, try to survive, try to redeem

the human vision from cesspits where human hands have thrown it, as I was thrown

from life into shadow...."

MIRAGES

by Annie Dillard

ALL SUMMER LONG mirages appear over Puget Sound, mirages appear and vanish. While they last they mince and maul the islands and wa-

ters, and put us in thrall to our senses.

It is as though summer itself were a mirage, a passive dream of pleasure, itself untrue. For in winter the beaches lie empty; the gulls languish; the air is a reasonable stuff, chilled and lidded by clouds. We light the lamps early; we fasten the doors. We live in the mind. No one is about. We can see only a single human light; it burns near the shore of Saturna, the Canadian island across Haro Strait, seventeen nautical miles away. The water everywhere is vacant; the tankers alone still pass, their low diesel vibrations and their powerful wakes adding to the wind's whine and waves only a moment's more commotion; then they are gone. There is nobody, nothing. If you see

a boat on the water, you grab binoculars.

But in summer everything fills. The day itself widens and stretches almost around the clock; you want to run all night. Summer people move into the houses that had stood empty, unseen, and unconsidered all winter. The gulls scream all day and smash cockles; by August they're bringing the kids. Volleyball games begin on the sand flat; someone fires up the sauna; in the long dusk a half-dozen beach fires people the shore. The bay fills with moored boats and the waters beyond fill with pleasure craft, hundreds of cruisers and sailboats and speedboats. The wind dies and stays dead; and these fierce waters, which feel in winter the strongest windstorms in the country, become suddenly a resort lake, some tame dammed reservoir, the playing fields of any man jack with a motor and a hull. Surely this is mirage. The heat's on, and the light's on, and someone is pouring drinks. We dip freshly dug clams in hot butter; we grill oysters over driftwood on the beach. We play catch or sail a dinghy or holler; we have sand in our hair, calluses on our feet, hot brown skin on our arms. This is the life of the senses, the life of pleasures. It is mirage on the half shell; it vanishes like any fun, and the empty winds resume.

o MUCH FOR THE MORAL. The story is even simpler, a matter of gross physics and the senses. It is just that mirages abound here. When winter's cloud cover vanishes, the naked planet lies exposed to marvels. The heated summer air, ground under cold northern air, becomes lenticular, shaped like a lens or a lentil: when the very air is a lens, how the mind ignites! We live among high heaps of mirages, among pickets and pilings and stacks of waving light. We live in a hall of mirrors rimmed by a horizon holey and warped. Even now as I write the far shores of Saturna Island are starting to yawn and pull from the water; what had been a beach has become a high cliff. I wonder: are the people still there, the people whose lamps we could see in the winter? Have they been stretched too? Are they teetering now in their garden like giraffes, unable to reach the ground and tend to their peas?

Few others see the mirages. I never saw them until an article in Scientific American alerted me. Mirages—like anything unusual—are hard to see. The mind expects the usual. If a tanker appears to be plying ten feet above the surface of the water, the mind will pour in enough water to float the tanker Annie Dillard is the author of Pilgrim at Tinker Creek and Holy the Firm (Harper & Row).

properly, and deceive the eyes, and hush them with their Chicken Little message for the brain. Brain never knows. "What mirages?" everyone says.

There are two other unexpected things about mirages, both of which, incidentally, are true of rainbows as well. One is that they photograph very well; the Scientific American article included a print which showed people walking about in the middle of a sailing fleet. The other is that enlarging lenses—telescopes, telephoto lenses, binoculars—far from betraying the shabbiness of the illusions, instead confirm and clarify them. I always look at mirages through binoculars; the binoculars' magnification adds both detail and substance to the vision. Great shimmering patches of color appear over the water, expanding and contracting in slats like Venetian blinds. The elongate cliffs of Saturna Island, rearing enormously from the shore where no cliffs have ever been—these high palisades have a certain translucent, faked look to the naked eye, as if their matter, being so pulled, had stretched thin; but through binoculars they are as opaque as other cliffs, cliffy, solid, true headlands, and doubly mysterious.

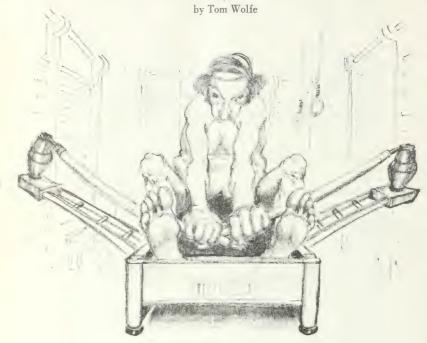
ESTERDAY I STOOD on the beach and watched two light shows at once. It was fair and calm and hot; I faced a string of islands to the west. To the south I saw, spanning a wide channel between islands, a long crescendo-shaped warp into which innocent little sailboats would wander and be wholly transformed into things glorious. Before my eyes a twenty-foot sloop expanded. Its mast grew like a beanstalk, its sails rose up like waterspouts. Soon the reckless boat, running down the light air and down the warp's widening crescendo, was flying a 150-foot spinnaker! There was a fleet of such boats in the sound. They were gigantic, top-heavy dream-sailers, mythic big ships sailing solar wind and stringing their dwarfed hulls after them like sea anchors. Now there, into the crescendo, went a white cabin cruiser sport-fishing for salmon; and here, at the other end, emerged a wedding cake, a wedding cake leaving a wake and steered by God knows what elongate gibbon of a vacationer at the wheel.

While these boats to the south were erupting transfigured over calm water, to the north the water itself was erupting and bending into hills and valleys. The water itself, I say, had grown absurd, sloping this way and that in long parallel ridges like those of a washboard. There were no waves; instead the water itself lay smooth and rucked as Appalachians, as enormous stairways, pleated into long lines of sixty-foot ridges and valleys. In this mess of slopes a host of white cabin cruisers was struggling uphill and down. The boats crawled up and over the pitches like tanks over earthworks and trenches. Their bows poured down the sixty-foot tilts and vanished into the valleys; or their bows aimed at heaven, their hulls churning directly up ridges so steep I thought they would all flip backward like so many unicycles. It was flat calm. Only that one patch of water was beserk, as if it had wearied of the monotony of being a seascape year after year and was now

seeking coarsely to emulate the ranged bumps of land.

Then the show pulled out. In the south the giant sails and the weddingcake cruisers emerged from the dazzle suddenly ordinary in proportion and humble. Nevertheless, from their masts and over their cabins still hung some remembered radiance, some light-shot tatters of their recent glory. They continued across the horizon as creatures who had been touched, like the straggling and shining caravans of the wilderness generation as it quit Sinai. And in the north the little cruisers I'd watched had steered from the canyons and found regular waters, which looked mighty dull. Other boats still hazarded into the ridges, but the heights were no longer so fearsome; gradually, over the space of an hour, the mountains sank back to the water, and the water closed over them in the way that water has always closed over everything, in literature and in fact; as if they had never been.

IN OUR TIME



Nine Danger Signs for Wives

If your husband: (1) is between thirty-eight and fifty-four years old; (2) launches into an intense program of exercise; (3) starts losing weight and getting thin, whether through exercise or any other method; (4) begins using ever more ingenious and desperate means of covering his bald swath and goes to a hair stylist to have the results teased and fluffed for \$17.50; (5) lets his moustache curl down at the ends (the so-called Zapata Look); (6) gives up his eyeglasses for soft contact lenses; (7) develops some completely new reading interest, such as art history, astrology, assertive therapy, Eastern philosophy, ecology, or the novels of Tom Robbins (Even Cowgirls Get the Blues); (8) starts leafing through your copies of Vogue, lingering over the ads; (9) begins having dreadful luck trying to catch the last flight back home from his business trips (airport fogged in, taxi had a flat tire, last-minute after-dinner meeting called, got all the way to the airport only to discover that the leather holder with all the credit cards was in the pocket of the bathrobe which was overlooked and left on the back of the bathroom door in the hotel room, and so on)-

then: (any of the above) he is fantasizing about a New Cookie; (any two of the above) he is looking for a New Cookie; (any three of the above or number seven or number nine by itself) he has found her; (any four of the above) she has sunk the hooks in; (any five or more of the above) he will have already started wrapping his eyebrows around his nose and trying to involve you in conversation about "our relationship."

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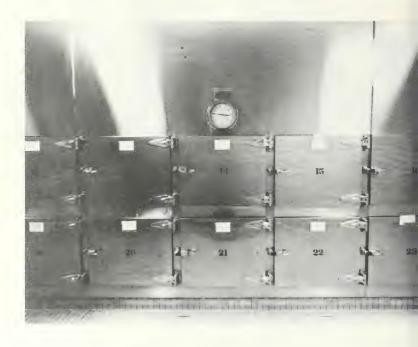
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THE TRAVELERS

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SUCCURRERE VITAE



Waiting for your number to be called

by Joel Age

HAD IMAGINED the medical examiner's office to be a long dark hall smelling of dust and freshly cut pinewood and embalming fluid (presumably musklike), with two long rows of corpses laid out on cots and covered with sheets, and an old man searching for my brother among them, like a mail clerk searching for the poste restante. That fantasy began to evaporate when I set foot on the broad expanse of steps extended to the bereaved with exactly the same air of granite potency and solemn condescension one would expect from a bank, courthouse, or embassy.

The wall directly facing me as I stepped in—a marble wall of imposing height and

breadth—bore a lengthy legend graven in mag isterial capitals for the consolation of thos who understand Latin. A tall flag hung before it, set at half-mast. A group of well-dressed men and women with grave and furrowed faces stood near the entrance, talking quietly A uniformed guard directed me past then to an office (normally proportioned) where after a lengthy demonstration of officious in difference on the part of the staff of four a balding black man read off to me, in a dry voice, a list of questions concerning the name, age, and sex of the deceased, his occupation and place of work, my relationship to him, and the cause, circumstances, date, and

Joel Agee is at work on a reminiscence of his boyhood in East Germany. pproximate time of his death. The man didn't at an eyelash at my answers. He must have een used to hearing about suicides. He typed ut the data on a printed form, separated the everal carbon copies, and handed me a small lue card with a penciled number on it.

"Take a seat and wait till your number is

alled."

I was too restless to sit. I paced back and orth in the foyer. I tried not to think about

tefan. I didn't want to cry there.

I stopped pacing and stood still for a while, ying in vain to decipher the Latin inscription. he last words, "SUCCURRERE VITAE," seemed connote something like "Life goes on"—or ad it something to do with succor? The flag, realized then, was set at half-mast not to sate the as yet unidentified citizens that were ored in the medical examiner's office, but to year Harry Truman, who had recently died.

onor Harry Truman, who had recently died. An abundance of marble had been lavished walls, pillars, steps, and even furnished the ame for an indoor garden. I have never seen ch rank and ecstatic vitality displayed by a inch of plants, not in any greenhouse or rest: here was a fugue of squat swollen stems olding aloft thick fountains of lush broad aves, and two flowers, enormous, pink, openg their hearts to the slanting sunlight that Il through the window. You couldn't help adiring them again and again as you waited our turn. The eye would scan the marble patens for something interesting to fasten on, ush shyly past the troubled faces of the other sitors, and come to rest on the plants.

Those well-to-do people, for example, one whom was rather loudly praising the exquie cleanness of Switzerland, where nearly eryone wears ties, and where even the young ople never wear dungarees, and graffiti are nply unheard of—they, too, took refuge in

olonged botanical inspections.

But no one discussed the plants or comented on them, so far as I could tell; maybe cause they proclaimed too loudly their own umphant existence. Why were they here? hoever planted them must have had in mind me tactful consolation akin to the written e on the wall. But these plants were obenely alive; they could only remind you, in rather blatant way, of the deadness of the ad one you had come to identify.

AMBLED BACK near the office where I had been interviewed, and from where I assumed my number would soon be called. The door was open, so I could observe two lerly, very genteel Chinese men requesting th great courtesy of one of the clerks that

he expedite matters somehow, for they had come in from Washington and had a plane to catch. The clerk said: "You will have to wait till your number is called. There are other people waiting in line before you." The Chinese gentlemen each made a little bow of polite resignation and rejoined their wives, who had been sitting stiffly poised with downcast eyes throughout their husbands' efforts, holding their pocketbooks on their laps. The clerk, noticing the ticket in my hand, and assuming I too had approached his office in order to register my impatience, waved me away, and reiterated his formula: "Please take a seat and wait till your number is called." This time I did as I was told.

No sooner had I sat down than I became an object of critical scrutiny for five young people -two men and three women-directly facing me from the couch opposite mine (the Chinese were sitting on a couch by themselves). I assumed they were Puerto Ricans, though they could have belonged to any Hispanic nationality; and they just as automatically (and erroneously) took for granted that I spoke no Spanish, and proceeded to milk my appearance for all it could offer them in the way of distraction. One of the men in particular, a burly guy with a Playboy pin in his lapel, scanned me with hostile admiration from head to toe, and started commenting, rather fatuously but not without wit, on my hippieness, beginning with remarks about my womanish and no doubt unwashed hair, the button missing on my coat, my worn heels and unpolished shoes, moving on to a Reader's Digest-like sermon on the moral decay, the blurring of sexual distinctions, the erosion of authority in the United States, and returning to the concrete with a comparison of my hair to that of a dog they all knew. Most of the others (including myself) seemed to welcome the entertainment, but were too sad to reward the man's efforts with more than occasional and quickly fading smiles; the second man, who was mostly staring at the floor, just nodded from time to time to show that he was listening; and I of course kept a straight face. I wasn't angry.

There was a silence, during which a man's voice could be heard scolding in the office: "Maybe it's a waste of time to tell you guys you oughta be shamed a yourselves. But at least have a heart, you know what I mean? Even if you have no shame, at least have a heart." Then someone shut the door.

Looking at one of the Spanish women—the one who did not have a man sitting next to her—it suddenly struck me that she might have lost her lover. Her eyes were puffed, her face drawn and exhausted.

"The plants were obscenely alive; they could only remind you, in a rather blatant way, of the deadness of the dead one you had come to identify."

Joel Agee
STECHRERE
VITAE

The office door flew open, and a slight, short, very pale young man with spectacles stepped out holding a sheet of paper in his hand, and called out a number-not mine. The Spanishspeaking group rose to their feet and were led at a brisk pace through a door with a black 2 above it. They returned almost instantly, the three women crying and sobbing hysterically, one of the men nervously fumbling for a cigarette, the other (who had done the talking before) determinedly stoic. The women collapsed back onto their seats, violently shaken by sobs. The man with the cigarette numbly struck a match four, five times without lighting it. The stoic, looking less stoical now, put his fingertips to his eyes and shook his head. The women held hands and embraced, still crying pitifully. The man with the cigarette stood up, grabbed his coat, and said: "Vamonos!"; and then the others also gathered their coats and umbrellas and pocketbooks and walked past me up the stairs to the foyer and out onto the street. I avoided their faces as they passed.

OR A WHILE I watched the young clerk walk in and out of the office and Room 2, rattling pieces of paper in his hand; and when that got tedious, I studied the pictures on the walls—discreetly tinted prints depicting the flowers, roots, and fruit of various plant species. I thought of praying for Stefan, but that seemed artificial.

A member of the elegant English-speaking group, a powerfully built middle-aged man in a sharkskin suit, came down the steps from the foyer and strode past me jauntily on soft crepe soles, one hand in his pocket, the other dangling by his side with exaggerated nonchalance. "Excuse me," he said to the clerk, "why is there such a delay? We've been here for forty-five minutes! What's taking so long?" His voice was demanding and authoritative. The clerk curtly explained that the body had to be sewn up-accompanying his words with a graphic sewing gesture (no fine embroidery stitch, this sewing; more like mending a sail). The older man stood still for a moment, then turned around and walked past me again. All the color had left his face. His mouth was open. I felt a surge of pity, but fought back the tears.

Eventually the clerk concluded his business in Room 2, vanished into the office for a while, reemerged, and cheerfully called out another number. The Chinese were next in turn. They followed the clerk through a door that had lost its number—presumably a 1. The husbands stepped aside to let the women enter first. Room number one turned out to be a corridor

that led downstairs at about a thirty-degree angle. The clerk pushed the door shut behind him with a slight bang. I could hear footsteps receding with an increasingly faint and hollow sound, until there was silence. Minutes passed The hollow shuffling sounds resumed, and grew louder. The door opened. One of the women was tottering and soundlessly crying Her companions supported her on either side The clerk escorted them to a couch with hasty efficiency. The woman sat down and daubed her lower lids with a little handkerchief, very delicately. She sniffed. Her husband bent over placed a palm upon her hand and murmured a few words. Then he retreated to make room for the other woman, who sat down and tool her friend's limp white hand between he palms and proceeded to mutter, quietly, delib erately, and almost without interruption, di rectly into her ear. From time to time the weeping woman daubed her lower lids and nodded quickly, with just the faintest edge, i seemed to me, of irritation. The two men stood aside and conversed.

I was relieved when they left. It was hard not to cry at the sight of them, and I was determined not to cry—not to feel, if that was what it took.

It wasn't long before the small clerk breezed out of the office again and called another number. The man in the sharkskin suit came down the steps and was led through door number one. He towered above the clerk by a good two heads. He still had one hand in his pocket. The door snapped shut behind them. I listened to their footsteps receding, echoing as they greefainter, and eventually vanishing out of earshot

An intense silence followed: no sounds fron the office either, just traffic boiling outside Then I heard—everyone in the office and behind me in the foyer must have heard it to—an uncanny sound: a kind of cavernou barking; and then it seemed to be a violen argument between two men; but no, it was. someone seemed to be laughing down there I felt my skin crawl. The sound grew loude and lost its eerie echo. Now I knew what i was. The door opened, the man with the shark skin suit came out howling and blubberin, and covering his face with his hands. The cleriushered him in the direction of the steps, when his friends took him in hand.

I cupped my hands over my eyes in an el fort to reinforce my resolve not to cry.

There was a long pause then, during which I prayed, as earnestly and believingly as I haw when I was a little boy under the tutelage of Catholic housemaid. I prayed for Stefan, that his spirit would find its home and place of rest for our mother; for the people I'd seen crying

If you know several people who deserve Crown Royal, they're very fortunate.
So are you.



Joel Agee
CCURRERE
VITAE

for all the dead, here and everywhere; and for the dying, for the unborn, and for all the living. For animals too.

NOTHER NUMBER was called, still not mine. A group of seven, all black and very poor, to judge by the patched and threadbare clothes they wore, came down the steps and were led through Door 1. And again—but this time in chorus, and recognizably-their return was heralded by loud lamenting and crying. The door flew open, and a woman staggered out, moaning and waving her arms. A young man followed, his face contorted and wet with tears, carrying in his arms a young girl, who was also crying and seemed to be on the brink of vomiting. A white-haired old man had his hand on the young man's shoulder; he too was crying. A young woman followed, walking very upright and slowly shaking her head with an expression of sickened dismay. And after a while the last two emerged, an old woman and a teen-age boy, sobbing and supporting one another, their heads touching, followed by the ever-efficient clerk, who closed the door behind them and directed them to the couch.

There they collapsed, embracing and sobbing and crying, until one of the women said, "Let's get outa here," and they left.

There was just enough time to dry my tears and choke back the knot in my throat before my turn came. The clerk led me into Room 2. There was Stefan, lying on his back behind a plate-glass window. His face, brightly lit by invisible floodlamps, contrasted sharply with a night-black background. There was a bruise on his cheek. No other damage was visible. A brown blanket covered his body up to his chin. He looked asleep. Austere, serene. All the madness had gone out of his face.

"That's him," I said. The man made no

reply. Neither of us moved.

I felt gathering up within me, in a simple, unquestioning movement of my deepest memory, all the confusion of pity and ill will—or was it frustrated love?—I had ever felt for my brother, and cast it out of myself. I wished him well from the bottom of my heart.

"What happened to him?" asked the clerk.

"He jumped out a window."

Then I turned toward the door, and the man

It was cold outside. Life did indeed go on, that banal observation was unavoidable. Life went on right in front of the medical examiner's office in complete, if not blissful, ignorance of death. People and cars were rushing in all directions. In a shop window, Richard Nixon

addressed the nation through several TV sets. How driven and thirsty everyone looked! Obsessed with motion! Mad with purpose! I wanted to stop one of them and tell him: "We're all going to die. I've just seen it. There's a place right around the corner..." But who would want to hear that? They'd think I was crazy.

On the way home in the subway, there was some mechanical problem; the train jerked and clanked laboriously, stopping and starting until it finally deflated with a hissing gasp at the Brooklyn Bridge station. The loudspeakers ordered all passengers out onto the platform. There I stood for a long time shifting my gaze from the tired, morose faces around me to the patterns of broken tile on the wall on the other side of the tracks, while the man in charge of the loudspeakers, excited by the crisis, issued periodic communiques.

A Krishna devotee came down the steps and entered the crowd. He was a strapping young man, much healthier looking than most of his brethren, and obviously proud of his shaven head and priestly trappings. He announced with a strong pleasant voice that his Yoga group was collecting funds for the orphaned and starving children of Bangladesh, and that it would be nice if everyone contributed something. And then, seeing me watching him, he said, "Hare Krishna," and I said hello.

On a sudden impulse, I stepped up to him, put 50 cents into the cigar box he was holding in place of a begging bowl, and touched his

arm: "Can you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"My brother just committed suicide—"

"Oh, that's bad."

"Yes, I know it's bad, but he did it, and I'd

like to ask you to pray for him."

"I don't know, man, suicide is a very wrong thing to do. You don't even get reincarnated, you're like a ghost from then on." He pondered for a while. "There is something you can do, though. You can bring offerings—like food—to some priests. Now, I can't really tell you where to go, because I don't know too much about these things, but that's what you can do, and it'll benefit your brother in some way." Then he laughed and shook his head and let out a little whistle. "Wow—don't you ever do that to yourself."

I felt very angry at him. I wanted to take back my 50 cents, but restrained myself.

"I think you're wrong," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't believe my brother will be punished I don't think God punishes us at all."

"Oh, that's okay," he said. "Thanks for you contribution anyhow."

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FLIRTING WITH GUILT AND TYRANNY

The current susceptibilities of some American literary critics

by Eric Larsen

SENSE OF GUILT helps to shape American liberal response to the world, and the part it plays should never be underestimated. In the past fifteen years, as everyone remembers, it was observed to rise up a number of times from the recreation room in the suburban basement and come out the front door onto the lawn. There was guilt about what was done to the blacks; guilt about what was being done in Vietnam; even guilt over the ravages done to (as we say) "the ecology." The real heyday for such guilt came, of course, in the middle and late Sixties, when its manifestations, for a number of reasons, were especially visible, not only on television but sometimes in the neighborhood streets. Respectable people came out of their houses, lit candles, sang songs, held hands, bled themselves (or worse), wore strange clothing, marched in the South, in the North, and on the capital. There was hand-wringing. weeping, and outrage. All with good reason. Vietnam was being destroyed for an outdated lie, its forests defoliated, its villages burned, its people slain. A sense of injustice raged at home, fanned by the war. Dr. King was mur-

Eric Larsen has contributed to The Nation, The New Republic, Commonweal, and other publications. dered, the cities were on fire. Oil spills slopped up and down the coasts, wrecking everything for corporate profit and the tanks of elephantine cars. The point? Moral concern and commitment were being demonstrated, of course; but underneath, the thing that got the sleeping liberal conscience moving in the first place, lay a pervasive and contagious sense of guilt. How terrible we were to have let any of this ever happen; how very bad, how deep-down evil, how guilty we were. The impromptu liberal community was at base a community of awakened guilt.

Times have changed, however, and now guilt of this kind seems to be considerably (and perhaps deceptively) less visible. The issues have changed too, have in some cases quietly gone away. Race, for example, has become a different, certainly a more touchy, complicated, and tricky affair than it was (the radical blacks, wisely enough, make it embarrassing to be liberal. while white hypocrisy is buried under the paperwork of affirmative action). Vietnam is over, or so we are told. As for "the ecology," the Alaskan pipeline is a fait accompli and maybe the caribou will survive. In any case, we enjoy the magisterial services of the Environmental Protection Agency, and in the state of Washington you can't buy throwaway bottles. What is there to feel guilty about?

SPEAK LIGHTLY not because guilt of this kind is altogether wrong. The havoc of the Sixties was awful, and it was right that thinking people should have felt guilty about much of it. But at the same time it should never be forgotten that guilt is not one of our more reliable emotions. and, like the impulse to charity, it is always based more firmly in the thoughtless urgings of the heart than in the cooler reasonings of the head. Guilt leads people in crazy directions. Feeling guilty, we easily make fools of ourselves, with open arms embrace false premises, happily reach bizarre and even foolish conclusions. Nothing is more pathetic, for example, than to see a genuine hippie, now, still walking around the streets, a moony-eyed fossil, having some years ago substituted feeling for thought: shame, dismay, selfloathing transformed into a perverse kind of audacious pride, possibly our most authentic relic of the Sixties. It's hard to think straight, or at all, when you're in the grip of guilt.

Given such observations, it is interesting to watch the development among a number of our current literary jour-



nalists of what looks to me like a new and updated variant of liberal guilt, 1970s style. I find myself wondering with some trepidation what rough beast might emerge from this new manifestation of guilt.

Last April, for example, John Leonard gave us the first "Literary View" column in the newly face-lifted New York Times Book Review. In his piece, called "Falling off the Train," Leonard gathered himself up and announced: "I have been reading, and rereading, and it occurs to me that I no longer believe most of our serious writers. any more than I believe TV commercials. What are they selling? Blood on a crust of dread, instead of horsemeat and uncola." Leonard, it appears, has grown tired of our current novelists' gloom and negativism; he has grown tired of their habit of writing about social and political ennui, about entropy and suffering and threat, about the epistemological vacuum. And he decided, as a result, to give us something just a little bit shocking: he chose to attack whole flocks of our best-known writers for, of all things, their inflated seriousness.

Why can't the people in our contemporary novels be less tormented and alone, less alienated and cut off; why can't they be more normal? Why, Leonard asked with only a faint touch of drollery, don't they ever have any friends? The answer is that friends make it harder for these characters to cultivate their affected sense of doomed ultimacy and empty threat. "Friends, of course, stand in the way of the abyss. Their telephone calls interrupt us while we are theorizing about pain and anguish, while we are wrapping our little boxes full of dead mice and mailing them to the world as though they were valentines."

What, I ask myself, is Leonard really talking about? Feeling charitable, I conclude that his essay is not merely the middlebrow trouncing upon the pretensions of serious art that it seems to be. "I refuse to believe," Leonard writes, "that all our modern novelists know of life is pratfall, complaint, insanity and tough darts. I think they're lying." This is simply too close to an echo of Spiro Agnew on the subject of the mass media (let's have more good news) to be taken seriously. Leonard's real thesis is more subtly hidden and much more fascinating. At bottom, it

is the thesis of the educated and well-informed liberal, and it springs forth from a certain kind of guilt and a sense of inadequacy that seem to have become remarkably visible of late in the literary press. Based on a patch-work of thought, the argument holds implicitly that the brand of deeply negative high seriousness we find in our art is essentially a fraud; and it is a fraud for the simple reason that we have not earned the right to it.

Life in America, the argument holds, is not bad. In fact, it is so much a blessing as to have become an embarrassment. Not only are we hopelessly spoiled, but we are not, as so many people around the world are, being arrested, tortured, and shot merely for expressing ideas. We are not even threatened with such things, and to write as if we so much as faintly imagined we were—to write as if we imagined we were, God help us, suffering—is no more than a naive and presumptuous, not to mention self-pitying false-hood.

So much for the old stride and immediacy of the Sixties, when writers were so ready to shoot straight for the top of the absolutes, which were available in our own backyards. Leonard and other commentators of the day seem to feel now, a decade later, that we live in a world removed, cushioned, cut off from the significant kind of reality that was then all but thrown into our laps. They suggest that Americans live now, and how differently, behind a kind of protective wall, padded, muffled, and painted in eye-easing pastels. To the conscientious liberal, understandably, this sense of privileged cloistering becomes a new cause for guilt. Just look around the world: we aren't suffering, they are. In short, Leonard tells us, we protected and coddled Americans simply don't have the credentials for the drama of nihilism or tragedy; others, elsewhere, do. Speaking of Grass, Calvino, and Moravia, he tells us snidely that at least "these people have an excuse for their tragic sense of life; they earned it, instead of learning about it in school, required Modernism 101: 'The Aggressive Environment of Automata and Impersonal Dijects." And he finishes us off: "We are counterfeiting Kafkas, while leaving it to the Russians and the Latin Americans to write novels in which life really matters."

O AM I TO AGREE that in some important way Americans are cut off from life itself-from a knowledge of that part of life, at least, that "really matters"? Perhaps, to some extent, that is true; with qualifications, in fact, I agree. It doesn't take much casual reading in the recent literary press, in any case, to find a good deal of at least implicit corroboration of the suggestion. Writing in The Nation this spring, Gene Lyons described the numerous volumes published by the presumably lively and experimental Fiction Collective as, by and large, the self-indulgent work of "academically employed solipsists." A year ago, in his column in The New Republic, Roger Rosenblatt invoked the grandeur of the past by mentioning his "distinguished predecessors Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley," and then, returning to the banalities of the present, went on to say, "We are celebrating a period of vast and arrogant mediocrity, in literature and other arts-a period not unlike the Bicentennial itself, which generally has not, as many initially feared, become a vehicle for the cheap and gaudy, but has become something considerably worse: dead lies to cover for a lonely and fearful land." Reviewing Walker Percy's Lancelot in the New York Times, John Gardner saw fit to call ours an "age of mostly terrible fiction" and to assert that "in our stupid, whining, selfpitying modern novels . . . people keep whining about the black abyss," while what writers really should do is "stop sniveling and go for answers or else shut up." And, in a more gracious echo of the same contention, Saul Bellow giving his Nobel lecture on literature last winter, told us that as writers we are "on the periphery," that we "do not . . . represent mankind adequately,' that we have drifted so far astray into our own concerns and indulgent habits of thought that we have given up "the connection of literature with the mair human enterprise."

Whether or not anyone agrees with these remarks is less important at this point than simply acknowledging theis seriousness of intent. Certainly they are not frivolous or casually tendentious comments (only Gardner, who in a recent Atlantic took the remarkable liberty of billing himself as "one of the really great writers," might be suspected of something less than complete impar

tiality). In general, though, the remarks draw attention for being earnest, sober, and condemnatory. And their scope is sweeping. John Leonard provides a list: "Cheever, Joan Didion, Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, Francine Gray, John Updike, Renata Adler, Jerzy Kosinski, and so on and on and on." A good list, which raises a good question: Is anyone, come to think of it, indeed really prepared to follow happily along and call these and other of our best-known writers mediocre, peripheral, inadequate, unrepresentative, solipsistic, stunid, terrible, self-pitying, whining liars?

This is an extreme view, and it empts me to document my own reponses to the works of these writers (there is in them, and to varying degrees, both good and bad, success and ailure, promise and forfeit), but, stricty speaking, that is material for a diferent essay. Here the subject remains he nature of the other judgments aleady made. For in these critics' voices detect nothing less than a well-develped romance with our own inferiortv. To a certain extent, of course, such preoccupation with banality and hiftless inconsequentiality has its roots n truth: ours is a muddled, post-modern age of mass culture; it is not a owering age of Augustus, Elizabeth, or Shakespeare, or even of Conrad or Proust or Mann or Yeats or Joyce. But, going beyond this, I admit that am slightly amazed by what I have ead. Attacks of such breadth and asertiveness as these upon the literary ulture, after all, come more commonly rom the direction of social and politial conservatism than from the side of iberalism. What, then, is the source of uch disenchantment and mortification -I could say cultural self-loathingin the part of the liberal critics?

HE ANSWER to this question is complicated, but at heart it has to do with the fact that in certain important ways nany of our more susceptible liberal hinkers are governed both by guilt nd by a peculiarly revealing kind of nyy. For the educated, well-informed, nd conscientiously humane liberal, as have suggested, there is a subtle but ersuasive (perhaps recently intensited) sense that to live in America is to ive not at the center of things: our world is not the world; our subject mat-



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James A. Alcott, Publisher

ter is not the subject matter. Certainly it is not heroic. Last November, Elizabeth Hardwick reviewed Renata Adler's Speedboat in The New York Review of Books and took time to theorize upon the general nature of our serious contemporary fiction. It is a literature, she asserted (with greater interest in description than in denunciation), that is created out of the perceptibly authentic fabric of our lives—that is, out of open-endedness, banality, and paranoia, not dignity, stature, and heroism. "A novel like Pynchon's V." she wrote,

is unthinkable except as a production of an American deeply saturated in the 1950s and '60s. It is a work that, in its peculiarly brilliant decomposition, explodes in a time of seemingly expanding capitalism. It comes out of our world of glut, endless consumption, enviable garbage, and numbing disorienting possibility. Life is not a prison. It is an airplane journey and on this journey the self is always disappearing, changing its name, idly landing and departing, spanning the world in hours.

An admirer of the achievements of Pynchon, Renata Adler, Francine Gray, Joseph Heller, and others, Hardwick feels nevertheless compelled to make an important distinction between our own writing and that composed under tyranny. "The enclosed, static, oppressive nature of Soviet society," she wrote,

makes it possible for Solzhenitsyn to write books that [unlike our own "new fiction"] are formally conservative and yet profound and farranging in their significance. His fictions concern nothing less than the soul of Soviet Russia itself. The cancer ward is the diseased state, the prison, the concentration camps are the scenery in which history, morality, infamy act upon imagined characters realistically. The resonances of these grand works from the cage are far greater than we can produce in the openness and freedom of our lives; and altogether different.

An astute and carefully descriptive critic, Hardwick provides her readers with sustained literary distinctions that show nicely just why it is that our contemporary works look the way they do. These objective distinctions, though, are taken up by others, in a considerably less careful manner, as evidence

not only (again) of inferiority but of the actual negligence and evil that arise out of Americans' crippling isolation from real life. For at this point something very important happens in the thinking of the guilt-prone liberal: his romance with the theme of inferiority evolves into nothing less than an additional romance with the starkly explicit truths that are tested and revealed only under the grimmest of tyrannies. The truth, in other words, of our own pampered and directionless lives is one thing; the truth of life under established tyranny is another: and the latter is a truth, in John Leonard's phrase, that "really matters." Between their own lines, the liberal critics begin flirting with the charms of tyr-

In a recent issue of *Harper's*, E. L. Doctorow wrote on the subject of those poets who have repeatedly been tortured by the regimes under which they live. He spoke at length of the distinguished exile Reza Baraheni, who himself underwent arrest and torture in his native Iran:

"Azudi has shattered the mouths of twenty poets today," says Baraheni, speaking in a poem of one of the shah's torturers. How do we. who as aestheticians know that politics makes bad art, judge a line like this? And which of our critics who believe that words are a tapestry and of no value except in the pretty designs they can make can deal for art's sake with the embarrassing, unobjectified, uncorrelated bitterness of a writer whose spine has been burned with an acetylene torch? What do our literature teachers say who do not grant art a political character, but who would speak to their students of The Human Condition? For Baraheni, Solzhenitsyn, and writers in Chile, the Philippines, Indonesia, South Korea, it turns out that The Human Condition is first of all to be made of flesh that can be torn, organs that can be violated, bones that can be fractured. In America it is or should be every writer's dream to give literature back to life. The writer-witness has the corollary problem: how to communicate to those who insulate themselves in literature the terrible inadequacy of aesthetic criteria as applied to human suffering.

I tread lightly here, and with enormous respect. The unspeakable horrors



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and utter degradation of human torture are indisputable; no question rises about them; the emotional and moral outrage called for, required, by an awareness of such practices is clear, and Doctorow throughout his essay provides eloquent testimony to this truth. And yet, risking disrespect, I admit I do have a few questions. Let us assume, merely for the sake of the argument, that Americans do indeed "insulate themselves in literature." Let us also assume, for now, the truth of the assertion that we should "give literature back to life." This, it seems to me, is logically capable of meaning only one thing-that we should give literature back to something that is better, more meaningful, more true than whatever it is we give it to now. And, in the context of Doctorow's sobering passage, what is that better, more true thing? It is nothing less than the bearing of the standard of dignity and freedom under the curse of the world's most repressive regimes. It is the life, in short, of imprisonment and torture.

Doctorow, for all the intelligence and rightness in what he has written, stands on the edge of letting moral commitment, outrage, and guilt blind him to certain essential, even primitive, distinctions: it is not now, it never has been, and it never will bemorally, aesthetically, philosophically, or physically-better, superior, or more true to be tortured than not to be tortured. Is Baraheni better for having been tortured? Only the most depraved romantic puritanism could possibly assert that. And surely Doctorow would not think so. He would be appalled at my even suggesting that he might. Yet there are ominous subtleties of premise in his essay (let us return our literature to life), as there are in other of the essays I have looked at, that lead me to insist on making this remarkthat torture is not better-and on preserving that crude and essential distinction.

or sometimes it begins to seem as if there may be no easy exit from the closed chamber of literary-moral concern created in the thinking of certain kinds of our crities; they become trapped in a maze of their own devising. Consider the pattern. Henry James wrote about the first part of it: a vague but press-

ing sense of inferiority, of being cut off, of not being at the center of things. Add to this a vivid awareness of the suffering that occurs, in the name of intellectual freedom, under tyrannies elsewhere in the world. The susceptible, insecure liberal consciousness, being both humane and well-read, is appalled at such suffering, and feels compensatory guilt at the smug ease, corrupting material well-being, and easy, protected freedom of life at home. The cycle is under way, and as the moral sense intensifies, so does the intensity with which the liberal thinker criticizes the superficiality and pampered falseness of the life he sees around him: its complacency and indulgence, its fatuous professorial theorizings about injustice, its fashionable anxiety, in pure comfort, about threat and dread. All very understandable. Yet from here it is only a small step to the remarkable transference, clearly more emotional than intellectual, that allows guilt actually to turn into envy: life under the tyrannies, for literary purposes at least, and very likely for moral purposes as well, actually comes to be seen as superior to life in freedom-more immediate and stimulating, more heroic, more unquestionably and intensely productive of real truth.

This process, if believable at all, is the process of romance, and, as romance, it is both absurd and dangerous. Yet it exists, in black and white, and in the most astonishing places. Writing on the Russian writers of the Seventies in a recent "Literary View" in the Times ("From Russia with Heroism"), Hilton Kramer distinguished our own writers from those of the Russians: "In the West, the success of our political system, despite its well-publicized troubles, has given our writers the freedom to be trivial, cavalier, and myopic, even about the politics that guarantees this choice-and this is a freedom that a great many of them have exercised to the fullest." The denunciatory criticism, of course, is familiar; the interesting thing is the subtlety of tone that castigates our writers for the offense of being free. Kramer goes on:

The cruel and often murderous failures of Russian politics, on the other hand, both before and after the Revolution of 1917, have consistently denied to Russian writers

any comparable freedom. History has condemned them to an ineluctable seriousness. This is a harsh fate that few of us would freely choose, but it is not without its rewards for a writer who has the vision, the talent and the moral stamina to embrace it as a special opportunity.

I have added the emphasis here t underscore how incredible a thing it i we are reading. One word alone amon those emphasized—"condemned"—is negative one. The others are quite th opposite, are words, in fact, of heightened, romantic praise: "inelucta ble seriousness," "rewards," "vision, "talent," "moral stamina." And, stand ing out above the others, "special or portunity." For these last words an the ones, above all, that raise the en sential question: Is Hilton Kramer, i the comfortable, coffee-table pages of the Sunday Times, actually asking t to believe-lest we miss this salier point in the flurry of high and empt rhetoric-that to live under Soviet of pression is indeed in any way wha soever a "special opportunity," on moreover, to be "embraced"? The al sence of logic I will pass by. As for th idea itself, if it is not the product of romantic envy, I do not know romant

Kramer plunges on, repeating his ke words and once again holding up th hardy, invigorated Russians as a reasuring measure to our own diminutio and degradation:

The miracle of Russian literature in this decade is that this opportunity continues to be embraced, that it continues to produce work on a scale of achievement that dwarfs our own literary accomplishment—and this, despite the awesome opposition of the Soviet state, with its well-known instruments of coercion and terror.

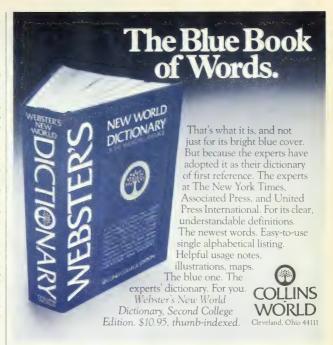
More astonishing logic. Has Krame in his oddly puritanical zeal, real chosen to forget that the recent Russia works he so much admires were not a complished despite "the awesome opposition of the Soviet state" but precise because of it? Where, I ask, would The Gulag? Or One Day in the Life of Iva Denisovitch without the prison camp When admiration for such works these begins to blur, through roman or moral zeal, and however faintly

with any admiration whatsoever for the conditions that bred them, then I, too, want to get off the train.

HICH BRINGS ME once more to John Leonard. who asked, in "Falling off the Train": "Does this mean that writers need a dictatorship to make the obvious less obscure?" The question passes its readers by as something glibly intelligent, and its ominous confusion returns like a bad aftertaste only later. So travels the devious voice of guilt. For the bracing simplicity of tyranny, it seems, comes to dance like a vision of sugarplums in the night minds of disapproving moralists like Leonard and Kramer. What noble and heroic books we'll write once some ethical direction and moral fiber are given back to our lives. Certainly they will be superior to the myopic, maundering, and pretentious banalities we produce now in our frivolous life as poseurs of seriousness under freedom. So bring on the thumbscrews, prepare the elecrodes, oil the rack. And while you're at it, bring a pen.

I greet absurdity with absurdity. That we are now, perhaps more than ever, in need of rigorous criticism of purselves, as writers, as a people, and is a nation, may go without saying. But to be of any genuine use at all, hat criticism must be based on premses that are sound and true, and it nust be pursued with logic that is inact, not chopped. Romantic fixations ind quixotic pursuits based on glib alf-thoughts will not do, no matter vhat first roots they may have in a ense of moral good. Goodness of inent carries no weight in any court, and to come upon serious critics dreamng of transforming tyranny into a ource of heroics and clarity is bizarre, bsurd, and, I dare say, redolent of langer as much as of folly. I am reninded of Lagado in Gulliver's Travels, vhere scholars in the Academy of rojectors work industriously to transorm cucumbers into sunbeams, melted ce into gunpowder, and human exrement into food. These scholars, wift makes clear, worked in the honrable service of state policy, in acordance with public wish. Let us hope, t the very least, that our literary alhemists speak only for themselves.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1977



Elegant music. Surprisingly affordable.



IMAGES AT RANDOM

by Hugh Kenner

The Random House Encyclopedia, edited by James Mitchell, Jess Stein, and others. Random House, \$69.95.

HE NEW Encyclopaedia Britannica (fifteenth edition, volume X, page 401) has a caption under a cut of Jules Verne that identifies him as Auriparus flaviceps (in Texas, the yellow-headed timouse), photo courtesy National Audubon Society. For to package information is to court perils. Letterpress printing, for one thing, converts everything it can process, images and winged words alike, into rectangles of lead someone's hand can mix up.

Or someone's eye can tire. The newest Columbia Encyclopedia (fourth edition, page 1434), in the course of updating its entry on James Joyce, managed to misspell his bibliographer's name once, the title of his last book twice, the name of his biographer three times. These aren't blotches like Simth for Smith but errors that look okay if you don't know, and one-volume works

Hugh Kenner, who teaches at Johns Hopkins, is referred to as High Kenner in the Columbia Encyclopedia, fourth edition, page 256.

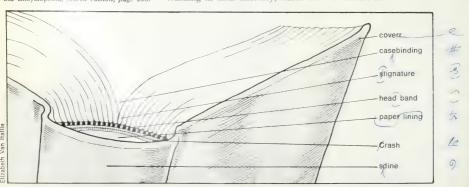
of reference (with the notable exception of Eric Partridge's dictionaries) are in general neither written nor checked by people who know. Their millions of words are condensed out of various sources by clerks in a hurry, assailed by the clack of one another's typewriters, beset by deadlines, harried by word counts. The "experts" whose mysterious proximity gets ritual acknowledgment up front have better things to do than fit a selection of remarks about Bach or Wittgenstein into three-and-a-half column inches.

Onto this minefield, bright-eyed and brassy-cheeked, The Random House Encyclopedia has now made its bravura entry, propelled by a \$1 million ad campaign (324 TV spots in six weeks) and hyped as "a 'family bible' of knowledge for our times' quite as though there were no problems at all. There are plenty.

What they've been doing at Random House, it turns out, is spending \$1.5 million to make what can be sold as an encyclopedia out of the American rights to an "art bank" of several thousand four-color visuals, some banal, some stunning in their intricacy, which the

transatlantic originators at one time didn't quite know what to do with.

Anyone old enough, like me, to remember G. H. Davis's cutaway drawings of ships in the long-ago Illustrated London News, or young enough, like my son, to be thrilled by John Batchelor's loving dissections of planes and tanks in the current Purnell World War Specials, can respect a British tradition of visual explication—the right word, since it means "unfolding." The richest of these drawings unfold an object-a layered Roman road, the vaults of a mosque, a locust's anatomy-with patient detail and command over perspectives no eye has ever seen. You can look at, and through, and into; on page 1738 of the new book you can examine the painted decor of a trireme, its above-deck engines of assault, its warriors in their armor; then study, beneath peeled-off planking, the jointure of wooden ribs, and (deeper inside) the rowers' benches, the black rhythmkeeper with his twin drums, the captain's wine store. It can take a half hour to fully absorb such a picture, and must have taken the artist a week to execute it.



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HISTLING UP that kind of artist and other kinds was a house skill at Mitchell Beazley, the British publishers of The Joy of Sex, The World Atlas of Wine, and other feats of biblio-gourmandise. They got ambitious, and a few years ago, with financing from a Dutch firm that envisioned artwork for a twenty-volume encyclopedia, they had close to 275 people bent over layout boards, trying to arrange the joy of knowledge into two-page spreads. Sixty-five percent of all human learning had become visual, somebody involved had been told by somebody.

With a lot of talent and money backing a wholesale commitment to the visual, nobody wanted to reflect that some subjects are more visual than others. Elementary astronomy is chiefly things to look at, and on sixty layouts it comes through brilliantly: star maps, telescopes, a cutaway Skylab, stark renderings of how remote looming planets would look from their inhospitable satellites. Human anatomy in forty-five layouts is another triumph. The novel in the nineteenth century, on the other hand-like it or not, it's words, words, and a painting of Zola can convey no more than a thoughtful dandy with a beard, leaving the caption to make kiddie points ("Naturalists believed writers should portray the brutality of industrial life").

Worse, themes like "Industry and Economics" haven't even faces to offer, yet must be made visual; hence jazzy graphs which would serve to clarify a thoughtful text, dominating a text which instead tries to make sense of them. By 1975, when Random House bought in, the distinction between what pictures can do and what they can't had simply been wished away, in a package that looked too succulent to question.

Random House sensed difficulties that might lie low if the user could somehow effect entry through the alphabet. Since the alphabet was what Mitchell Beazley had hoped to leave behind, this seemed to mean swinging the whole drifting project around stem to stern, but though you're nudged toward imagining geniuses aleap naked ("Eureka!") from Random I'ouse tubs, what got done was simple enough. The 1,750 pages of visuals retained their sequential flow, and a made-in-the-U.S.A. section got annexed: 822 pages

of ordinary verbal look-ups, more or less haphazardly referenced to the color. Each part, it was hoped, would make up for the other's deficiencies. They were christened Colorpedia and Alphapedia, thus conferring a certain wan glow on a Pyrrhic victory.

What with "Flags of the World," an atlas, a time chart, a bibliography, it all comes to 2,856 pages, four inches of thickness, nearly twelve pounds to lift and flop open on a sturdy table, with a special binding that restrains sag when the monster is stood upright, and a price tag (\$69.95) that makes premotivation of the buyer essential.

That, too, has been seen to. The pretested commercial made 60 percent of control groups in metropolitan shopping malls say they felt an urge to head for a bookstore, and since 50 million are expected to watch the commercial you may wonder why only 175,000 books have been printed. That figure reflects, presumably, an estimate of how many copies bookstores can afford to stockpile to meet the pre-Christmas rush TV is meant to churn up. The bookstore is the publisher's unpaid warehouse, and the Random House sales plan (notably the single-volume format, unique among the dozen-odd Mitchell Beazley clients), stakes everything on bookstore sales. Colorpedia, Alphapedia, TV-it adds up to an Archimedean feat of marketing, the earth moved without a demonstrable place to stand on, and Jess Stein, a sometime word-man who edited the Random House Dictionary before assuming editorial directorship of the new enterprise, now affirms in a convert's tones, "We all feel that this is how people learn today-visually." They learn, sure enough, that visually is how they learn. That leaves the Alphapedia to one side.

With entries so short they average thirty per page, the Alphapedia, cousin to those one-volume fact books writers use to verify a spelling, fill in a date, is less for learning from than for firming up what you know already. As such it's a quintessential alphabet-keyed resource.

HEN THE NOTION of alphabetical access crystallized in the eighteenth century, it helped establish the corollary notion that knowl-

edge is assembled out of units calle facts. The great encyclopedic minds antiquity—Aristotle, Cicero, Confuci—wouldn't have known what a fawas. They beheld a kaleidoscope of i teracting principles in which no every stays still to have its tail salted, thoug sometimes process can be caught of the wing with a statement like "Natu abhors a vacuum" or "The good is early to the best." Study led to slow u derstanding, and might entail the study of virtually everything.

But the alphabetized reference boo in permitting you to start reading an where and stop almost immediately, meaningless unless in your skim as dip you can pick up something su stantial. What you pick up is a "fac or several. Fact (from the Latin for tum, "done") once meant somethic like "feat," a kindred word, and st does in legal usage; the detective w wants the facts is asking what peop did. But new customs demanded a ne usage, and a fact in a reference book something over and done with, stuffe on display, and still; one sort of ul mate fact is a corpse. Since number our sturdiest rhetoric for the unchar ing, a date is a welcome sort of fac so is a name correctly spelled, a wo defined, a bit of genealogy. Look u der "Aisha" in the Alphapedia and y find: "AISHA (611-678), the favorite the 12 wives of the Prophet Moha med, daughter of abu-Bakr." That's line made of facts, and when know edge is reduced to elements of the kind, the meaning of knowledge is su stantially altered. Understanding ma ters less than getting the facts right.

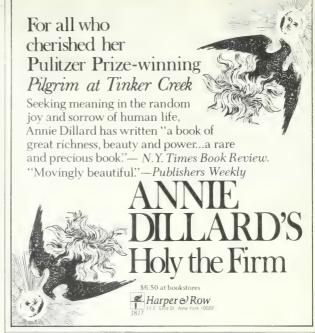
In so compact an array, all facts a of equal importance, since there's predicting which ones a user will was Hence all errors are equally catastrop ic. The little time I spent spot-ched ing things I happen to know alread makes me wonder if the Alphaped isn't punctuated with catastrophe, doubt from having been put toget er so fast. The reader is told th Georgian Bay has thirty islands (re-30,000); that T. S. Eliot wrote T Sacred Woods (read Wood); that t date of Waiting for Godot is 19. (French text '52, English '54); th two of William F. Buckley's books a Man, God, and Yale and Four Reform ists (read God and Man at Yale, Fo Reforms), and that his sparring par ner John K. Galbraith was born

va Station, Ontario (read Iona). If the fact you went inthe book for, you'd have drawn a oden nickel from the knowledge of the state of

Other stumbles occur midway been fact and judgment. From the 5. Eliot entry again: "After the sucsful reception of his first published m, The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufk (1917), he devoted the rest of life to literature as a poet, playght, critic, and editor." Here not y is the factual peg wrong (the m was published in 1915; what ie out in 1917 was a book called frock and Other Observations), the would have made Eliot blink with nishment (in no sense, save among raps thirty people, was the book cessful, and as late as 1924 he was slaving in Lloyd's Bank).

Ir browse in the forty-six-page time rt. Here are Auden and Spender asled to "a group of left-wing poets ondon in the 20s" (wrong decade; nder was twenty-one when the inties ended), and here's Pirandello ling emphasis to the years 1930-32 ong decade again: try the Twen-). Or check the book's own statets with one another. The commenceit date for Pound's Cantos is variy given on pages 1375, 1869, 2010; suggestions span nine years. The bin date of the Victorian computer wird Charles Babbage depends on wither you consult page 1672 or page 5. Spellings are likewise adrift. The m nematician Fibonacci, right twice, le; a letter on page 1441; the unit of in uency, hertz, right several times, is on page 1650. Under "Expan-" (mathematics) the series for sin x. at ffair of letters and symbols, is sevways wrong.

nd so on. Most of the facts are afte ill correct, but you may feel you'd another encyclopedia to be sure h ones. Signs of haste are everye. Though the Alphapedia was cc eived as a finding device for the G rpedia, it sputters and coughs when I for that kind of aid. The entry lo Buckminster Fuller refers us to Cirpedia page 1412, where he's nowl e to be found, but not to the Alob edia entry on geodesic domes, wh in turn fails to point to color res on pages 1463 and 1803 (the at of which, composed entirely of e gons, is, by the way, a mathemat-





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The MIT Press

Massachusetts Institute of Technology Cambridge, Massachusetts €2142

BOOKS

ical impossibility). Numerous goodies, like the beautiful cutaway drawing of the Frank Lloyd Wright Price Tower (page 1415), aren't cross-referenced from any place I could find. Lacking any general index save the whimsical and spotty Alphapedia, the browser in the color section faces massive frustration of any desire to find something a second time.

Which brings us to the Colorpedia itself, two-thirds of the book, its justification and showpiece, and the locus of its major problems. Pictures too are obdurately fact-oriented, and between two kinds of commitment to molecular fact whole areas of human experience simply drop out. What to do with Shakespeare? The Alphapedia can give a dated list of his plays, the Colorpedia can show us his face and his playhouse, and neither can really say why he deserves as much attention as the eminently picturable planet Jupiter. The Alphapedia, where a sense of such problems stirs occasionally, does attempt translation of his greatness into fact: he is "the most frequently quoted individual writer in the world.'

Where it lacks statistical grist the Alphapedia, still game to try, here and there emits little telltale flatulences. Of Mallarmé: "His style is complex"; of Wallace Stevens: "His work is rich in metaphors and in it he contemplates nature and society" (that won't help you tell Stevens from Rod McKuen). These betray a commendable intuition that some lack in the color spreads wants compensating; that in taking as the unit of presentation two pages with perhaps 1,000 words of text plus ten or so pictures and their captions, the British team made a Procrustean decision which no amount of talk about user habits (82 percent watch TV, 41 percent read books) can quite justify.

It's true that the spreads offer sequential flow. When you've absorbed "Britain and the Industrial Revolution" (the Crystal Palace, cotton mills, penny postage) you turn the page and find "The Novel in the 19th Century," which makes more sense than turning from Aardvark to Aaron. What makes less sense is the rigid picture-oriented twopage module, over which some themes can be lightly stretched but into which others must be stomped down stunned.

Unpacking such information is a skill not taught by TV. Many pages take more rigorous spells of attention than most reading one can think of and some are just too compressed to be comprehensible unless you under stand them already. The presentation of calculus on pages 1460-1 would have been a pedagogic triumph if abo 2,000 more words had been available. But turn the page for more help at the subject has changed completed. Many earnest students will just given. Worse, many more will settle forowsing and gaping, and if there something we don't need in 1977 is encouragement for yet more citize to gape as knowledge flows by.

Finally, the decision to keep the C orpedia self-contained meant fitti many thousand bits of informati into the only available spaces, the or the layout staff had left for caption This meant, as we learn from the M 9 Publishers Weekly, very heavy ed ing, "to the point of virtual rewriti to fit spaces allotted in the layouts the artist having determined how ma words the writer could have. At Li where the staff faced similar problem weekly, they gradually set up an org nization for intricate cross-checking and rehearsed for years before tryi anything really complicated. Starti from scratch, Random House process 3 million words in less than two year and the frayed edges show.

through thirty-odd consecutive pages on mathematics, I four entirely too many snags, ear apt to worry the student who, as text demands, is poring letter by leter: on page 1450 an apparent mispring a formula ("fi" for "L"); on pa 1454 a meaningless "right H angles also a fatal wrong number in the equation for the circle (elsewhere given correctly); on page 1466.... But lesslow down.

"Each word of the encyclopedia the preface says, "has been read by dependent academic advisers." Bald dash. What got read, I'd conjectu was preliminary drafts, before the crispace-fitting commenced. If any ademic adviser passed what I'm about quote as it stands, he deserves to ha his slide rule broken over Jess Steiknee at high noon. It's page 1466, cation 5, attached to a picture of a gmetric model, and if you find the su ject unfamiliar, what encyclopedias a

is to tell you what you don't know.

Uniform polyhedra can have, several different regular polygons contributing to their faces. There are 13 "Archimedean solids" (not counting the infinity of simple prisms allowed by this definition) each of which has a regular polygon top and bottom, joined by square faces around the middle. If faces are allowed to intersect, 53 additional uniform polyhedra result. This one is composed of star-shaped dodecagons and equilateral triangles.

the first sentence will pass. The secl, though dead wrong, can be put that if you know enough to move the sing parenthesis down to the end, king "which" refer to prisms, not solids. The third would be correct to were clear that the "faces" it mentions aren't the kind mentioned in sentence one (for a good explanation, see Alan Holden, Shapes, Space and Symmetry, page 94). The fourth is a disaster. No "star-shaped dodecagons" (twelve-sided figures) are to be discovered in the very pretty photo, and I hate to imagine the misery of the student who thinks he should be finding them. Five-pointed stars, yes. And only some of the triangles are equilateral.

Part of the trouble lies with the model, which seems to have been built for decoration, not pedagogy, and isn't sure whether it's a ditrigonal dodecahedron (none of the triangular faces equilateral) or a small ditrigonal icosidodecahedron (all of them equilateral). The more interesting question is how the words went so wrong. I think I can guess.

There will have been, attached to that photo, an expert page or two on the fancier polyhedra, which will have mentioned that the one illustrated is derived (by "faceting") from the dodecahedron. A non-comprehender in a hurry had to fit bits of this information into twenty-three lines each seveneighths of an inch long. "Dodecahedron" caught his innocent eye and sponsored the nonsensical "star-shaped dodecagons." And well out of expert eyeshot a caption was born.

If you say "So what?" you don't want an encyclopedia. You want a great big polychromed gee-whiz pacifier sputtering facts and unfacts like a wobbly Roman candle, and this is just your book if you're willing to lift it. It has at least 1,000 good pages too.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1977

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Michael Malone

arles Dickens: His Tragedy and umph, by Edgar Johnson. Viking,

offering the rare combination of olarship and style that vitalizes iculous research, Johnson's definitwo-volume biography of Dickens, n it first appeared in 1952, enear ed both critical acclaim and bestther success. So, in his lifetime, did rles Dickens. To squeeze into this one-volume edition as much of man's energy, ambition, compas-, and egotism as Johnson has manand I is in itself an achievement, for Inimitable Boz was in every way ssive. Novelist, editor, reformer, r, public figure, father of ten, and heir to Shakespeare's comic genius, cens's leisure alone (a twenty-mile in the snow before lunch) would killed a lesser (or less obsessive) After his eighteenth year, when ia Beadnell rejected his proposal, tens never again allowed anyone nything to thwart a relentless will succeed. As indefatigably as the

ael Malone is the author of two novels, is ting the Roses Red and The Delectable of taking.

most fervent Victorian Gradgrind, he drove himself into the arms of the world, into a passionate affair with his readers that lasted until his suicidal refusal to stop public performing of his works brought on the stroke that killed him at fifty-nine.

The triumph of such a life is obvious. The tragedy is, curiously, less apparent, for Johnson's sympathy with what he has elsewhere called "the dark pilgrimage of Dickens' soul" curtails his desire to explore his subject's limitations. Angus Wilson, for example, has argued effectively that Dickens's negative feelings about women damaged both his life and his art; because of Johnson's reluctance to impose such interpretations, we here receive the myth of a life as the mythmaker himself perceived it.

In the early 1950s, literary criticism was in an "objective" phase, and Lionel Trilling, among others, praised Johnson for remaining the "servant of fact." As a rich, readable presentation of the facts of Dickens's life from Dickens's point of view, this biography is without peer. If, twenty-five years later, it seems less definitive, it is because we may now suspect that not

even the Inimitable was always an omniscient narrator of his private great expectations, or his hard times.

The Destinies of Darcy Dancer, Gentleman, by J. P. Donleavy. Delacorte. \$9.95.

Buying a Donleavy book is like buying a bottle of Guinness stout. It's distinctive, it's carbonated, it's brimmed with what Hazlitt called "gusto," and those who like it can drink it forever. The ingredients never change. Who can tell Dancer's destinies from Balthazar's beatitudes? Midst poetical tags and somersaulting point of view, rich beauty of a baby boy loses parent, loses virginity, finds older woman lusty and busty, finds bolder buddy artful and dodging, finds boarding schools and bawdy fools, loses and finds a kind of salvation-set, of course, in mad magical dirty derelict grand and gorgeous Ireland, whose artistic creed has always been "Love It and Leave It." Donleavy loves it and lives there, and the place has brought out in him that exuberant, joyful relish for the squalor and wonder of life which is a comic gift to be

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poems, Eiseley reflects on matters large and small . . . These poems are at once universal and utterly personal . . . The events of man's history carefully and objectively observed by the scientist, become the personal landmarks of the man's own journey; the scholar and the poet are one, and his place in the context of the universe he studied is plainly and painfully set down."

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Nelson Holl

cherished. Oh, sure, it's the same book. It's the old stout in a new bottle. But if you go around only once in life with Mr. Donleavy, you'certainly go round in style.

Bliss, by Elizabeth Gundy. Viking, \$8.95.

First you laugh. Drones of academe paddling their arcanery in a backwater pond. The good country people of Fingabog Siding measuring out their lives in Tupperware. Love with an improper stranger. Then, as you realize what Elizabeth Gundy is up to in this small, splendid novel, you wonder at the risk she's taking: a love affair, a believable love affair between Prof. Leona deVos (homely, horny six-foot-one specialist in Christopher Smart) and Bliss Dawson (a muscular maintenance man with a sixth-grade education, a wife, two children, and a missing front tooth). Gundy not only dares, she convinces us that what slowly grows between this man and woman is not merely a sexual union, but a human union, honest, compassionate, and equal. Their love story is interrupted by the commercial messages of Bliss's wife, who is having her own affair-an insatiable lust to stuff herself with merchandise, from a multicycle fabric master to an Auto-Choma Purity Color TV, whose Bible is a Christmas sales catalogue and whose passion is to live in a house with a picture window across the street from the K-Mart. As strange as this marriage of comedy and lyricism may at first appear (as strange as Bliss and Leona). the marriage works.

An Autobiography, by Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead, \$15.

"If I could write like Elizabeth Bowen, Muriel Spark, or Graham Greene, I should leap to high heaven with delight. But I have learned that I am me." For modest Lady Mallowan, "being me" had its own delights. They are recalled in this chatty, cheerful diary of a glad housewife completed when Dame Agatha was seventy-five, and now released to join the rest of the current Christie productions—movies, two best sellers, a play celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary on the London stage, and seventy-nine paperbacks presently in print. Yet the book is no

portrait of an artist; Christie neith had nor desired a room of her ow Apologizing to us for her dullness ar mediocrity (her sister had all the t ent), she admits "how much more i teresting it would be if only I cou say I always wanted to be a write and was determined that someday should succeed, but honestly the id never came to my head.... In fact, contemplated only one thing-a hap marriage." She gave her occupatias "married woman," and, after thr published books, was "astonished" th the income-tax people should consid her literary earnings income, since s thought of them as "only the natur successor to embroidering sofa cus ions." We know how proud she was her second husband's book, but lea little of how it felt to sell 400 millicopies of her own books, and to s them translated into 103 language We know how she decorated her home but not how she disciplined herself write 68 novels, 17 plays, and mo than 100 short stories, except that s was most prolific during the war year when "one practically never went of in the evenings." Of the first M Marple mystery, she confesses, "I ca not remember where when or how wrote it."

One need not, of course, live as author in order to work as a write and if Christie considers the two hig lights of a long, lucky life the purcha of her first car and a lunch with Que Elizabeth, well, that is "being me." have remembered, I suppose, what want to remember." As to how a why this unassuming, unassertive, u liberated, and finally uninteresting woman managed to plot thousands ingenious ways to poison, stab, blu geon, and blast to death all those inn cent folk in some of the finest dete tive fiction ever written-that is Ag tha Christie's final mystery. And a ca for Monsieur Poirot, a charming meg lomaniac who is, page by page, much better company than his mode

Dispatches, by Michael Herr. Alfred Knopf. \$8.95.

Vietnam was the fuse that throu the Sixties shot the American drea that made manifest our manifest d tiny. Our longest war, the only war ever lost. Less than two years ha

325 W Jackson Chicago

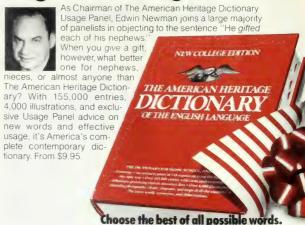
passed since the fall of Saigon, but in that time Vietnam has become the war that dare not speak its name, as far away as Haight-Ashbury, as Black Panthers, as Kent State-one more nallucination of the narcotic Sixties. Now Dispatches, written in lyric rock, old new journalism, comes like a murlered ghost to insist that we remember. So the American commander had wenty or thirty of the dead flown up on a sling load and dropped into the rillage ... all those dead Viet Cong, ight in the middle of the village.' Forty-six thousand American dead. "A ittle girl was lying on the table, lookng with wide, dry eyes at the wall. Her eft leg was gone and a sharp piece f bone about six inches long extendd from the stump. The leg itself was n the floor, half-wrapped in a piece f paper." The greatest volume of exlosives in the history of warfare. Gooks! Git some!'

Why were we in Vietnam? Herr oesn't say. With no big picture, no oordinates, he simply drops us into ne war, as a grunt commuting into ell with "uppers in one pocket, downrs in the other" was dropped out of a elicopter into an unfathomable jungle here a sniper might wait to blow off is head, where the wait for death light drive him mad. It is terrifying be in that jungle with him; it is as ad as we dreaded, it is worse than e can believe. Which is more hideus, the Marine with his necklace of ietnamese ears, or the Command with s positive kill ratios, its friendly-fire isualties (Americans killed by Amerans), its acute environmental reacon (going insane)?

The power of Dispatches and the irity of its intent are flawed only when err uses the war as an acid-rock ickground album to a half-mocking, ılf-aggrandizing study of his own ve-hate fascination with the war and ith the macho-correspondent role he ught himself playing there. "All ght, yes, it had been a groove." "I ink that Vietnam was what we had stead of happy childhoods." But his only one of the stories he tells. With e rest of his dispatches, Herr has ld the truth of the war in Vietnam, id asked us to face it. "It took the ir to teach you that you were as sponsible for everything you saw as u were for what you did."

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 1977

Why Edwin Newman believes it is better to give than to gift.



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AN APPRECIATION OF ROBERT LOWELL

by Hayden Carruth

HE DEATH OF Robert Lowell was natural. He did not jump off a bridge, put his head in the oven, tie a hose to his car's tailpipe, or go strolling at midnight on the freeway; he collapsed in a taxicab, just like you or me. In a way it's almost a blessing.

Yet he is dead. Dead, moreover, at an early age, like so many of his generation in American poetry. ("My unhealthy generation—/their lives never stopped stopping...") Jarrell, Schwartz, Berryman, Roethke, Goodman. One way or another they did themselves in. Lowell too. if not with the weapon in hand, then with drink, insomnia, cigarettes, pills, restlessness—in a word, anxiety. It ruined them all, these poets who began to write just before World War II. What shall we call them? Perhaps the conscience-stricken generation.

Guilt, always guilt-they were pioneers of guilt. Not the fashionable Fifth Avenue malaise of the Fifties; I mean the real thing. Night after drunken night, all night, they talked about "responsibility." If there was a god they were sinners. If there was not a god they were still sinners. Why? It is not easy to say; I am sure the answer will occupy many volumes in years to come. But one thing is clear. They had inherited from their elders-Eliot, Pound, Stevens, Williams, Auden, even Frost-an enormous metaphysical awareness, an enormous apparatus for moral, psychological, and aesthetic inquiry, without anything to use it on. They were in a vacancy ("the unredeemable world"). They had neither faith nor doubt, neither art for its own ? sake nor the natural environment. Everything had been used up. They ran Hayden Carruth is poetry editor of Harper's.



this way and that, blind rats lookir for a rathole, until finally they came understand, one way or another, the their sin was their own existence.

How could it be in this great un verse-great no matter how you co ceive of it, an order or a disorder, a act or an accident-how could it l that such a monstrous thing as huma intelligence had arisen? It was too a surd to be tragic, too ridiculous to l absurd. It was nothing really, a tril of unmeaning; yet it was everythin too. For it was the sin of presumptio the worst sin of all. But against whom Against what? The stars, those blir whirling fires? No, it was just pr sumption, that's all, the indetermina source of indeterminate guilt-sin vacancy. ("Is the one unpardonab sin / our fear of not being wanted?' They were like invisible children amor the others at school, waving their hand desperately to go to the bathroom. Ar no one saw. Guilt gave way to humili

And humiliation craved more gui Lowell was a voracious feeder on crit cism. No matter what you said again his poems, he took it in, enlarged : and gave it back. Yes, he said, me culpa, I can't integrate my metaphor my language is unnatural, my poen are self-indulgent, I don't know fo eign languages, and my translation are awful. But he went on doing th same things to the end, just as he we on denying, obliterating, his own be talents. He had a brilliant critical mir and he refused to write criticism: I could probably have been the be epigrammatist in English since Be Jonson and he refused to write er

New England puritanism was wh fueled Lowell. He was born to hough if he hadn't been he would have found something else—guilt invents its twn crimes. His puritanism sufficed, towever. Even when he converted briefly to Catholicism, the Virgin and cruifix seemed only ornaments to his uritan conscience. And after all faith was not Lowell's gift, as he came to ee. He could not force it. ("The Queen of Heaven, I miss her,/we were diorced.") Hence he was back where the started, conscience-stricken. If extence itself is presumptuous, then extence in a theocracy whose rationale as departed, a brutal witch-killing

theocracy at that, is an iota worse. Melville and Hawthorne had known it, and Lowell knew it even more keenly, looking from the cold vacancy of modern spiritual nihilism with all its intellectual technique. He had no recourse but to study himself, his own existence. Who was he? What was he? Could something better be invented? Perhaps poetry could accomplish that.

Even in his early poems, in Lord Weary's Castle (1946), notwithstanding their devotional Catholic fomentation, the secular personal element had been not only evident but the most

genuine part, as Lowell himself saw afterward. In Life Studies (1959) he turned to candid, open autobiography, and in all the books since then his self-searching continued, however his styles varied. One notices the commonness of glass in all this poetry-windows, eyeglasses, fish tanks-and of photographs too, reality caught and objectified through a glass lens. Lowell always seemed to be up against a transparent barrier, either inside looking out or outside looking in. And what he got, what we get, are only snapshots: Lowell the child, Lowell the awkward lover, Lowell the agonized moraliststatic and already vellowing. The man himself is elusive, the warm living organism, always somewhere on the other side of the glass. This is true as much of his inner being as of his outer; both are objectified and fragmented. tiles of a broken mosaic. One can read all his poems, first to last, and in spite of the self-confessions, self-advertisements, and what some call self-betrayals, one still will not know what kind of person Lowell really was.

Yet perhaps just because of this, some poems, even a good many, are very moving. They are truly pathetic, with the pathos of the lost and undiscoverable self, guilt that finds no expiation because it finds no terms in which to conceive its own criminality. Yet we are told that the man himself was, when he was well, warm and generous. Certainly on two brief occasions when I was in touch with him, he was kind and attentive to me.

OWELL'S NEW BOOK, Day by Day (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$8.95), was published a short time before his death. I had reviewed it, but then at the last moment, when his death was announced, I withheld what I had written. The book is a miscellaneous one. almost jumbled, and I expect reviewers will vary considerably in their opinions of it-as they usually have with Lowell's earlier books, for that matter. Many of the new poems seem extremely selfindulgent, not only in their reverting continually to the poet himself and his repetitive, now sometimes trivial, complaints, but also in their obscurity of private reference. (Even years back he wrote: "I am tired. Everyone's tired of my turmoil.") Some poems are awk-

THE FLAW

A seal swims like a poodle through the sheet of blinding salt. A country graveyard, here and there a rock, and here and there a pine, throbs on the essence of the gasoline.

Some mote, some eye-flaw, wobbles in the heat, hair-thin, hair-dark, the fragment of a hair—

a noose, a question? All is possible; if there's free will, it's something like this hair, inside my eye, outside my eye, yet free, airless as grace, if the good God... I see. Our bodies quiver. In this rustling air, all's possible, all's unpredictable.

Old wives and husbands! Look, their gravestones wait in couples with the names and half the date—one future and one freedom. In a flash, I see us whiten into skeletons, our eager, sharpened cries, a pair of stones, cutting like shark-fins through the boundless wash.

Two walking cobwebs, almost bodiless, crossed paths here once, kept house, and lay in beds. Your fingertips once touched my fingertips and set us tingling through a thousand threads. Poor pulsing $F\hat{e}te$ Champêtre! The summer slips between our fingers into nothingness.

We too lean forward, as the heat waves roll over our bodies, grown insensible, ready to dwindle off into the soul, two motes or eye-flaws, the invisible... Hope of the hopeless launched and cast adrift on the great flaw that gives the final gift.

Dear Figure, curving like a question mark, how will you hear my answer in the dark?

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ward, others slack. But a fair number, it seems to me, are quite good, and a few very fine, so that in my review I came down on the affirmative side. I suggested that the book is in effect a summation of Lowell's whole work. since it contains poems in most of the styles he has used before, and that consequently it is in some respects a clarification, even a justification, and is valuable on these grounds alone; and I said also that it is a more genial, easier performance than Notebooks or History, those tortuous volumes from six or seven years ago. I went on to make two predictions: first, that Lowell would never commit suicide (since several of the new poems allude to suicidal temptation); second, that he would give us in years to come a new poetry of old age (since many poems in Day by Day are about the passage from middle age and the anxiety of transition) -a poetry with neither the "wildness" of Yeats, nor the autumnal quietness of Stevens, nor the affirming, sometimes fierce, naturalism of Williams, but instead something more down-to-earth, closer to our actual condition in a hypermedicated, depersonalized society, a poetry both more horrible and more helpful. And I still think he might have done some of his best work in the next ten years.

Now he is dead. I have had many letters from other poets recently, both from older well-known poets and from the very young, writing their responses to his death with remarkable unanimity of feeling. They all say that although they dislike elements of his work and deprecate the worst aspects of his influence on American poetry in general during the past two decades, they are deeply upset by the news of his dying, much more deeply than they would have expected. I feel the same. It is because I see myself in Lowell. I see all of us-poets of latter-day America-in him. He was truly the figure of the embattled artist (though one uses such post-romantic terms with reluctance now), the artist fighting a degraded society, a cruel history, an absurd universe, and most of all a sense of lack in his own being, fighting in complete honesty and utterly refusing to compromise. With less talent and far less knowledge, I am doing the same thing. So are my friends. What else can we do? And now Lowell is gone, and somehow we feel more vulnerable.

I hope a selected edition of his pe ems may be forthcoming soon. Let be a small book, none but the be work. Above all, let it be assembled not by some critic who is interested i puzzling out the thematic and symbol obscurities that characterize Lowell a his mannered worst, but by another poet, one sensitive to the best poen in poetic terms. Almost always the be are also the most accessible. Such book would show, of course, Lowell technical accomplishment and the hi mane substance of his thought an feeling; but it would show also th quality-not of the man, for I have said that the man remains less tha distinct-but of the man's leadership Probably, though much winnowing r mains to be done, Lowell was a great flawed poet (for greatness always ha its flaw and often depends on it). With out doubt he was a great exemplar. I

EPILOGUE

Those blessèd structures, plot and rhyme why are they no help to me now I want to make something imagined, not recalled

I hear the noise of my own voice: The painter's vision is not a lens, it trembles to caress the light.

But sometimes everything I write with the threadbare art of my eye seems a snapshot,

lurid, rapid, garish, grouped, heightened from life, yet paralyzed by fact.

yet paralyzed by fact All's misalliance.

Yet why not say what happened? Pray for the grace of accuracy Vermeer gave to the sun's

illumination
stealing like the tide across a map
to his girl solid with yearning.
We are poor passing facts,
warned by that to give
each figure in the photograph
his living name.

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HARPER'S/DECEMBER 19

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THE PRETENDERS OF FLEET STREET

Irresponsible they were, boring they were not

by Claud Cockbu

VERYONE WONDERS why the newspapers get more and more boring. Considering the raw material of life which is available to them, one would expect them to get more and more exciting.

I suggest that what is happening is that the modern newspaper owner has started to hearken to phrases like "public responsibility" and "the duty of the fourth estate."

Newspaper owners of the past had barely heard of those phrases. They went their hallucinated way more or less regardless of realities. Irresponsible they were, but boring they were not.

Lord Northcliffe, the creator of modern journalism, was the first to give people the idea that a great newspaper owner could be raving mad. That was in the early Twenties, when he was conducting the affairs of the London Times through the medium of demonie telephone calls from an igloo he had had run up on the roof of his house on Carlton House Terrace. He said he felt safer up there. Between calls, he would meditate, with a pistol in his right hand and a Bible in his left, patting one against the other. "These are my last two friends," he would tell visitors, before yelling and growling a new set of policy directives to the editor of the most influential newspaper in Europe.

These happenings caused many British observers to believe they now had the whole explanation of the way their newspapers went on: the owners were Claud Cockburn is the author of The Devil's Decade: The Thirties.

nuts. At the time, I believed that r self. Later, experience convinced this was simplistic: an exaggeration sometimes slight, sometimes queross. I gradually settled for the opion that what characterized them not unmistakable, certifiable luna but rather a particular type of mer incoherence, an unconsciousness reality so complete that it would go man in another walk of life bankried, jailed, run over in the street, acclaimed prophet of some new my religion.

For instance, Lord Rotherme Northcliffe's brother and owner of Daily Mail, was not certifiable, made millions in the stock markets London and New York, but he confidently expect to be invited to come king of Hungary. Somebody l told him that if he and his newspap espoused the cause of Hungarian tionalism, demanding the return Hungary of territories assigned Czechoslovakia and Rumania a World War I, a grateful Hungar people, with Regent Adm. Nikol Horthy in the lead, would offer h the crown. In Budapest at the time sometimes met emissaries of L Rothermere. They shared his halls nations. They thought they were th to tidy up details of the coronati and were shocked and mortified wl the Hungarian nationalists, having tracted maximum British newspa support, made it clear that they wo jump in the Danube rather than to over the sacred Crown of St. Stepl to an Englishman. Admiral Horthy dicated that he wished his regency be temporary in a permanent sense

Lord Rothermere, having lear the lesson that one can't trust fore ers, concentrated on achieving polit power in Britain. As his means to end he chose the Fascist leader Oswald Mosley, asserting that Sir





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we'd and his Black Shirts would soon conquer Westminster, ally Britain with Mussolini and Hitler, and do down the Jews. In the event, the Black Shirts were stoned and spat upon in the streets, Sir Oswald was regularly hanged in effigy, and Rothermere was astonished to find that Jews with whom he had previously done business now cold-shouldered him.

YOPIA OF THIS degree was to be found not only among such flamboyant upstarts-Irish at that—as Northcliffe and Rothermere, but also among grayishly old-style Anglo-English types such as John Walter, minority owner of the Times. In 1927 I found myself, briefly and accidentally, in charge of that paper's Berlin bureau. The regular bureau chief had rushed off to Vienna to cover mass rioting on a scale thought to presage the outbreak of Bolshevik revolution in Eastern and Central Europe. Tense and harassed in my Unter den Linden office, I was subjected to more tension and harassment by the sudden irruption of Mr. Walter. He was wrought up, and his anger, though restrained, was evident. I supposed him upset by the political situation. Not so. He clipped off the true cause of his complaint. Across town on the Kurfürstendamm had opened, the previous day, an exhibition of photographs from the Times. Walter, a dedicated photo buff, had come over to preside at the ceremonial opening. The affair had been a flop, and he told me that the fiasco had been the fault of the Berlin office: failure to arrange adequate publicity.

I explained about the state of affairs in Vienna. Berliners, I said, were preoccupied. They thought it was going to happen here. They thought of gunfire in the streets, gutters running with blood, heads rolling, bodies hanging from lampposts. The big event on the Kurfürstendamm had been driven from their minds. Mr. Walter was coldly contemptuous of what he deemed a specious evasion. "The plain fact is," he said, "that, owing to remissness in this office, the public has been left with the impression that these are merely photographs clipped from the Times, mounted, and framed. Had people been properly informed that these are the original photographs, they would unquestionably have been eager to be present at the opening. I rely upon you to see that this misapprehension is immediately and effectively corrected." He left for London, confident that as a result of his logical assessment of the situation and firmly practical directives, Berliners would soon get their priorities back in order and throng the exhibition, paying tribute to the photographic art and cultural preeminence of the London Times.

This same Mr. Walter, unchanged by such events as the stock-market crash and the rise of Adolf Hitler, manifested himself a few years later in the New York office of the *Times*, then on City Hall Square.

Again I chanced to be in charge, rather more officially than in Berlin, because by this time I really worked there. My chief had gone to some conference of financial pundits in London. The crash itself was over, but the country was reeling around us, fumbling its apprehensive way into the Great Depression. In other words, I was very busy.

Mr. Walter sat down and said there were a few matters he felt he must have a talk with me about. I supposed he was either preparing the ground for firing me or wanting to know whether, in my opinion, the Times should develop an attitude toward Wall Street. He said he would like to have me come to his hotel and talk. I said we could get a taxi right at the door. He said he preferred to walk, as it helped him clarify his ideas. So I asked him what hotel he was in. He was at the St. Regis, about five miles uptown. A few times during our journey Mr. Walter seemed just about to utter his big problem, but could not quite bring himself to do so.

After a half hour in his suite, he came right out with it. He was to be, he explained, the guest of honor next day at the big ritual lunch put on periodically by the New York Times in its Sub Rosa Room.

"The problem," said Mr. Walter, "which I need to resolve, and concerning which I would appreciate your advice, is whether I should wear a cutaway morning coat and top hat, or, alternatively, a short black coat, with striped trousers and, of course, a bowler hat."

"Top hat and morning coat," I said emphatically. He thanked me for the firm decisiveness of my advice, a marking that he had spent twenty-fo hours in New York seeking expe opinion on the matter. I was then fr to dash downtown and resume conta with reality.

EOPLE WHO KNEW Lord Be verbrook very much bett than I did tried to persua me that he, at least, disprove my thesis about the surrealist me "Y tality of newspaper owners. don't," they said, "understand Max And, indeed, my own encounters wi him were few, stimulating, and fraug with a sense of exhilarating absurdit as when he once tried to convince r of something or other by quoting fro the Old Testament, reading out sor statistics which sounded fudged, as doing a recitative from verses out Hymns Ancient and Modern. None w readier than I to agree that the cold ful little bandit was as audaciously br liant a visionary as Long John Silv on his way to Treasure Island.

But Long John never looked side that apple barrel where Ja Hawkins was concealed, overhearing his plans and preparing to foil the by alerting Squire Trelawney and t doctor-admittedly men of much i ferior intelligence to Silver's. Los John, figuring he held all the car and was playing against suckers, w sure that treasure must soon be h Beaverbrook seemed equally we equipped to achieve his political ain But despite his ruthless skill in to pling or raising up politicians, h dazzling dexterity at juggling statesm like Indian clubs, in reality nothing important happened that would n have happened if he had stayed hor in New Brunswick. His only major p litical campaign, the crusade for En pire Free Trade, was the most spe tacular fizzle of the decade. He wro two of the most realistic studies of the British political scene ever written. I knew exactly whom to blackmail as whom to bribe, which covered almo everyone on stage. But he confirm my opinion of the unrealism of new paper owners by imagining that have a pack of bribed and bullihacks at your disposal will automa cally ensure that you get your paws the treasure of real power.

HARPER'S/DECEMBER 19

HYPERBOLE'S CHILD

di's outlandish acting conceals the fear of being marginal

by A. B. Giamatti

T SUDDENLY BECAME clear to me, sitting in Madison Square Garden on September 29, watching the pre-Lliminary bouts to the Ali-Shavers ght, that the basis of sport is work, unning, jumping, lifting pushing, ending, pulling, planting the legs and sing the back—these exertions are esntial to physical labor and to athletic empetition. The closeness of a given me to the rituals and effort of work vests the game with dignity; without at proximity to labor, the game would merely a release from work instead a refinement of it. The radical difrence between work and game, hower, occurs when limits or rules are sposed on this labor, patterns which knowledge that this new work, this ort, is not a matter of life and death. hereas that work, the work of your ick and arms, in field or mill, on ship in forest, was crucial to your surval, and to the survival of those dendent on you, this work is different: is delimited, separate, independent, refinement of reality but distinct. is work is fully as serious and difult as real work, but this unreal ork is not coextensive with life. This ork of sport, usually but not always some predetermined point, will have end. It will be over, not to begin ain with the sun. This work, unlike at real work, does not sustain life in ly immediate and practical way, such providing food; but this unreal rious work does sustain life in the nse that it makes life bearable. It alws all of us to go back renewed to natever real work we do, perhaps to back for a moment redeemed. I have ten thought that the world-wide apal of soccer lies in part in its unashed emphasis on penetrating the ner's territory; partly in its wonderlly seamless and continuous quality, tere no quarter is given, no pause cen, but like the tides men come and : but mostly in its denial of the use B. Giamatti teaches English at Yale.

of the hands. For the millions who work with their hands, there can be no greater relief than to escape the daily focus on those instruments of labor, and no greater confirmation of the centrality of hands to life than their denial in this sport.

HESE NOTIONS formed while I waited for the Ali-Shavers fight. I had been watching the undercard, and admiring the way Alfredo Evangelista of Uruguay would get his back into his punches, like a man digging a hole, and how the sheer expenditure of effort had forced Pedro Soto to fight Evangelista's fight until, in the eighth round, Soto was so badly punished by the patient, awkward digging of Evangelista that



the referee stopped the bout. At this moment of victory, which is also a moment of reunion, as the men finish work and leave together, the crowd's attention was diverted from Soto and Evangelista by the presence of Ali, who suddenly appeared in the back of the garden and roared through the aisles shaking his finger, surrounded by about ten of his entourage. The crowd responded with delight-"A-li, A-li, A-li," they chanted; and when they turned from that spectacle, Evangelista and Soto were gone. If for most athletes and spectators sport is work conceived in some special way as play, for Muhammad Ali sport is work conceived as theater.

Ali has theatricalized his work in that, rather than continuing to serve his work as a worker, or slave, he has made what he does serve him as a setting. Ali has extended himself and boxing, the sport most like work, in the direction of theater by emphasizing the other being that lives beside the worker in every athlete, the actor. In the athlete worker and actor meet, the expenditure of energy and the power to give shape come together. Of course, workers "perform" tasks and actors work hard; the spectrum worker-athlete-actor is not a broad one and the three points are distinguished by emphasis more than anything else. As the athlete resembles the worker in the way he exerts his body, and in the way he catches the deep rhythms in work, so the athlete resembles the actor in the way he uses the body to express what I can only call an inner vision. Both athlete and actor release energy in order to restrain it and in restraining it, to give shape to a new idea. Both are judged effective or ineffective (that is what "good" or "bad" means in these two professions) by how well they execute what is set them; and for both athlete and actor execution depends not on inspiration or luck or the weather, inner or outer, but on coordination,

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y of gesture, timing, good coaching.

It is Ali who has brought to the surface the actor in every athlete more successfully and obsessively than anyone else. Ali is in many ways profoundly bored, and he knows only one craft. In order to remain interested in what he must do, Ali has allowed the performer to erupt unchecked, burying the worker in him, the skilled artisan with extraordinary hands and legs and specific, worldly ambitions, under the sulfurous, scalding lava of his improvisations. Improvisation is the only way he has found to order the endless days: the monologizing, poeticizing, and prophesying, all that grimacing and exhorting and praying, is the style of a man who is not sure even he knows when his acts are simply acting, but who does know he does not care.

And when a fight is in view, and training is required, a regimen guaranteed to exacerbate boredom with brutal fatigue, Ali goes deeper into his protean reserves and whole dramas emerge. There is often the heroic beast fable-Ali will slay a dragon in the form of a Bear, a Rabbit, a Gorilla, or, lately, an Acorn. As time goes on, other subplots emerge. Howard Cosell once regularly took a part; occasionally whole countries, like Zaire, are cast. In recent years the press has been less and less willing to be the megaphone to this sideshow, but the press has no choice but to be megaphone when the source of news insists on defining himself as a barker. So we are treated to sermons, doggerel, parables, myths, even creations from whole cloth: "JIM-MY ELLIS, SPARRING PARTNER, KNOCKS DOWN CHAMP TWICE TODAY." That particular story, out of Ali's Pennsylvania training camp some eight days before the bout, is a good example of the problems Ali poses and the problem he has.

Perhaps only a headline announcing the pope's intention to remarry would be as immediately unconvincing as the news that Ellis knocked Ali down twice in one round. The gloves used in sparring sessions weigh sixteen ounces apiece; Billy Carter would have trouble knocking over a schooner of Schlitz with one of those mitts. Then there is the fact that these two know each other well, having met more than twenty years ago in Louisville when they were both young teen-agers. Ali and Ellis

cannot surprise each other and while Ellis would work for a man he could knock down, Ali would not hire a man who might even try it. Even once. But twice! Such an idea staggers the imagination.

Why put out the story then? In part because where the rest of us were born under a star, Ali was born under a rhetorical figure, hyperbole, defined by the great Quintilian as "an elegant straining of the truth." Surely Ali was also impelled by a realization that the advance sale for September 29 was slow; that the publicity, at the time of the Lance affair and a hot mayoral primary race in New York, had been soggy; and he was propelled by that instinct of his to hype the gate, to work his own crowd (as he would do as Soto and Evangelista finished work), to shill for himself, to be both the show and the man who hustled them into the tent. If there is one born every minute, Ali wants to be the midwife. But does that deep instinct justify putting out such a palpably transparent story as the one about being knocked down twice? No, that instinct does not justify straining the truth quite so inelegantly. An even deeper need justifies the story, the need to pump up once again the white man's hope to see the black champion beaten.

ERE WE ENGAGE Ali's deepest game, the only work he does with a will. While you are being encouraged to think he can be beaten, you are being allowed to understand that the form the encouragement takes is fraudulent. Your ability to see through the con undermines your belief in his vulnerability (he can't be beaten if he says he can) and reaffirms your faith in his theatrical mastery (knocked down twice, my foot! What a showman). You are now his. Ali has transformed all the potential spectators, the fight crowd, into something far different, an audience; he has enticed the naive, titillated the devoted, amused the jaded, outraged the mass; he has had it out with his opponent now in the press and on television for at least two weeks, his sense of pace impeccable, the whole spectacle building to the grand final number, the climax just before the last curtain, the veigh-in; and, most important, he has managed to legitimize race as an issue in the fight by making it part of the show, or, for those so inclined, the whole show. One so inclined is Ali, and the last scene is played.

the last scene is played. At the weigh-in, the state lends what ever moral and legal credibility it ha to the ritual of assessing the fighters weight and physical fitness. They ar always found to be fit. (Examination and X rays conducted on September 2 could find no injuries, indeed no trac of trauma, resulting from the tw knockdowns suffered by the champio during training.) And after the tap and scales, Ali takes over, and tears passion to tatters, splitting the ears of the groundlings in the press, o'erdoin Termagant and out-heroding Herod now the player, now the Prince, doin all the parts and, at the weigh-in o September 28, ranting at length about the theatrical nature of his ranting, ex posing the structure of his illusion, th old actor getting himself worked up for the part, doing what Elvis Presley coul no longer do, getting into the circle recapturing the energy and interest t go out on stage by pretending to have it-all of this working precisely to the extent that all the hangers-on and re porters and onlookers and cuties an commission people and cameramen an friends and spies and flunkies and acc lytes, who have seen it dozens of time get pulled in, and begin to laugh an nudge and shake their heads and stam their feet as if it were the first time and yet, if you listen rather than a quiesce, at the center of this whirlwin of words and gestures and postures an poses the chosen epithet of the chose opponent is chanted and honed and finally, hurled like a knife at the ma it signifies. The real fight is now almoover, as Ali turns on his opponent a the power of the opponent, turning the man's physical characteristics, his bacl ground, his class, his worth as a ma against him. Ali deflects the opponent strength from Ali, and now the o ponent is left, in the weeks or hour remaining (for this process does no start at the weigh-in), to fight himsel to fight his ugliness or his awkwardnes or his lack of education or, in the mosavage blow of all, to fight his race. the man is white, he is not allowed t be the White Hope. Ali bestows th duty as if it were a dukedom, and the watches while the opponent tries t figure out whether to hoist this load and, if he will, how to gain a purchas

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it, and, once it is up, where to take it. It is too easy.

With black fighters there is more sport, though the press here draws a line and the public does not, evidently, get the full force of Ali's treatment of black opponents. But the technique is clear. In calling Frazier a gorilla, or Shavers "shiftless," Ali simply unleashes the power of traditional racist epithets. He thus sets his black opponent to battling two chimeras, both now identified with himself. The opponent must confront his main sense of himself, his strength, his identity as a black man, as if it were a weakness; he must struggle with, rather than use. the source of his power, because this black champion has turned their race into a vicious insult. Lest the opponent miss the point to the burden that he alone now carries, Ali will during the fight clarify his status for him as he did for Shavers by calling him throughout the fight, according to reports, "nigger." It is a technique as simple, and decent, as rubbing your glove's laces on an opponent's swollen eye.

But while Ali has a black opponent fighting his blackness, he also has the other man fighting his whiteness. Everyone who fights Ali must be the white hope. The gate demands it, and hyperbole's child would have it no other way. Every opponent is the champion of that vast, hostile white mass that, since February 28, 1964, when Ali announced that he had a few months before joined the Nation of Islam, and especially since his refusal in Houston on April 28, 1967, to be inducted into the army, has wanted to see him knocked out. Sc at least, Ali believes; and so believed the elegantly dressed, affable black man who sat behind me at the Ali-Shavers bout, and who laughingly insisted for fifteen rounds that I had come to see Ali beaten by my fighter. Shavers. But I believe that the act at Houston and the announcement about the Nation of Islam were themselves not the causes of an attitude, but the results of an even older attitude of Ali's. For those acts of 1967 and 1964 were acts of separation, of secession from black and white America's traditional assumptions about how to behave, and were themselves responses to the conviction, held by the boy who by his account in My Own Story felt a "deep kinship" with Emmett Till, that they wanted him out, and that he would dance inside and sting them before they could put him down and put him

LI'S BOREDOM with training and fighting only masks a fear, a fear of being peripheral, a terror of being out, and that fear accounts for his need to be at the center of something, a stage, a ring, a Nation, a cosmic racial drama. His fear of being marginal accounts for the savagery of his desire to get in, to land the first blow, and for the outlandish intensity of his acting center stage, before the bell has ever rung or the lights have dimmed. Ali's sense of racial antagonism forces him to scorn his black opponents for being black, while at the same time smearing Frazier, Norton, Shavers with whiteface, grotesquely deforming the other's face in every way while trumpeting the beauty of his own, that clean-shaven, smooth, unblemished face so unlike the scarred, roughened laborers' faces his mocks. His is an extraordinary series of performances, culminating in the weigh-in, each scene contributing, as do rounds, to that overall accumulation of episode and pace and shaped energy we call a starring role. He has, particularly in the last year or so as preparation gets more and more difficult, set up the actual fight as an anticlimax to the weeks before it. And certainly the bout on the evening of September 29 was an anticlimax; for, regardless of what you saw on television, where closeups on intense faces covered a great deal of standing, leaning, peek-a-booing, clowning, missing, waiting, the Shavers-Ali fight was a good fight only once you had accepted how much less good a fighter Ali has become.

The real struggle goes on earlier. when Ali transforms the coming fight into a ghastly minstrel show, he never more black than when the other end man is daubed in white, the other never blacker than when Ali sneers at his color, the races locked together, at one and at odds, the whole a parody of race relations in every city street and union and school and firehouse and subway and unemployed black waking hour in America, the prizefight finally only a skirmish in the larger race war, this little battle masquerading as a show starring Muhammad Ali and a cast of evervone else.

Ali has known from the beginning what every good athlete learns: make him play your game, fight your fight, and you will beat him every time. But Ali has also learned a lesson kept from most athletes precisely by the pleasure of their work, a pleasure now beneath Ali, a pleasure in work insufficiently exhilarating to one who has the art born in him, the art of filling a scene: and that subtler lesson is that while you can only beat him if he fights your fight, you can destroy him if he acts in your play. If, like Othello, he will accept the role you set for him, you will master him as you master all scenes, And if you can make him play nigger and white racist all at once, surely you are the greatest and he is yours. This is, after all, an old drama and an old style, learned from the white slavemasters; they were the ones who based their play on others' brutal work and who forced the others to enact roles simply to survive. Ali, with his incredible gifts of body and mind, has brought the central drama of his people's history in America to a bright, gaudy life, for everyone to see. He has brought the patterns of work, play, and acting that commingle in slaves and athletes to the surface, and he has refined his techniques for communicating, through the

media, what those old patterns mean. Sitting in Madison Square Garden on September 29, I did not think Ali beat Shavers; even giving Ali all the even rounds, I scored the fight for Shavers, 8-7. I do not think Ali beat Shavers this September any more than many think he beat Ken Norton in September of 1976, or beat Jimmy Young in the spring of 1976. I also do not believe that Ali, at this point, really cares what anyone thinks, or cares what really happened. The fights in the ring, vastly remunerative, full of effort and clowning, are only incidental to the real battle. I believe he wil participate in the ring fights longer than he should because he cannot stor until he has fought down the need compounded of fear and fury, to ac out completely what, in his view, i is to be black in America, to be always living at the margin, on the edge, in a position where, despite the pain of your work and the beauty of you play, a man may announce with super casualness at any given moment that you have been counted out.

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(Continued from page 46) politician can take many forms. Henry VIII was in many ways a consummate politician, but he had to behead many more people than he need have done, because he often became inflexible in his purpose. As Wolsey said of him: "Be well advised and assured what you put in his head, for ye shall never pull it out again." (That reminds one of George McGovern.) Or the politician may simply become too inflexibly absorbed in a subject which might be better left alone. It was said of George Grenville, when he imposed the various measures hat stirred the American colonies to rebellion, that he had read the American dispatches, when his predecessors and not bothered. Earnest and hardworking, he formed a reasonable opinon, and inflexibly he pursued it, as earnest and hard-working people are ikely to do. (That reminds one of vhat one knows of Jimmy Carter.) One of Walter Lippmann's most devistating criticisms of Wilson's hanlling of the peace talks in 1919 was hat Wilson should not have gone to Paris at all, that by doing so he made very agreement his own, and so catatrophically diminished his room for naneuver with the Senate when he got ack home. (That reminds one of alnost all recent Presidents, including low Jimmy Carter.)

So one could go on. But what periaps matters most is that the flexibility of a politician, the very quality in him which is most despised by the other ealms, is what enables him to retain ne of the rarest of his talents. The best f politicians have a capacity to see to he heart of things of which few others an boast. They will often be found head of all others in understanding the pirit of the age, the times they live in, nd what those times require: ahead of ne philosophers, the theologians, the neorizers, the scribblers, and certainahead of the political scientists. We 1ay often see this only in hindsight, ut then it is usually only in hindsight nat we can see what they foresaw.

Robert Walpole is generally acknowldged to have been one of the greatest f modern statesmen, perhaps even the rst, and it has been said that he emed to possess a sixth sense in his rasp of essentials. He never had any oubt that what England needed after turmoil of the seventeenth century as a period of calm and stability to

establish a new order; in what was still an aristocratic England he was the first leading minister who understood that he must lead from the Commons: and when he was urged to tax the American colonies, he retorted: "I have old England set against me, and do you think I will have New England likewise?"a question that Lyndon Johnson might usefully have addressed to himself. From none of these insights was he ever deflected, not because they came from depth and rigidity of principle, but because they arose from his consistently flexible response to needs and occasions of the ever passing scene.

Across the Atlantic half a century later, many of the Founding Fathers revealed the same capacity to see to the heart of things; but in none perhaps was it so preeminent, both as a lawyer and a politician, in action and in theory, as in John Marshall. A contemporary said of him: "He possesses one original and almost supernatural faculty, . . . detecting at once the very point on which every controversy depends"; and again and again, as we read, we may agree. But he was able to pounce on the real point, not because of any remarkable depth of intelligence, but because in every situation he responded with what can only be called a political instinct. It is easy to say that this sixth sense for seeing to the heart of things belongs only to the exceptional statesman and not to the jobbing politician, but the statesman comes out of the political world and its jobbing. Although he may add one last quality-of insight, of courage, of command-it is the political world and no other that supplies him with the information which he then tranforms. Politicians talk incessantly about politics among themselves, because they need to listen to everything in order to learn what they need to know. If they listen too much to "experts" in other fields, they will not hear what they need to hear.

It is not merely a question of information—of knowing before anyone else where the ground is shifting—but of something more important. The work-aday politicians are themselves at the heart of things—as no one else in the country is—even if it is then only the exceptional politician who can sift the chaff from the grain. There is no such knowledge to be had elsewhere, and one of the faults of American politics now is the increasing reliance of Pres-

idents on nonpolitical intelligence, just as another fault is the disdaining of seniority in Congress, a wasteful dismissal of the intuitive knowledge which "the whales," as Lyndon Johnson called them, have gathered over the years.

It needs to be said emphatically that the two greatest catastrophes that the United States has endured in this century-Vietnam and Watergate-were caused primarily by nonpoliticians acting in the political arena with little or no political leadership from their Presidents. It was no less a tragedy for Johnson than it was for the country that, in the circumstances in which he came to power, he thought it necessary or desirable to retain so many of those appointed by Kennedy, men not of his breed, as he was not of theirs, who did not know how to talk to him any more than he knew how to talk to them. Just as he needed around him the kind of men who could have said, on neither moral nor strategic grounds, "You're not going to get away with this one, Lyndon-I won't be able to carry even my Seventh District on this," so did the nonpoliticians who were for the most part running the war, giving him ill advice, need him to say to them, "How many Seventh Districts do you think we can carry on this, Bob? It's part of your responsibility as well as mine to consider what the war will do to the Democratic party."

But there was no such exchange, because one of the greatest politicians of them all had abandoned his political instincts. It is this that makes the essentially nonpolitical character of Jimmy Carter's administration so threatening. Once again the nonpoliticians have been handed the administration, under a President who seems disinclined to devote himself to politics, and who is surrounded by personal advisers who are themselves nonpoliticians. America has traveled this road too often in the past two decades, and it is partly because of our deep prejudice against politics that we do not see where the danger lies.

F WE ARE TO exhort our politicians to be politicians, for our own safety, then we must allow that they face unusual occasions and that, even as they play the game. they are bound to obey moral imperatives from which most of us are exempt. They

need not be as morally obtuse as Catherine II of Russia, who tried to rouse the monarchs of Europe to a crusade against regicide France, when she had had her husband, Peter II, murdered, and so was herself a regicide. But the moral imperatives which the politician must confront are not those of personal life. As J. E. Neale says admiringly of Elizabeth I, she "lied like a trooper" for her country.

No politician in a democracy in this country can go to war without his own anguish. When he returned from presenting his war message to Congress, Woodrow Wilson remarked, as its cheers and those of the crowds rang in his ears: "My message today was a message of death for our young men. How strange it seemed to applaud that." When his advisers told Roosevelt in 1940 that he must promise that no American boy would die on foreign soil, he returned to his compartment on the campaign train to be sick. No one who was ever present as the pressures of the Vietnam war began to mount, and when Johnson unburdened himself to a captive audience, can doubt that he was exploring, largely by anecdotes about politics, the nature of the moral choices available to a politician. To discount all this is to misunderstand the meaning of the game, and the burdens for its players.

But it is not only on the great occasions that one is aware of these choices. Every politician has always complained about the business of making appointments. Louis XIV once remarked that, when he bestowed an office, he made one ingrate and a hundred malcontents. Even at the height of the Civil War, Lincoln was pursued by a train of officeseekers. Cleveland described himself as "pitching about half asleep and half awake, trying to make postmasters." The whole of Garfield's Presidency, from March to July, was occupied exclusively with patronage questions. Behind the claims to office through which the politician must thread his way, there are again some of the moral imperatives that a politician must obey, appointing for political reasons those whom he knows not to be best suited.

In this as in everything else that they do, politicians are dealing with imponderabilia. As in no other occupation, there is little by which they can judge, except their own intuitions. They cannot afford to miss the boat when it is

time to board it—as did Margaret of Anjou, when, by sailing for England on the tide, she might have won the throne for her son—but neither can they afford to board the boat just as the rats are leaving it. For in politics the chances never come a second time—its imperatives must be allowed—and the politician must look for the task that really defines his role and justifies it.

As I have said, there is no public until the politician makes one, and then remakes it when necessary to his purposes. The making and remaking of a genuine public, as distinct from the phantom public of the media, is the highest task of the politician, whether his constituency is a district or a state or the country. Every other realm in which we live divides us into atoms of self-interest, even within our own selves -businessmen, wage earners, unionists, consumers, blacks, ethnics, Catholics. Protestants-and, so divided, we are never treated as a whole, neither in our selves nor in our social relationships, and so are made vulnerable. Politics is not satisfied to add these atoms together, and extract a false public from their mere sum. It searches for the point where a public that has not yet emerged may be found, and then made into a political force that strengthens even as it changes the whole society.

Jimmy Carter should know this as well as anyone. The few Southern liberals in the 1940s-such as Claude Pepper and Lester Hill-who set out to discover a new public in the South, patiently to form it however long it took, paved the way for him. They were not satisfied with the public of the South that was found in the media, or supposed to be represented in the opinion polls. They imagined a public in the South that was there to be made, and, more rapidly than might have been expected, it became a political force which helped change not only the South but the country.

If one were to make a close study of, say, Richard Russell, one would find him leaning this way and that in response to the interests and opinions of his constituents, which he could not ignore, but one would also find him feeling a deeper pull, the growth of a new public even in his own South, his own constituency, which was not that to which he had been accustomed, and

which it was too late for him to lead. He could always win in his constituency; he could usually win in his committee; but he could no longer always win on his own issues in the Senate as a whole, and even the South itself was passing beyond him. In these circumstances, he still gave his token resistance, with all the graciousness for which he was renowned, but he knew how token it was. Other politicians had formed a public which he did not know.

The question that is usually puthow far a politician should lead the public, how far he must follow it-is therefore false. Since he is both its creator and its creature, it is not a question of leading or following it, but of knowing it, knowing what chord he touched, what public view he enlivened, beyond the mere calculation of self-interest. The politician is here moving nearer to the boundaries of change than most of us. The whole of Roosevelt's first administration was, in one of its aspects, an attempt on his part to understand the public that he had helped to call into being. It is too facile to say that he and Jim Farley were merely adding up votes and potential votes (although they were skilled at that), because beyond that was Roosevelt himself, the true politician in a way that Farley was not, searching for the twin inspirations-that of the public to him, and that of himself to itwhich alone create a true public that can then be governed, and helped to

It is this above all that one so far misses in Jimmy Carter, as if he has not yet decided whether he is a Roosevelt or merely a Farley, and certainly not yet decided whether he would be able to get rid of a Farley-a very different decision from that of getting rid of a Bert Lance-when the man had become a millstone round his neck. Until he decides that the nonpoliticians whose assistance he may need should be limited in number and in influence, and subject to the most direct pressures from himself as the only politician among them, his administration will continue to lack any political inspiration, and he will have forfeited such skills of political leadership as he may possess, whose only justification is to be found in the life of politics, where alone they are exercised.

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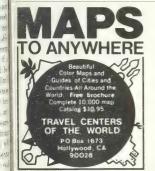
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DECEMBER 1977



Solution to the November Puzzle

Notes for "Sixes and Sevens"

Across: 11. I-led(reversal): 12. anagram: 16. man's-laughter; 24. (not)withstanding; 31. hidden. Down: 2. two meanings; 4. anagram; 7. he-lot; 9. sir (reversal)-E.R.: 24. (s)wiper; 25. anagram; 26. anagram of "then" around "a"; 28. homonym. "picked." Following numbers in parentheses indicate location in the diagram, Six-letter words: a. a (tart)s. reversal (23A); b. psy(anagram)-e.-he (14D); c. tr(y)-umps (1A); d. banyan, hidden (17A); e. s(hint)o (34A); f. S.D.(rah)Sa, reversal (15D); g. pa-to-is (14A); h. etches, hidden (27A); i. (w)litches (22D); j. either, anagram (5A); k. resins (33A); l. eek (homophone)-out (5D). Seven-letter words: a. fagot-to (21D); b. un-canny, pun (3D); c. mailman, Male-man (20D); d. resoles, anagram (13A); e. thrombi, anagram (1D); f. extra-ct. (32A); g. in-sight (6D); h. s(hair)ap, reversal (29A); i. ag(it)ate (18D); j. hen-peck (10A); k. abstain, anagram (19D); l. element, two meanings (8D).

PUZZLE

THE DUNTECS

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

(with acknowledgments to Vectis of The Listener)

This month's instructions: A recent visit to the Djintecs, a little-known South American race addicted to word games, produced this puzzle diagram compiled by a Djintec family of father, mother, son, and daughter (each of whom contributed exactly a quarter of the lights, i.e., nine entries each). Western civilization having recently come to the Djintecs, the children now write in our "orthodox" style; older generations, however, still persist in using the ancient style of writing from right to, left and from the bottom of the paper to the top. While this trait will be rectified in a generation or so, there can never be a change in the one characteristic peculiar to this people (and which explains the omission of word-length numbers after the clues)—from birth to death the female will write exactly what she means, but the male will write just the

The daughter included one proper name in her contribution to the puzzle, and the son one common foreign word. A translation of the Royal Djintec motto may prove helpful: "As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution."

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 127.

1		2	3		4	5		6	7	8	9
10				11			12				
	13										
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	15				16			17			
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CLUES

ACROSS

- Nun embraces in dark
- Space around something heads off rare role
- 10. Dog in wild!
- 12. Sweethearts loaf more than once without one
- 13. Bad drivers produce most riots? Just the opposite!
- 14. Dad camped out with rights protected
- 16. He believes holdup results when losing head
- Longwood?
- 19. Warriors chew tablets, eating right
- 22. The DAR's reorganization is most strict
- Thomas Eakins's central motif is sailing Mussolini succeeds Italian king in downgrade
- 27. Being excited, quavered about an hour
- 29. Find out about uncommon kind of radiation
- 30. Doubleday's abridged Around New England
- 31. How believer ends at any time
- It's coincidental, but heartless, concerning intercourse
- 33. Next to last prison terminal

DOWN

- 1. Brawl stops ruffians
- Constant until a con is rehabilitated
- 3. Quiet arbiter (very skillful person) makes introducte
- 4. English refuse to take part in industry
- 5. Lands that produce exotic tea sets
- 6. How Italian greets odd characters in Chicago
 - Denaturer can become run down
- 8. He thinks back about broken nose
- This debt sounds like the skill necessary to be dishones
- 11. Misfit owns less from stupidity
- 15. Boiling mad . . . gee, that's helpful
- 17. Hitched up sheep going on bumpy ride
- 20. Number (?) made irrational endeared
- 21. Genuine combination of title and image
- 23. Claw at upset broad endlessly
- 25. Force 100-ton iron back and forth for a start
- 26. Portion of self-retracting device on a guitar
- 28. Gospels show elevated saint taking book of the Bible

CONTEST RULES

Send complete diagram with name and address to The Djintecs, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by November 12. Senders of Loins," are Elliott Zuckerman, Annapolis, Maryland; Jose the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year Woo, New York, N.Y.; and Peggy Oglesby, Dallas, Texas.

subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in January issue. Winners' names will be printed in the Febru issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "From Forth the Fr

